
The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, July 7, 1764.



OMAR, the Son of *Hufsan*, had passed seventy-five Years in Honour and Prosperity. The Favour of three successive Caliphs had filled his House with Gold and Silver, and whenever he appeared, the Benedictions of the People proclaimed his Passage.

Terrestrial Happiness is of short Continuance. The Brightness of the Flame is wasting its Fuel; the fragrant Flower is passing away in its own Odours. The Vigour of *Omar* began to fail, the Curls of Beauty fell from his Head, Strength departed from his Hands, and Agility from his Feet. He gave back to the Caliph the Keys of Trust, and the Seals of Secrecy, and sought no other Pleasure for the Remains of Life, than the Converse of the Wise, and the Gratitude of the Good.

The Powers of his Mind were yet unimpaired. His Chamber was filled by Visitants, eager to catch the Dictates of Experience, and officious to pay the Tribute of Admiration. *Caled*, the Son of the Viceroy of *Egypt*, entered every Day early, and returned late. He was beautiful and eloquent; *Omar* admired his Wit, and loved his Docility. Tell me, said *Caled*, thou to whose Voice Nations have listened, and whose Wisdom is known to the Extremities of *Asia*, tell me how I may resemble *Omar* the Prudent. The Arts by which you have gained Power and preserved it, are to you no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the Secret of your Conduct, and teach me the Plan upon

which your Wisdom has built your Fortune.

Young Man, said *Omar*, it is of little Use to form Plans of Life. When I took my first Survey of the World, in my twentieth Year, having considered the various Conditions of Mankind, in the Hour of Solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a Cedar, which spread its Branches over my Head: Seventy Years are allowed to Man; I have yet fifty remaining: Ten Years I will allot to the Attainment of Knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign Countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every City will shout at my Arrival, and every Student will solicit my Friendship. Twenty Years, thus passed, will store my Mind with Images, which I shall be busy thro' the rest of my Life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in unexhaustible Accumulations of intellectual Riches; I shall find new Pleasures for every Moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten Track of Life, but will try what can be found in Female Delicacy. I will marry a Wife beautiful as the *Howries*, and wise as *Zobiede*; with her I will live twenty Years within the Suburbs of *Bagdat*, in every Pleasure that Wealth can purchase, and Fancy invent. I will then retire to a rural Dwelling, pass my last Days in Obscurity and Contemplation, and lie silently down on the Bed of Death. Through my Life it shall be my settled Resolution, that I will never depend upon the Smile of Princes; that I will never stand exposed to the

Artifices of Courts; I will never tirement I never found a Time, till pant for public Honours, nor disturb my Quiet with Affairs of State. Such was my Scheme of Life, which I impressed indelibly upon my Memory.

The first Part of my ensuing Time was to be spent in Search of Knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my Design. I had no visible Impediment without, nor any ungovernable Passions within. I regarded Knowledge as the highest Honour, and the most engaging Pleasure; yet Day stole upon Day, and Month glided after Month, till I found that seven Years of the first ten had vanished and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my Purpose of Travelling; for why should I go Abroad, while so much remained to be learned at Home? I immured myself for four Years, and studied the Laws of the Empire. The Fame of my Skill reached the Judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful Questions, and was commanded to stand at the Footstool of the Caliph. I was heard with Attention, I was consulted with Confidence, and the Love of Praise fastened on my Heart.

I still wished to see distant Countries, listened with Rapture to the Relations of Travellers, and resolved some Time to ask my Dismission, that I might feast my Soul with Novelty; but my Presence was always necessary, and the Stream of Business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be suspected of Discontent, and sometimes lest I should be charged with Ingratitude: But I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by Marriage.

In the fiftieth Year I began to suspect that the Time of Travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the Felicity yet in my Power, and to indulge myself in domestic Pleasures. But at fifty no Man easily finds a Woman beautiful as the *Houries*, & wise as *Zobeide*. I enquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second Year made me ashamed of gazing upon Girls. I had now nothing left but Retirement, and for Re-

retirement I never found a Time, till Disease forced me from public Employment.

Such was my Scheme, and such has been its Consequence. With an insatiable Thirst for Knowledge, I trifled away the Years of Improvement; with a restless Desire of seeing different Countries, I have always resided in the same City; with the highest Expectation of connubial Felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable Resolutions of contemplative Retirement, I am going to die within the Walls of Bagdad.

Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, concerning the Difficulties that attend our speculative Enquiries.

LET it not be any Discouragement to you, *Philotes*, that you have hitherto received but little Satisfaction from those noble Speculations wherein you are employed. 'Truth (to use the Expression of the excellent Mr. *Wollaston*) is the Offspring of unbroken Meditations, and of Thoughts often revised and corrected.' It requires indeed great Patience and Resolution to dissipate that Cloud of Darkness which surrounds her; or (if you will allow me to go to an old Philosopher for my Allusion) to draw her up from that profound Well in which she lies concealed.

There is, however, such a general Connection in the Operations of Nature, that the Discovery even of a single Truth, opens the Way to numberless others; and when once the Mind has hit upon a right Scent, she cannot wholly pursue her Enquiries in vain.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that after having exerted all our Sagacity and Industry, we shall scarce arrive at Certainty in many speculative Truths. Providence does not seem to have intended that we should ever be in Possession of demonstrative Knowledge, beyond a very limited Purpose; tho' at the same Time it cannot be supposed, that the highest Injustice to the Author of our Natures, that



that he has left any necessary Truths without evident Notes of Distinction. But while the Powers of the Mind are thus limited in their Extent, and greatly fallible likewise in their Operations, is it not amazing, *Philotes*, that Mankind should insult each other for Difference in Opinion, and treat every Notion that opposes their own, with Obloquy and Contempt? Is it not amazing that a Creature with Talents so precarious and circumscribed, should usurp that Confidence which can only belong to much superior Beings, and claim a Deference which is due to Perfection alone? Surely the greatest Arrogance that ever entered into the Human Heart, is that which not only pretends to be positive itself in Points wherein the best and wisest have disagreed, but looks down with all the insolent Superiority of contemptuous Pity on those, whose impartial Reasonings have led them into opposite Conclusions.

There is nothing, perhaps, more evident, than that our intellectual Faculties are not formed by one general Standard; and consequently that Diversity of Opinion is of the very Essence of our Natures. It seems probable that this Disparity extends even to our sensitive Powers; and though we agree indeed in giving the same Names to certain visible Appearances, as Whiteness, for Instance, to Snow; yet it is by no Means Demonstration, that the particular Body which affects us with that Sensation, raises the same precise Idea in any two Persons who shall happen to contemplate it together. Thus I have often heard you mention your youngest Daughter as being the exact Counter-Part of her Mother: Now she does not appear to me to resemble her in any single Feature. To what can this Disagreement in our Judgments be owing, but to a Difference in the Structure of our Organs of Sight? Yet as justly, *Philotes*, might you disclaim me for your Friend, and look upon me with Contempt for not discovering a Similitude which appears so evident to your Eyes; as any Man can abuse or despise another for not apprehending the Force

of that Argument which carries Conviction to his own Understanding.

Happy had it been for the Peace of the World, if our Maintainers of Systems, either in Religion or Politics, had conducted their several Debates with the full Impression of this Truth upon their Minds. Genuine Philosophy is ever, indeed, the least dogmatical; and I am always inclined to suspect the Force of that Argument which is obtruded with Arrogance and Sufficiency.

But, whoever, *Philotes*, pursues his Speculation with an humble unarrogating Temper of Mind, and with the best Exertion of those Faculties which Providence has assigned him, though he should not find the Conviction, never, surely, can he fail of the Reward of Truth.

I am, &c.

Of the great Regard paid to the Rights of Hospitality, and Fidelity, by those whom Christians stile uncivilized.

WHILE the Moors governed in Spain, and the Spaniards were mixed with them, a Spanish Cavalier, in a sudden Quarrel, slew a young Moorish Gentleman, and fled. His Pursuers soon lost Sight of him, for he had, unperceived, thrown himself over a Garden Wall. The Owner, a Moor, happening to be in his Garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his Knees, who acquainted him with his Case, and implored Concealment. 'Eat this (said the Moor, giving him half a Peach) you now know that you may confide in my Protection.' He then locked him up in his Garden Apartment, telling him, that as soon as it was Night he would provide for his Escape to a Place of more Safety. The Moor then went into his House, where he had scarce seated himself, when a great Croud, with loud Lamentations, came to his Gate, bringing the Corpse of his Son, that had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first Shock of Surprise was a little over, he learnt from the Description given, that the fatal Deed was done by the Person then in his Power. He mentioned this to no one; but

as soon as it was dark, retired to his Garden Apartment, as if to grieve alone, giving Orders that none should follow him. There accosting the *Spaniard*, he said, 'Christian, the Person you have killed is my Son: His Body is now in my House. You ought to suffer; but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my Faith, which must not be broken. Follow me.' He then led the astonished *Spaniard* to his Stables, where, mounting him on one of his fleetest Horses, he said, 'Fly far while the Night can cover you. You will be safe in the Morning. You are indeed guilty of my Son's Blood, but God is just and good, and I thank him that I am innocent of your's, and that my Faith given is preserved.'

Justice to a Nation, though lately our Enemies, and hardly yet our cordial Friends, obliges one, on this Occasion, not to omit mentioning an Instance of *Spanish* Honour, which cannot but be yet fresh in the Memory of many yet living. In 1746, when we were in hot War with *Spain*, the *Elizabeth*, of London, Capt. *William Edwards*, coming thro' the Gulph from *Jamaica*, richly laden, met with a most violent Storm, in which the Ship sprung a Leak, that obliged them, for the saving of their Lives, to run her into the *Havanna*. The Captain went on Shore, directly waited on the Governor, told the Occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered his Ship as a Prize, and himself and his Men as Prisoners of War, only requesting good Quarter. 'No, Sir,' (replied the *Spanish* Governor) 'if we had taken you in fair War at Sea, or approaching our Coast with hostile Intentions, your Ship would have been a Prize, and your People Prisoners. But when distressed by a Tempest, you come into our Ports for the Safety of your Lives, we, though Enemies, being Men, are bound as such, by the Laws of Humanity, to afford Relief to distressed Men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our Enemies, take Advantage of an Act of God. You have Leave therefore to unload your Ship, if that be necessary, to stop the Leak; you may rest here, and traffic so far

as shall be necessary to pay the Charges; you may then depart, & I will give you a Pass, to be in Force till you are beyond *Bermuda*. If after that you are taken, you will then be a Prize, but now you are only a Stranger, and have a Stranger's Right to Safety and Protection.' - The Ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.

Captain *Seagrave*, in his Account of his Voyage to *Guinea*, relates, that a *New England* Sloop, trading there in 1752, left their second Mate, *William Murray*, sick on Shore, and sailed without him. *Murray* was at the House of a Black, named *Cudjoe*, with whom he had contracted an Acquaintance during their Trade. He recovered, and the Sloop being gone, he continued with his Black Friend, till some other Opportunity should offer of his getting Home. In the mean while, a *Dutch* Ship came into the Road, and some of the Blacks going on Board her, were treacherously seized, and carried off as Slaves. Their Relations and Friends, transported with sudden Rage, ran to the House of *Cudjoe* to take Revenge, by killing *Murray*. *Cudjoe* stopped them at the Door, and demanded what they wanted? The White Men, said they, have carried away our Brothers and Sons, and we will kill all White Men; give us the White Man that you keep in your House, for we will kill him. 'Nay,' (said *Cudjoe*) 'the White Men that carried away your Brothers are bad Men, kill them when you catch them; but this White Man is a good Man, and you must not kill him.' But he is a White Man, they cried; the White Men are all bad; we will kill them all. 'Nay,' (says he) 'you must not kill a Man, that has done no Harm, only for being white. This Man is my Friend, my House is his Fort, and I am his Soldier. I must fight for him. You must kill me, before you can kill him. What good Man will ever come again under my Roof, if I let my Floor be stained with a good Man's Blood!' The Negroes seeing his Resolution, and being convinced by his Discourse that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few Days, *Murray* ventured Abroad again with *Cudjoe*, when

when several of them took him by the Hand, and told him they were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a good (meaning an innocent) Man, their God would have been angry, and would have spoiled their Fishing.---I relate this, says Captain Seagrave, to show, that some among these dark People have a strong Sense of Justice and Honour; and that even the most brutal among them are capable of feeling the Force of Reason, and of being influenced by a Fear of God.

When six *Catarwa* Deputies, under the Care of Colonel Bull, of *Charles-Town*, went by Permission into the *Mohawks* Country, to sue for and treat of Peace for their Nation, they soon found the Six Nations highly exasperated, and the Peace at that Time impracticable: They were therefore in Fear for their own Persons, and apprehended that they should be killed in their Way back to *New-York*; which being made known to the *Mohawk* Chiefs, by Colonel Bull, one of them, by Order of the Council, made this Speech to the *Catarwas*.

‘ *Strangers and Enemies,*

‘ While you are in this Country, blow away all Fear out of your Breasts; change the black Streak of Paint on your Cheek for a red one, and let your Faces shine with Bear’s Grease: You are safer here than if you were at Home. The six Nations will not defile their own Land with the Blood of Men that came unarmed to ask for Peace. We shall send a Guard with you, to see you safe out of our Territories. So far you shall have Peace, but no farther. Get Home to your own Country, and there take Care of yourselves, for there we intend to come and kill you.’

The *Catarwas* came away unhurt accordingly.

It is also well known, that just before the late War broke out, when our Traders first went among the *Ciankeshaw* Indians, a Tribe of the *Twightwees*, they found the Principle of giving Protection to Strangers in full Force; for the *French* coming with their *Indians* to the *Ciankeshaw* Town, and demanding that those

Traders and their Goods should be delivered up; the *Ciankeshaw*s replied, the *English* were come there upon their Invitation, and they could not do so base a Thing. But the *French* insisting on it, the *Ciankeshaw*s took Arms in Defence of their Guests, and a Number of them, with their old Chief lost their Lives in the Cause; the *French* at last prevailing by superior Force only.

Rules for bad Horsemen. By CHARLES THOMPSON, Esq;

THERE is in this Country an almost universal Fondness for Horses, and the Exercise of Riding; yet but few, in Comparison, are tolerable Horsemen. The Complaints, we hear, of Horses being ungovernable, or performing ill, generally arise from the Unskilfulness of their Riders. The Case is, we want a just Taste in Riding. No Man learns it as an Art. If a young Fellow can ride a Fox-chace, or a Horse-race, he immediately considers himself, and is considered by others, as a good Horseman. If he has a Horse which he cannot manage, he will tell you, he designs to tame him by Hunting: That is, if he can get him to go forward, he will tire him. But what End does this answer? by a Week’s Rest the Horse becomes as ungovernable as ever; and surely, if a Man cannot manage his Horse in full Spirits, he cannot be said to manage him at all.

Riding in the Manage, or at the Riding-School, is indeed considered as an Art; and there we have professed Masters to teach it. But it is looked on as of Use to Military People only; or to those, in whom a shewy Appearance is made proper and becoming, by their Rank in Life. It is supposed also, that all managed Horses are taught Motions for Parade only; and that their Paces are spoiled for the Road and Hunting. Hence riding in the Manage is called, riding the Great Horse; and the common Opinion is, that nothing of this Art can be applied to general Use. Almost every one thinks Practice alone will teach to ride; yet if artificial Measures

fores of Motion, and the Imitation of a good Carriage, will mend even our Manner of Walking, which Nature has taught, and constant Practice improved; why should Riding, which certainly is still more an Art, be supposed to be easily, and sufficiently attained, without any Assistance?

Notwithstanding this general Opinion of the Manage, there are some who think it teaches a Horse nothing which will spoil his Paces, and that he is greatly benefited by it, as he is there put under such a Discipline, as accustoms him to have no Will of his own, by which Means the Management of him is made easy to an indifferent Rider.

Were Horses usually broke in thus far only in the Manage, Gentlemen might without great Difficulty be taught all that is necessary to ride with Safety, Ease, and Pleasure, and to make their Horses perform cheerfully.

To this End, there should be Masters to teach the Art of Riding on the Hunting or common Saddle; or the unexperienced Horseman should practise a while at the Riding-house, with a View to get a few general Principles, which he may afterwards apply to another Manner of Riding. Till this is done, such Instruction may be given to bad Horsemen, by Rule, as may enable them to ride more safely, and better than they do at present; not knowing that they have any Thing to learn. This, in some Degree, is attempted by the following Directions. Books in which the Art of Riding has been completely taught, have not been culcalated for so inferior a Part of a Horseman's Education. What is said here, is not therefore designed for those who ride well, but for those only, who are liable to Difficulties and Accidents, for Want of common Cautions; and who know not, that by leaving a Horse at some Liberty, and avoiding to give him Pain by a bad Management of the Bridle, he will go better and more quietly, than under a bad Horseman, who lays all the Weight of his Arms on his Horse's Mouth, and by sitting awkwardly, not only becomes an uneasy Burthen to himself, and his

Horse, but rides in continual Danger of a Fall.

Most Horses would go quietly past an Object they were beginning to fly from, if their Riders, instead of gathering up their Bridles, & shewing themselves so ready, should throw the Reins loose upon their Necks.

When a Horse starts at any Thing on one Side, most Riders go out of the Road, to make him go up to what he starts at: If he does not get the better of his Fear, or readily comply, he generally goes past the Object, making with his hinder Parts, or Croup, a great Circle out of the Road; whereas, he should learn to keep straight on; without minding Objects on either Side.

If he starts at any Thing on the Left, hold his Head high, and keep it straight in the Road, pulling it from looking at the Thing he starts at, and keeping your right Leg hard pressed against his Side, towards his Flank: He will then go straight along the Road. By this Method, and by turning his Head a little more, he may be forced with his Croup close up to what frightened him; for as his Head is pulled one Way, his Croup necessarily turns the other. Always avoid a Quarrel with your Horse, if you can; if he is apt to start, you will find Occasion enough to exercise his Obedience, when what he starts at lies directly in his Way, and you must make him pass: If he is not subject to start, you should not contend with him about a Trifle.

Let me just observe, that this Rule in going past an Object may perhaps be a little irregular in a managed Horse; which will always obey the Leg: But even such a Horse, if he is really afraid, and not restive, it may not be amiss to make him look another Way; unless the Object be something you would particularly accustom him to the Sight of.

The Case will also be different with a Horse whose Fear is owing to his being not used to Objects; but such a one is not to be used by any Horseman to whom these Rules are directed: The starting here meant arises merely from the Horse's being

ing pampered, and springing thro' Liveliness.

The Notion of the Necessity of making a Horse go immediately up to every Thing he is afraid of, and not suffering him to become Master of his Rider, seems to be in general carried too far. It is an approved and good Method to conquer a Horse's Fear of the Sound of a Drum, by beating one near him at the Time of feeding him: This not only familiarises the Noise to him, but makes it pleasant, as a Forerunner of his Meat; whereas, if he was whipped up to it, (he might start at it as long as he lived. Might not this be applied to his starting at other Things, and shew that it would be better to suffer him (provided he does not turn back) to go a little from, and avoid an Object he has a Dislike to, and to accustom him to it by Degrees, convincing him as it were that it will not hurt him; than to punish him, quarrel with him, and perhaps submit to his Will at last, while you insist on his overcoming his Fear in an Instant? If he sees a like Object again, it is probable he will recollect his Dread, and arm himself to be disobedient.

We are apt to suppose, that a Horse fears nothing so much as his Rider; but may he not, in many Circumstances, be afraid of instant Destruction; of being crushed; of being drowned or falling down a Precipice? Is it a Wonder that a Horse should be afraid of a loaded Waggon? May not the hanging Load seem to threaten the falling on him? There cannot be a Rule more general, than, in such a Case, to shew him there is Room for him to pass. This is done by turning his Head a little from the Carriage, and pressing your Leg, which is farthest from it, against his Side.

A Horse is not to stop without a Sign from his Rider—Is it not then probable that when he is driven up to a Carriage he starts at, he conceives himself obliged either to attack or run against it? Can he understand the Rider's spurring him with his Face directed to it, as a Sign for him to pass it? That a Horse is easily alarmed for his Face and Eyes (he will even catch back his Head

from a Hand going to caress him;) that he will not go with any Force, Face to Face, even to another Horse; (if in his Power to stop) and that he sees perfectly Sideways, may be useful Hints for the Treatment of Horses, with Regard to starting.

Though you ought not to whip a Horse for starting, there can be no good Effect from clapping his Neck with your Hand, to encourage him. If one took any Notice of his starting, it should be rather with some Tone of Voice which he usually understood as an Expression of Dislike to what he is doing; for there is Opposition mixed with his starting, and a Horse will ever repeat what he finds bath foiled his Rider.

Notwithstanding the Direction above given, of not pressing a Horse up to a Carriage he starts at, yet if one which you apprehend will frighten him, meets you at a narrow Part of the Road, when you have once let him know he is to pass it, be sure you remain determined and press him on: Do this more especially, when Part of the Carriage is already past you; for if, when he is frightened, he is accustomed to go back, and turn round, he will certainly do it, if he finds, by your Hand slackening, and Legs not pressing, that you are irresolute; and this at the most dangerous Point of Time, when the Wheels of the Carriage take him as he turns. Remember not to touch the Curb-Rein at this Time, it will certainly check him. Ride with a Snaffle, and use your Curb, if you have one, only occasionally. Chuse your Snaffle full and thick in the Mouth, especially at the Ends, to which the Reins are fastened. Most of them are made too small and long; they cut the Horse's Mouth, and bend back over the Bars of his Jaw, working like Pincers.

The Management of the Curb is too nice a Matter to enter on here, farther than to prescribe great Caution in the Use of it: A Turn of the Wrist, rather than the Weight of your Arm, should be applied to it.

Very few, although practised in riding, know they have any Power over a Horse, but by the Bridle; or

tures of Motion, and the Imitation of a good Carriage, will mend even our Manner of Walking, which Nature has taught, and constant Practice improved; why should Riding, which certainly is still more an Art, be supposed to be easily, and sufficiently attained, without any Assistance?

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from a Hand going to caress him;) that he will not go with any Force, Face to Face, even to another Horse; (if in his Power to stop) and that he sees perfectly Sideways, may be useful Hints for the Treatment of Horses, with Regard to starting.

Though you ought not to whip a Horse for starting, there can be no good Effect from clapping his Neck with your Hand, to encourage him. If one took any Notice of his starting, it should be rather with some Tone of Voice which he usually understood as an Expression of Dislike to what he is doing; for there is Opposition mixed with his starting, and a Horse will ever repeat what he finds hath foiled his Rider.

Notwithstanding the Direction above given, of not pressing a Horse up to a Carriage he starts at, yet if one which you apprehend will frighten him, meets you at a narrow Part of the Road, when you have once let him know he is to pass it, be sure you remain determined and press him on: Do this more especially, when Part of the Carriage is already past you; for if, when he is frightened, he is accustomed to go back, and turn round, he will certainly do it, if he finds, by your Hand slackening, and Legs not pressing, that you are irresolute; and this at the most dangerous Point of Time, when the Wheels of the Carriage take him as he turns. Remember not to touch the Curb-Rein at this Time, it will certainly check him. Ride with a Snaffle, and use your Curb, if you have one, only occasionally. Chuse your Snaffle full and thick in the Mouth, especially at the Ends, to which the Reins are fastened. Most of them are made too small and long; they cut the Horse's Mouth, and bend back over the Bars of his Jaw, working like Pincers.

The Management of the Curb is too nice a Matter to enter on here, farther than to prescribe great Caution in the Use of it: A Turn of the Wrist, rather than the Weight of your Arm, should be applied to it.

Very few, although practised in riding, know they have any Power over a Horse, but by the Bridle; or

or any Use for the Spur, except to make him go forward. A little Experience will teach them a farther Use. If the left Spur touches him, (& he is at the same Time prevented from going forward) he has a Sign, which he will soon understand, to move Sideways to the Right. In the same Manner to the Left, if the right Spur is closed to him. He afterwards, through Fear of the Spur, obeys a Touch of the Leg. In the same Manner as a Horse moves his Croup from one Side of the Stall to the other, when any one strikes him with his Hand. In short, his Croup is guided by the Leg, as his Head is by the Bridle. He will never disobey the Leg, unless he becomes restive. By this Means you will have a far greater Power over him; he will move Sideways, if you close one Leg to him, and strait forward, if both: Even when he stands still, your Legs held near him will keep him on the Watch, and with the slightest, unseen Motion of the Bridle upwards, he will raise his Head, and shew his Forehand to Advantage.

On this Use of the Legs of the Rider, and Guidance of the Croup of the Horse, are founded all the Arts (as the Riding-Masters express themselves) which are taught in the Manage; the Passage, or Side Motion of Troopers to close or open their Files, and indeed all their Evolutions. But the Convenience of some Degree of this Discipline for common Use, is the Reason of mentioning it here. It is chiefly useful when a Horse starts. When he is beginning to fly to one Side, your Leg on the Side he is flying to, stops his Spring immediately. He goes past what he started at, keeping strait on, or as you chuse to direct him, and he will not fly back from any Thing, if you press him with both Legs. You keep his Haunches under him, going down a Hill; help him on the Side of a Bank; more easily avoid the Wheel of a Carriage, and approach more gracefully and nearer to the Side of a Coach, or Horseman. When a pampered Horse curvets irregularly, and twists his Body to and fro, turn his Head either to the Right or Left, or both

Methods for curing violent Strains.

alternately (but without letting him move out of the Track) and press your Leg to the opposite Side: Your Horse cannot then spring on his hind Legs, to one Side, because your Leg prevents him; nor to the other, because his Head looks that Way, and a Horse does not start and spring to the Side on which he looks.

These Rules and Observations may perhaps convey some Idea, tho' but an imperfect one, to bad Riders, of that Sleight, which makes Horses obedient, when they would resist Force; and may serve to shew them, that something more than what the Horse learns from his Breaker, is necessary to make him tractable.

From the Medical Museum.

Methods for the speedy Recovery of the Use of the Foot or Hand that has been violently Sprained.

IT may lead to a right Management of the Part strained, if we consider the Effects of a Strain when it is very great, viz.

First, Such an Extension of the Tendons and Vessels of the Muscles strained, that they cannot contract themselves to their natural Lengths.

Second, That the great Elongation of the Vessels (which deprives them of their contractile Power, lessens the Diameter of their Cavities, obstructs the free Course of the Fluids through them, makes them swell and become painful, and incapable of their usual Services, or of being moved by the Acts of the Will, as before the Accident happened.

These Effects of violent Strains may lead us to conclude, that the best Remedies are those Applications which may best attenuate their obstructed Fluids, recover an easy Circulation of them, and sufficiently contract the elongated Vessels.

For these Purposes I advise Vinegar, the rectified Spirits of Wine, such as are burnt in Lamps, Friction, and Motion, in the following Manner, viz.

Suppose the Ankle sprained.

First, let it be fomented with Vinegar, a little warm, for four or five Minutes at a Time, once every four Hours; this will render the

Cir-

Circulation of the Fluids, in the Parts affected, more easy, and either prevent its swelling, or promote its subsiding.

Second, Let the Person stand three or four Minutes at a Time on both his Feet in their natural Posture, and sometimes move the strained Foot; and sometimes, when sitting with his Foot on a low Stool, let him move it this Way and that, as he can bear it; this will contribute much to contract the over-stretched Vessels, and to recover a due Circulation of their Fluids through them.

Third, Let a gentle dry Friction with a warm Hand, be sometimes used to the Part affected, which will conduce much to the same Ends.

Two Hours after every Application of Vinegar, let the Parts affected be just wetted with rectified Spirits of Wine, and gently rubbed.

By these Means, Persons to whom I have advised them, have recovered from the Effects of very violent Sprains in a few Days, when others have been Weeks in recovering, where different Ways of Management, such as continual resting of the strained Foot, and Disuse of its Motions, &c. had been recommended.

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 462.

Liberty of Person is of all Rights most valuable, and of which, above all Things, the Law of England is most tender, and has guarded with the greatest Care.

Address of the Lords in 1704.

WHEN a Ministry has ventured to attack the Privileges of the People; and been able to engage the Prince to favour and approve of their Measures to abridge the Power of Parliament, as well as to overawe the Nation, into a servile Compliance with their Practices upon the public Liberty, they imagine that nothing can prevent the final Execution of their Plan to enslave the Subject, and to establish their own Tyranny under the Pretence of maintaining the Rights of the Crown; making the Prerogative subservient

to their private Interest. And the Conduct of King JAMES's Parliament, after the Violation of their Privileges, and the notorious Grievances complained of by the Nation, affords a very disadvantageous Idea of the Dependence, to be placed, by the People, in the Integrity and Firmness of the Guardians of their Liberty and Property, when a Ministry has found the Way to attach them to the Interest of the Power in Being.

The House of Commons was violated in a most arbitrary Manner. Nor did the Peerage escape: Whose Privilege was also violated in the Person of the Earl of Southampton. Every Friend of Liberty, that dared to stand up in her Cause, became the Object of Court Jealousy, and felt the Weight of their Resentment. No Rights nor Privileges were able to protect a People, where Liberty was borne down by an Inquisition of Will and Pleasure.---Power usurped its full Scope.---The Subject was seized, imprison'd, fined, &c. and a Gate of Justice was not to be found for his Relief.---The Administrators of the Laws were so surrounded with Terrors continually issuing from the Ministry, that they forgot the Obligation of their Oaths. And under a false Notion of Affection for the King, the ensuing Parliament were prevailed upon not to enquire into those Grievances, but to trust to the King's Promise of Redress, rather than to disquiet the Royal Mind with Remonstrances against his Administration.

The Parliament thus soothed into a good Humour, suffered themselves to be made Dupes of an arbitrary Ministry: And by overlooking the whole Affair of the Grievances, and not providing against further Encroachments upon the Constitution, they gave a Sort of Sanction to all the Excesses already committed, and confirmed the King in a good Opinion of the arbitrary Measures of his Ministers of State.

The only Step they took towards a Redress of Grievances, was to petition a Removal of *Buckingham* from the Place of first Minister. This was computed to serve as an universal

Remedy.---But they had given too much Way to the Practices of the Court, to find Relief in this one Particular.---The King, the more he was pressed, was the more determined to maintain him in his Situation; and that Minister riveted his Interest, with his Royal Master, still the stronger, by engaging him to govern with an absolute Power, and without a Parliament, that would not act under his Management and Direction.

Thus having prevailed with the Parliament, to give up their Privileges to the Will of the Prince and his Ministers of State, they held them in Contempt, and ordered the Customs to be levied by their own Authority; ordered the Sea Ports to furnish Ships of War for the Public Service; obliged the *Londoners* to raise a large Sum of Money by Way of Loan; squeezed the Nobility in the same unconstitutional Manner; and, meeting with no Opposition, they descended to try the same Practice on all Ranks and Degrees of People, imprisoning or otherwise oppressing those, who had the Resolution to refuse.

Liberty was now at so low an Ebb, that Sir *Nicholas Hyde*, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Judges upon the Bench with him, dared not grant any Man thus imprisoned his *Habeas Corpus*; but referred the Prisoners to the King himself for the Cause of their Imprisonment, and to his Mercy for their Deliverance.---Such was the Condition of every Man in *England* at that dreadful Crisis, when the Guardians of their Liberty and Property looked with Indifference upon the Encroachments of the Crown upon their own Privileges, and the Rights of the People!

However, all the Art and Practices of the Court were not able to give Root to arbitrary Power in a Land of Liberty, or to engraft Slavery upon the national Constitution.

When the Ruin of the national Constitution seemed to be most certain, some Lords of the Council grew alarmed at the very Appearance they had helped to create. And, by their Address, a Parliament was summoned, and the Prisons cleared

of the Gentlemen, confined by the arbitrary Warrants of the Secretary of State.

The King opened the Session with Threats. But Matters were arrived at this Issue, as to admit of no Remedy but a firm Attachment to the Constitution. Money was the chief Inducement for the King's calling them together: But they would not proceed to gratify his Majesty, till they had proceeded to the Redress of Grievances, as a Debt to themselves, and to their Constituents.

Debates ran high, particularly upon the Trespass committed on the Liberty of the Subject: In which Mr. *Creswell* observed, 'If the King has no absolute Power over our Lands or Goods, then, *a Fortiori*, not over our Persons, to imprison them, without declaring the Cause.'---That Sir *John Markham* told King *Edward IV.* 'He could not arrest a Man, either for Treason or Felony, as a Subject might; because, that if the King did wrong, the Party could not have an Action against him. And if the King's Writ under the Great Seal cannot imprison the Subject, unless it contains the Cause, shall then the King's Warrant otherwise do it, without containing the Cause; that his Judge, on the Return thereof, may likewise judge of the same?' And concluded his Speech with a Report of Sir *John Davies*, King's Serjeant in the foregoing Reign, 'That the Kings of *England* have always had a Monarchy Royal, not Seignoral. That under the first, the Subjects are Freemen, have Property in their Goods and Freeholds, and Inheritance in their Lands: Whereas, under the latter, they are as Villains and Slaves, and have Property in nothing.'

It was also discovered, That the King's Attorney General had tried bad Practices to establish the arbitrary Acts of the Court, under the Sanction of Law and Justice: This increased the Flame in the House. Sir *Robert Philips* said, 'That such Practices were intended to strike us all from our Liberties.' Sir *Edward Coke* added, 'That should

‘ it be allowed, a Man may be committed by the Command of the King, he must not be bailed. Which is to declare upon Record, that any Subject, committed by such absolute Command, may be detained in Prison for ever. And this tends to the utter Subversion of the Choice, Liberty, and Right, belonging to every free-born Subject of this Kingdom.’

This brought on several Resolutions concerning personal Liberty; and for restraining the arbitrary Acts of the Ministers of State, and their under Officers. But the House of Lords were still too much attached to the Court, to concur with them heartily in the Cause of Liberty. However, the Managers appointed to explain their Resolutions in a Conference with the Peers, undertook to convince their Lordships, That their Demands were founded on Reason, Right, Law, and every other Authority.

In the Course of this Conference, Mr. Selden, explaining the Practice of the Law, till then followed, said, ‘ My Lords, in all Cases where any Right or Liberty belongs to the Subject by any positive Law, written or unwritten, if there were not also a Remedy in Law for enjoying, or regaining of this Right or Liberty, when it is violated, or taken from him, the positive Law would be most vain, and to no Purpose; and it were to no Purpose for any Man to have any Right in any Land, or other Inheritance, if there were not a known Remedy; that is, an Action or Writ, by which, in some Court of ordinary Justice, he might recover it: And in Case of Right of Liberty of Person; if there were not a Remedy in the Law for regaining it, when it is restrained; it were to no Purpose to speak of Laws that ordain it should not be restrained.’

Great Art was used to evade what the Courtiers could not confute: And, amongst other Expedients, it was urged, That there was a *State Law*, without which it would be impossible to support Government: But the Managers for the Commons

presently detected the Iniquity of this Pretence, and cut the Argument very short, by insisting, That there was no such Law in the Constitution of *England*, and that it was a Thing *unknown*, and not to be traced in any of our Books.

The Attorney General and his Satellites, on Behalf of the Crown, did their utmost to confute the Arguments brought by the Managers. They were allowed their full Scope by the Lords; and they did their utmost, but with no better Success than before. Every Instance they urged was shewn to be either false or frivolous; every Argument fallacious and inconclusive.

The Court left no Expedient untied to break off the Conference, and to divide or mislead the Commons: But Liberty and the Love of our Country prevailed. The Ministry no longer able to withstand the unanimous Integrity of both Houses, his Majesty consented, ‘ That a Bill should be drawn for Confirmation of *Magna Charta*, or the Subjects Liberty.’ Which was afterwards passed into an Act, with the Title of *The Bill of Rights*; though the Lords a while vacillated. They pretended to take a middle Path. They were for preserving ‘ the Liberties of the Subject: But with due Regard to leave entire that *Sovereign Power* wherewith his Majesty was intrusted for the Protection, Safety, and Happiness of the People.’ But the Commons would hear of no Distinction between *regal* and *legal*. They were willing to allow the King to be the Sovereign in his Person, but not in his Power. Sir Edward Coke, amongst other Things, said, ‘ *Magna Charta* is such a *Fellow*, that he will have no *Sovereign*.---If we grant this, we grant by Implication a *Sovereign Power* above the Laws.---A Power with *Force*, instead of a *Power in Law*.---Salvos were abhorrent to our Predecessors:-----We must not admit this; and to qualify it, it is impossible.’ ‘ If we admit of this,’ (said Sir Thomas Wentworth) ‘ we leave the Subject worse than we found him.’

The Consistency and Connection of the
Divine Intentions.

[Continued from Page 444.]

THE Designs of creative Wisdom run forward into Spaces and Ages, infinitely beyond the Limits of our Sense and Knowledge. And the Lines appear to us abruptly *broken off*, only because we can no longer discern the *Continuance* or Connection. We may pursue Things to the Limits assigned us; but in vain do we attempt to proceed further, and pass on to Things invisible, and the boundless Creation that lies beyond; of which we know nothing *particular*, but by a supernatural Revelation; and nothing *general*, but this one universal Conclusion, which results from the whole of our Observation and Experience, That all Things are made and governed by an ALL-POWERFUL and MOST WISE BEING.

Exclusive of those important Discoveries, with which we are so highly favoured in the *Gospel-Revelation*, the Knowledge of Nature presents us with numberless Marks of creative Wisdom, affords ample Matter of Instruction, and clearly points out to us several beneficent Ends, which it is our Wisdom, as Creatures endued with Reason, to attend to and pursue, as the Purpose of our Creation and Residence in this World. These Ends are, as has been already shewn, the Support and agreeable Enjoyment of Life, and the Attainment of Knowledge, Piety, and Virtue.

We shall further consider these several Ends in *Connection* with, and *Subserviency* to, each other. For we are not to conceive that the ALL-WISE FORMER of the World is like to Human Projectors, who often pull down with one Hand, what they build with the other; and destroy, at one Time, or in one Manner, what they were aiming to establish in another. The more we understand of the Divine Operations, the more we shall discover of Harmony and *Unity* of Design, be the more convinced that all Things spring from *One* Wisdom, whose Intentions are, at no Time, in no

Part, in no Effect, throughout the universal Creation, opposite or discordant, but all in perfect Union and Concord.

The Wisdom of the ALMIGHTY MAKER of the World is most illustriously discovered in the perfect *Combination* of numberless different Parts, Movements, and Methods; which may seem, to a superficial Observer, to aim at different, and even contrary Ends; yet are found, upon a deeper Search, and more extensive View, to *unite* and terminate in one and the same general End.—It is on this Ground of Evidence, that we acknowledge and believe that there is one GOD ALL-PERFECT, the Cause of all Things; and that there is no other, but HE ALONE, who hath constituted, and who governs the whole World.—In the visible Works of GOD, there is discernible a perfect *Unity* amidst an immense *Variety*. There is a wonderful *Apparatus* of Nature for the Support of Human Life: There is the like Contrivance and Preparation in the Human Frame, for the Pleasure, the Instruction, and the Virtue of Mankind: And these Purposes coincide in one, which is the Good or Happiness of Mankind. For Virtue itself is nothing else but sacrificing private Ease, Interest, or Pleasure, to a more extensive Good; therefore the Wisdom of the CREATOR, by inciting Men to Virtue, intends the very same End, as by bestowing Life, or any of the Pleasures of Life. The same is likewise intended by the Provision made in Nature for the Instruction of Mankind; for, without Knowledge, there can be no Happiness.—Pleasure is not Good, but Evil, when opposite to Virtue; for it is then opposite to the Good of Society. Knowledge is no better than Ignorance, only as it leads to Virtue, and conduces to the Welfare of Mankind. And Virtue itself is estimable only in Proportion to its Utility, or the Degree in which it conduces to the Good of the World in general: And *that* is not a real, but *imaginary* Virtue, which has no Tendency to the Happiness of Mankind.—'Tis evident then, that the creative Wisdom of GOD, by the

the various Provisions which he hath made in Nature, for the several Purposes above-mentioned, had, in the whole, one general and summary View to the good Order and Happiness of Human Society.

Let us learn just and honourable Apprehensions of all the Works of GOD.---There is undoubtedly *infinite Wisdom, Beauty, and Goodness*, even where we are able to make little or no Discovery. But an attentive and religious Disposition will qualify Men to make Discoveries: For *the Works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have Pleasure therein. It is the Character of the FOOLISH and WICKED, that they regard not the Works of the LORD, nor consider the Operations of his Hands*: And it is an impious Contradiction in Men to profess Religion, and to ascribe Titles of Glory and Perfection to the SUPREME BEING; and at the same Time to throw Reproach upon his Works, and censure that Nature and Order of Things, which his Wisdom hath established. True Piety is founded upon Knowledge, and a deep Conviction of the wise and beneficent Intentions of the ALMIGHTY, in his Works of Creation and Providence: And if, through Ignorance or Prejudice, we foolishly charge them with Error and Inconsistency, it is no better than a vain Flattery, or solemn mocking of GOD, afterwards to celebrate his *infinite Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness*. We must first learn and understand the Marks of *Divine Wisdom and Goodness* in the Creation, before we can ascribe these Perfections to him with any real Meaning, or devout Intention.

It must be acknowledged, that in attending to the Frame of Nature, and the Conduct of Providence, many insuperable Difficulties may arise: And nothing will more frequently occur, than those inexplicable Appearances, which only prove Human Ignorance; but which Human Folly is apt to turn into Objections against the *Wisdom of GOD*, and the Perfection of his Works. Yet there are within the Sphere of our clearest Observation, and most certain Experience, such manifest Proofs of Design, such il-

lustrious Marks of Wisdom, such a regular Coherence, such a Coincidence and Conspiration of various innumerable Parts and Measures to one beneficent End, as nothing but stupid Inattention can make us overlook.

This Inattention arises partly from *Familiarity* itself. We are so much accustomed to see the Order and Beauty of the *Creation*, and to enjoy the Delights of *Society*, and the Improvements of *Knowledge, Industry, and Virtue*, that we forget to admire the Wisdom of this Divine Constitution, and to be thankful for the Happiness resulting from it, because they are *continual*.

Selfishness and *Pride* also are the Causes of *Impiety* and *Ingratitude*. GOD hath made every *Individual* for the *Whole*, and to be subservient to the Good of the public Community to which he belongs, and of the World in general. But through *Selfishness*, Men find Fault with this most wise, just, and beautiful Constitution; and think that the *World* ought to have been made for *them* alone, and not *they* for the *World*; that all Men should be subservient to their particular Emolument and Benefit, and not their Interest and Pleasure be subjected to the general Good.

[To be concluded in our next.]

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 447.]

CIMON, the Athenian General, thought his Possessions were given him by Fortune for no other End than to be distributed among his fellow Citizens, to clothe some, and to relieve the Wants of others. What *Philopomen* gained from the Enemy, he bestowed in supplying such of the Citizens with Arms and Horses, as stood in need of them, and in ransoming such of them as had been made Prisoners of War. *Aratus*, General of the *Acheans*, made himself universally beloved, and saved his Country, by applying the Presents he received from the Kings in appeasing the Divisions which prevailed among his Countrymen, in paying the Debts of some, assisting others in their Necessities, and redeeming Captives. To

To give but one single Instance among the *Romans*: *Pliny* the Younger disburses considerable Sums for the Service of his Friends. He forgives one Person all he owes him. He pays the Debts of another, which he had contracted for just Reasons. He increases the Portion of another's Daughter, that she might keep up to the Dignity of the Person she was about to marry. He supplies another with Sums to make him a *Roman* Knight. To gratify another, he sells him a Piece of Land below his Value. He gives another where-withal to return into his own Country, and end his Days therein Quiet. He makes himself easy in the Differences of his Family, and voluntarily gives up his own Right. He bestows upon his Nurse a Piece of Ground, big enough for her Subsistence. He presents his Country with a Library, and a Revenue sufficient to maintain it. He settles Salaries upon Professors for the Instruction of Youth. He erects a School for the Education of Orphans and poor Children, of which there are some Footsteps remaining to this Day. And all this he does with a moderate Fortune. But his Frugality, as he declares himself, was a rich Fund, which supplied whatever was wanting to his Revenue, and enabled him to bestow with such Liberality, as is astonishing in a private Man.

Let any one ask themselves what they think of such an Example, after having compared this noble and amiable Use of Riches with the Behaviour of such unnatural Persons, who live as if they were born only for themselves, who set no other Value on Riches than as the Means to indulge their Passions, to support their Luxury, and gratify their Love of Pleasures, a vain Ostentation, or a restless Curiosity; who are serviceable neither to their Relations, their Friends, nor their most ancient and faithful domestics; and who think themselves under no Obligation by the Ties of Blood, Friendship, Gratitude, Merit, or Humanity, nor even to their Country.

When *M. de Turenne* undertook the Command of the Army in *Germany*, he found the Troops in so

bad a Condition, that he sold his own Plate to clothe the Soldiers, and mount the Horse, which he did more than once. Though his Estate amounted to no more than forty thousand Livres a Year, he never would accept of the considerable Sums his Friends offered him, nor take up any Thing on Trust from the Tradesmen, for Fear, he said, that if he fell, they should lose a good Part of it. And all the Workmen, employed about his House, were ordered to bring in their Bills before he set out for the Campaign, and were regularly paid.

Whilst he commanded in *Germany*, a neutral Town, which thought the King's Army was marching towards them, offered this General an hundred thousand Crowns, to engage him to take another Rout, and make Amends for a Day or two's March, which it might cost the Army more. *I cannot in Conscience*, answered *M. Turenne*, *accept of this Sum, for I had no Intention to pass by that Town.*

The Action of the Great *Scipio* in *Spain*, when he added to the Portion of a young Captive Princess the Ransom her Parents had brought to redeem her, gained him no less Honour than the most famous of his Conquests. A like Action of the Chevalier *Bayard* merits no less Praise. When *Bresse* was taken by Storm from the *Venetians*, he saved a House from Plunder, whither he had retired to have a Wound dressed, which he had received in the Siege, and secured the Mistress of the Family, and her two Daughters, who were hid in it. At his Departure the Lady, as a Mark of her Gratitude, offered him a Casket containing two thousand five hundred Ducats, which he obstinately refused. But observing that his Refusal was very displeasing to her, and not caring to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept of her Present, and calling to him the two young Ladies to take his Leave of them, he presented each of them with a thousand Ducats to be added to their Portion, and left the remaining five Hundred to be distributed among the Inhabitants that had been plundered.

[To be continued.] SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

The native Fruit of BRITAIN,

A SONG.

ONCE the Gods of the *Greeks* at ambrosial feasts,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry *Momus* among them appear'd as a guest;

Homer says, the *Celestials* lov'd laughing.

On each, in the synod, the humorist drol'd;
So none could his joking disprove:
He sung songs, reparteed, and some droll stories told;

And at last, thus began upon *Jove*:

'Sire, *Atlas*, who long has the universe bore,

'Grows grievously tired of late;

'He complains, that mankind are much worse than before,

'So begs to be eas'd of their weight.'

Jove, knowing the earth on poor *Atlas* was hurl'd,

From his shoulders commanded the ball;

Gave his daughter *Attraction* the charge of the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the world round,

To find what each kingdom was worth:

Like a diamond, the globe with an atmosphere bound,

Then, variously planted the earth.

With silver, gold, jewels, she *India* endow'd;

France and *Spain* she taught vineyards to rear;

What was fit for each clime, on each clime she bestow'd;

And *FREEDOM*, she found, flourish'd HERE.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;

The blossoms of *LIBERTY* gayly 'gan smile,

And *Englishmen* fed on the fruit.

Thus fed and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as pure as 'twas given!

We will ravile we've breath; nay, we'll grasp it in death,

Then return it, untainted, to heaven.

To the Country Gentlemen of ENGLAND.

BY softening *PLEASURES*'s sophistry allur'd,

From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;

And deep in *London*'s gloomy haunts immur'd,

Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.

O blind of choice, and to yourselves untrue!

The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,

The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;

While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,

Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain

That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;

That the rude village-inmates now disdain

Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers' long.

Alas, your fathers did by other arts

Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,

And led in other paths their ductile will;

By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,

Won them the antient manners to reverse,
To prize their country's peace, & heav'n's due rites fulfil.

A REFLECTION on DEATH.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

I see my maker, face to face,

O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet while pardon may be found,

And mercy may be sought,

My heart with inward horror shrinks,

And trembles at the thought.

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed.

In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,

O how shall I appear!

IV. But

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endlefs woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my SAVIOUR'S dying groans,
To give these sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

*Written extempore, on hearing Miss Warman
sing at Vauxhall Gardens.*

IF *Musick's* charms, as CONGREVE has
express'd,
Can soften rocks and sooth the savage
breast,
Who can withstand such strains might
hermits move,
And not be struck with wonder and with
love?

Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MAY 29, 1764.

F. F.

The Vanity of RICHES.

IF the treasure'd gold could give
Man a longer time to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And when death approach'd, would say,
"Take thy Fee, and walk away."
But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave,
Why should I myself deceive,
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich, or not.

JULY, AN ODE.

THE sun comes on apace, and thro'
the signs
Travels unwearied; as he hotter grows,
Above, the herbage, and beneath, the
mines,
Own his warm influence, while his axle
glows:

The flaming lion meets him on the way,
Proud to receive the flaming god of day.

In fullest bloom the damask rose is seen,
Carnations boast their variegated die,
The fields of corn display a vivid green,
And cherries with the crimson orient vie:
The hop in blossom climbs the lofty pole,
Nor dreads the light'ning, tho' the thun-
ders roll.

The wealth of *Flora* like the rainbow
shows,

Blending her various hues of light and
shade,

How many tints would emulate the rose,
Or imitate the lily's bright parade!

The flowers of topaz & of sapphire vie
With all the richest tinctures of the sky.
Beneath the swelling udder teems the
pail,

The shining scythe appears in every lawn;
With cooling beverage the swains regale
Their sun-burnt nymphs, all-sportive as
the fawn.

Nor yet the orchard shows its fruit of gold,
While the wool's shorn from off the fleecy
fold.

The vegetable world is all alive,
Green grows the gooseberry on its bush of
thorn;

The infant bees now swarm around the
hive,

And the sweet bean perfumes the lap of
morn:

Millions of embryos take the wing to fly,
The young inherit, as the old ones die.

Upon the Hairs falling.

FEW and easy in your stay,
Never curl'd, and hardly grey;
Hairs, adieu! tho' falling all,
Blameless, harmless, may you fall.
Light and trifling tho' you be,
More deserving poetry
Than the dream of guilty power,
Than the miser's gather'd ore;
Than the world's most serious things,
Murdering victors, haughty kings.
If your moral fall preface
Death, the certain end of age:
If a single hint you give,
Well to die, and how to live.

A Description of a Moon-light Night.

THEN, when the moon, refulgent
lamp of night,
O'er heav'n clear azure spreads her sacred
light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep sereno,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing
pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in pro-
spect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the
light,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful
light.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, July 14, 1764.



GENEROSITY properly applied will supply every other external Advantage in Life but the Love of those we converse with; it will procure Esteem and a Conduct resembling real Affection, but actual Love is the spontaneous Production of the Mind; no Generosity can purchase, no Rewards encrease, nor no Liberality continue it; the very Person who is obliged, has it not in his Power to force lingering Affections upon the Object he should love, and voluntarily mix Passion with Gratitude.

Imparted Fortune, and well-placed Liberality, may procure the Benefactor Good-Will, may load the Person obliged, with the Sense of the Duty he lies under to retaliate; this is Gratitude: And simple Gratitude untinged with Love, is all the Return an ingenuous Mind can bestow for Benefits received.

But Gratitude and Love are almost opposite Affections; Love is often an involuntary Passion, placed upon our Companions without our Consent, and frequently conferred without any previous Esteem. We love some Men, we know not why; our Tendernefs is naturally excited in all their Concerns; we excuse their Faults with the same Indulgence, and approve their Virtues with the same Applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the Passion it pleases us, we cherish it with Delight, and give it up with Reluctance, and Love for Love is all the Reward we expect or desire.

Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous Endeavours to excite it; we consider it as a Debt, and our Spirits wear a Load till we have discharged the Obligation. Every Acknowledgment of Gratitude is a Circumstance of Humiliation; and some are found to submit to frequent Mortifications of this Kind; proclaiming what Obligations they owe, merely because they think it in some Measure cancels the Debt.

Thus Love is the most easy and agreeable, and Gratitude the most humiliating Affection of the Mind; we never reflect on the Man we love, without exulting in our Choice, while he who has bound us to him by *Benefits* alone, rises to our Idea as a Person to whom we have, in some Measure, forfeited our Freedom. Love and Gratitude are seldom therefore found in the same Breast without impairing each other; we may tender the one or the other singly to those we converse with, but cannot command both together. By attempting to encrease, we diminish them; the Mind becomes Bankrupt under too large Obligations; all additional Benefits lessen every Hope of future Return, and bar up every Avenue that leads to Tendernefs.

In all our Connections with Society therefore, it is not only generous, but prudent, to appear insensible of the Value of those Favours we bestow, and endeavour to make the Obligation seem as slight as possible. Love must be taken by Stratagem, and not by open Force: We should seem ignorant that we oblige,

and leave the Mind at full Liberty to give or refuse its Affections; for Constraint may indeed leave the Receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce Disgust.

If to procure Gratitude be our only Aim, there is no great Art in making the Acquisition; a Benefit conferred demands a just Acknowledgement, and we have a Right to insist upon our Due.

But it were much more prudent to forego our Right on such an Occasion, and exchange it if we can, for Love. We receive but little Advantage from repeated Protestations of Gratitude, but they cost him very much from whom we exact them in Return; exacting a grateful Acknowledgement is demanding a Debt by which the Creditor is not advantaged, and the Debtor pays with Reluctance.

As *Mencius* the Philosopher was travelling in the Pursuit of Wisdom, Night overtook him at the Foot of a gloomy Mountain, remote from the Habitations of Men. Here as he was straying, while Rain and Thunder conspired to make Solitude still more hideous, he perceived a Hermit's Cell, and approaching, asked for Shelter: Enter, cries the Hermit, in a severe Tone, Men deserve not to be obliged, but it would be imitating their Ingratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come in: Examples of Vice may sometimes strengthen us in the Ways of Virtue.

After a frugal Meal, which consisted of Roots and Tea, *Mencius* could not repress his Curiosity to know why the Hermit had retired from Mankind, the Actions of whom taught the truest Lessons of Wisdom. Mention not the Name of Man, cries the Hermit, with Indignation; here among the Beasts of the Forest, I shall find no Flatterers; the Lion is a generous Enemy, and the Dog a faithful Friend, but Man, base Man, can poison the Bowl, and smile while he presents it. *You have been used ill by Mankind?* interrupted the Philosopher shrewdly. Yes, returned the Hermit; on Mankind I have exhausted my whole Fortune, and this Staff, and that Cup, and those Roots are

all that I have in Return. *Did you bestow your Fortune, or did you only lend it?* returned *Mencius*. I bestowed it, undoubtedly, replied the other, for where were the Merit of being a Money Lender? *Did they ever own they had received it?* adds the Philosopher. A thousand Times, cries the Hermit; they every Day loaded me with Professions of Gratitude for Obligations received, and Solicitations for future Favours. *If then, says MENCIVS, smiling, you did not lend your Fortune, in Order to have it returned, it is unjust to accuse them of Ingratitude; they owned themselves obliged, you expected no more, and they certainly earned each Favour by frequently acknowledging the Obligation.* The Hermit was struck with the Reply, and surveying his Guest with Emotion, I have heard of the great *Mencius*, and you certainly are the Man; I am now fourscore Years old, but still a Child in Wisdom, take me back to the School of Men, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and the youngest of your Disciples.

It is indeed better to have Friends in our Passage thro' Life, than grateful Dependents; and as Love is a more willing, so it is a more lasting Tribute than extorted Obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, Gratitude once refused, can never after be recovered: The Mind that is base enough to disallow the just Return, instead of feeling any Uneasiness upon Recollection, triumphs in its new acquired Freedom, and in some Measure is pleased with conscious Baseness.

Very different is the Situation of disagreeing Friends, their Separation produces mutual Uneasiness: Like that divided Being in fabulous Creation, their sympathetic Souls once more desire their former Union; the Joys of both are imperfect, their gayest Moments tinged with Uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest Concessions to clear the Way to a wished for Explanation; the most trifling Acknowledgement, the slightest Accident serves to effect a mutual Reconciliation.

A Fidler and his Wife, who had rubbed through Life, as most Couples usually do, sometimes good

Friends; at others not quite so well; one Day happened to have a Dispute, which was conducted with becoming Spirit on both Sides. The Wife was sure she was right, and the Husband was resolved to have his own Way. What was to be done in such a Case? The Quarrel grew worse by Explanations, and at last the Fury of both rose to such a Pitch, that they made a Vow never to sleep together in the same Bed for the future. This was the most rash Vow that could be imagined, for they still were Friends at Bottom, and besides they had but one Bed in the House; however, resolved they were to go thro' with it; & at Night the Fiddle-Cafe was laid in Bed between them, in Order to make a Separation. In this Manner they continued for three Weeks; every Night the Fiddle-Cafe being placed as a Barrier to divide them.

By this Time, however, each heartily repented of their Vow, their Repentment was at an End, and their Love began to return; they wished the Fiddle-Cafe away, but both had too much Spirit to begin. One Night, however, as they were both lying awake with the detested Fiddle-Cafe between them, the Husband happened to sneeze; to which the Wife, as is usual in such Cases, bid God bless him; *Ay, but,* returns the Husband, *Woman, do you say that from your Heart?* Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas, cries his Wife, I say it with all my Heart. *If so then,* says the Husband, *we had as good remove the Fiddle-cage.*

Rules for the Conduct of Life.

SINCE the Days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come, may not come to thee, it behoveth thee, O Man, to employ the present Time, without regretting the Loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This Instant is thine, the next is in the Womb of Futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the Evening what the Morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the Parent of Want and of Pain; but the Labour of Virtue bringeth forth Pleasure.

The Hand of Diligence defeateth Want; Prosperity and Success are the industrious Man's Attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired Wealth, that hath risen to Power, that hath clothed himself with Honour, that is spoken of in the City with Praise, and that standeth before the King in his Council? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his House, and hath said unto SLOTH, Thou art mine Enemy.

He rises up early, and lyeth down late; he exerciseth his Mind with Contemplation, and his Body with Action, and preserveth the Health of both.

The slothful Man is a Burthen to himself, his Hours hang heavy on his Hands: He loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His Days pass away like the Shadow of a Cloud, and he leaveth behind him no Mark for Remembrance.

His Body is diseased for Want of Exercise; he wisheth for Action, but hath not Power to move; his Mind is in Darkness, his Thoughts are confused; he longeth for Knowledge, but hath no Application. He would eat of the Almond, but hateth the Trouble of breaking its Shell.

His House is in Disorder, his Servants are wasteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards Ruin: He seeth it with his Eyes, he heareth it with his Ears, he shaketh his Head, and wisheth, but hath no Resolution; till Ruin cometh upon him like a Whirlwind, and Shame and Repentance defend with him to the Grave.

MINOS, a FABLE,

By Sir HARRY BEAUMONT.

MINOS was looked upon as the justest King upon Earth. He governed his *Cretans* with Equity, and was highly favoured by the Gods; who are said to have frequently given him their Instructions, both by Voices and Dreams. One Day in particular, when he was re-

tired into the sacred Grotto in the Garden behind his Palace, he fell into a Dream, or rather Vision; (for his Mind seemed to be perfectly clear and awake, though he saw none of the Objects round about him) which was in the following Manner:

Mercury appeared to him, with a pleasing and gentle Aspect; and told him, that he came by the Order of *Jupiter*, to bring him before his Presence in the highest Heavens. He was immediately conveyed thro' the Air by his divine Conductor, quite up to the Palace of Light, much above the fixed Stars. On their Arrival, they saw *Jupiter* sitting on a Throne, with a Pair of Scales in his Hands, (as the Goddess of Justice is generally represented in Statues;) and a Number of little Weights, with strange Characters on them, piled up in two Heaps, on each Side of him. Before him stood a Spirit, just departed from our World; who turned away his Face, as struck on a sudden with Shame and Confusion. "That Spirit," says *Mercury*, "is just going to receive his Sentence for what he has done on Earth: And it seems likely to go worse with him than he expected! All the Actions of Man, you know, must be either good, bad, or indifferent. We above call those Actions only good, which produce some real Benefit or Happiness among Men; and those bad, which produce some real Mischiefe or Unhappiness. Every Action that does neither, we call indifferent. Every good Action, as soon as performed, is marked down on a golden Weight, (like those you see on the Right Hand of *Jupiter*) exactly proportioned in Size to the Good produced by such Action; and every bad one is marked on a Brass Weight, (like those on *Jupiter's* Left Hand) exactly proportioned to the Evil produced. The Weights thus marked belonging to the same Man, are kept always in two different Parcels, during the Life of the Man; and immediately on his Death, are brought before *Jupiter*, and put into those Scales. If the Gold Weights are the heaviest, he is adjudged worthy of Bliss; and if

the Brass, the contrary. 'Tis but too evident even to one's Eye, in this Case, that the Brass Weights are the most numerous, and the most ponderous."

As *Mercury* was saying this, *Jupiter* called out to the Spirit, to turn his Face towards him, and receive his Sentence. On his turning it, *Minos* immediately knew him to be *Sebastor*, the rich *Cretan*; and one of the richest Citizens of *Gnosus*: On which he could not conceal the Greatness of his Astonishment. "What, cried he, is *Sebastor* going to be condemned by *Jupiter*! that *Sebastor*, who passed so many Hours every Day before his Shrine; and who offered up an hundred Oxen on his Altars, on our last great Festival! Why he was looked upon as the most devout Man in all the Island of *Crete*!" "If you will suspend your Wonder a little, says *Mercury*, we may hear his Sentence." All this while, *Jupiter* looked on him with a Mixture of Sternness and Compassion. "Unhappy Mortal, says he, you see how widely you was mistaken! the unerring Weights are against you. Had you done more real Good with the Riches entrusted to your Care, the right Scale would have prevailed; but instead of doing Good to Man, you only thought of making Presents to the Gods. 'Tis now too late for you to learn, that the Gods are not to be bribed; and as you have done so very little, that has been beneficial to Mankind, your Lot must be to go to those who have been useless in their Generation." After thus giving his Sentence, *Jupiter* turned towards *Minos*, and dismissed him with the following Words: "*Minos*, you have seen our Way of judging: Your Justice and good Actions are all marked down on Golden Weights here; and they are more than I ever yet saw, for any Prince upon Earth. It is for this Reason, that I intend hereafter, to constitute you as my Deputy; and to make you the chief Disposer of all the Spirits that come from your World. Continue to follow the Laws of Justice and Virtue, while you live; and when you die, and arrive to the Dignity I have assured

assured to you, remember my Ways of Judgment; and place every one in more Bliss or Unhappiness hereafter, in exact Proportion to the Over-balance of Happiness or Misery, that he may have occasioned in the whole Course of his Life. Let this be your Rule; and then you will judge Men in the same Manner that they are judged by *Jupiter* himself."

Remarkable Instance of the Spirit of the People of England about half a Century ago.

IT was in the midst of those Clamours, that echoed thro' the Kingdom in 1701, and the universal Disatisfaction of the People at the Proceedings of the House of Commons, &c. that the Gentlemen of *Kent* petitioned them, in a very humble Manner, to have Regard to the Voice of the People, and provide effectually for their Religion and Safety, &c.

It was signed by all the Deputy Lieutenants there present, above twenty Justices of the Peace, all the Grand Jury, and other Freeholders then there.

This Petition was offered to the House on the 8th of May, 1701; the Gentlemen who delivered it, and owned it at the Bar of the House, were Mr. *William Colepepper*, Mr. *Thomas Colepepper*, Mr. *David Polhill*, Mr. *Justinian Champneys*, and Mr. *William Hamilton*; for so I find all their Names written in the Votes, without the Addition of Esq; though four of them were Justices of the Peace, and two, Deputy Lieutenants of the County. Concerning the Petition, the House came to this Resolution, That it was scandalous, insolent, and seditious, &c. The five Gentlemen they ordered to be taken into the Custody of the Serjeant at Arms. The Treatment they had from him was very singular, and shewed that they were under the high Displeasure of the House; for when he accidentally saw two of them talk together, he drew his Sword upon his Deputy for permitting it: And when, upon one of those Gentlemen's demanding a Copy of their Commitment, which they reckoned they had a

Title to by Virtue of the *HABEAS CORPUS* Act, and he refusing it, the Gentleman said, he hoped the Law would do him Justice, his Reply was, that he cared not a Farthing for the Law. The Reverence of the Law is fallen very low indeed, when one, who has the Honour of being a Servant to the House of Commons, can presume to make so bold with it. However, this Speech was of a Piece with the Declaration he had made the Gentlemen before: That he had an unbounded Liberty of using them at Discretion; that he could confine them at Pleasure, put them into Dungeons, lay them under Ground, &c.

And indeed, by the Miseries and Nastiness of their Confinement, one would imagine that the Power of the Inquisition was at this Time subsisting in the nominally very free Country of England. The People however being warned, and taking Warning, there came a Memorial inclosed in the following Billet, directed to *Rt. Hon. Esq. S^r* to the House of Commons.

Mr. S—r,

THIS Memorial you are charged with, in the Behalf of many Thousands of the good People of England.

There is neither Popish, Jacobite, Seditious, Court, or Party Interest concerned in it; but Honesty and Truth.

You are commanded by Two Hundred Thousand Englishmen, to deliver it to the House of Commons, and to inform them, that it is no Banter, but serious Truth; and a serious Regard to it is expected; nothing but Justice, and their Duty, is required, and it is required by them who have both a Right to require, and Power to compel, viz. the People of England.

We could have come to the House strong enough to oblige them to hear us, but we have avoided any Tumults, not desiring to embroil, but to save our native Country.

If you refuse to communicate it to them, you will find Cause in a short Time to repent it.

This was not delivered by a Woman, as was said, but by the very Person

Person who wrote it, guarded by about sixteen Gentlemen of Quality, who, if any Notice had been taken of him, were ready to have carried him off by Force.

The Memorial, among other Things, contained a Claim of Right under seven Heads, of which the three former run thus:— We do hereby claim and declare, *First*, that it is the undoubted Right of the People of England, in Case their Representatives in Parliament do not proceed according to their Duty, and the People's Interest, to inform them of their Dislike, disown their Actions, and to direct them to such Things as they think fit, either by Petition, Address, Proposal, Memorial, or any other peaceable Way.— *Secondly*, That the House of Commons *separatim*, and otherwise than by a Bill legally passed into an Act, have no legal Power to suspend or dispense with the Laws of the Land, any more than the KING has by his Prerogative.— *Thirdly*, That the House of Commons has no legal Power to imprison any Person, or commit them to the Custody of Serjeants, or otherwise, (their own Members excepted) but ought to address the King, to cause any Person, on good Grounds, to be apprehended, which Person, so apprehended, ought to have the Benefit of the HABEAS CORPUS Act, and be brought to Trial by due Course of Law.' After other Claims, it concludes:—

Thus, Gentlemen, you have your Duty laid before you, which it is hoped you will think of: But if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the Resentments of an injured Nation; *Englishmen* are no more to be *Slaves to Parliaments* than to *Kings*. Our Name is *LEGION*, and we are *MANY*.'

SUCH was the Spirit of those who may be called our immediate Ancestors!—And it stands recorded in our History, that the House of Commons were so intimidated by this Remonstrance, that they instantly began to alter their Measures.

To Mr. GOADBY, Printer, at Sherborne.

SIR,

BEING surpriz'd none of our Virtuosi have given the Public any Account of a most extraordinary Meteor, or Phenomenon, which fell into the River a little above the Town of Langport, on Saturday, May 26, about half an Hour after Three in the Afternoon, I send you the following Remarks on it, which I wish had been improved by any who had a nearer View of it.

Observing from my House, about ten Miles from it, an unusual Pyramid of Smoke, hanging down like a Steeple inverted from a vast Thunder Cloud, I soon guessed it to be some fiery Exhalation, as it appeared to be, by a violent Thunder Storm, which in half an Hour's Time flew around this Country. But the most amazing Accounts from several Parts, a few Days afterwards, were as follow: "That many People on Mendip Hills, near 20 Miles Distance, observ'd the same of this Meteor as I did: And others at work in the Fields near Weston, and the Moors of Sedgmoor, perceived it sweeping over them from the North, with the Force and terrible Rushing of a Tornado, or Thunder Spout, as I immediately thought; and it tumbled over some Bullocks as it flew along, and crushed the Trees together, kindling as it went, till in a few Minutes it fell perpendicularly, in a Ball of Fire, into the River near Langport, casting up the Waters and Mud of that deep River to a vast Height, astonishing the Beholders."

The only Reflexion I shall offer on this awful Sight is, how thankful all the Parishes should be, who escaped the Destruction this terrible Meteor of Fire and Sulphur must have occasioned, had it not providentially burst over the River, as all Ages and Countries afford some few Examples of the like dreadful Scourges of a sinful People.

P. S. Those who have read the Collections of our best Travellers, are acquainted with the Spouts

Spouts at Sea, and fiery Tornadoes in both the *Indies*; but I seldom remember such a Phenomenon in the Histories of *England* as this; as it consisted of nitro-sulphureous Parts in a rapid Whirlwind, all which the Current of Air, and Vapours from the River, I conceive, attracted to a Point, and caused it to dart with such a vast Explosion into it; so that the Noise and Hissing of the Waters were heard with Amazement, by a few near Spectators; & what is very extraordinary, the Thunder Storms flew at a Distance round, none falling where this Explosion was seen; so that the Fire Ball might have burnt a whole Town, in so dry and hot a Season as we had.

Your's, EUGENIO.

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 463.

THIS Paper is wholly taken up in Observations on a Letter printed in the *Gazetteer* of the 23d of May, addressed to the leading Members of a late Minority of the House of Commons.

THE MONITOR observes, that this Writer, like the rest of the Writers of the present Ministry, is very free and bold in asserting Facts, but too diffident in the Use of the necessary Means to support their Credit. That he discovers Motives for the Conduct of other Persons, which those Persons never thought of themselves. He further observes, that the Reason which this Writer gives for the Dismissal of some Gentlemen from his Majesty's Service, is a very alarming and unconstitutional one; and shews the Weakness of his Arguments through the whole Letter.

The Consistency and Connection of the Divine Intentions.

[Continued from Page 461.]

ANOTHER Occasion of Infidelity and Distrust of the Divine Intentions, is the great Calamities and enormous Wickedness which we sometimes see or hear of in the World; which astonish by their very Singularity, and so strongly affect the Imagination

and Passions of Men, that they see Nature through a false Medium, which multiplies and exaggerates the Evils of Human Life; and they are tempted, by the Disorder of their own Minds, to imagine that Confusion and Disorder prevail throughout the World. -- But the great Subject of our Attention and Admiration, and the Ground of all our religious Sentiments, should be the general Order and Happiness which constantly result from the universal Constitution and Operations of Nature; not the particular Disorders which appear as Exceptions to the usual Procedure of Things. For, would it not be very absurd and ungrateful, to turn all our Attention to the destructive Tempests, the Conflagrations, Earthquakes, and Inundations, that occur once perhaps in an Age; whilst we forget the constant Regularity of Seasons, and Temperature of the Elements, by which they are made to conspire so admirably to the Support and Pleasure of Human Life; and refuse to acknowledge that beneficent Wisdom and Power, which rules the raging of the Sea, and bids the Tempest to cease, which has fixed the solid Earth on its Centre, diffused the balmy Air, the serene Lustre and genial Warmth, over its Surface, and appointed that Seed-Time and Harvest, Night and Day, shall never cease? -- And is it not equally unnatural and ungrateful to attend only to the accidental Disorders of Society, and the Examples of Wickedness and Misery in the World; whilst we are inobservant of the usual Order, the settled Peace, the social Harmony and Joy of Society, and the wide-diffused Harvest of Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness, which is continually springing up in the World?

But if the World be the Work, and all Events in it the Effects, of infinite Wisdom and Goodness, could there be all those particular Disorders and Evils in it which we actually perceive? Could there be any Evil in the World? Can perfect Wisdom produce any Thing but Order? -- Perfect Goodness intend any Thing but Good? -- *Nay, but who art thou, O Man, that replest against*

against GOD?-----*Shall the Thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?*—Is there *nothing* to be placed to the Score of Human Ignorance and Error?—Does it follow that there is a Defect in the Works of Creation, because we cannot account for every Thing? Do we judge of the Divine Works and Designs, as if we were *equal to Him in Wisdom and Understanding?*—The real Wonder is, that we are able to perceive *so much* of Order and wise Design, and that Things do not appear in *greater* Confusion to our dark and confused Understandings—And all would be in Reality Confusion and Disorder, and there could be no Order, Concord, or Happiness in the World, if there was not a Being of Wisdom, Goodness, and Power superior to our Comprehension, who was the Maker and Disposer of the World, and all Things in it. Whatever Portions of *Knowledge, Goodness, and Happiness* are found in the Creation, they are so many Proofs of Wisdom and Benevolence in the Creator. And if the general Constitution and Course of Nature is evidently directed to beneficent Ends, the seeming Contradiction of particular Events only proves our Ignorance and Incompetence of Judgment. To contrive and erect, out of the Materials of this visible World, a System comprehensive of such magnificent Appearances and various Beauties, and productive of such successive *Harvests* of Knowledge and Virtue, Joy and Happiness, as occur to Human Observation, is an Operation so excellent and divine, as could not be designed and executed, but by a Being whose Perfections are not to be doubted of, but adored and praised; and who merits infinitely more than all the Esteem, Trust, and Confidence we can place in him. The further we extend our Enquiries into the Operations of Nature, the more clearly we discern a Wisdom and Goodness forming and directing the Whole; and it appears the more reasonable Duty to place all Difficulties to the Account of our own

Ignorance, and to acknowledge the absolute Perfection of the Divine Nature.

We have hitherto endeavoured to demonstrate, from Human Experience, the *Divine Intentions* in the Formation of the World, to produce and maintain *Life, Pleasure, Knowledge, and Virtue*; and the *Consistency* of those Intentions, as uniting in one general End, the Good or Happiness of Human Society.—And if this was the Design of the Almighty Creator in the Constitution of the World, it evidently follows, that whoever acts in a Manner contrary to that Design; whoever, through any wrong Bias of private Interest or Pleasure, which he imagines will accrue to himself, shall become injurious to Society, or shall refuse to discharge those relative and social Duties, which are the Foundations of public Good, or shall intemperately debase and corrupt his own Nature, and disqualify himself for the Duties of Life; every such Person is an Offender in the Sight of God, by following his own Will, Fancy, or Appetite, in Opposition to the Constitution and Will of Sovereign Wisdom: And every such Offender is liable to Punishment, from that *moral and judicial Government*, which God hath established; & which is in some Measure *interwoven* with the *present* Constitution of Things; In the Progress of his Wickedness, he will meet with encreasing Symptoms of Divine Displeasure: His own Conscience, Mankind around him, and at last all Nature will put on a hostile and menacing Aspect, and will combine in his utter Destruction. But he who faithfully and piously pursues the End for which he was created, will find Peace in his own Mind, and Friendship with other Men; and finally, enjoy the distinguished Favour of the Almighty Maker and righteous Governor of the Universe.

And thus, Self-Love, and Social Virtue, private Happiness and public Good unite; and the Ends of Divine Wisdom appear perfectly consistent.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

UNEASINESS and INCONSTANCY are, in the greatest Part of Mankind, nothing more than the Consequence of false Calculation. Too strong a Prepossession in Favour of the Happiness we desire, makes us experience, as soon as we possess it, that Uneasiness and Disgust, which suffer us to relish nothing. The Imagination deceived, and the Heart dissatisfied, wander to new Objects; the Prospect of which dazzles in its Turn, and the Approach disabuses us. Thus from Illusion to Illusion, Life is passed away in changing the Chimera: This is the Malady of lively and delicate Souls; Nature has nothing sufficiently perfect for them: Whence it proceeds that it is thought such a mighty Matter to fix the Taste of a pretty Woman.

Lucilia, in the Convent, had painted to herself the Charms of Love, and the Delights of Marriage, with the Colouring of an Imagination of a Girl of fifteen, whose Flower nothing had yet tarnished.

She had seen the World only in those ingenious Fictions which are the Romance of Human Nature. It costs nothing to an eloquent Man to give Love and Marriage all the Charms that he conceives. *Lucilia*, according to these Pictures, saw Lovers and Husbands only as they are to be met with in Fables, always tender and full of Love, saying nothing but fine Things, taken up solely with the Care of pleasing; new Homages, or Pleasures eternally varied.

Such was the Prepossession of *Lucilia*, when they were to draw her out of the Convent to marry the Marquis de *Lisere*. His engaging and noble Figure inspired her with a favourable Opinion of him. His first Addresses succeeded in determining the Irresolution of her Soul. She saw not yet in the Marquis the Ardour of a passionate Love; but she thought modestly enough of herself not to pretend to set him on Fire at the first Sight. This Liking, easy in its Birth, would make a rapid Progress: He must have Time. However, the Marriage was con-

cluded upon, and solemnised before the Inclination of the Marquis was grown a violent Passion.

Nothing was more steady or solid than the Temper of the Marquis de *Lisere*. In marrying a young Woman, he proposed to himself, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her Friend, persuaded that an honest Man does whatever he pleases with a well-disposed Woman, when he has gained her Confidence; and that a Husband, who makes himself dreaded, invites his Wife to deceive him, and authorises her to hate him.

In order to follow the Plan which he had traced out to himself, it was necessary not to be too passionate a Lover: Passion knows no Rule. He had considered himself well before his Engagement, on the Kind of Liking with which *Lucilia* inspired him, resolved never to marry a Woman, whom he should love to Distraction. *Lucilia* found in her Husband only that lively and tender Friendship, that attentive and constant Complaisance, that soft and pure Pleasure, that Love, in short, which has neither its hot nor cold Fits. At first, she flattered herself that Intoxication, Enchantment, Transports, would have their Turn; but the Soul of *Lisere* was unalterable.

'This is very extraordinary, said she; I am young, I am handsome, and my Husband don't love me! I am his, and he thinks it enough to possess me with Coldness? But then why suffer him to be cold? Can he have any violent Longings for what is in his Power without Reserve or Trouble? He would become passionately fond of me, if he were jealous. How unjust are Men! We must torment them in order to please them. Be tender, faithful, fond, they neglect, they disdain you. An even Course of Happiness makes them dull. Caprice, Coquetry, Inconstancy, rouse & enliven them: They set no Value on Pleasure, but in Proportion to the Trouble it gives them. *Lisere*, less sure of being beloved, will become a thousand Times fonder himself. That is easy; let me be in the

'Fashion. Every Thing around me presents me with enough to make him uneasy, if he is capable of Jealousy.'

After this fine Project, *Lucilia* gave herself up to Dissipation, to Coquetry; she assumed a Mystery in all her Proceedings; she made Parties without the Marquis. 'Did I not foresee it,' said he to himself, 'that I had a Wife like other Women? Six Months after Marriage she begins to be tired of it. I should be a happy Man now if I were passionately fond of my Wife! Happily my Liking and my Esteem for her leave me full Enjoyment of my Reason: I must make Use of it, dissemble, subdue myself, and employ nothing but Gentleness and soothing Measures to keep her in Order. They do not always succeed, but Reproaches, Complaints, Restraint and Violence succeed still less.' The Moderation, Complaisance, and Tranquillity of the Marquis, put *Lucilia* out of all Patience. 'Alas!' said she, 'do what I will, 'tis all to no Purpose, this Man will never love me: He is one of those Souls whom nothing moves, nothing engages, and I am condemned to pass my Life with a Stone that knows neither how to love, nor hate! O, the Delights of sensible Souls, the Charm of impassioned Hearts? Love, who raisest us to Heaven on thy fiery Pinions! Where are those flaming Darts, with which thou woundest happy Lovers? Where is that Intoxication into which thou plungest them? Where are those ravishing Transports with which they mutually inspire each other? Where are they?' continued she. In free and independent Love, in the Disposal of two Hearts which give a Loofe to themselves. And why should the Marquis be fond? What Sacrifice have I made him? By what Marks of Courage, by what heroic Devotion of myself have I moved the Sensibility of his Soul! Where is the Merit of having accepted for a Husband an amiable & rich young Man, whom they chose without my Consent? Is it for Love to interfere in a Marriage

of Convenience? But is this then the Lot of a Woman of Sixteen, to whom, without Vanity, Nature has given wherewith to please, and still more, wherewith to love? For after all I cannot conceal from myself the Graces of my Figure, nor the Sensibility of my Heart. At sixteen to languish without Hope in cold Indifference, and to see at least a Score of Years waste away without Pleasure, which might have been delicious! I say a Score at least, and it is not wanting to tire the World, to be content to renounce it before forty Years of Age. ----- Cruel Family! Was it for you that I took a Husband? You chose me an honest Man; a rare Present you made me! To be dull with an honest Man, and to be dull all one's Life! very hard indeed!

This Discontent soon degenerated into Peevishness on the Part of *Lucilia*, and *Lisere* thought he perceived at last, that she had taken an Aversion to him. His Friends displeased her, their Company became troublesome to her, she received them with a Coolness sufficient to keep them at a Distance. The Marquis could no longer dissemble. 'Madam, said he to *Lucilia*, the End of Marriage is to make People happy; we are not so together, and it is in vain for us to pique ourselves on a Constancy which restrains us. Our Fortune puts us in a Condition of doing without each other, and of resuming that Liberty of which we imprudently made a mutual Sacrifice. Live by yourself, I will live by myself. I ask towards me only that Decency and Regard which you owe to yourself.' 'With all my Heart, Sir,' replied *Lucilia* with the Coldness of Disgust; and from that Moment every Thing was settled that Madam might have her Equipage, her Table, her Domesticities, in one Word, a separate Maintenance. [To be continued.]

The best Method of making Hay, Communicated by an experienced Essex Farmer:

I Have had, for these forty Years past, a deal of Experience in this Matter;

Matter; for which Reason, what I say may, I think, be depended on.

In the first Place, I do not hold it good to let Grass stand too long before it is cut: The best Time, in my Opinion, to begin to mow, is when the Plants begin to blossom. When they are in this State, it may naturally be supposed they have attained their largest Growth, and are fullest of Sap, therefore in a Condition of making good, sweet, nourishing Hay. If the Plants are suffered to stand longer, till the Seeds are perfected, the Stalks grow hard, sticky, sapless, and chirky; and, of Course, so great a Quantity of nourishing Juice cannot be concentrated in them.

The least dangerous Way of making Hay is by keeping it almost all the Time it is in the Field, after mowing, in Grass-Cocks, as we do in many Parts of this large County. These Cocks consist of about two or three Forkfuls each, and are often turned, though very seldom spread, unless there is a Certainty that no Rain will fall till they can be made up again.

I know this Method will be objected to, as being slow; but the Sureness of it makes full Amends: Besides, the Hay is better than that made in the common Way, unless the Weather happens to be very temperate and fine: If the Weather is sultry, and the Sun shines very hot, in the common Way, the Sap, or Juices, of the Plant, evaporates too hastily, and the Stalk becomes brittle, and contains no Nourishment; and in rainy Weather, in the common Way, the Hay is soon spoiled: On the contrary, in the Way I recommend, in rainy Weather it does not take nearly so much Damage, nay, none at all, unless the Rain is heavy and of long Continuance; and in the very hot sultry Sun-shining Weather, the Sun has only Power to dry to a proper Degree, and hay the Grass, without evaporating too much of its Juices, or making it brittle and heartless.

I have two Ways of haying my Aftermath. If I can, I get it in when the Weather is fine, and in the Middle of the Day, after making it in Grass-Cocks, as above men-

tioned; and when this is the Case, it assumes the Colour of fine Green Tea, and is almost as fragrant; and these Qualities recommend it at Market. But if I find I cannot get it in so fine as I could wish, owing to the Fickleness of the Weather, I then take Care to inn it before it is quite made; or, if it happens by any Accident to be over dry, I cart it in the Morning early, whilst it is yet damp with the Dews, and stack it forthwith: I take, however, the Precaution of making proper Vents or Air-Channels in different Parts of the Stack, lest it should suddenly fire: The Hay stacked in this damp State is always Mow-burnt, which I always intend it should be to a certain Degree, as I am convinced, and so are many who purchase of me, that Horses, in general, will thrive better on this Hay than on that which is inned in the finest Order. By this simple Management a rainy Hay-Season does me less Damage than most of my Neighbours.

I have found it of great Use to bestow a Watering on my Fields, by Means of Water-Trunks, immediately after my first Crop of Hay is got off. This brings the Plant forward, and makes the Grass much sooner ready to cut than it would be, should this very inconsiderable Expence be grudged.

I must, however, before I conclude, observe, that when I stack my Hay undermade, with an Intent that it should be Mow-burnt, I am forced to watch it constantly, to see that it does not heat too much, so as either to rot or fire; and I easily know the State it is in, by first running my Arm, as far as I can, into the Stack, and afterwards a Pole, or Hedge-Stake, a few Feet long: If I find it inclinable to be too hot, I make more Vents for the Air, by thrusting it through the Stack in various Places; but if this Remedy is not sufficient, and the Weather is not rainy, I generally employ a Number of Hands, who unmake the Stack and make it up again afresh: And this always answers, as it cannot settle so close as it did at first; therefore the cool Air has a freer Passage.

From the Medical Museum.

Of the good Effects communicated by Crocus Metallorum to the Milk of an Ass, in whose Drink it was mixed, and whereby a very obstinate Leprosy was perfectly cured.*

IF we look back to the Beginning of Science, and examine all the intermediate Space of Time, we shall find that the most valuable Discoveries owe their Origin to just Reasoning upon accidental and fortuitous Hints.

A surprising Cure was several Years ago effected by an Accident, which I think may furnish a very useful Hint to Practitioners. A Gentleman labouring under a very obstinate Leprosy, put himself under the Care of an eminent Physician in the Country, and having gone through a long Course of Medicines without any visible Success, the Doctor at last advised him to live as much as possible on Asses Milk, while he went to London to get the Opinion of some of the most able Physicians on his Case. In about a Fortnight the Doctor returned, and was agreeably surprized to find his Patient so much better, as no longer to need his Assistance. He advised him however to continue the Use of the same Asses Milk from which he had already received such unexpected Relief. The Gentleman accordingly persisted in his Regimen, and in a few Weeks was perfectly cured. The Doctor not being able to account for this extraordinary Effect of mere Asses Milk, concluded that the Beast must have fed on some Herb of uncommon Virtues, and accordingly went with his Patient into the Field where she was kept, which lay contiguous to the Stable-Yard; here he, after the most careful Scrutiny, could find nothing but common Grass; he then examined the Excrements, but in these he discovered nothing particular, only that they were more moist than usual. The Doctor now gave over his Researches, and walked to a stone Trough that held Water for the Ass, to wash the Dung from his Cane, and feeling a hard Mass at the Bottom of the Water,

he asked the Huntsman who stood by, what it was? The Huntsman told him, that his Master's Hounds having had the Mange, he had put a Piece of Crocus Metallorum into the Water to cure them. The Mystery now vanished, and the Doctor attributed the Gentleman's Cure to the Crocus.

If this Hint was pursued, might we not expect the most surprizing and salutary Effects? How extremely minute must the Particles of Antimony be, which, though they abound in each Drop of the Water, do yet leave the Lump of Crocus, for ought that can be discovered, undiminished in its Weight? but even these Minutiae must undergo several Divisions and Subdivisions; many Fermentations and Digestions before the animal Analysis is finished in their Passage through the various Vessels of the Ass, to the mamillary Tubes; if it can be proved that they do pass through the Process, it follows, that there is no Pore so small, nor Tube so constructed, not even the Nerves themselves, but will admit this wonderful Medicine.

By this Process too, we have native vegetable Acids intimately conjoined with the antimonial Particles; and perhaps it is the only Method by which Acids of any Kind can be safely mixed with Antimony. In short, when a Course of Milk is ordered by the Physician, may it not be thus medicated much to the Advantage of the Patient.

Description of a magnificent Palace of a Turkish Grand Vizier, in a Letter from Lady M—y W—y M—e, to the Abbot of—.

Constantinople, May 19.

I Am extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my Vanity (the darling Frailty of Human Kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon Questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And indeed, were I as good a Mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an Age's Stay to make just Observations on the Air and Vapours. I have not been

* *Crocus Metallorum* is a Kind of Glass of Antimony.

been yet a full Year here, and am on the Point of removing. Such is my rambling Destiny. This will surprize you, and can surprize no Body so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of Laziness or Dulness, or both together, that can leave this Place without giving you some Account of the Turkish Court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycant, you will there find a full and true Account of the Viziers, the Beglerby's, the civil and spiritual Government, the Officers of the Seraglio, &c. Things that it is very easy to procure Lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other Stories, God knows—I say no more—every Body is at Liberty to write their own Remarks; the Manners of People may change, or some of them escape the Observation of Travelers; but 'tis not the fame of the Government; and for that Reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the same Silence shall be pass'd over the Arsenal and seven Towers, and for Mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking Notice to you of a Mistake of Gemelli, (though I honour him in a much higher Degree than any other Voyage-Writer:) He says that there are no Remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a Mistake; I was there Yesterday, and went cross the Canal in my Galley, the Sea being very narrow between that City and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large Town, and has several Mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a Name I forgot, but which is only a Corruption of the same Word. I suppose this is an Error of his Guide, which his short Stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other Matters, a very just Esteem for his Veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the Canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its Beauties, that all their Pleasure-Seats are built on its Banks; where they have, at the same Time, the most beautiful Prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another, some Hundreds of magnificent Palaces. Human Grandeur

being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the Heirs of a great three tail'd Bassa, not to be rich enough to keep in Repair the House he built; thus in a few Years they all fall to Ruin. I was Yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, Daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great Mind to describe it to you; but I check that Inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best Description, such an Idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful Parts of the Canal, with a fine Wood on the Side of a Hill behind it. The Extent of it is prodigious; the Guardian assured me there are eight hundred Rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that Number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the Number is very large, and the whole adorned with a Profusion of Marble, Gilding, and the most exquisite Painting of Fruit and Flowers. The Windows are all fash'd with the finest chrysaline Glass, brought from England; and here is all the expensive Magnificence that you can suppose in a Palace founded by a vain luxurious young Man, with the Wealth of a vast Empire at his Command. But no Part of it pleas'd me better than the Apartments destined for the Bagnio's. There are two built exactly in the same Manner, answering to one another; the Baths, Fountains, and Pavements all of white Marble, the Roofs gilt, and the Walls covered with Japan China. Adjoining to them are two Rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a Sofa; and in the four Corners are Falls of Water from the very Roof, from Shell to Shell of white Marble, to the lower End of the Room, where it falls into a large Bason, surrounded with Pipes, that throw up Water as high as the Room. The Walls are in the Nature of Lattices, and on the Outside of them, there are Vines and Woodbines planted, that form a Sort of green Tapestry, and give an agreeable Obscurity to those delightful Chambers. I should go on and

and let you into some of the other Apartments (all worthy your Curiosity) but 'tis yet harder to describe a *Turkish* Palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called Front or Wings; and though such Confusion is, I think, pleasing to the Sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a Letter. I shall only add, that the Chamber destined for the Sultan when he visits his Daughter, is wainscotted with Mother of Pearl, fastened with Emeralds like Nails. There are others of Mother of Pearl and Olive-Wood inlaid, and several of *Japan* China. The Galleries, which are numerous, and very large, are adorned with Jars of Flowers, and Porcelain Dishes of Fruit of all Sorts, so well done in Plaster, and coloured in so lively a Manner, that it has an enchanting Effect. The Garden is suitable to the House, where Arbours, Fountains, and Walks, are thrown together in an agreeable Confusion. There is no Ornament wanting, except that of Statues. Thus you see, Sir, these People are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true, their Magnificence is of a different Taste from ours, and perhaps of a better.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

*Noble Saying of PETER the GREAT
the CZAR of RUSSIA.*

WHEN the Czar *Peter the Great* was in the greatest Distress, his Army being hemmed in by the *Turks* and *Tartars*, and almost without any Provisions, a Negotiation being set on Foot, and the *Turks* among other Articles insisting on *Cantemir* being delivered up, to whom the Czar had promised Protection: He thus expressed himself on this Demand in a Letter to Vice-Chancellor *Shaffirdof*:—"I will rather cede to the *Turks* all the Country as far as *Curk*. I shall still have some Hopes of recovering it; but my WORD once forfeited is IRRECOVERABLE; it must not be violated. HONOUR is all we have peculiar to ourselves; renouncing that is CEASING to be a Monarch."

Translation of a Latin Epitaph on Dr. KING, late Principal of St. Mary-Hall, OXFORD, written by him-

self, and intended to be engraved on his Monument in the Chapel of the said Hall.

E P I T A P H

Of WILLIAM KING,

Written by himself

June the Fourth,

Birth Day of GEORGE III.

MDCCCLXII.

I was,

WILLIAM KING, L. L. D.

From the Year MDCCXIX to the

Year MDCC—*

Principal of this Hall.

Given to polite Letters from a Boy:

I cultivated them even to the last

Day of my Life.

I wanted neither Vices nor Virtues;

Imprudent and improvident, gentle

and benevolent:

Often too prone to Anger,

Never implacable.

To Luxury as well as Avarice,

(Which last I considered not as a Vice

But as Madness)

Totally averse.

Citizens, Guests, and Foreigners,

I received with the most open

Hospitality:

Myself temperate in eating,

In drinking most temperate.

I lived with the High, with the

Low, with all,

That I might know Mankind, and

chiefly Myself:

Both which, alas, I knew not!

I had very many Friends,

But true, firm, grateful,

(Which perhaps is the national Failing)

Very, very few.

I had many Enemies,

But envious, but wicked, but inhuman:

With whose Injuries, however,

I was never so deeply affected,

As with my own Transgression.

The extreme old Age, to which I attained,

I neither wished for, nor accused;

Neither bearing the Evils of Life too impatiently,

Nor too much delighted with its Blessings.

Death I neither despised,

Nor feared.

Most Highest,

Who takest Care of this World, and the Affairs of Men,

Have Mercy upon my Soul!

* He died 1764. SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

FEMALE HONOUR.

TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That Honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being, in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,
That sweep *Sabæa's* spicy vales;
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along *Arabia's* shore,
The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close:
Tho' distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly lies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
'Till by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? *NONE*,
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mold,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim:
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous, from her late disgrace;
And suns; that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
In vain may death, and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like Virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;

Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem, and tendrils shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? — Is this
What we demand of woman? — Yes,
But should the spark of vestal fire,
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade;
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall Virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendours burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom? No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

On LABOUR.

— NATURE lives by toil.
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens and
rolling world,
All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour; *THIS* of
old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry
rank,
To manual occupation, and oft called
Their cheifstains from the spade or fur-
rowing plough,
Or bleating sheep-fold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of
health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judi-
cious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all
in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;
'Tis *TOIL* that makes them wealth.

H Y M N.

I.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise,
To heaven's almighty king.

II.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away;
And round the wide extended world
My lofty theme convey.

V.

Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

VI.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo thro' the sky;
Till angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays,
To heav'n's almighty king.

ON GOOD-NATURE.

WHAT by Good-nature shall be
understood?

What? but the glorious thirst of doing
good.

The heart that finds its happiness to please,
Can feel another's pain, and taste his
ease.

The cheek that with another's joy can
glow,

Turn pale, and sicken with another's
woe;

Free from contempt and envy, he who
deems

Justly of life's two opposite extremes:
Who, to make all and each man truly
blest,

Doth all he can, and wishes all the rest.

ON PIETY.

HAIL! heav'nly PRIEST, supremely
fair!

Whose smiles can calm the horrors of
despair;

Bid in each breast unusual transports
flow,

And wipe the tears that stain the cheek
of woe:

How blest the man who leaves each mean-
er scene,

Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene!

Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight,
Whose bosom melts with more refin'd de-
light;

Whose thoughts, elate with transports all
sublime,

Can soar at once beyond the views of
time:

Till loos'd from earth, as angels uncon-
fin'd,

He flies aerial on the darting wind;
Free as the keen ey'd eagle, bears away,
And mounts the regions of eternal day.

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

I Ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
'The gilded coach there — don't you
mind?

'That with the footmen stuck behind.'
O Sir, says he, what ha'n't ye seen it?

'Tis *Timon's* coach, and *Timon* in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and —

what not?

Your old acquaintance, *Timon*! 'True,
'But faith his equipage is new.

'Bless me, said I, where can it end?
'What madness has possess'd my friend?

'Four powder'd slaves, and those the
'tallest!

'Their stomachs, doubtless, not the small-
'est?

'Can *Timon's* revenue maintain,
'In lace and food, so large a train?

'I know his land, — each inch of
'ground —

'Tis not a mile to walk it round —
'And if his whole estate can bear

'To keep a lad, and one-horse chair,
'I own, 'tis past my comprehension!'

Yes, Sir; but *Timon* has a PENSION.
Thus does a false ambition rule us;

Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,

He grows himself the worst of slaves.

THE SAILORS IN A STORM.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost
confusion

The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins
they'd confess'd,

Was transferr'd, as they thought, from
themselves to the priest;

To lighten the ship, and conclude their
devotion,

They toss'd the poor friar soule into the
ocean.



The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, July 21, 1764.



It is a Matter that is disputed, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a Man should think too highly or too meanly of himself; it is on all Hands agreed to be best that he should think rightly; but since a fallible Being will always make some Deviations from exact Rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which Side it is safer to decline.

The Opinion which a Man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in Order to an accurate Discussion of this Question, as it relates to Persons or to Things. To think highly of ourselves in Comparison with others, to assume by our own Authority that Precedence which none is willing to grant us, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our Powers high in Proportion to Things, and imagine ourselves equal to great Undertakings, while we leave others in Possession of the same Abilities, cannot with equal Justice provoke Censure.

It must be confessed, that Self-Love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own Favour; but who is hurt by the Mistake? If we are incited by this vain Opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the Labour, and ours is the Disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken, and the good Effects of his Confidence will often appear in great Attempts and great Perfor-

mances; if he should not complete his Design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier Task for him that succeeds him; and even tho' he should wholly fail, he will fail with Honour.

But from the opposite Error, from torpid Despondency, can come no Advantage; it is the Frost of the Soul which binds up all its Powers, and congeals Life in perpetual Sterility. He that has no Hopes of Success will make no Attempts, and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every Man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself, a favourable Opinion of the Powers of the Human Mind; which are indeed perhaps in every Man greater than they appear, and might by diligent Cultivation, be exalted to a Degree beyond what their Possessor presumes to believe. — There is scarce any Man but has found himself able, at the Instigation of Necessity, to do what in a State of Leisure and Deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our Species have signalized themselves by such Achievements, as prove that there are few Things above human Hope.

It has been the Policy of all Nations, to preserve by some publick Monuments, the Memory of those who have served their Country by great Exploits; there is the same Reason for continuing, or reviving the Names of those whose extensive Abilities have dignified Humanity. An honest Emulation may be alike excited; and the Philosopher's Curiosity may be inflamed by a Cata-

logue of the Works of *Boyle* or *Bacon*, as *Themistocles* was kept awake by the Trophies of *Miltiades*.

Among the Favourites of Nature, that have from Time to Time appeared in the World, enriched with various Endowments, none seems to have been more so than the Man known about two Centuries ago by the Appellation of ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, of whose History, whatever we may detract from it as surpassing Credibility, yet enough will remain incontestably verified to rank him among Prodigies.

The Person of *Crichton* was eminently beautiful, but his Beauty was consistent with such Activity and Strength, that in Fencing he would spring at one Bound the Length of twenty Feet upon his Antagonist, and used the Sword in either Hand with such Force and Dexterity, that scarce any one had Courage to engage him.

Having studied at *St. Andrew's* in *Scotland*, he went to *Paris* in his twenty-first Year, and affixed on the Gate of the College of *Navarre* a Kind of Challenge to the Learned of that University to dispute with him on a certain Day, offering to his Opponents, whoever they should be, the Choice of ten Languages, and of all the Faculties and Sciences. On the Day appointed three thousand Auditors assembled, when four Doctors of the Church and fifty Masters appeared against him; and one of his Antagonists confesses that the Doctors were defeated. After a Disputation of nine Hours, he was presented by the President and Professors with a Diamond and a Purse of Gold, and dismissed with repeated Acclamations.

From *Paris* he went away to *Rome*, where he made the same Challenge, and had in the Presence of the Pope and Cardinals the same Success. Afterwards he contracted at *Venice* an Acquaintance with *Aldus Manutius*, by whom he was introduced to the Learned of that City; then visited *Padua*, where he engaged in another public Disputation, beginning his Performance with an extemporal Poem in Praise of the City, and the Assembly then

present, and concluding with an Oration equally unpremeditated, in Commendation of Ignorance.

He afterwards published another Challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the Errors of *Aristotle*, and all his Commentators, either in the common Forms of Logic, or in any which his Antagonists should propose of a hundred different Kinds of Verse.

These Acquisitions of Learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the Expence of any Pleasure which Youth generally indulges, or by the Omission of any Accomplishment in which it becomes a Gentleman to excel. He practised in great Perfection the Arts of Drawing and Painting, he was an eminent Performer in both Vocal and Instrumental Music, he danced with uncommon Gracefulness, and on the Day after his Disputation at *Paris*, exhibited his Skill in Horsemanship before the Court of *France*, where at a public Match of Tilting he bore away the Ring upon his Lance fifteen Times together.

He excelled likewise in Domestic Games of less Dignity and Reputation, and in the Interval between his Challenge and Disputation at *Paris*, he spent so much of his Time at Cards, Dice, and Tennis, that a Lampoon was fixed upon the Gate of the *Sorbonne*, directing those that would see this Monster of Erudition, to look for him at the Tavern.

So extensive was his Acquaintance with Life and Manners, that in an *Italian* Comedy composed by himself, and exhibited before the Court of *Mantua*, he is said to have personated fifteen different Characters; in all which he might succeed without great Difficulty, since he had such Power of Retention, that once hearing an Oration of an Hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the Recital follow the Speaker through all his Variety of Tone and Gestulations.

Nor was his Skill in Arms less than in Learning, or his Courage inferior to his Skill: There was a Prize-Fighter at *Mantua*, who travelling about the World, according

to the barbarous Custom of that Age, as a general Challenger, had defeated the most celebrated Masters in many Parts of *Europe*, and in *Mantua*, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his Protection; when *Crichton*, looking on his sanguinary Success with Indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred Pistoles, and mount the Stage against him. The Duke with some Reluctance consented, and on the Day fixed the Combatants appeared; their Weapon seems to have been Single Rapier, which was then newly introduced in *Italy*. The Prize-Fighter advanced with great Violence and Fierceness, and *Crichton* contented himself calmly to ward his Passes, and suffered him to exhaust his Vigour by his own Fury. *Crichton* then became the Assailant, and pressed upon him with such Force and Agility, that he thrust him thrice thro' the Body, and saw him expire: He then divided the Prize he had won among the Widows whose Husbands this Prize-Fighter had killed.

The Duke of *Mantua* having received so many Proofs of his various Merit, made him Tutor to his Son *Vincenzio di Gonzaga*, a Prince of loose Manners and turbulent Disposition. On this Occasion it was, that he composed the Comedy in which he exhibited so many different Characters with exact Propriety; but his Honour was of short Continuance, for as he was one Night in the Time of Carnival rambling about the Street, with his Guitar in his Hand, he was attacked by six Men masked: Neither his Courage nor Skill in this Exigence deserted him, he opposed them with such Activity and Spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their Leader, who throwing off his Mask, discovered himself to be the Prince his Pupil; *Crichton* falling on his Knees, took his own Sword by the Point and presented it to the Prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated as some say by Jealousy, according to others, only by drunken Fury, and brutal Resentment, thrust him thro' the Heart.

Thus was the *Admirable Crichton*

brought into that State, in which he could excel the meanest of Mankind only by a few empty Honours paid to his Memory: The Court of *Mantua* testified their Esteem by a public Mourning, the contemporary Wits were profuse of their Encomiums, and the Palaces of *Italy* were adorned with Pictures, representing him on Horse-back, with a Lance in one Hand, and a Book in the other.

Part of a Letter of the CZAR PETER to his Son, who was to succeed him in the Empire.

THE Czar observing his eldest Son *Alexis* to continue, (notwithstanding the Pains he had taken to amend him) to be of such a Disposition as he foresaw would, on his Decease, destroy all his Labours, he at length wrote to him a very pathetic Letter on the Subject, which concluded thus. "I will still wait a while to see if you will amend; if not, know, that I will deprive you of the Succession, as an useless Limb is cut off. Do not imagine I am only frightening you, nor would I have you rely on the Title of being my eldest Son; for since I do not spare my own Life for the Good of my Country, and the Prosperity of my People, why should I spare your's? I shall rather commit them to a Stranger deserving of such a Trust, than to my own undeserving Offspring."

An Account of St. Kilda, one of the Western Isles of Scotland, and the Manner in which the Inhabitants catch Wild-Fowl.

THE Rev. Mr. Macaulay, who was sent a Missionary there some Time ago, and has lately published an Account of the Island, says, that the Men of the Island are divided into fowling Parties, each of which consists generally of four Persons, distinguished by their Agility and Skill. Each Party must have at least one Rope about thirty Fathoms long: This Rope is made out of a strong raw Cow Hide, salted for that very Purpose, and cut circularly into three Thongs, all of equal Length; these Thongs being

closely twisted together, form a Three-fold Cord, able to sustain a great Weight, and durable enough to last for about two Generations: To prevent the Injuries it would otherwise receive from the sharp Edges of the Rocks, against which they must frequently strike, the Cord is lined with Sheep-Skins, dressed in much the same Manner.

'This Rope is a Piece of Furniture indispensably necessary, and the most valuable Implement a Man of Substance can be possessed of in *St. Kilda*. In the Testament of a Father, it makes the very first Article in Favour of his eldest Son: Should it happen to fall to a Daughter's Share, in Default of Male Heirs, it is reckoned equal in Value to the two best Cows in the Isle.

'By the Help of such Ropes, the People of the greatest Prowess and Experience here, traverse and examine Rocks prodigiously high. Linked together in Couples, each having either End of the Cord fastened about his Waist; they go frequently through the most dreadful Precipices: When one of the two descends, his Colleague plants himself on a strong Shelf, and takes Care to have such sure Footing there, that if his fellow Adventurer makes a false Step, and tumbles over, he may be able to save him*.

I was present at an Operation of this Kind. My Curiosity led me to so uncommon a Trial of Skill: Before it was half over, I was greatly shocked and most heartily sick of it. Two noted Heroes were drawn out from among all the ablest Men of the Community: One of them fixed himself on a craggy Shelf: His Companion went down sixty Fathoms below him; and after having darted himself away from the Face of a most alarming Precipice, hanging over the Ocean, he began to play his Gambols: He sung merrily and laughed very heartily. The Crew were inexpressibly happy, but

for my Part, I was all the while in such Distress of Mind, that I could not for my Life run over half the Scene with my Eyes. The Fowler, after having performed several antic Tricks, and given us all the Entertainment his Art could afford, returned in Triumph, and full of his own Merit, with a large String of Fowls about his Neck, and a Number of Eggs in his Bosom.

The Island of *St. Kilda*, says this Writer, is divided into four distinct Parts. These are separated from one another by five Hills, which are to the Sea-side faced with frightful Precipices; the smallest of which would deeply engage the Attention of a Spectator any where else; but the fifth is, without the smallest Exaggeration, a real Prodigy in its Kind: The Name of it is *Connagra*.

The Top of this enormous Mass of Matter commands a very extensive Prospect. In a clear Day, if the Weather be settled, all the Long Island, *that is to say*, a Tract of Land and Sea, more than an hundred and forty Miles in Length, may be seen from it. But the most striking Circumstance about this great and wonderful Object, is the Figure it makes on the North-Side: There it hangs over the Deep in a most frightful Manner. A View of it from the Sea fills a Man with Astonishment, and a Look over it from above strikes him with Horror. Most of the Crew were so terrified, that they would not venture to gratify their Curiosity in this Respect, till the Natives took hold of their Heels as they lay flat to look over it; yet a *St. Kildian* will stand or sit on the very Brink of this stupendous Precipice, with the most careless Indifference. I made a Shift to take its Height with some Degree of Exactness, and found it no less than 900 Fathoms.

The Husbandry of the *St. Kildians* is something out of the common Way,

* * The following Anecdote of the present Steward of *St. Kilda's* Deputy, in the Summer after I left the Island, will give the Reader a Specimen of the Danger they undergo, and at the same Time of the uncommon Strength of the *St. Kildians*: This Man observing his Colleague lose his Hold, and tumbling down from above, placed himself so firmly, upon the Shelf where he stood, that he sustained his Friend, after falling the whole Length of the Rope.'

Way, and deserves to be noted. All the Instruments of Agriculture they use, or indeed require, according to their System, are a Spade, a Mall, and a Rake or Harrow. After turning up the Ground with a Spade, they rake or harrow it very carefully, removing every small Stone, every noxious Root or growing Weed that falls in their Way, and pound down every stiff Clod into Dust. As soon as this Operation is over, they sow their little Fields. This done, they harrow them over again, and leave them in the Hands of Providence, to speak in their own Style, with a settled Persuasion that their honest Industry will be amply rewarded, unless God shall curse the Land for the Punishment of their Sins.

And it is certain that a small Number of Acres well prepared in *St. Kilda*, in this Manner, will yield more Profit to the Husbandman, than a much greater Number when but coarsely handled: And tho' perhaps, in large Farms, this would be too much to do, yet in the Cultivation of small Estates and Garden Plots, the making the Earth as fine as possible, by pounding every stiff Clod into Dust, &c. there is Reason to think it would be attended with great Advantage.

Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, who defended SELF-MURDER.

THOUGH I am not convinced by your Arguments; I am charmed by your Eloquence, and I admire the Preacher at the same Time that I condemn the Doctrine. But there is no Sort of Persons whose Opinions one is more inclined to wish right, than those who are ingeniously in the Wrong; who have the Art to add Grace to Error, and can dignify Mistakes.

Forgive me then, *Palemon*, if I am more than commonly solicitous that you should review the Sentiments you advanced (I will not say, supported) with so much Elegance in your last Letter, and that I press you to re-consider your Notions again and again. Can I fail, in-

deed, to wish that you may find Reason to renounce an Opinion, which may possibly one Day or other deprive me of a Friend, and my Country of a Patriot? while Providence, perhaps, would yet have spared him to both. Can I fail to regret, that I should hold one of the most valuable Enjoyments of my Life upon a Tenure more than ordinarily precarious, and that, besides those numberless Accidents by which Chance may snatch you from the World, a gloomy Sky, or a cross Event, may determine *Palemon* to put an End to a Life, which all who have been a Witness to, must for ever admire.

But, 'Does the Supreme Being (you ask) dispense his Bounty upon Conditions different from all other Benefactors; and will he force a Gift upon me which is no longer acceptable?'

Let me demand in Return, Whether a Creature, so confined in its Perceptions as Man, may not mistake his true Interest, and reject, from a partial Regard, what would be well worth accepting upon a more comprehensive View? May not even a mortal Benefactor better understand the Value of that Present he offers, than the Person to whom it is tendered? And shall the Supreme Author of all Beneficence be esteemed less wise in distinguishing the Worth of those Grants he confers? I agree with you, indeed, that we were called into Existence in order to receive Happiness, but I can by no Means infer from thence, that we are at Liberty to resign our Being whenever it becomes a Burden. On the contrary, those Premises seem to lead to a Conclusion directly opposite; and if the gracious Author of my Life created me with an Intent to make me happy, does it not necessarily follow, that I shall most certainly obtain that Privilege, if I do not justly forfeit it by my own Misconduct? --- Numberless Ends may be answered in the Schemes of Providence, by turning aside or interrupting that Stream of Bounty, which our limited Reason can in no

Sort

Sort discover. How presumptuous then must it be, to throw back a Grant upon the Hands of the great Governor of the Universe, merely because we do not immediately feel or understand its full Advantages!

That it is the Intention of the DEITY we should remain in this State of Being, till his Summons calls us away, seems as evident as that we at first entered into it by his Command: For we can no more continue, than we could begin to exist, without the Concurrence of the same Supreme Interposition. While therefore, the animal Powers do not cease to perform those Functions to which they were directed by their great Author, it may justly, I think, be concluded, that it is his Design they should not.

Still, however, you urge, 'That by putting a Period to your own Existence here, you only alter the Modification of Matter; and how (you ask) is the Order of Providence disturbed by changing the Combination of a Parcel of Atoms from one Figure to another?'

But surely, *Palemon*, there is a Fallacy in this Reasoning: Suicide is something more than changing the component Parts of the animal Machine. It is striking out a spiritual Substance from that Rank of Beings, wherein the wise Author of Nature has placed it, and forcibly breaking in upon some other Order of Existence. And as it is impossible for the limited Powers of Reason to penetrate the Designs of Providence, it can never be proved that this is not disturbing the Schemes of Nature. We possibly may be, and indeed most probably are, connected with some higher Rank of Creatures: Now Philosophy will never be able to determine that those Connections may not be disconcerted by prematurely quitting our present Mansion.

One of the strongest Passions implanted in Human Nature, is the Fear of Death. It seems, indeed, to be placed by Providence as a Sort of Guard to retain Mankind within their appointed Station. Why else should it so univer-

sally and almost invariably operate? It is observable that no such Affection appears in any Species of Beings below us. They have no Temptation, or no Ability, to desert the Post assigned to them, and therefore, it should seem, they have no Checks of this Kind to keep them within their prescribed Limits. This general Horror then in Mankind at the Apprehension of their Dissolution, carries with it, I think, a very strong presumptive Argument in Favour of the Opinion I am endeavouring to maintain. For if it were not given to us for the Purpose I have supposed, what other can it serve? Can it be imagined that the benevolent Author of Nature would have so deeply wove it into our Constitution, only to interrupt our present Enjoyments.

I cannot, I confess, discover how the Practice of Suicide can be justified upon any Principle, except that of downright Atheism. If we suppose a good Providence to govern the World, the Consequence is undeniable, that we must entirely rely upon it. If we imagine an evil one to prevail, what Chance is there of finding that Happiness in another Scene which we have in vain sought for in this? The same malevolent Omnipotence can as easily pursue us in the next Remove, as persecute us in this our first Station.

Upon the Whole, *Palemon*, Prudence strongly forbids so hazardous an Experiment as that of being our own Executioners. We know the worst that can happen in supporting Life under all its most wretched Circumstances: And if we should be mistaken in thinking it our Duty to endure a Load, which in Truth we may securely lay down; it is an Error extremely limited in its Consequences. They cannot extend beyond this present Existence, and possibly may end much earlier: Whereas no Mortal can with the least Degree of Assurance pronounce what may not be the Effects of acting agreeably to the contrary Opinion.

I am, &c.

The

The wonderful Contrivance of Nature for the Preservation of a Plant that grows in the River Rhone.

THIS Plant consists of a small Root, with a few long Leaves rising from it, and in the midst of them a Stalk of two or three Feet in Length, but so weak, that it is by no Means able to support itself erect. On the Top of each Stalk, is one single Flower, in some Degree resembling a single Flower from a Bunch of Jessamine. It appears to be the Purpose of Nature, and it is absolutely necessary to the well being of the Plant, that every Part of it should be immersed in Water, except just the Flower at the Top of each Stalk. But these Flowers must be always kept above the Water; and the Heat of the Sun is requisite to the opening the Seeds contained in a Cup at the Base of them. Now the *Rhone*, wherein this Plant grows in great Abundance, is a River of very uncertain Depth, and that in Places very near one another: If the Seeds of this Plant, or the Side Shoots from the Root, produce new ones at different Depths, how is the Flower to be carried to the Top, and only just to the Top of the Water in each? The *Rhone* is also, of all Rivers, the most apt to be swelled by sudden Floods; in this Case, how is the Plant that was just flowering in its proper Manner, at four Feet Depth, to be kept in the necessary State of having that Flower above Water, when the Depth is increased to six? Or how is it to be kept from falling on the Surface of the Water, and rotting, when the Depth decreases, and leaves a Foot or two of a naked Stalk, which is unable to support itself? All this is provided for by Nature, or rather by God the Creator, who with apparent Wisdom and Intention has made the Stalk which supports the Flower of this Plant of such a Form and Texture, that it at all Times suits itself to the Depth of the Water it is in; for the Stalks are not strait, but twisted in a spiral Form, in the Manner of a Cork-Screw, or rather in the Manner of those Springs of Wire, which we

see made by wrapping the Wire round a small Stick. By this Formation, the Stalks of this Plant have a Power of extending and contracting themselves in Length, and this so suddenly, that let the Rise or Fall of the Water be ever so quick, the lengthening or shortening of the Stalks accompany it; and the same Formation suits them in a yet easier Manner to different Depths. By this Formation (the like of which is not seen in any other Plant in Nature) the Flower of the *Vallisneria* (for so this singular Vegetable is called) is kept just at the Surface of the Water, be the Depth what it will, or the Changes in Depth ever so sudden. By this Means, the Sun has Power to ripen the Flower till the Seeds are scattered on the Surface of the Water in perfect Ripeness, where they float a little while; but when thoroughly wetted sink, and take Root at the Bottom. To prove to ocular Demonstration what is said of this Plant, several of them have been put into Vessels of Water, some of them with Stalks so long, that one half of them was above the Surface of the Water; others with them so short, that they were immersed several Inches under it; but in a few Hours they had each adapted the Length of their Stalks to the Depth, and the Flower of every one was floating just on the Surface.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 464.

THIS *Monitor* is upon the Behaviour of the Secretaries of State with Regard to Mr. *Wilkes*. The apprehending Mr. *Wilkes*, says the *Monitor*, together with the Seizure of all his Papers, by a Warrant in which he was not named; the Rigour with which that Warrant was executed upon him; the farther Violence, which probably would have attended this unfortunate Step, had it not been for the superior Discretion of the Messengers employed; his Commitment, in Consequence, to close Custody, so as not to allow the Admission of a Friend to assist him, or a Lawyer to advise with, in applying

applying for that Remedy, which the Law itself has wisely provided for every Man under Confinement; and all this without so much as the Pretence of a Charge of *High Treason*; has justly raised an Alarm thro' the whole Kingdom. Which the Use made of those Papers afterwards, has not tended to lessen.

The Sentiments of the People upon this Occasion, from most Parts of the Kingdom, have been expressed in a Voice loud enough to be heard, and a Language too plain to be misunderstood. And, I wish I could be authorized to say, this has been done without giving Offence.

All the Power of Magistrates is derived originally from the People; and is given into their Hands with this Trust, that it be employed for the *Preservation of the Society, and (as far as will consist with the Public Good) of every Person in it*; not for the Gratification of the Pride, Revenge, or other Passions of weak Men, who may chance to get into the Possession of it. If this was always seriously attended to by Men in Power, one would hope little Cause would ever be given for just Complaint.

When the *legal Power* is exercised with that Calmness and Moderation and those Feelings of Humanity, which become the *Dignity* of Justice; it will always command Respect and Reverence, even from bad Men. But when any unnecessary Violence appears in its Exertion, it disgraces the Authority, from which it is derived; and all good Men, and Friends to Government, will wish to see it lodged in better Hands.

But to return. The People say, that the Power of issuing *General Warrants* for the Apprehension of unknown Criminals, and *seizing their Papers*, was never given by them into the Hands of the *Executive*; either by the original Compact, upon which all lawful Government is founded, or by any subsequent Law established with their Consent; and therefore a Security from such Power is properly their Birthright. If they are mistaken; let them, in the Name of Peace, be set to Rights, with *Calmness*; and *Decency*.

Men entered at first into Society for the mutual Preservation of their Property, *that is*, their Lives, Liberties, and Estates; on Account of the uncertain Enjoyment of the *Right* every Man had in a *State of Nature*, by its being constantly exposed to the Invasion of others. — Therefore it cannot reasonably be supposed, that they would put any Power into the Hands of the *Executive*, which was not necessary for the public Security, so as to leave themselves exposed (though ever so innocent) to Fears and continual Dangers; which is the very Evil they meant to avoid by entering into Society.

If it should be objected to this, That great Offences may be committed, when the Magistrate is uncertain who is the Offender. I answer; this may sometimes be the Case. But how is this Inconvenience to be remedied, by committing a Power to take up any Body, to a Man no wiser than himself? And yet the Practice must be attended with this untoward Mischief, that every Man, *innocent or guilty*, is exposed to the same Danger by it. If, by Law, a Man accused is, before Conviction, to be *supposed* innocent; a Man unaccused must, by the same Rule, be adjudged *really* so.

Such a Power appears very well calculated for the Purposes of Oppression and Tyranny. And something like it has frequently been practised, with Success, in despotic Governments. But unless it can be made to appear necessary or expedient for the Security of a *free Commonwealth*, it will be difficult to prove, it was ever meant to be lodged in the Hands of the *Executive* of such a Government.

It is agreed on all Hands, that Justices of the Peace cannot legally put all his Majesty's good Subjects in Fear, by issuing such *General Warrants*. Yet these are the Magistrates who, through the whole Kingdom, are invested with the useful Power, to secure all Sorts of Offenders against the public Peace. — Why a Secretary of State, in the Execution of the same public Service, and for the same Ends, should be

be intrusted with more Power, nay, with a Power which must necessarily be attended with more Danger, than Service, to the Community, is an Enigma in Politics which I cannot explain.

The *Monitor* then takes Notice, That what is alledged that Secretaries of State are Persons of superior Abilities and Integrity to Justices of the Peace in general, and therefore may safely be intrusted with more Power, is of little or no Weight, because Secretaries of State have sometimes proved, upon Trial, neither the honestest nor wisest of Men, nor the coolest Heads in the Commonwealth. But, what (says he) is more material to the present Purpose is, that, as Men are but Men, no Man whatever ought to be trusted with more Power than is necessary, or at least highly expedient, for the Security of the Peace, Order, and Well-being of the Community; and even then to be carefully watched that he uses it for that End, and not for Oppression.

Whoever grasps at more, he only takes so much Pains to convince the Public, that he is not fit to be intrusted with any. Such a Man, if he knew himself, and truly valued his own Happiness, would add a Deprecation of the *Possession of Power* to his Litany; rather than oblige those, who may be injured by him, or in Danger from him, to add *his Name* in the same Manner to theirs. POWER is a bewitching Thing. And no sooner does a weak or selfish Man get into Possession of any considerable Share of it, but he finds an Hunger and Thirst after more; which never quits him, till he is dispossessed of all. And at last, when obliged to resign his Power, the parting with it goes as hard as parting with Life itself.

“He often takes Leave, but is loth to depart.”

As we have been treating only of the Power to be exerted in the regular and ordinary Administration of Justice within the Realm, the Case of open Rebellion may be supposed out of the Question.

This is an extraordinary Circumstance. And, when all is at Stake,

the Security of the Commonwealth may sometimes require an Exertion of Power, which perhaps cannot strictly be justified by Law. But then it behoves those who make Use of it, to take Care that it may be justified by the *Necessity* of the Case.

And even in that Case, as *General Warrants* can never be necessary, they ought never to be used: But, whoever it may be proper to secure, whether upon Information or *reasonable Suspicion*, the Name ought undoubtedly to be mentioned in the Warrant; unless it may be advisable to increase the Confusion of the Times, by putting the People in double Fear; both for the Government, and from the Government.

The wanton Seizure of the Papers of the Subject, or indeed the Seizure of them upon any Pretence, except in Cases of High Treason, is a Practice *obviously* fraught with so much certain Mischief, and of so little real Service to the public Security, that it is unnecessary to take any further Notice of it.

It has been said, that the *Ministry* are so well convinced of their Mistake in the Case of Mr. *Wilkes*, that there is no Danger of their attempting the like again. I hope this will prove true. But I must wish, for his *Majesty's* Sake, that the People might be satisfied of the Truth of it, by the only Evidence which can *reasonably* convince them; and which is in the Power of the Ministry alone to give; that is, by withdrawing their Opposition to the legal Determination against them, and paying the just Damages which have accrued by their Misconduct.

As long as this Opposition shall continue; it cannot *rationally* be deemed any thing less than a Claim of Right to the Power contested.

And *Repentance* without *Restitution*, is a Word without a Meaning.

The HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 47A.]

LUCILLA's Suppers soon became some of the most brilliant in Paris. Her Company was
3 R sought

fought by all the handsome Women and Men of Gallantry. But there was a Necessity for *Lucilia* having some Particular, and who should engage her first, it was observed, had the only hard Task! In the mean Time she enjoyed the Homages of a brilliant Set; and her Heart, yet irresolute, seemed to suspend her Choice only to render it more flattering. She thought at last she saw the Person who would determine it. At the Approach of the Count *de Blamze*, all the Pretenders to her lowered their Tone. He was, of the whole Court, the most to be dreaded by a young Woman. It was agreed, that there was no resisting him, and so they spared themselves the Trouble. He was beautiful as the Day, presented himself with Grace, spoke little, but extremely well; & if he said common Things, he rendered them interesting by the most pleasing Sound of Voice, and the most beautiful Look in the World. They could not say that *Blamze* was a Pop, his Foppery had so much Dignity. A modest Haughtiness formed his Character; he decided with the gentlest Air in the World, and the most Laconic Tone: He listened to Contradictions with a Smile; and if they pressed him to explain himself, he smiled still and kept Silence, or repeated what he had said. Never did he combat the Opinion of another, never did he take any Trouble to give a Reason for his own: It was the most attentive Politeness, and the most decisive Presumption, that had ever yet been seen united in a young Man of Quality.

This Assurance had something commanding in it, which rendered him the Oracle of Taste, and the Legislator of Fashion. They were never sure of being right in the Choice of a Suit, or the Colour of a Carriage, till *Blamze* had approved it by a Glance. It is excellent, it is handsome, were the precious Words from his Mouth; and his Silence a Dead Warrant. The Despotism of his Opinion extended even over Beauty, Talents, Wit, and Graces. In a Circle of Women, the whom he had honoured with a particular Attention was that Instant in Vogue.

Blamze's Reputation had gone before him to *Lucilia's*; but the Deference which even his Rivals paid him, redoubled the Esteem she had conceived for him. She was dazzled with his Beauty, and still more surprized with his Modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful Air, seated himself in the lowest Place, but all Looks were soon directed towards him. His Dress was the Model of Taste: All the young People who surrounded him studied it with a scrupulous Attention. His Laces, his Embroidery, his Manner of dressing his Head, were all examined: They writ down the Names of his Trades-people and Workmen. — 'It is strange,' said they, 'we see these Designs, these Colours, no where but with him.' *Blamze* confessed modestly that it cost him very little Trouble. 'Industry,' said he, 'is at its highest Perfection; you need but to enlighten and direct it.' He took a Pinch of Snuff as he said these Words, and his Box excited new Curiosity; it was, however, the Work of a young Artist whom *Blamze* drew out of Oblivion. — They asked him the Price of every Thing; he replied with a Smile, that he knew the Price of none of them; and the Women whispered to each other in the Ear the Name of her who was charged with these Details.

'I am ashamed, Madam,' said *Blamze* to *Lucilia*, 'that these Trifles should take up an Attention which ought to centre in a more interesting Object. Pardon me if I listen to the frivolous Questions of these young Men: Never did Complaisance cost me so dear. I hope,' added he in a low Voice, 'that you will permit me to come and make myself Amends in some more tranquil Moment.' 'I shall be very glad to see you,' replied *Lucilia* blushing; & by her Blushes, and the tender Smile with which *Blamze* accompanied a most respectful Bow, the Assembly judged that it would not be long before the Intrigue came to a Conclusion. *Lucilia*, who did not see the Consequence of a few Words said in the Ear, and who did not think that she

she had made an Assignment, scarce paid any Attention to the Looks of Meaning which the Women cast on each other, & to the light Railleries which escaped the Men. She delivered herself up insensibly to her own Reflections, & was quite grave the whole Evening. They often turned the Conversation on *Blamze*; all the Company spoke well of him: His Rivals talked of him with Esteem; *Lucilia*'s Rivals spoke of him with Complaisance. No Body was more genteel, more gallant, more respectful; and of twenty Women, on whose Account he had Reason to pride himself, not one had any Reason to complain. *Lucilia* became attentive: Nothing escaped her: 'Twenty Women!' said she within herself, 'that is much: But need we be surpris'd at it? He seeks one who may be worthy to fix him, and capable of fixing herself.'

She hoped the next Day that he would come early, and before the Crowd of Visitors: She waited for him, she grew uneasy, he came not, she was out of Temper; he wrote, she read his Billet, and her Ill-Humour ceased. He was distracted to lose the most agreeable Moments of his Life. Some Impertinents had broke in upon him, he would have made his Escape; but these Impertinents were People of Rank. It was not in his Power to be happy till the next Day; but he beseeched *Lucilia* to receive him early, 'to abridge, said he, by a few Hours, the cruel Weariness of Absence.'—The Company came as usual, and *Lucilia* received them with a Coldness at which they were piqued. 'We shall not have *Blamze* this Evening,' said *Clarissa* with a disconsolate Air; 'he goes to sup at *Araminta*'s little Box.'—At these Words *Lucilia* turned pale, and the Gaiety which reigned around her only served to redouble the Grief which she endeavoured to dissemble. Her first Emotion was, not to see the perfidious Man more. But *Clarissa* wanted, perhaps, either out of Malice or Jealousy, to impute a Wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was after all engaging herself to no-

thing, to see him once more; and before condemning him, it was just to hear him. [*To be continued.*]

Of Superstition and Enthusiasm.

THAT the Corruption of the best Things produces the worst, is grown into a Maxim, and is commonly proved, among other Instances, by the pernicious Effects of *Superstition* and *Enthusiasm*; the Corruption of true Religion.

These two Species of false Religion, though both pernicious, are yet of a very different, and even of contrary Nature. The Mind of Man is subject to certain unaccountable Terrors and Apprehensions, proceeding either from the unhappy Situation of private or public Affairs, from ill Health, from a gloomy and melancholy Disposition, or from the Concurrence of all these Circumstances. In such a State of Mind, infinite unknown Evils are dreaded from unknown Agents; and where real Objects of Terror are wanting, the Soul, active to its own Prejudice, and fostering its predominant Inclination, finds imaginary ones, to whose Power and Malevolence it sets no Limits. As these Enemies are entirely invisible and unknown, the Methods taken to appease them are equally unaccountable, and consist in Ceremonies, Observances, Mortifications, Sacrifices, Presents, or in any Practice, however absurd and frivolous, which either Folly or Knavery recommends to a blind and terrified Credulity. Weakness, Fear, Melancholy, along with Ignorance, are, therefore, the true Sources of *Superstition*.

But the Mind of Man is also subject to an unaccountable Elevation and Presumption, proceeding from prosperous Success, from luxuriant Health, from strong Spirits, or from a bold and confident Disposition.—In such a State of Mind, the Imagination swells with great, but confused Conceptions, to which no sublunary Beauties or Enjoyments can correspond. Every Thing mortal and perishable vanishes as unworthy of Attention. And a full Range

is given to the Fancy in the invisible Regions or World of Spirits, where the Soul is at Liberty to indulge itself in every Imagination, that may best suit its present Taste and Disposition. Hence arise Transports, Raptures, and surprising Flights of Fancy; and Confidence and Presumption still increasing, these Raptures, being altogether unaccountable, and seeming quite beyond the Reach of our ordinary Faculties, are attributed to the immediate Inspiration of that Divine Being who is the Object of Devotion. In a little Time, the inspired Person comes to regard himself as the chief Favourite of the Divinity; and when this Frenzy once takes Place, which is the Summit of *Enthusiasm*, every Whimsey is consecrated: Human Reason, and even Morality are rejected as fallacious Guides: And the fanatic Madman delivers himself over, blindly, and without Reserve, to the supposed Illapses of the Spirit, and to Inspirations from above. Hope, Pride, Presumption, a warm Imagination, along with Ignorance, are, therefore, the true Sources of ENTHUSIASM.

Of TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 462.]

THAT we may have the better Notion of the Nobleness and Greatness of a disinterested Mind, let us consider it, not in Generals and Princes, whose Glory and Power may seem perhaps to heighten the Lustre of this Virtue, but in Persons of a lower Rank, who have nothing about them but the Virtue itself to raise our Admiration. — A poor Man, who was Door-Keeper to a Boarding-House in *Milan*, found a Purse with two hundred Crowns in it. The Man who had lost it, informed by a public Advertisement, came to the House, and giving a good Proof that the Purse belonged to him, the Door-Keeper restored it to him. The Owner full of Joy and Gratitude, offered his Benefactor twenty Crowns, which the other absolutely refused. He then came down to ten, and afterwards to five. But finding him still inexorable, he throws his Purse upon the Ground, and in an angry Tone, *I have lost*

nothing, says he, *nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of any Thing.* The Door-keeper then accepted of five Crowns, which he immediately distributed among the Poor.

A Lieutenant-General in the French King's Army used to tell, that upon a certain Occasion, when the Soldiers were busy in stripping the Bodies of the Slain, the commanding Officer, to encourage them to pursue the Enemy, and at the same Time to make Amends for their Loss, threw down among them 40 or 50 Pistoles, which he had in his Pocket. The greatest Part of them refused to share in this Liberality, and thought it would dishonour them to want Presents for doing their Duty, and serving their King. The late *M. de Louvois*, being informed of this Action, highly commended them, gave each of them a Sum of Money in Sight of the Army, and took Care to advance them as Occasion offered.

Whoever reads such Stories as these cannot but be sensible of the Impression they make upon his Heart. Let us then compare so noble and generous a Conduct with the low Sentiments of Abundance of Persons, who seem to regard and value nothing in the great Places they enjoy, but the Opportunity to enrich themselves with Ease; and we shall not scruple to conclude with *Tully*, that there is no Vice so infamous, especially in Persons of Rank and Office, as Avarice.

This Passion for Money is a Fault extremely dishonourable to Men of Learning, as on the other Hand nothing gains them a greater Reputation, than the looking upon Riches with Indifference.

Amiot, who was so great an Honour to Learning in his Age, sullied his Glory in some Measure by this Rust of Avarice. He was a poor Boy, and as is supposed the Son of a Butcher, and raised himself by his Merit. He was Bishop of *Auxerre*, and Grand Almoner of *France*. *Charles* the XIth. whom he instructed and brought up, always called him his Master, and sometimes diverting himself with him, would jestingly reproach him with his Avarice. One Day as *Amiot* was asking for a rich Benefice, *Ab! Master,* says

says the King, *you used to say, that if you had but a thousand Crowns a Year, you should be satisfied. I believe you have that, and more.* Sir, answered he, *my Appetite increases with my Food.* He constantly obtained what he asked for; and died worth Two Hundred Thousand Crowns.

BUILDINGS.

We seldom form a right Judgment of Objects, that have a splendid Outside, and strike the View by their external Lustre. There are few Persons, who hear of the famous Pyramids of *Egypt*, without being transported with Admiration, and extolling the Grandeur and Magnificence of the Princes, who raised them. And yet it is to be questioned whether this Admiration be well grounded, or those enormous Piles of Building, which cost such immense Sums, and occasioned the Loss of so many Men who were employed about them, and which were only intended for Pomp and Ostentation, and not for any solid Use; it certainly admits of a Question, whether such Buildings deserve to be spoke of with so much Applause.

True Greatness does not consist in desiring or doing what a disordered Imagination, or a popular Error, represent as great and magnificent. It does not consist in attempting difficult Things, purely because they are difficult. Nor is it affected with what seems wonderful, or actuated by the Pleasure of surmounting Impossibilities, as History relates of *Nero*, with whom whatever seemed impracticable had the Idea of Grand.

Cicero was of Opinion, that only such Works and Buildings really deserved Admiration, as were designed for the public Good, such as Aqueducts, City-Walls, Citadels, Arsenals, and Sea-Ports.

He observes, that *Pericles*, the principal Man in *Greece*, was justly blamed for exhausting the public Treasures in adorning the City of *Athens*, and enriching it with superfluous Ornaments. The *Romans*, from the Foundation of the Empire, had a very different Taste. They had Grandeur in their View, but in such

Matters only as concerned Religion, or the public Emolument. *Livy* observes, that under *Tarquinius Superbus* they finished a Work to carry off the Waters of the Town, and laid the Foundations of the Capitol with such Magnificence as After-Ages have scarce been able to imitate; and we to this Day admire the Strength and Beauty of the public Ways, which were raised by the *Romans* in different Parts, and still subsist almost entire after so many Ages.

A like Judgment is to be passed upon the Buildings of private Persons. *Tully* examining what Kind of House is proper for a Person in a great Office, and of distinguished Rank in the State, thinks Lodging and Use what ought principally to be regarded; to which a second View might be added, with Regard to Convenience and Dignity; but he particularly recommends the avoiding all excessive Magnificence and Expence, as the Example never fails of becoming pernicious and contagious, Men being generally apt not only to imitate, but to exceed others in this particular. Who, says *Tully*, has rivalled the famous *Lucullus* in his Virtues? But how many have followed his Example in the Costliness of his Buildings? And in our own Days we could cite Abundance of Families, which have either been entirely ruined, or remarkably hurt by a Madness for building magnificent Houses in Town or Country, which are the Tombs of the most substantial Riches of a Family, and soon pass into the Hands of Strangers, who reap the Advantage of the first Owner's Folly. And this should lead such Persons as are entrusted with the Education of Youth, to caution them early against so common and so dangerous a Taste.

[To be continued.]

A List of all the Fairs in England and Wales in the Month of August.

Brightlingsea, Brookland, Broughton (Lancash.) Burnham (Norfolk,) Chesham, Cowbridge, Exeter, Frampton, Henfield, Lantriffent, Lidford Green,

494 *A List of all the Fairs in England and Wales in the Month of August.*

Green, Loughborough, Newent, North-Curry, Ottley, Partney, Peckham, Slaidburn, St. Germans, St. Neot's, Stoke-Gomer, Wisbech in the Isle of Ely, Whitehaven. 2 Battlefield, Bridgnorth, Calne, Chulmly, Cowden, Dartford, Headdon, Ickleton, Ivelchester, Kefwick, Kingston, Kyneton, Langeridge, Long-Cromarsh, Magdalen-Hill near Winton, Mold, Newark, Northwich, Stockbury, Stony - stratford, Thetford, Wedmore, Wisbech, Yarm. 3. Darenty, Hitcham, Kingston. 4 Carnarvon, Earl-Soham, Esher, Llandegla, Kingston, Thirsk. 5 Altrincham, Ahton-under-Line, Audley-End, Bicester, Boscastle, Bromley, Castle-Town, Chard, Cheltenham, Chichester, Doncaster, Dorchester (Dorseth.) Dudley, Eccleshall, Epsom, Garner-Street, Hatfield Broad-Oak, Hexham, Kirkoswald, Llanfechell, Langindairn, Northampton, Oakhampton, Queenborough, Raven-Glass, Rhos Fair, Saltash, Skipton, Stamford, Staverdell, Thrapston, Thirsk, Wattlebury, Westbury (Salop.) Wetherby. 6 Baldock, Chertsey, East-Hisle, Goldsmithay, Holtwood, Linfield, Rhayadar, St. Ann's-Hill (Devizes.) 7 Howey. 8 Ruthin, Shepton-Mallet, Shifnal, 9 Llanrwst. 10 Allucchurch, Appleby, Ashburton, Deddington, Duffryn, Flint, Hawkhurst, Hurstperpoint, Lansdown, St. Lawrence (Cornwall,) St. Lawrence (Kent,) Leachlade, Membury, Newburgh, Priddy, Sittingbourn, Snaith, Thaxtead, Waltham St. Lawrence, Warminster. 11 Boston. 12 Banbury, Betws, Bridford, Caergwryle, Carmarthen, Crisfingham-magna, Dunholm, Dunstable, Ewerrham, Green, Hay, Highworth, Hornsey, Linfield, Malling, Mitcham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Newton (Lancashire,) Plympton, Sheepwash, Sleaford, Stowmarket, Talybont, Treganatha, Uffculme, York. 13 Bakewell. 14 Carphilly, Llanufydd, Trecafile 15 Attleborough, Keynsham, Lelant, Liskeard, Market Weston, Newport (Monmouthsh.) Oswestry, Ottery St. Harmon, St. Mary-Hill, Stamfordham, Thornbury, Tutbury, Worcester, Yarlinton. 16 Ashborne, Brig, Burgh, Louth, Pentraeth - Mon, Telfham. 17 Donnington, Llanfannan, Llanderfel, Penystreet in Trawsfynydd. 18 Aberwingegin, Beddgelert, Camberwell, Clynnofawr, Emfsworth, Navenby, Settle. 19 Clack, Pwllhely, Settle. 20 Abergele, Blackmore, Chorley, Moor-
linch, Penmorfa, Settle, Weldon. 21 Arundel, Bedford, Blackmore, Cayo, Cheadle, Crediton, Farnham, Frodham, Harlech, Hartlepoole, Horncastle, Hungerford, Kilgarren, Kilham, Llangollen, Ludlow, Martock, Melton-Mowbray, Mwrras, Newburgh, Oundle, Rumney, Rugby, Settle, Stroud, Winslow, Wondford-Eagle. 22 Brachnell, Handford, Testinivg. 23 Bedford, Penmachno. 24 Abbot's-Bromley, Aishby de la Zouch, Barnet, South-Benfleet, Buckfastleigh, Chipping, Carborne, St. Decumans, Eglwysfach, Kipmash, Lee, Loftwithell, Meer, Newbury, Orford, Sallcott, Southwold, Wainfleet. 25 Barnet, Dingley, Coxwold, Elefsmere, Haughley, Hermitage, Landrake, Lanfaiver, Newin, Partney, Ripley (Yorkshire,) Watchet. 26 Bampton (Oxfordsh.) Barnet, Bingley, Borth, Carlisle, Corby, East-brent, Elfdon, Giffborough, Goudhurst, Haverhill, Hermitage, Hinkled, Ilmister, Little Driffield, Northampton, Porthaethwry, Preston (Lancash.) Rhos Fair, Ripley (Yorsh.) Romsey, Swanzeay, Stroud, Tollerton. 27 Bingley, Cerrigy, Druidion, Gifbrough, Ilmister, Rhayadar, Ripley (Yorksh.) 28 Cawston, Llanerillo. 29 Overton, Painspill, Philip's-Norton, Sampford-Peverell. 30 Linton, Spalding. 31 Wicks.

Moveable FAIRS in AUGUST.

Wednesday before the 1st, at Market Deeping. First Monday, at Corfle-Heath, Lampeter, Reddich. Monday after the 1st, at Crowcomb, Curry-Rival. Monday after the 2d, at Horning. Monday before the 5th at Hoo. Thursday before the 5th, at Higham-Ferrys. Monday before the 12th, at Stamford. Wednesday after the 12th at Knareborough. Thursday after the 12th at Rippon. Tuesday before the 24th at Botley. Wednesday before the 24th at Dallwood. Thursday before the 24th at Chappel in le Firth. Friday before the 24th at Reeth. Monday after the 24th at Kilmington, Morbath, Tarperley. Wednesday after the 26th at South Molton. Last Monday at Gressford. Last Tuesday at Newn. Last Wednesday at Brampton. Last Friday at Bleagon. Monday after the 29th at Road. A Guild at Preston (Lancashire) once in 20 Years. N. B. The Guild was held in the Year 1762.

SELECT

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SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP: Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
A PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy
sun descends;
And rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
While pearly dew's o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flow'rs reviving odours yield;
Let us, beneath those spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement,
fear,
Least any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim,
Since fair *Aminta* is my softest theme.
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove;
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddesses of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of Love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
Propitious god of Love thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy *Alexis* sing;
Alexis, as th' opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, as soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns;
With such an air, and such a graceful mien,
No shepherd dances on the flow'ry green:
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering springs,
In sweeter strains the tuneful *Canon* sings;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And *Phæbus* the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous *Aminta* is as early light
Breaking the melancholy shades of night:
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.

In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires:
But on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,
Can wot of pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

Alexis absent, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
Dear, lovely youth! I cry to all around:
Dear, lovely youth! the lonely vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
Aminta is my muse's softest theme:
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine,
And with her name my noblest verse shall shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for *Alexis* brows,
And consecrate to him my softest vows:
The charming youth shall my *APOLLO* prove;
Adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

The ELEPHANT; or the Parliament Man.

Written many Years since.

Taken from COKE'S INSTITUTES.

E'ER bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let him like, your member be:
First take a man that's free from *gall*;
For Elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties*, he must keep;
For Elephants live just like thee:
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For Elephants *ne'er bend the knee*.

Last

Last let his *memory* be found,
 In which your Elephant's profound;
 That *old examples* from the wife,
 May prompt him in his *No's* and *I's*.
 Thus the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
 In all the form of lawyer's wit;
 And then with *Latin* and all that,
 Shews the comparison is pat.
 Yet in some points my lord is wrong;
 One's *teeth* are fold, and t'other's *tongue*:
 Now men of parliament, God knows,
 Are more like *Elephants of shovels*;
 Whose docile memory and sense
 Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
 To get their master half a crown,
 They spread their flag, or lay it down:
 Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
 And guarded nations from attacks,
 Now practice ev'ry pliant gesture,
 Op'ning their trunks for ev'ry tester.
Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd:
 Their Elephants by men are fold;
 Our's sell themselves, and take the gold.

On a Pile of RUINS.

HARK!----what dire sound rolls
 murmur'ing on the gale?
 Ah! what soul-thrilling scene appears:
 I see the column'd arches fail!
 And structures hoar, the boast of years!
 What mould'ring piles decay'd
 Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade!
 Where *Rome's* proud genius rear'd her
 awful brow:
 Sad monument!---ambition near,
 Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
 Pale honour drops the flitt'ring plume,
 And conquest weeps o'er *Cæsar's* tomb;
 Slow patience sits with eye deprest,
 And courage beats his throbbing breast;
 E'en war's red cheek the gushing streams
 o'erflow,
 And fancy's list'ning ear attends the
 plaint of woe.
 Lo on yon pyramids sublime,
 Whence lies old *Egypt's* desert clime,
 Bleak, naked, wild! where ruin low'rs
 Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling
 tow'rs.
 On the steep height, quite waste & bare,
 Stands the pow'r with hoary hair:
 O'er his scythe he bends; his hand
 Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
 While the hours, an airy ring,
 Lightly sit with downy wing;
 And saps the works of man;----and
 shade
 With silver'd locks his furrow'd head;
 Thence rolls the mighty pow'r his broad
 survey,

And seals the nation's awful doom;
 He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray,
 He yields to joy the festive day;
 Then sweeps the length'ning shade,
 And marks them for the tomb.

On the Pleasures which the Beauties of
 Nature afford.

OH! blest of heav'n, whom not the
 languid songs
 Of luxury, the *Siren*! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from
 the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho'
 not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
 Of envied life; tho' only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Endows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the
 arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd
 gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the
 spring
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the
 morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her
 wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely
 walk;
 And loves unselt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud
 imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence
 partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: forth' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd
 pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.



The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, July 28, 1764.



IN the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, a Person was arraigned before Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, upon an Indictment for the Murder of a Man, who dwelt in the same Parish with the Prisoner. The first Witness against him deposed, That on a certain Day, mentioned by the Witness, in the Morning, as he was going through a Close, which he particularly described, at some Distance from the Path, he saw a Person lying in a Condition that denoted him to be either dead or drunk; that he went to the Party, and found him actually dead, two Wounds appearing in his Breast, and his Shirt and Clothes much stained with Blood; that the Wounds appeared to the Witness to have been given by the Puncture of a Fork, or some such Instrument, and looking about he discovered a Fork, lying near the Corpse, which he took up, and observed it to be marked with the initial Letters of the Prisoner's Name, the Witness at the same Time produced the Fork in Court, which the Prisoner owned to be his, and waved asking the Witness any Questions.

A second Witness deposed, That, on the Morning of the Day on which the Deceased was killed, the Witness had risen early with an Intention to go to a neighbouring Market-Town, which he named--that as he was standing in the Entry of his own Dwelling-House, the Street Door being open, he saw the Prisoner come by, dressed in a Suit

of Clothes, the Colour and Fashion of which the Witness described--that he (the Witness) was prevented from going to Market, and that afterwards the first Witness brought Notice to the Town, of the Death, and Wounds of the Deceased, and of the Prisoner's Fork being found near the Corpse--that upon this Report the Prisoner was apprehended, and carried before a Justice of Peace, whom he named and pointed at, he being then present in Court--that he (the Witness) followed the Prisoner to the Justice's House, and attended his Examination, during which he observed the Exchange of Raiment which the Prisoner had made, since the Time when the Witness had first seen him in the Morning--that at the Time of such Examination, the Prisoner was dressed in the same Clothes which he had on at the Time of the Tryal, and that on the Witness's charging him with having changed his Clothes, he gave several shuffling Answers, and would have denied it--that upon the Witness's mentioning this Circumstance of the Change of Dress, the Justice granted a Warrant to search the Prisoner's House for the Clothes described by the Witness, as having been put off since the Morning--that the Witness attended, and assisted at the Search; and that after a nice Enquiry for two Hours and upwards, the very Clothes, which the Witness had described, were discovered, concealed in a Straw Bed--He then produced the bloody Clothes in Court, which the Prisoner owned to be his Clothes, and to have been thrust into the Straw Bed with an

Intention to conceal them, on Account of their being bloody.

The Prisoner also waved asking this second Witness any Questions.

A third Witness deposed to his having heard the Prisoner deliver certain Menaces against the Deceased, from whence the Prosecutor intended to infer a Proof of *Malice propense*. In Answer to which, the Prisoner proposed certain Questions to the Court, leading to a Discovery of the Occasion of the menacing Expressions deposed to, and from the Witness's Answer to those Questions, it appeared, that the Deceased had first menaced the Prisoner.

The Prisoner being called upon to make his Defence, addressed the following Narration to the Court as containing all he knew concerning the Manner and Circumstances of the Death of the Deceased, *viz.* "That he rented a Close in the same Parish with the Deceased, and that the Deceased rented another Close adjoining to it---that the only Way to his own Close was through that of the Deceased; and that on the Day the Murder in the Indictment was said to be committed, he rose early in the Morning, in order to go to work in his Close, with his Fork in his Hand, and passing thro' the Deceased's Ground, he observed a Man at some Distance from the Path, lying down, as if dead, or drunk; that he thought himself bound to see what Condition the Person was in, and upon getting up to him, he found him at the last Extremity, with two Wounds in his Breast, from which a great deal of Blood had issued---that in order to relieve him, he raised him up, and with great Difficulty set him in his Lap---that he told the Deceased he was greatly concerned at his unhappy Fate, and the more so, as there seemed to be too much Reason to apprehend he had been murdered---that he intreated the Deceased to discover if possible the Occasion of his Misfortune, assuring him he would use his utmost Endeavours to do Justice to his Sufferings---that the Deceased seemed

to be sensible of what he said, and in the midst of his Agonies, attempted, as he thought, to speak to him, but being seized with a Rattling in his Throat, after a hard Struggle, he gave a dreadful Groan, and vomiting a great deal of Blood, some of which fell on his (the Prisoner's) Clothes, he expired in his Arms---that the Shock he felt on Account of this Accident, was not to be expressed, and the rather, as it was well known that there had been a Difference between the Deceased and himself, on which Account he might possibly be suspected of the Murder---that he therefore thought it advisable to leave the Deceased in the Condition he was, and to take no farther Notice of the Matter---that, in the Confusion he was in when he left the Place, he took away the Deceased's Fork, and left his own in the Room of it, by the Side of the Corpse---that being obliged to go to his Work, he thought it best to shift his Clothes, that they might not be seen; he confessed he had hid them in the Place where they were found---that it was true he had denied before the Justice that he had changed his Clothes, being conscious that this was an ugly Circumstance that might be urged against him, and being unwilling to be brought into Trouble, if he could help it---and concluded his Story with a solemn Declaration, that he had related nothing but the Truth, without adding or diminishing one Title, as he should answer it to God Almighty." Being then called upon to produce his Witnesses, the Prisoner answered with a steady composed Countenance, and Resolution of Voice, *He had no Witness but God and his own Conscience.*

The Judge then proceeded to deliver his Charge, in which he pathetically enlarged on the Heinousness of the Crime, and laid great Stress on the Force of the Evidence, which, although circumstantial only, he declared he thought to be irresistible, and little inferior to the most positive Proof---that the Prisoner had indeed cooked up a very plausible

plausible Story, but if such, or the like Allegations, were to be admitted, in a Case of this Kind, no Murderer would ever be brought to Justice, such bloody Deeds being generally perpetrated in the Dark, and with the greatest Secrecy--- that the present Case was exempted, in his Opinion, from all Possibility of Doubt, and that they ought not to hesitate one Moment about finding the Prisoner *guilty*.

The Foreman begged of his Lordship, as this was a Case of Life and Death, that the Jury might be at Liberty to withdraw; and, upon this Motion, an Officer was sworn to keep the Jury.

This Trial came on the first in the Morning, and the Judge having sat till Nine at Night, expecting the Return of the Jury, at last sent an Officer to enquire if they were agreed in their Verdict, and to signify to them, that his Lordship would wait no longer for them. Some of them returned for Answer, that eleven of their Body had been of the same Mind from the first, but that it was their Misfortune to have a Foreman that proved to be a singular Instance of the most inveterate Obstinacy, who having taken up a different Opinion from them, was unalterably fixed in it. The Messenger was no sooner returned, but the complaining Members, alarmed at the Thoughts of being kept under Confinement all the Night, and, despairing of bringing their dissenting Brother over to their own Way of thinking, agreed to accede to his Opinion, and having acquainted him with their Resolution, they sent an Officer to detain his Lordship a few Minutes, and then went into the Court, and by their Foreman brought in the Prisoner *not guilty*. His Lordship could not help expressing the greatest Surprise and Indignation at this unexpected Verdict; and, after giving the Jury a severe Admonition, he refused to record their Verdict, and sent them back again, with Directions that they should be locked up all Night, without Fire or Candle. The whole Blame was publicly laid on the Foreman by the rest of the Members, and they

spent the Night in loading him with Reflections; and bewailing their unhappy Fate, in being associated with so hardened a Wretch ---but he remained quite inflexible, constantly declaring he would suffer Death rather than change his Opinion.

As soon as his Lordship came into Court the next Morning, he sent again to the Jury, on which all the eleven Members joined in requesting their Foreman to go again into Court, assuring him they would adhere to their former Verdict, whatever was the Consequence; and, on being reproached with their former Inconstancy, they promised never to desert, or recriminate upon their Foreman any more.--- Upon these Assurances, they proceeded into Court, and again brought in the Prisoner *not guilty*. The Judge, unable to conceal his Rage at a Verdict which appeared to him in the most iniquitous Light, reproached them with the severest Censures, and dismissed them with this cutting Reflection, *That the Blood of the Deceased lay at their Door*.

The Prisoner, on his Part, fell on his Knees, and with uplifted Eyes and Hands, thanked God for his Deliverance, and addressing himself to the Judge, cried out, *You see, my Lord, that God and a good Conscience are the best of Witnesses*.

These Circumstances made a deep Impression on the Mind of the Judge, and, as soon as he was retired from Court, he entered into Discourse with the High Sheriff, upon what had passed, and particularly examined him as to his Knowledge of this Leader of the Jury. The Answer this Gentleman gave his Lordship was, that he had been acquainted with him many Years---that he had an Estate of above 50*l. per Annum*, and that he rented a very considerable Farm besides---that he never knew him charged with an ill Action, and that he was universally esteemed in his Neighbourhood.

For further Information, his Lordship likewise sent for the Minister of the Parish, who gave the same favourable Account of his Parishioner, with this Addition, that he

was a constant Churchman, and a devout Communicant.

These Accounts rather increased his Lordship's Perplexity; from which he could think of no Expedient to deliver himself, but by having a Conference in private with the only Person who could give him Satisfaction. This he desired the Sheriff to procure, who readily offered his Service, and without Delay brought about the desired Interview.

Upon the Jurymen's being introduced to the Judge, his Lordship and he retired into a Closet, where his Lordship opened his Reasons for desiring that Visit, making no Scruple of acknowledging the Uneasiness he was under, and conjuring his Visitor frankly to discover his Reasons for acquitting the Prisoner. The Jurymen returned for Answer, that he had sufficient Reasons to justify his Conduct, and that he was neither afraid nor ashamed to reveal them, but as he had hitherto locked them up in his own Breast, and was under no Compulsion to disclose them, he expected his Lordship would engage upon his Honour to keep what he was about to unfold as secret as he himself had done; which his Lordship having promised to do, the Jurymen then proceeded to give his Lordship the following Account: "That the Deceased being Tytheman of the Parish where he (the Jurymen) lived, he had the Morning of his Decease, been in his (the Jurymen's) Grounds amongst his Corn, and had done him great Injustice, by taking more than his Due, and acting otherwise in a most arbitrary Manner. That when he complained of this Treatment, he had not only been abused with scurrilous Language, but that the Deceased had likewise struck at him several Times with his Fork, and had actually wounded him in two Places, the Scars of which Wounds he then shewed his Lordship---that the Deceased seemed bent on Mischief, and he (the Jurymen) having no Weapon to defend himself, had no other Way to preserve his own Life, but by closing in with the Deceased, and wrench-

ing the Fork out of his Hands; which having effected, the Deceased attempted to recover the Fork, and in the Scuffle received the two Wounds, which had occasioned his Death---that he was inexpressibly concerned at the Accident, and especially when the Prisoner was taken up on Suspicion of the Murder---that the former Assizes being but just over, he was unwilling to surrender himself, and to confess the Matter, because his Farm and Affairs would have been ruined by his lying in a Goal so long---that he was sure to have been acquitted on his Trial, for that he had consulted the ablest Lawyers on the Case, who had all agreed, that as the Deceased had been the Aggressor, he would only be guilty of Man-slaughter at the most---that it was true he had suffered greatly in his own Mind on the Prisoner's Account, but being well assured that Imprisonment would be of less ill Consequence to the Prisoner, than to himself, he had suffered the Law to take its Course---that in order to render the Prisoner's Confinement as easy to him as possible, he had given him every Kind of Assistance, and had wholly supported his Family ever since---that in order to get him cleared of the Charge laid against him, he could think of no other Expedient than that of procuring himself to be summoned on the Jury, and set at the Head of them, which with great Labour and Expence he had accomplished, having all along determined in his own Breast, rather to die himself, than to suffer any Harm to be done to the Prisoner.

His Lordship expressed great Satisfaction at this Account, and after thanking him for it, and making this further Stipulation, that in Case his Lordship should happen to survive him, he might then be at Liberty to relate this Story, that it might be delivered down to Posterity, the Conference broke up.

The Jurymen lived 15 Years afterwards; the Judge enquired after him every Year, and happening to survive him, delivered the above Relation.

Extract

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 465.

THIS Paper is a Continuation of No. 462. (See Page 457.)—The Lords at last agreed with the Commons to join in a Petition or Address to the King, 'That, to the Content of his PEOPLE, he would be graciously pleased to give his gracious Answer in full Parliament.'

The Court thought to evade the Intention of this Address. The King came to the House of Peers, but put them off with such a general Answer, that the Commons returned to their House dissatisfied; and proceeded with such Firmness and Resolution, to obtain a more explicit Declaration from the Throne, that they received a Message, to let them know, it was his Majesty's Intention to put an End to their Session very shortly; and further, that it was his Command for them not to proceed upon any new Business, which might lay any Scandal or Aspersions upon the Government, or Ministers thereof.

Sir John Finch, the Speaker, having informed the House of the Premises, and that he had received a Command from the King not to proceed, Silence of Dismay and Consternation ensued, till Sir Nathaniel Rich, with a Resolution becoming a Senator in an English Parliament, had the Honour to speak first: 'The Question is, said he, whether we shall serve ourselves by our Silence, aye or no? I know it is more for our own Security; but it is not for the Security of those whom we serve.'—Roused by this Example, every Member had now something to say; and pursued their Duty with that Zeal and Firmness, that the Danger of the Constitution casting out all Fear and private Interest, they convinced the King that it was his Interest to grant their Petition in the old Form, *Soit droit fait come il est*

desire: And their Firmness has wrought so effectually upon his Majesty's Mind, that he not only confirmed the Petition of Right, in the Manner the Commons desired, but his Majesty added these remarkable Words:

'This I am sure is full; yet no more than I granted you in my first Answer. For the Meaning of that was to confirm your Liberties; knowing, according to your Protestation, that ye neither mean, nor can hurt my Prerogative: And, I assure you, my Maxim is, That the PEOPLE'S LIBERTIES strengthen the KING'S PREROGATIVE; and the KING'S PREROGATIVE is to defend the PEOPLE'S LIBERTIES.'

But what Confidence is there to be put in Words? Nothing could be plainer than this Confirmation of the *Petition of Right*. Nothing could carry a more convincing Proof of the good Disposition of the Court to redress the Grievances of the People, and to maintain the Liberties of the People.—But, alas! the King's Heart did not correspond with his Lips.—Power no sooner got clear of the Parliament, than the Court returned to their former Practices of Seizures, Imprisonments, & other arbitrary Acts contrary to the established Laws. Nay, they dared to lay Hands on the very Members of the House of Commons.

Thus it was manifest that the *Petition of Right* was not of Force to put a Stop to the Progress of Oppression: And that Laws were nothing worth, while those intrusted with the Executive could presume, upon any Pretence soever, to set them aside.

The Grievances came before the Commons once more. They met in a Disposition to complete what they had begun; but were not suffered to proceed. The Speaker, gained by the Court, refused to obey the Orders of the House, and would

* This short Speech deserves to be written in Letters of Gold, or rather set in Diamonds, over every Place of Public Meeting; and it reflects infinitely more Honour upon Sir NATHANIEL RICH, and all his Posterity, than the Title of Lord, or a Pension of Thousands per Annum, which it has been since the Fashion to bestow upon Members in the House of Commons.

would have deserted the Chair had the Members not held him in it by Force, while a Protestation of several Abuses of Power was read. The Confusion and Resolution of the Commons grew so great, that they refused Admittance to the Usher of the Black Rod, coming to summon them to the Throne, in Order for a Dissolution: Which so enraged the King, that he called for his Guards, &c.

Such was the Government; such was the Opposition in those Days; and such will always be the Misfortune, where there is not preserved a just Boundary between Prerogative and Liberty.

The Court having got clear of the Parliament, resolved to carry every Thing with a high Hand. — The Privy Council summoned the Members concerned in the Violence or Restraint on the Speaker, before them; and, after a brave and resolute Defence, sent them to the *Tower* and other Prisons. Prosecutions were ordered & commenced against them by the Crown, with a Malevolence and Rigour, that is not usual against the worst of Criminals. — They that purchased on one Hand, resolved to punish those they could not corrupt. The Expedient took both in Parliament and the Courts of Justice. Hope and Fear are the great Springs of a Human Heart: and from this Period the Court found Lawyers to make the Law utter what Language they pleased. Ten of the twelve Judges gave it as their Opinion, in Writing, to do illegal Acts: And there was no Parliament called from the Beginning of the Year 1629, when the Advocates for Liberty were dissolved, till April 1640.

The Conduct of the House of Lords was still dubious. They advised postponing the Consideration of national Grievances, till the Supply was granted. The Commons Refusal was punished with a disgraceful Dissolution on the fifth of May; and several of the Members were committed to Prison by the Privy Council.

Nevertheless, the Court had spun its Length. The Exigencies of State obliged them to call another Parlia-

ment in November following: Than which nothing could be more terrible to the Ministers and Favourites. They dreaded its Approach as a Criminal does the Day of his Execution.

The Parliament met, and fully answered the Expectations of the People, and Suspicions of the Ministry. They began with the Demolition of the tyrannical Power of the *Council Board* and *Star Chamber* Courts; which imprisoned arbitrarily, fined exorbitantly, and punished cruelly the free Subjects of this Kingdom. But such is the natural Inclination of those in Authority to enlarge their own Power and Jurisdiction, that this very State-reforming Parliament, when self-converted from *Representatives* into *Masters* of the People, as wantonly sported with the Liberty, Property, and Lives of their Fellow Subjects, as the most perfidious of our Ministers, and the most tyrannical of our Kings ever had done before.

The Restoration did not deliver us from this Evil. The late Troubles had left a troublesome Spirit behind them. — Ministers were still inclined to trespass, and Subjects to demonstrate. — Faction was as busy as ever, and Power as peremptory. The aggrieved Subject thought he had a Right to complain; the offended Minister to punish. In Adversity all flew to the Petition of Right. In Prosperity, all were for dispensing with it. So that, though the Doctrine was the same always, the Practice was seldom or ever kept up.

A Lawyer was placed at the Head of the Council, who took upon him, that the Laws should be so administered, as to punish severe enough every intended Trespass against the State: And few Men being honest enough to govern by the Rules they lay down in Opposition, and most chuse to play fast and loose both Ways, the Favours and Promises of the Court prevailed over Integrity and Love of our Country. Commitments were, at least as frequent; Persecutions as violent, and Punishments as severe in this Reign, and the following, as in any other.

Nei-

Neither did the Revolution deliver the Nation from vexatious Imprisonments, and Uncertainty of Deliverance. Excepting the Clause, declaring the Right of the Subject to petition the Crown, and that Commitments and Prosecutions for such Petitions are illegal; and THAT of prosecuting Persons out of Parliament, for Matters cognisable only in Parliament, there is not one single Item in the whole Instrument relative to the personal Liberty of the Subject: And as to the Clause concerning *excessive Bail*, and *excessive Fines*, the Terms of it are so vague and unprecise, that the Subject has derived no Benefit from it: The very Letter of *Magna Charta* affording him, in my humble Opinion, a much better Security against both.

Accordingly, the Reign of *William* and *Mary* was stained with the Imprisonment of Lord *Dartmouth*, of *Sprat* Bishop of *Rochester*, and of the Earls of *Marlborough*, *Huntingdon*, and *Scarfsdale*, for ill-grounded Suspicions, by Warrants from the Secretaries of State, or the Privy Council; and the Practice of issuing these State Warrants, and State Prosecutions, produced several bold Motions in Parliament, and many well wrote Pamphlets without Doors; amongst which, Sir *Bartholomew Shower's Reasons for a new Bill of Rights*, contends for the Liberty of the Subject's Person against the insidious Pretences and arbitrary Encroachments of Power, which had extended so far, and affected so many, of late Years, that the greater Part of the Nation, either by themselves or their Friends, under one Administration or other, were thoroughly acquainted with them; and which had been practised with so much Boldness, that both Commons and Peers sitting in Parliament, had found their Privilege no Protection against them -- On which he observes, "That how fond soever our Judges affect to talk of Liberty, as the Birthright of the Subject, the Darling of the Law, &c. the Practice has almost in all Ages given the Lie to these Pretences."

This was followed by a Course of Allegations brought against the

Secretary's Office by Sir *John Trevor*, who affirmed, (1) That the Secretary of State paid so little Regard to the Laws and Liberties of *England*, that he hounded out his Messengers with Blank Warrants, to be filled up, as Occasion offered, and obnoxious Persons fell in their Way. (2) That when these Warrants were thus filled up, the Matter of Offence was seldom specified in them, as the Law required. (3) That Matter of Suspicion was rendered Cause of Commitment and Detention, instead of Matters of Fact. (4) That when Matter of Fact was specified, it was often such as was not cognisable by any Law. (5) That when the Fact so specified was cognizable by Law, it was often unsupported by Depositions upon Oath, without which no Process Criminal can lie. (6) That his Messengers often searched Houses by Night as well as Day, unaccompanied by Constable or Headborough, which is also contrary to Law. (7) That in pretending to seize Papers of seditious and treasonable Import, they often took away the Title Deeds of Estates, Books of Accounts, and Letters of private Correspondence. (8) That Prisoners had been long in Custody, without being heard or examined. (9) That many had been confined in Messenger's Houses; which Houses were not legal Goals; & might be secreted there for their Lives; because those occasional Goals are not subject to the ordinary Rules of delivering in a List of their Prisoners, as often as a Session is held.

If those Practices were complained of, if they were looked upon as injurious, and encroaching upon the Liberty of the Subject, and if they were unconstitutional and illegal in those Days, they may be produced in Condemnation of their Repetition in any Age or Reign, but never brought into a Court of Justice, by Way of Precedent, to support the Appearance of the same arbitrary Disposition. -- A corrupt Tree will bring forth corrupt Fruit. -- Warrants, Seizures, Commitments and Imprisonments, that have no better Foundation for their Legality, than those or such like Precedents, must be as illegal now as they were ille-

gal then : For no Continuation, no Course of Years, nor Custom in Office, can possibly make that good and just, which is in its own Nature bad, and unjust.

Heroic Composure of the late King of PRUSSIA, at his Death.

KING Frederick William died with great Firmness and Devotion, after frequent Conversations on Government with his Son, and with his Chaplains on the future State, and the Duties of a Christian on his Departure out of the present. At One in the Afternoon he sent for Monf. Euler, his first Physician, to know whether his Life and Pains could still be of any long Continuance, and whether his Agony would be severe ? ' It is already on you, ' Sire,' answered M. Euler ; ' I feel ' the Pulse receding, and it beats ' under your Elbow. — But where ' does it stop at last.' The Doctor replying, ' It will totally cease beating in about an Hour, the Blood ' making its Way to the Heart.' The King answered with the most tranquil Resignation, ' God's Will ' be done!' and about three o'Clock expired.

Saying of Christina, Queen of Sweden, when she first received the News of King Charles the First being beheaded.

WHEN the News of Charles the First's Fate reached Sweden, though it occasioned a great Noise, very few thought of it with any Horror ; nay, the French Ambassador Chanet said, it ought to be a Warning to all Princes how they exceeded the Bounds of Justice and Moderation. — On its first Mention at Court, Christina, the Queen of Sweden, turned to a Nobleman who came in a Moment after, and said, ' My Lord, the English have cut off ' their King's Head for making no ' Use of it ; and they have acted ' very wisely.'

The good Father's Legacy ; by Sir Harry Beaumont.

WHEN Mr. Wilson (as honest a Gentleman, and as well be-

loved by the whole Neighbourhood, as any in all *Yorkshire*) had that Illness, which robbed the Word of so worthy a Man, he retained his good Sense, and his good Humour, to the last. The Afternoon before he died, he sent for all his Children ; and on their collecting themselves round his Bed, spoke to them (with an easy and smiling Countenance) in the following Manner :

' My dear Children, 'tis high Time that I should take my Leave of you. Don't be so much concerned ; you know I am in my 87th Year. As I have lived to so great an Age, I have had quite enough of Life here ; and doubt not of a happier hereafter. But as I have lived so much in the World, I have a Word or two to say to you about your Behaviour in it, after I am gone.

I have observed then, that there are Ten Rules of Behaviour, which seem to prevail chiefly among the most polite People of the present Age.

To bow, and come into a Room, or go out of it, with a great deal of Ease ; and often with a great deal of Negligence.

To get rid of a troublesome Thing called Modesty, as early as you possibly can.

To be ready to talk superficially, on any Subject, and in all Companies.

To seem to take Care of nothing ; and really to take Care of very few Things.

To dress and furnish your Houses, rather above your Income.

To seem pleased, my Sons, when you are angry ; and to seem angry, my Daughters, when you are pleased.

To have a slight Memory for Favours, and a very tenacious one for Injuries.

To despise every-body that is poorer, or less well-bred, than yourselves.

To chuse Mates for Life, with less Care and Precaution, than you would use in buying a Coach-horse.

To laugh away all the Cares and Duties of Life consequent upon such an Union.

These are the Ten great Rules of Behaviour ; which seem, just now, to be

be the most observed by the People of the best Fashion: But now I must own to you, that I have been so unfashionable myself, as never to have paid any great Regard to them. Instead of minding these little Rules, the only Aim of my Life has been, 'To do as little HARM, and as much Good, as I possibly could.' And this great Rule of Life do I bequeath to you, my dear Children, as a much more valuable Legacy, than the considerable Fortunes, which you will find left to each of you in my Will.'

The following Piece by the same Writer, describes so naturally the Ideas and Conjectures which the inferior Creatures may be supposed to form upon the Accidents which happen to, them, that it can scarce be read without Pleasure.

An Account of the Revolution in an EMMET'S Nest; occasioned by kicking up a Tile in Ormesby Park, in Lincolnshire: Related in a Letter from the Princess PISMERILLA, to her Friend GRANARIA.

OUR whole State is in the utmost Confusion; and our Distresses are so great, that I have neither Leisure nor Spirits enough to give you a full Account of them. However, I must send you such a one as I can; that it may induce you the sooner to come and visit one whom you have always loved, and who never wanted a Friend to condole with so much as on this melancholy Occasion.

You know how happily our whole Nation used to live under the King my Father; and have often admired with me that firm Covering which Providence had laid all over our Capital; and which (next to my Father's wife and mild Administration) was the greatest Cause of the general Happiness of all our People. By Day, when that Globe of Fire in the Heavens (which ripens the Corn for us) was too violent, and scorched all the neighbouring Nations of EMMETS; we had a safe Retirement, where we were neither dazzled with its Light, nor torment-

ed with the too great Heat of its Beams. By Night, when the Clouds thickened, and streamed down in little Rivers, our Covering was only made the more smooth by it; and none of its Moisture ever penetrated into our Houses or Granaries. Our People always went out cheerfully to work; and if they found the Heats too violent, or saw a Shower drawing together in the Clouds, had each his Grotto to retire to under this red Piece of Rock, that extended itself over all our Habitations. There was not then any People so happy as we were: And now, alas! there is scarce so miserable a People on the Face of the whole Earth, as we are become at one Blow.

On the first Day of the last Full-Moon, on a sudden I thought I saw all that Part of the red Rock which was over my Apartment trembling, and in Agitation; when, in an Instant, other Parts of it appeared over my Head, and then others, till at last it left my Apartments, and the whole City, quite exposed to the Air. All this was done almost in an Instant; in much less Time than I have been writing. — The King my Father was then in Council with the Chiefs of the City; and found himself exposed all at once to the glaring Light of the Day, as well as the rest of us. 'Tis impossible as yet to tell all the Damage that has been done. The Walls of the grand House for the Infants are tumbled in; and great Numbers of the little Innocents perished under the Rubbish. The Eggary has farred yet worse. Our Storehouses; and great Part of the Grain in them, are destroyed. In one Word, almost all our Houses, and the Palace itself, is nothing but one Heap of Ruins. The heavy Rains which fell that Afternoon, and all the next Night, have compleated our Misfortunes; and we have scarce enough left alive to bury the Dead.

It is thought by most, that the Occasion of this great Calamity to our Nation was an Earthquake: For it must, they say, have required some general Disorder in Nature, to move so vast and so extended a Rock,

as that was over us. Others say, it was one of those prodigious Monsters, which Providence (out of its Goodness to us) allows but two Legs to walk upon, that they may not crush yet more Regiments of our People to Death than they do. The Guards who were on Duty when this Accident happened, were all destroyed except one; who is very much wounded, and now lies dangerously ill. He has a violent delirious Fever; but says between whiles, that just before this happened, one of these Monsters actually drew towards the City; and that he saw him suddenly raise up one of those vast Columns which support him, and drive away the Rock before him with the End of it. How true this Account may be, Heaven only knows; but surely it is not unlike the Character of those Pests of the whole Animal World, who were certainly formed by the Evil Principle; and who seem to be the only Creatures on the Face of the whole Earth, which delight in doing Mischief to others without any View of doing Good to themselves.

Whatever was the Cause of our Sufferings, never was there a People more distressed than we are. Come therefore as soon as you possibly can, to comfort your afflicted Friend, who could scarce write thus much for Tears; and who yet has not told you the Half of our Misfortunes.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 491.]

WHILE *Lucilia* was yet, at her Toilette, *Blamze* arrives in an Undress, but the most elegant Undress in the World. *Lucilia* was a little surprised to see a Man whom she scarce knew appear in a Deshabille; yet if he had given himself Time to dress, perhaps she would have been sorry for it. But he said so many handsome Things to her on the Freshness of her Complexion, the Beauty of her Hair, the Brilliancy of her Morning Appearance, that she had not the Courage to complain. However, *Araminta* did not go out of her Head; but it would not have been decent to ap-

pear jealous so soon; and one Reproach might betray her. She contented herself with asking him what he had done with himself the Evening before. — “What did I do with myself! Do I know myself? O, how troublesome the World is! How happy are we in being forgotten, and far from the Crowd, in being to one’s self, and given up to the Person we love! Follow my Advice, *Lucilia*, get out of this Whirlwind that surrounds you: The more Repose, the more Liberty as soon as we resign ourselves up to it. Now I have mentioned the Whirlwind, what do you do with all these young Fellows who pay Court to you? They dispute with each other the Conquest of you: Have you vouchsafed to make a Choice?” The easy Familiarity of *Blamze* had at first astonished *Lucilia*; this Question entirely confounded her. “I am impertinent, perhaps,” resumed *Blamze*, who perceived it. “Not at all,” replied *Lucilia* with Gentleness: “I have nothing to conceal, and I am not afraid that any Body should see through me. I amuse myself with the Levity of these giddy young Fellows, but not one of them seems to me worthy of a serious Attachment.” — *Blamze* spoke of his Rivals with Indulgence, and thought that *Lucilia* judged too severely of them. — “Clean, for Example, said he, has something very amiable in him; he knows nothing as yet; it is a Pity, for he speaks well enough of Things which he is ignorant of, and he is a Proof to me that with Wit one may dispense with Common Sense. *Clairfont* is a Coxcomb, but it is the first Fire of his Age, and he only wants to be disciplined by a Woman who has seen Life. *Pomblac*’s Disposition pronounces him a Man of Sentiment, and that Simplicity which looks so much like Silliness, would please me well enough if I were a Woman: Some Coquette will make her Advantage of him. Little *Lirval* is concealed, but when he has been sup- planted five or six Times, they will not be surprised to see him grown modest. At present,” continued *Blamze*, “none of all these

will suit you; we behold you, therefore, free: What Use do you make of your Freedom? I endeavour to enjoy it, replied *Lucilia*. That is mere Childishness, refused the Count; we never enjoy our Freedom but in the Moment when we renounce it, and we ought not to preserve it with Care, but in order to lose it at a proper Conveniency. You are young, you are handsome, do not flatter yourself with being long disengaged: If you will not resign your Heart, it will resign itself; but among those who may pretend to it, it is of Importance to make a right Choice. As soon as you love, & even when you do not love, you will be beloved infallibly: That is not the Point that makes me uneasy; but at your Age Women have Need of finding in a Lover a Counsellor, a Guide, a Friend, a Man formed by the Custom of the World, and able to enlighten you in Respect of the Dangers you are going to run in it. A Man, like yourself, for Example, said *Lucilia*, in an ironical Tone, and with a sneering Smile. Yes, indeed, continued *Blanche*, I should do pretty well for your Purpose, were it not for all this Multitude that besieges me; but how to disengage myself from it? Why do not disengage yourself from it at all, replied *Lucilia*. You would excite too many Complaints, and make me too many Enemies. As to Complaints, said the Count coldly, I am accustomed to them. As to Enemies, one never gives one's self the least Concern about them, when one has Cause to be satisfied, and the good Sense to live for one's self. At my Age, said *Lucilia* smiling, we are still too timorous; and though there were nothing further to experience in it than the Despair of an *Araminta*, that alone would make me tremble. An *Araminta*? replied *Blanche*, without any Emotion, *Araminta* is a good Creature, who hears Reason, and who does not despair: I see somebody has been talking to you of her; you shall have the whole Account of my Connexions with her. *Araminta* is one of those Beauties, who seeing themselves on the Decline, that they may not fall into Oblivion, and to revive their expiring Consequence, have Need from Time to Time to make some Noise in the World. She has engaged me to pay her some small Attentions, and to behave to her with some Warmth. It would not have been handsome to refuse her, I made myself subservient to her Views. In order to give the more Celebrity to our Adventure, she has thought proper to take a little Box. It was in vain that I represented to her that it was not worth while for a Month at most which I had to bestow on her: The Box was furnished without my Knowledge, and in the handsomest Manner: She made me promise, and there lay the grand Point, to sup with her there with an Air of Mystery: Yesterday was the Day appointed. *Araminta*, for the greater Secrecy, invited no Body there but five of her female Friends, and permitted me to carry only the like Number of my Friends. I went there then: I assumed an Air of Pleasure; I was gallant, warm towards her: In a Word, I let all the Guests go away, and did not retire myself till half an Hour after them: This was all, in my Opinion, that Decorum required; accordingly *Araminta* was charmed with me. It was sufficient to bring her again into Vogue; and I may henceforth take my Leave of her whenever I please, without having any Reproach to fear. This, Madam, is my Manner of conducting myself. The Reputation of a Woman is as dear to me as my own: I will tell you more; it costs me nothing to make a Sacrifice to her Glory of my own Vanity. The greatest Misfortune to a Woman who sets up for a Beauty, is to be forsaken; I never forsake them, I leave myself to be discharged, I pretend even to be inconsolable at it; and it has sometimes happened to me, that I have shut myself up three Days successively, without seeing any Body, in order

‘to leave the Lady from whom I
‘had detached myself all the Ho-
‘nours of the Rupture. You see,
‘beautiful *Lucilia*, that the Men are
‘not all of them as bad as they say,
‘and that there are still among us
‘Principles and Morals.’

[*To be continued.*]

*A Remedy for the Chin or Hooping-
Cough in Children, which has been
experienced by a Physician for many
Years, to be a safe and always ef-
fectual Medicine, if applied in
Time; and also very beneficial for
all Sorts of Coughs, and Shortness of
Breath, in old as well as young.*

TAKE dried Coltsfoot Leaves a
good Handful, cut them small,
and boil them in a Pint of spring
Water, till half a Pint is boiled a-
way; then take it off the Fire, and
when it is almost cold, strain it thro’
a Cloth, squeezing the Herb as dry
as you can; and then throw it a-
way, and dissolve in the Liqueur an
Ounce of brown Sugarcandy, finely
powdered, and then give the Child
(if it be about three or four Years
old, and so in Proportion) one
Spoonful of it, cold or warm, as the
Season proves, three or four Times
a Day (or oftener, if the Fits of
Coughing come frequently) till well;
which will be in two or three Days,
but it will presently almost abate
the Fits of Coughing.”

This Herb seems to be a Specific
for those Sorts of Coughs, and in-
deed for all others, in old as well
as young; for it has wonderfully
eased them, when nothing else would
do it, and greatly helps in Short-
ness of Breath; and in the Asthma
and Phthisic he has not known any
Thing exceed it; likewise in Wast-
ings or Consumptions of the Lungs,
it has been found of excellent Use,
by its smooth, softening, healing
Qualities, even where there has
been spitting of Blood, and Raw-
ness & Soreness of the Passages, with
Hoarseness, &c. in blunting the acri-
monious Humours, which in such
Cases are almost continually drip-
ping upon them. It is to be ques-
tioned, whether for those Purposes
there is to be had, in the whole *Ma-
teria Medica*, a Medicine so inno-

cent, so safe, and yet so pleasant and
effectual, or that can afford Relief
so soon as this will. If the Phy-
sician that communicates this, re-
ceives the Thanks of those it helps,
(which is all he desires) he may this
Way, by the Means of your Work,
assist the Public in some other Par-
ticulars.

*A new Contrivance, whereby Men
will ride much easier than in the
common Way, especially Gentlemen
in Years, or infirm, or they who ride
long Journeys, or but seldom, viz.*

WHEN you are mounted, take
a broad Girdle, and place it
under your Thighs, and buckle it
tight over them, and you will there-
by be enabled to ride much easier
than in the common Way.

I. They that think it dangerous
to have their Thighs buckled to-
gether, if they should fall from their
Horse, may have a Hinge fixed to
the Girdle with a loose Pin, and the
other End to the fore Part of the
Saddle, and it will unavoidably draw
out the Pin, and set all at Liberty,
if any Fall or Misfortune should
happen.

II. To make the Girdle keep its
Place, fix a Button to that Part of
the Suringle that lies on the Mid-
dle of the Saddle, and put the But-
ton through a Hole in the Girdle
made for that Purpose.

They that have no Suringle, may
have a small Strap, with a Buckle
in the Middle, and Button at one End,
to be fixed to the Girdle, as the
Button of the Suringle is described,
and the other End of the small Strap
fixed to a Loop or Staple at the fore
Part of the Saddle, and it will keep
the Girdle in its Place, and the
Button must give Way upon any Ac-
cident.

*Method of curing Hay spoiled by Rain,
so that it shall spend as well, & be as
highly relished by the Cattle, as if it
had been got in ever so favourably.*

THIS is communicated by a Gen-
tleman of America, in these
Words. “There is one advanta-
geous Practice we have, which I
cannot

cannot enough recommend to the Notice, of the Farmers in *England*. It is mixing Salt with our Hay-Ricks when we stack it, which we call brining.

Just before I left *America*, I had a Crop of Hay which was in a Manner spoiled by Rain, being almost rotted in the Field; yet did this Hay spend as well as if it had been got in ever so favourably.

When my Servants were making up the Stack, I had it managed in the following Manner; that is, as soon as a Bed was laid about six Inches thick, I had the Whole sprinkled over with Salt; then another Bed of Hay was laid, which was again sprinkled in the like Manner; and this Method was followed till all the Hay was stacked.

When the Season came for cutting the Hay, and giving it to my Cattle, I found that so far from refusing it, they eat it with surprising Appetite, always preferring it before the sweetest Hay that had not been in this Manner sprinkled with Salt.

The same Gentleman recommends from the general Practice of *America*, what we have recommended Page 45 of this Work; viz. giving Salt to Cattle. — I do not find, (says he,) that the Farmers of *England* know the Advantages which may be derived from the Use of Salt, in the Business of fattening Cattle: Whereas in *America*, we think it in a Manner absolutely necessary, and accordingly give it to almost every Kind of Cattle; and those with parted Hoofs, are particularly fond of it.

There cannot be a greater Instance of this Fondness, than the wild Cattle resorting to the Salt Licks, where they are chiefly killed. We give this Name of Salt Licks to the Salt Springs, which in various Places issue naturally out of the Ground, and form each a little Rill.

Horses are as fond of Salt as black Cattle; for with us, if they are ever so wild, they will be much sooner brought to a Handful of Salt than any Kind of Corn whatever.

We also give Salt to our Sheep; and to this Practice it is generally ascribed that the *American* Cattle in

general are so much more healthy than the same Animals in *England*: Certain it is that they are there subject to much fewer Diseases.

A New Styptic, which will stop Bleeding, even of the greatest Blood Vessel, on Amputation.

THIS Styptic has been tried on Animals, for Experiment-sake, before a Number of Persons who can attest the Truth of it. It gives little or no Pain, nor is it hurtful in its Consequences, as will appear from the Prescription. — Take Brandy or common Spirit two Ounces, Castile Soap two Drachms, Pot-ash one Drachm; scrape the Soap fine and dissolve it in the Brandy; then add the Pot-ash, and mix it well together, and keep it close stopp'd from the Air in a Phial. When you apply it, warm it in a Vessel, or dip Pledgets of Lint into it, and the Blood will immediately congeal. It operates by coagulating the Blood, both a considerable Way within the Vessels, as well as the extravasated Blood without, and restraining, at the same Time, the Mouths of the Vessels. A few Dressings of this Medicine may be necessary when a Limb is cut off, if there should seem Occasion; although it is to be supposed that whenever Stypticks are applied, a careful Person should be in waiting till all Danger is over.

An efficacious Remedy for the Bite of a mad Dog, even when it is come to the last Extremity, found out by Accident.

Extract of a Letter from VENICE, dated May 29, 1764.

A Poor Man at *Udine*, the Capital of *Friuli*, a small Province belonging to this Republic, lying under the frightful Horrors of the Hydrophobia, was cured with some Draughts of Vinegar given him by Mistake, instead of another Potion. A Physician of *Padua*, called *Count Leonissa*, got Intelligence of this Event at *Udine*, and tried the same Remedy upon a Patient that was brought to the *Paduan* Hospital, administering to him a Pound of Vinegar

negar in the Morning, another at Noon, and a third at Sun-set; and the Man was speedily and perfectly cured. And as I am sure that this astonishing Remedy will have an happy Effect, I hope you will make it known in *England* by Means of your Work; and, as you have more rambling Dogs in *London* than we have here, it is probable that the Experiment will soon be tried with good Success.

The Manner of Marriage among the Brahmins, in the Mogul's Dominions, as represented in the Plate.

THE *Brahmins* marry their Children very young, especially the Rich; many about their eighth Year, and some in their fifth Year.—A *Brahman* takes special Notice of all Things that he meets with in the Way, when he goes to chuse a Wife for his Son; and as often as he meets any Thing which he judges ominous or unfortunate, so oft he returns and defers his Intent. After the Consent of both Parties is obtained for the Marriage, then a Time is appointed on a good or lucky Day.

When the Day is come, then they kindle the Fire *Homam*, made of the Wood of their consecrated Tree *Rawasit-tow*; and a *Boti*, or Priest, repeats several Prayers. After this, the Bridegroom takes three Handfuls of Rice, which he throws on the Bride's Head, who does the same to him; which done, the Bride's Father, according to his Quality, adorns the Bride, and also washes the Feet of the Bridegroom, and puts Ornaments upon him. Then the Father, taking his Daughter by the Hand, puts into the Water with which he had washed the Bridegroom's Feet (if he be rich) Money and Jewels, and gives it to the Bridegroom in the Name of God, saying, *I have nothing more to do with you; I here give her to you.*

When the Father gives his Daughter's Hand to the Bridegroom, he also gives with her a precious Gem called *Tali*, which being a golden Head of an Idol, fastened to a String, is shewn to the Spectators, and after some Prayers and good Wishes, is by the Bridegroom tied about the Bride's Neck; and this confirms the Marriage.

Work to be done in Gardens in the Month of August.

TRansplant Lettuces that you would have abide all Winter. Pull up

Onions, Garlick, Shallot, Rocambole, Gather Cabbage and Colliflower Seed, which you may sow still. Gather other Seeds, as Lettuce, Radish, &c. Unbind the inoculated Buds that take. Pluck up Strawberry Runners, and purge the old Tufts, leave them a Foot asunder at least. Clip Edgings. Transplant Bulbs of Lilies, and other Bulbs. Sow Polianthus, Primrose, Campions, Anemony, Ranunculus Seeds about the End. Lay your Perennial Greens, viz. Oranges, Limons, Myrtles, Phillyreas, Oleanders, Jessamine, &c. Clean the Ground of Weeds, where your Beans & Pease grow. In this Month of *August*, search all your Wall-Trees, and pull off the Vermin you find thereon, which will greatly annoy your Fruit: Nail the Shoots that grow too far from the Wall. In dry Weather earth up Cellary, and tie up Endive for Blanching. Sow Spinage and Lettuce Seed, to stand the Winter, the Beginning of this Month.—In your Flower Garden—About the latter End of this Month you may set out Gilliflower Layers or Seedlings; remove the Bulbs of Iris's, Narcissus's, Hyacinths, Fritillaries, Lilies, Martagons, Crown Imperials, Peonies, and Flag-Iris's.—Fruits in Prime now. Apples. The Gunckings, white Caustins, Summer Pear-mains, Margaret Apples.—Pears. Summer Bergamots, Summer Bon-Cretiens, Cassioletes, Windsor Pears, Cusse Madams, Hambden's Bergamots, Caliorassats, &c.—Peaches. Red and White Magdalens, Newington, Passe-Violets, Early Admirable, Albemaries, Nivels, Noblesses, Troy Peaches, Old Newingtons, and the George Peaches.—Nectarines. Roman Temple's, Newingtons, Golden, Brugnons, the Italian and Murray Peaches, &c.—Plums. White & Blue Pedrigons, St. Catharine's, Green Gages, Damasons, Bonum Magnum, Imperial and the Royal Dauphin Plums.—Grapes. White and Red, Sweet-Water, Cluster, Burgundy, Chasselas, white Muscadine, Orleans, &c.—Figs. Early White, Long Blue, Round Blue, Brunswick, and several Sorts of Nuts are ripe in *August*.—Flowers in this Month are, Annual Stocks, Amaranthus's, Auricula's, Althæan Frutex's, Alocs, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Cardinal Flowers, Chalcicums, Cyclamens, Candy Tufts, Female Balsams, Convolvulus's, French and African Marigolds, Gentiums, Hollyocks, Jessamines, Indian Figs, Marvel of Peru, Nasturtium Indicum, Nicella, Mallows, Starwort, Venus's Looking-glass, Virgin's Bower, &c. Set Colchicums.

Ceremony of Marriage amongst the Brabmans.



SELECT PIECES OF POETRY

From the *FAREWELL* by C. CHURCHILL

THIS Poem is a dialogue between the Poet and his friend The Poet declares his Resolution of going to India, or rather of the Muses, steering there upon which his friend is very hard of grace. Whilst words, check'd by the cold hand of criticism, with him on this Resolution.

From *FAREWELL* to *FAREWELL* and a once, farwell!

To all the follies which in *FAREWELL* dwell, To *FAREWELL* I bid adieu, a better clime, I shall find in every thing but rhyme. The Muses meet then court, and hand on hand, in other words, desire to dance.

At large, in other words, desire to dance. I shall, with my Muses, countess would you count?

Are there not knives and loaves enough in home? It is true, but the object, which all count, Not to the purpose, can be the same.

Like *FAREWELL* and where to land, when grown. We choose up *FAREWELL*, which tell, Town.

The Muses of *FAREWELL* grow forth rank & bold, And to my friend, a hundred fold, I I, and his own, England, what the will.

It is all but *FAREWELL* is my country, and what then? That more word, Against the voice of Reason to be heard.

Howe'er our pride may tempt us to, Their passions which we cannot fly the dust, To *FAREWELL* something which, when we have said, is plain.

Protest, and with one, while men can't explain, Placed in man, to bid him to the earth, In *FAREWELL* lies, from whence he drew his birth.

He *FAREWELL* calls, where'er the points the way, The loss of *FAREWELL* follow and obey, If *FAREWELL* comes, where'er we are sent, A want of *FAREWELL* not to be content.

But if we have the liberty of choice, And all depends on our own single voice, To deem of every country as the same, Is rank rebellion, gainst the lawful claim Of nature, and such dull indifference May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

A When like a garden, where for want of till, And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil, Feels with insubordination, where all a- round

Heads nod in their native ranks, Ground.

is folly which admits of no defence, it can't be worse, for it is not so.

And hold, But if, as it decrees, I love your birth

To some most barren and barren earth, Where every comfort of this life denied, Her real wants are scanty supplied, Where poverty is reason, liberty a joke, Laws never made, or made but to be broke,

To fix my love on such a wretched fate, Because, in just a word, there's more defect, Because, thy weight no longer to be kept, By chance, not choice, the mother drop, there, there,

is folly which admits of no defence, it can't be worse, for it is not so.

And hold, But if, as it decrees, I love your birth

To some most barren and barren earth, Where every comfort of this life denied, Her real wants are scanty supplied, Where poverty is reason, liberty a joke, Laws never made, or made but to be broke,

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SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

Extract from The FAREWELL: A Poem,
By C. CHURCHILL.

THIS Poem is a Dialogue between the Poet and his Friend. The Poet declares his Resolution of going to *India*, or rather of the Muses steering there: Upon which his Friend in great Surprise expostulates with him on this Resolution.

Poet. FAREWELL to *Europe*, and at once, farewell

To all the follies which in *Europe* dwell,
To *Eastern India* now, a richer clime,
Richer alas in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course, and fond of change,

At large, in other worlds, desire to range.
Friend. Why into foreign countries would you roam,

Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?

If satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like *England*, where to rampant vigour grown

Vice choaks up ev'ry virtue; where self-sown,

The seeds of folly shoot forth rank & bold,
And ev'ry seed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. I hear, and hate—be *England* what she will,

With all her faults she is my country still.

F. Thy country, and what then? Is that mere word

Against the voice of Reason to be heard?

P. Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal

Those passions which we cannot chuse but feel,

There's a strange something, which, without a brain

Fools feel, and with one, wise men can't explain,

Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er she points the way,

The sons of honour follow and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are sent,

'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,

And all depends on our own single voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the same

Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
Of nature, and such dull indifference
May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

F. When like a garden, where for want of toil,

And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil

Teems with incumbrances, where all around

Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,

Like the good mother of a thankless son
Curse her own womb by fruitfulness undone,

Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,

Which spread, & stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilst virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn,

Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,

Philosophy steps in, with steady hand
She brings her aid, she clears th' incumbent'd land.

See with what godlike, what relentless pow'r

She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

Philosophy, whom nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,

Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master, made us err;

Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made e'en virtue sour.

'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man

To make me find one fault in nature's plan.

Such be philosophers---their specious art,
Tho' friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;

Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,

Which nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Wilt thou make faults, whilst judgment weakly errs,

And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'st thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,

That this grand master-passion, that brave rage,

Which flames out for thy country, was impress'd,

And fix'd by nature in the human breast.

You say that you prefer the place where you was born,

And hold all others in contempt & scorn;

But if, by fates decrees, you owe your birth

To some most barren and penurious earth.
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,

Her real wants are scantily supplied,
Where pow'r is reason, liberty a joke,

Laws never made, or made but to be broke,

To fix thy love on such a wretched spot
Because, in lust's wild fever, there begot,

Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,

Is folly which admits of no defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.

P. Had

P. Had fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
 And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
 Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
 On purpose made to mortify my pride,
 Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,
 Where science never yet could dart one ray,
 Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
 Of barren *Scotland*, in a *Stuart's* reign,
 Or in some kingdom, where men, weak or worse,
 Turn'd nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
 Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
 Drop'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son,
 In spite of all the wisdom you display,
 All you have said, and yet may have to say,
 My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
 I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.
 With we to trace this passion to the root,
 We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
 From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
 Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling.
 The love we bear our country, is a root
 Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit,
 'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
 Of glorious actions, which become a king
 Nor less become a subject; 'tis a debt
 Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
 A duty, which the good delight to pay,
 And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.
 And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
 Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Is it a proof of love by choice to run

A vagrant from your country?

P. CAN the son.

(Shame, shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
 And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
 And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
 All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd:
 Then, no, by him that made me, not e'en then
 Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
 Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
 Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd,

E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame
 Fled, like a dream, while she awakes to shame.

Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
 And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.

From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,

Totally deep and dark this grievance flows.
 It is not peace our glorious hopes defeats;
 'Tis not the voice of faction in the streets;
 'Tis not a gross attack on freedom made;
 'Tis not the arm of privilege display'd
 Against the subject, whilst she wears no string

To disappoint the purpose of a king:
 These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
 With those, which are contriv'd, though not declar'd.

'Tis the right of man,
 Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
 To former times, and man his eye to cast,
 And judge of what's to come, by what is past.

Should there be found in some not distant year

(O how I wish to be no prophet here)
 Amongst our *British* lords should there be found

Some great in pow'r, in principles unfound,

Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
 In whom the springs of loyalty are dry,
 Who wish to soar on wild ambition's wings,

Who hate the commons, and who love not kings,

Who would divide the people and the throne,

To set up separate interests of their own;
 Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,

And only join with, to destroy them both;
 Should there be found such men in after-times,

May heaven in mercy to our grievous crimes

Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,

And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
 Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm.

Let not, whatever other ills prevail,

A damned aristocracy prevail.

Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,

Be slaves to one, and be that one a King.



The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, August 4, 1764.



THE Practice of Self-Denial, or the Forbearance of lawful Pleasure, has been considered by almost every Nation; from the remotest Ages, as the highest Exaltation of Human Virtue; and all have agreed to pay Respect and Veneration to those who abstained from the Delights of Life, even when they did not censure those who enjoyed them.

The general Voice of Mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the Mind and Body are at Variance. And none have failed to confer their Esteem on those who prefer Intellect to Sense, who controul their lower by their higher Faculties, and forget the Wants and Desires of animal Life for rational Disquisitions or pious Contemplations.

It cannot indeed be denied, that a just Conviction of the Restraint necessary to be laid upon the Appetites, has produced extravagant and unnatural Modes of Mortifications, and Institutions which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate Nature without promoting Piety.

But the Doctrine of Self-Denial is not weakened in itself by the Errors of those who misinterpret or misapply it; the Encroachment of the Appetites upon the Understanding is hourly perceived, and the State of those whom Sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest Degree despicable and wretched.

The Dread of such shameful Captivity may justly raise Alarms, and Wisdom will endeavour to keep Danger at a Distance. By timely

Caution and suspicious Vigilance, those Desires may be repressed to which Indulgence would soon give absolute Dominion; those Enemies may be overcome, which when they have been a while accustomed to Victory, can no longer be resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to Happiness or Virtue, than that Confidence which flatters us with an Opinion of our own Strength, and by assuring us of the Power of Retreat precipitates us into Hazard. Some may safely venture further than others into the Regions of Delight, lay themselves more open to the golden Shafts of Pleasure, and advance nearer to the Residence of the Sirens; but he that is best armed with Constancy and Reason, is yet vulnerable in one Part or other; and to every Man there is a Point fixed, beyond which if he passes he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost Limit, since every Step of Advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter the Recesses of Voluptuousness, and Sloth and Despondency close the Passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly is the only Art of checking the Importance of Desire, and of preserving Quiet and Innocence. Innocent Gratifications must be sometimes withheld; he that complies with all lawful Desires, will certainly lose his Empire over himself, and in Time either submit his Reason to his Wishes, and think all his Desires lawful, or dismiss his Reason as troublesome and intrusive, and

resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without Enquiry about Right and Wrong.

No Man, whose Appetites are his Masters, can perform the Duties of his Nature with Strictness and Regularity; he that would be superior to external Influences, must first become superior to his own Passions.

When the *Roman* General, sitting at Supper with a Plate of Turnips before him, was solicited by large Promises to betray his Trust, he asked the Messengers, whether he that could sup on Turnips, was a Man likely to sell his Country? Upon him who has reduced his Senses to Obedience, Temptation has lost its Power, he is able to attend impartially to Virtue, and execute her Commands without Hesitation.

To set the Mind above the Appetites is the End of Abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be not a Virtue, but the Ground-Work of Virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new Vigour to Resolution, and secure the Power of Resistance, when Pleasure or Interest shall lend their Charms to Guilt.

Of the great Benefit received by gouty Persons from Issues; communicated by a Physician.

To the PRINTER, &c.

SIR,

Smyrna, in Asia.

I BEG Leave, through the Channel of your Work, to acquaint those, who are afflicted with the Gout, that they will find great Benefit from Issues. The gouty Humours are drained off by these Outlets, and the Fits are either prevented, or much alleviated. It is now almost seven Years since I first experienced the good Effects of Issues on my gouty Patients, and I have found them more or less beneficial to all; some continuing to this Time entirely free from Fits, and also enjoy a much better State of Health than before. Others have only a very slight Fit in the Winter, which seldom continues so long as a Week; whereas, before the opening of the Issues, most of them were laid up

Issues found beneficial to gouty Persons.

with the Gout some Months every Year; among whom, there were two much incommoded with Humours of chalky Matter on some of the Joints, who are now free from that Inconveniency; these Humours having suppurated and discharged their Contents by little and little, so that the Use of some Joints was recovered, after having been bound up by these Tumours for some Time. This to me seems to be a Proof that the Supply of Humours, which formed these Tumours, was cut off by the Discharges of the Issues, and consequently proves the preventive Efficacy of them, by draining off the gouty Matter, which would otherwise be accumulated, after some Time, to a Quantity sufficient to cause a Fit or Fits.

I have always ordered these Openings to be made above the Knee, immediately above the gartering Place, which I have found to be a more convenient Part for Issues than below the Knee. I am also convinced, from Experience, that these Drains in the lower Extremities are particularly beneficial, (by giving a Direction of the Humours downwards) in preventing the Gout from affecting the Head, Breast, and Stomach; a Relief from the Apprehension of which is generally very consolatory to every Person threatened with that Disease in these Parts; even this Advantage alone seemed to me a sufficient Inducement for the Use of them, and was my first Motive to the Trial of them, on one of my Patients, in imminent Danger from the Gout in the Head and Breast; in which Case they gave such Relief as engaged me to order them for those of my Patients who were the most afflicted with this Disease.

I have generally found, that one Issue is sufficient to carry off or prevent the Disease, except the Fits are long, frequent, and violent; in such Cases I always desire that two Issues may be opened.

I imagine that every Body will easily be convinced of the Necessity of such Outlets in gouty Bodies; and, I hope, that the Benefit of them will be found on Trial; their Use is become so general here, that even the Porters, almost to a Man, have Issues either in their Arms or Legs,

A Method of making excellent Mead. An experienced Remedy for Deafness. 515

and they find much Benefit from them, for old Achs from Strains, and for Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains.

Though I know of no Objection which can be made to the opening of Issues for the Gout, notwithstanding, I advise every Person to consult the Physician who is best acquainted with his Constitution, before he takes this Step; perhaps some extraordinary Circumstance may forbid the Use of them.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble
and obedient Servant,
A. TURNBULL.

A Method of making Mead, that will be nearly as good as some Foreign Wines.

TO one hundred and twenty Gallons of pure Water, the softer the better, I put fifteen Gallons of clarified Honey. When the Honey is well mixed with the Water, I fill my Copper, the same I use for Brewing, which holds only sixty Gallons, and boil it till it is reduced about a fourth Part: I then draw it off, and boil the Remainder of the Liquor in the same Manner. When this last is about a fourth Part wasted, I fill up the Copper with some of that which was first boiled, and continue boiling it, and filling it up, till the Copper contains the whole of the Liquor, or Must; by which Time it is of Course half evaporated.

I must observe that, in boiling, I never take off the Scum; but, on the contrary, have it well mixed with the Liquor, whilst boiling, by Means of a Jet.

When this is done, I draw it off into Under-Backs by a Cock at the Bottom of the Copper, where I let it remain till it is only as warm as new Milk. At this Time I tun it up, and suffer it to ferment in the Vessel, where it will form a thick Head. As soon as it has done working, I stop it down very close, in order to keep the Air from it as much as possible.

Another Proportion I have of making Mead is, to allow eighty Pounds of purified Honey to one

hundred and twenty Gallons of soft Water, which I manage, in the Making, in all Respects, like that first above-mentioned; and it proves very pleasant, good, light drinking, and is by many preferred to the other, which is much richer, and has a fuller Flavour; but at the same Time it is more inebriating, and apt to make the Head ach, if drank in too large Quantities: Therefore, upon the Whole, I imagine the last to be the Proportion that makes the wholesomest Liquor for common drinking, the other being rather, when properly preserved, a rich Cordial, something like fine old Malaga, which, when in Perfection, is esteemed the best of the Spanish Wines.

I never bottle my Mead before it is half a Year old, and, when I do, I take Care to have it well corked, and keep it in the same Vault wherein it stood whilst in the Cask.

I have found by Experience that keeping Mead in a deep close Vault contributes greatly to the Perfection of it. Before I had a Vault, I used to bury my Casks deep in the Ground, which I found of great Service in mellowing the Liquor.

An experienced Remedy for DEAFNESS.

PUT a Table Spoonfull of Bay Salt into near half a Pint of cold Spring Water, and after it has steeped therein for twenty-four Hours (now and then shaking the Phial) cause a small Tea Spoonful to be poured in the Ear most affected, every Night when in Bed, for seven or eight Nights successively, observing to lay your Head on the opposite Side, by which the Cure is generally completed.

Caution about eating of Fruit.

IT may be of great Service to caution the Public in this Point, that they take special Care that their Children do not swallow the Stones of any Fruit whatever, as the neglecting this Caution may endanger their Health for ever after, and even their Lives, should the Stones swallowed miss to make their right

Way ; of which I have known such Instances to have happened, and which have been followed with the bad Consequence herein mentioned; which have induced me to offer this Caution to the Public, in order to prevent such Accidents for the future; and hope it will be likewise a Means to dissuade some People of the Opinion they have, that if in eating of Fruit they swallow the Stones, it will prevent the Fruit from hurting.

Remarkable Instance of superstitious Credulity.

SIR,

THE great Increase of Popery in this Kingdom, and the Appearance of its still gaining Ground, by the Number of disguised *Jesuits* which pour in upon us, who will doubtless take every Method to propagate thier Errors, calls upon every good Subject to lend some Assistance to stop such a growing Evil. To contribute therefore my Mite, I send you the following Relation of an Affair which happened some Years since at *Paris*; the Truth of which I can vouch, as an Eye-Witness of Part thereof.

A Widow Lady, aged about 62, who lodged in a Two-Pair of Stairs Floor, in the *Rue de la Ferronnerie*, was accustomed to spend several Hours, every Day, in her Devotions, before the Altar dedicated to St. *Paul*, in a neighbouring Church. Some Villains observing her extreme Bigotry, resolved (as she was known to be very rich) to share her Wealth: Therefore one of them took the Opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved Work of the Altar; and when no Person but the old Lady was in Church, in the Dusk of the Evening, he contrived to throw a Letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near her, supposed it came by a Miracle; which she was the more confirmed in, when she saw it was signed, *PAUL, the Apostle*, and purported, "The Satisfaction he received by her addressing her Prayers to him, at a Time when so many new canonized Saints engrossed the Devotion

of the World, and robbed the primitive Saints of great Part of their wonted Adoration: And to shew his Regard for his Devotee, said, he would come from Heaven, with the Angel *GABRIEL*, to sup with her, at Eight in the Evening." It is scarce credible to think any one could be deceived by so gross a Fraud; but to what Length of Credulity will not Superstition carry the weak Mind? The insatuated Lady believed it all; and rose from her Knees in a Transport, to prepare the Entertainment for the heavenly Guests she expected.

When the Supper was bespoke, and the Side-Board set out to the best Advantage, she thought that her own Plate (which was worth near four hundred Pounds Sterling) did not make so elegant a Shew as she desired; therefore sent to her Brother (who was a Counsellor of the Parliament of *Paris*) to borrow all his Plate; but charged her Maid not to tell the Occasion, but only, that she had Company to Supper, and should be obliged to him if he would lend her his Plate for that Evening. The Counsellor was surprized at the Message; and as he knew the Frugality of his Sister's Way of Life, suspected that she was enamoured with some Fortune-Hunter, who might marry her for her Fortune, and thereby deprive his Family of what he expected at his Sister's Death; therefore he absolutely refused to lend the Plate, unless the Maid would tell him what Guests she expected. The Girl, alarmed for her Mistress's Honour, replied, "that her pious Lady had no Thoughts of a Husband; but that St. *Paul* had sent her a Letter from Heaven, that he and the Angel *GABRIEL* would come to Supper with her; and that her Mistress wanted to make the Entertainment as elegant as possible." The Counsellor, who knew the Turn of his Sister's Mind, immediately suspected some Villains had imposed on her; and sent the Maid directly with the Plate, while he went to the Commissary of the Quarter, and gave him this Information. The Magistrate went with him to an House adjoining, from whence they

saw,

saw, just before Eight o'Clock, a tall Man, dressed in long Vestments, with a white Beard; and a young Man, in white, with large Wings at his Shoulders, alight from a Hackney-Coach, and go up to the Widow's Apartment. The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Foot Guet (the Guards of *Paris*) to post themselves on the Stairs, while he himself knocked at the Door, and desired Admittance. The old Lady replied, that she had Company, and could speak to no Body. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in; for that he was St. *Peter*, and had come to ask St. *Paul* and the Angel, how they came out of Heaven without his Knowledge. The Divine Visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more Saints to join them; but the Lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the Door; when the Commissary, her Brother, and the Guet, rushing in, presented their Muskets, and seized her Guests, whom they immediately carried to the *Chatelet*.

On searching the Criminals, two Cords, a Razor, and a Pistol, were found in St. *Paul's* Pocket; and a Gag in that of the feigned Angel. Three Days after, their Trial came on; when, in their Defence, they pleaded, that the one was a Soldier of the *French* Foot-Guards, and the other a Barber's Apprentice; and that they had no other evil Design, but to procure a good Supper for themselves at the Expence of the Widow's Folly; that it being Carnival Time, they had borrowed the above Dresses; that the Soldier had found the two Cords, and put them into his Pocket; the Razor was what he used to shave himself with; and the Pistol was to defend himself from any Insults so strange a Habit might expose him to, in going Home. The Barber's Apprentice said, his Design also was only Diversion; and that, as his Master was a Tooth-Drawer, the Gag was what they sometimes used in their Business. These Excuses, frivolous as they were, were of some Avail to them; and as they had not manifest-

ed any evil Design by any overt Act, they were acquitted.

But the Counsellor, who had foreseen what would happen, through the Insufficiency of Evidence, had provided another Stroke for them. No sooner were they discharged from the civil Power, but the Apparitor of the Archbishop of *Paris* seized them, and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical Prison; and in three Days more, they were tried and convicted of "A scandalous Prophanation, by assuming to themselves the Names, Characters, and Appearances, of an holy Apostle and a blessed Angel; with an Intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning Woman, and to the Scandal of Religion: Therefore they were condemned to be publicly whipt, burnt on the Shoulder by an hot Iron, with the Letters G. A. L. and sent to the Gallies for fourteen Years."

The Sentence was executed on them the next Day, on a Scaffold in the *Place de Greve*, amidst an innumerable Crowd of Spectators; many of whom condemned the Superstition of the Lady, when perhaps they would have had the same on a like Occasion; since it may be supposed, that if many of their Stories of Apparitions of Saints and Angels, had been judicially examined, they would have been found to be like to the above, a gross Fraud; or else, the Dreams of an over-heated enthusiastic Brain.

I shall make no Reflections on the above Fact; but leave it to the impartial Consideration of your Readers.

A PROTESTANT.

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 466.

IT is wisely remarked by the greatest Politicians, That Opinion and Reputation have often the largest Share in governing the Affairs of the World.

Therefore the Antients, even in despotic Governments, found it necessary, for the Preservation of their own Safety and Dignity, to court Popularity, and to insul a good Opinion

pinion of themselves into the People. This was done, and is still done in the eastern Regions, by artificial Means to operate upon the Passions and Admiration of the Subjects, which prepares a gaping and enchanted Multitude to swallow, with equal Credulity and Wonder, the plausible Stories artfully dispersed of the sublime Qualities of their Governors.

Not so in those Regions where Liberty is established, and the People think for themselves. There, these Arts and Pretences appear ridiculous: The Farce and Grimace of Courtiers is laugh'd at by a free People, who look upon the Profusion of a Ministry to be the Spoils of their Country. They are not to be put off or satisfied with fair Speeches, and false Pretences to Peace and Prosperity, when War would be more desirable, when Trade is contracted, and Taxes enlarged. They are to be gained or satisfied only by virtuous and just Actions. They must be convinced that the Views and Measures of their Governors tend honestly, and only to the publick Welfare and Prosperity; and they must also find their own Account in the Measures of their Obedience.

A Prince, who conducts himself by this wise Rule, seldom fails to conciliate the Affections of his Subjects; is delivered from all intestine Broils, and never need be afraid to support the Dignity of his Crown, and the Interest of his Subjects, against Foreign Encroachments. His Subjects Affections will be his constant Guard; who finding their own Security center in his Government, will be always ready to support the Crown against all Attempts to undermine or oppose just Authority, or to disturb the Peace of the Nation.

However, we are not without Examples, even in wise Nations, where Ministers have been disgraced, or forced to resign, when they neither wanted Abilities nor Virtue. Where this has been effected by the Intrigue of Courtiers, how have the People rag'd, and shewn their Dissatisfaction! And the fatal Effects of an Alienation of the Country's

Affections and Confidence should convince a Court, that it is ridiculous, and altogether impolitic, to entertain a Servant at the Head of Affairs, who has incurred an universal Disgust, and to bring his Interest in Balance with the Satisfaction and Affection of Millions.

Therefore it has been an established Maxim amongst the wisest Princes, never to employ Men in any considerable Station, who were either odious or contemptible. And the Minister, who finds himself in such an unhappy Situation with the Generality of the Nation, will create very bad Ideas of his Virtue and Modesty, if he thrusts himself into the Service of his Prince, or continues longer in it, than he is acceptable to the People, in such a Degree, as to be able to do his Duty to his King and Country. For, he must know that he can do no real Good to a Country, which will receive no Good from his Ministry: And that the public Jealousy will suspect his whole Conduct, render his Designs abortive, his best Actions useless. Thus he becomes a Clog to Government, a dead Weight upon the Affairs of the Prince, who at length may become the Object of a general Dislike, thro' the general Dislike taken at his Minister.

What then must be thought of Ministers, who have drawn the public Hatred upon their Heads by Misconduct and violent Proceedings, contrary to the Interest of the Crown, and Constitution of their Country? Who have employed the Power and Interest committed to their Care for the Good of the Nation, in Opposition to the public Good? Who have weakened the Authority, with which they had been invested by their Prince, to strengthen their own; and endangered his Safety for the Security of their own Heads, and Protection of their own Crimes? For such Men to brave a Nation, by confidently continuing at the Head of Affairs, and obstinately to persist in Measures that threaten to overturn their King and Country, is the worst of all Crimes.

Yet this has been the Case in many Nations. The *Cavellions*, and *Spensers*, and several other Ministers

Extract from the Monitor. Letter from Sir W. Raleigh after Condemnation. 519

in England, and the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, were such Ministers, who severally ruined their Masters and their Countries; and are lasting Memento's, that Nations under such woeful Conduct are often provoked to revolt, or grow so dispirited as to lose all Courage to defend themselves, either against Foreign Invaders, or their native Traitors. Dominion seldom subsists long in a State that has lost its Liberty. The Bulwark, which consisted in the Affections of the People, being destroyed, the State lies exposed to every Invader. For a People in this Situation neither fear, nor hate a Foreign Yoke half so much as to be made Slaves to a Ministerial Faction.

The *MONITOR* then proceeds to shew how the mighty *Roman* State was overthrown by *CORRUPTION*: There is something so ruinous and destructive in Corruption, that it poisons Virtue, and murders public Spirit. *Rome*, after she had overcome all the Intrigues of her Governors to enslave the People, and reduced the whole World to her Subjection, was herself destroyed by *CORRUPTION*.

The *MONITOR* then concludes in these Words. It is in vain for any Country to flatter itself as exempt from this Danger. *England* itself cannot boast, at all Times, of being free from those Corruptions and Abuses, which brought on the Ruin of the Republic abovemention'd. And it is ridiculous and absurd to suppose there can be any Way to prevent the fatal Consequences, without preventing the Corruption and Causes which produce it. Mankind is always the same; always acts within one Circle; and Experience teacheth, that we may know what shall be done by corrupt Magistrates a thousand Years hence, by what they did a thousand Years ago in the same Circumstances.

To avoid their Misfortunes, let their Virtues and their Vices, with their Punishments, set us an Example. Let us avoid the Rocks upon which the most powerful and wisest Nations have suffered Shipwreck. Let us examine and look narrowly into our Constitution, and see if any

Corruptions or Abuses have crept into it. Let us act the Part of skilful Pilots; and if the Clouds look black and big on every Side, so as to threaten us with a Hurricane, order all Hands upon Deck to man the Yard-Arms and the Oars; to throw our Luggage & useless Trumpery over-board; and to do all in our Power to save the good Ship *OLD ENGLAND*; and to ride out the Storm.

Letter from Sir WALTER RALEIGH to his Wife, after his Condemnation.

YOU shall receive, my dear Wife, my last Words in these my last Lines; my Love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead; and my Counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, with my Will, present you Sorrows, dear *Bess*, let them go to the Grave with me, and be buried in the Dust. And seeing that it is not the Will of God that I should see you any more, bear my Destruction patiently, and with an Heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the Thanks which my Heart can conceive, or my Words express, for your many Travails and Cares for me, which though they have not taken Effect as you wished, yet my Debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this World.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the Love you bear me while living, that you do not hide yourself many Days, but by your Travails seek to help my miserable Fortunes; and the Right of your poor Child; your Mourning cannot avail me that am but Dust.

Thirdly, You shall understand, that my Lands were conveyed, *Bona fide*, to my Child; the Writings were drawn *Midsummer* was Twelve-Months, as divers can witness; and I trust my Blood will quench their Malice who desired my Slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you and your's with extreme Poverty. To what Friend to direct you I know not; for all mine have left me in the true Time of Trial. Most sorry am I, that being thus surprised

by Death, I can leave you no better Estate. God hath prevented all my Determinations; that Great God, which worketh all in all: And if you can live free from Want, care for no more, for the rest is but a Vanity. Love God, and begin betimes; in him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless Comfort; when you have travailed and wearied yourself with all Sorts of worldly Cogitations, you shall sit down by Sorrow in the End. Teach your Son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the Fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be an Husband to you, and a Father to him; an Husband and a Father that can never be taken from you.

Paylie oweth me a thousand Pound, and *Aryan* six hundred; in *Jersey* also I have much owing me. Dear Wife, I beseech you, for my Soul's Sake, pay all poor Men. When I am dead, no Doubt, you shall be much sought unto; for the World thinks I was very rich: Have a Care of the fair Pretences of Men, for no greater Misery can befall you in this Life, than to become a Prey unto the World, and after to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to dissuade you from Marriage, for it will be best for you, both in Respect to God and the World. As for me, I am no more your's, nor you mine; Death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the World, and you from me. Remember your poor Child for his Father's Sake. I sued for my Life, but (God knows) it was for you and your's that I desired it; for know it, my dear Wife, your Child is the Child of a true Man, who, in his own Respect, despiseth Death and his misshapen and ugly Forms. I cannot write much, God knows how hardly I steal this Time when all are asleep; & it is also Time for me to separate my Thoughts from the World. Beg my dead Body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in *Sherborne*, or *Exeter* Church by my Father & Mother, Time and Death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is Goodness itself, the true Light and Life, keep you and your's,

Customs of the Turks.

and have Mercy upon me, and forgive my Persecutors and false Accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious Kingdom. My dear Wife, Farewell. Bless my Boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his Arms.

Your's that was,

But now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

Customs of the Turks, described in a Letter from Lady M——y W——y M——e, to the Countess of ——.

I Am now preparing to leave *Constantinople*, and perhaps you will accuse me of Hypocrisy, when I tell you, 'tis with Regret; but as I am used to the Air, and have learnt the Language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the Inconveniencies attending so great a Journey, with a numerous Family, and a little Infant hanging at the Breast. However, I endeavour, upon this Occasion, to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd Turns of my Life; turn them, if I can, to my Diversion. In order to this, I ramble every Day, wrapped up in my *Perige* and *Asmah*, about *Constantinople*, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this Declaration should be followed with some Account of what I have seen. But I am in no Humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what Purpose should I tell you, that *Constantinople* is the antient *Bizantium*? that 'tis at present the Conquest of a Race of People, supposed *Seythians*? that there are five or six thousand Mosques in it? that *Sancta Sophia* was founded by *Justinian*? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for Want of Learning, that I forbear writing all these bright Things. I could also, with very little Trouble, turn over *Knolles* and *Sir Paul Rycaut*, to give you a List of *Turkish* Emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every Author that has writ of this Country. I am more inclined, out of a true Female Spirit of Contradiction, to tell you the Falseness of a great Part of what you find in Authors; as for Example, in the admirable

Mr.

Mr. Hill, who so gravely asserts, that he saw in *Sancta Sophia*, a Sweating Pillar, very balsamic for disordered Heads. There is not the least Tradition of any such Matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in Vision, during his wonderful Stay in the *Egyptian* Catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such Miracle here. 'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his Brethren Voyage-Writers, lament the miserable Confinement of the *Turkish* Ladies, who are perhaps more free than any Ladies in the Universe, and are the only Women in the World, that lead a Life of uninterrupted Pleasure, exempt from Cares, their whole Time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable Amusement of spending Money and inventing new Fashions. A Husband would be thought mad that exacted any Degree of Economy from his Wife, whose Expences are no Way limited but by her own Fancy. 'Tis his Business to get Money, and hers to spend it; and this noble Prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the Sex. Here is a Fellow that carries embroidered Handkerchiefs upon his Back to sell. And as miserable a Figure as you may suppose such a mean Dealer; yet I'll assure you, his Wife scorns to wear any Thing less than Cloth of Gold; has her Brimine Furs, and a very handsome Set of Jewels for her Head. 'Tis true they have no public Places to go to but the Bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own Sex; however, that is a Diversion they take great Pleasure in.

I was, three Days ago, at one of the finest in the Town, and had the Opportunity of seeing a *Turkish* Bride received there, and all the Ceremony used on that Occasion, which made me recollect the *Epithalamium* of *Helen*, by *Theocritus*; and it seems to me, that the same Customs have continued ever since. All the the Friends, Relations and Acquaintance of the two Families, newly allied, meet at the Bagnio; several others go, out of Curiosity, and I believe there were that Day two hundred Women.

Those that were, or had been married, placed themselves round the Rooms, on the marble Sofas; but the Virgins very hastily threw off their Cloaths, and appeared without other Ornament or Covering than their own long Hair, braided with Pearl or Ribbon. Two of them met the Bride at the Door, conducted by her Mother and another grave Relation. She was a beautiful Maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with Jewels, but was presently reduced to the State of Nature. Two others filled Silver gilt Pots with Perfume, and began the Procession, the rest following in Pairs, to the Number of thirty. The Leaders sung an *Epithalamium*, answered by the others in Chorus, and the two last led the fair Bride, her Eyes fixed on the Ground, with a charming Affectation of Modesty. In this Order they marched round the three large Rooms of the Bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the Beauty of this Sight, most of them being well proportioned, and white skin'd; all of them perfectly smooth, and polished by the frequent Use of Bathing. After having made their *Tour*, the Bride was again led to every Matron round the Rooms, who saluted her with a Compliment and a Present, some of Jewels, others of Pieces of Stuff, Handkerchiefs, or little Gallantries of that Nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their Hands. I was very well pleased with having seen this Ceremony; and you may believe me, that the *Turkish* Ladies have, at least, as much Wit and Civility, nay Liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the same Customs that give them so many Opportunities of gratifying their evil Inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the Power of their Husbands to revenge themselves, if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their Indiscretions in a very severe Manner. About two Months ago, there was found at Day-break, not far from my House, the bleeding Body of a young Woman, naked, only wrapp'd in a coarse Sheet, with two Wounds of a Knife, one in her Side, and another in her Breast. She

was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few Men in *Pera*, that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any Body to know her, no Woman's Face being known. She was supposed to have been brought, in the Dead of Night, from the *Constantinople* Side, and laid there. Very little Enquiry was made about the Murderer, and the Corpse was privately buried without Noise. Murder is never pursued by the King's Officers, as with us. 'Tis the Business of the next Relations to revenge the dead Person; and if they like better to compound the Matter for Money (as they generally do) there is no more said of it. One would imagine this Defect in their Government, should make such Tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the People not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other Particulars, they deserve the barbarous Character we give them. I am well acquainted with a *Christian* Woman of Quality, who made it her Choice to live with a *Turkish* Husband, and is a very agreeable sensible Lady. Her Story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few Words as I can possibly express it.

She is a *Spaniard*, and was at *Naples* with her Family, when that Kingdom was Part of the *Spanish* Dominion. Coming from thence in a *Felucca*, accompanied by her Brother, they were attacked by the *Turkish* Admiral, boarded and taken.

—And now how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her Adventure? The same Accident happened to her, that happened to the fair *Lucetta* so many Years before her. But she was too good a *Christian* to kill herself, as that Heathenish Roman did. The Admiral was so much charmed with the Beauty, and *Long-suffering* of the fair Captive, that, as his first Compliment, he gave immediate Liberty to her Brother and Attendants, who made haste to *Spain*, and in a few Months sent the Sum of four thousand Pound Sterling, as a Ransom for his Sister. The *Turk* took the Money, which he

presented to her, and told her she was at Liberty. But the Lady very discreetly weighed the different Treatment she was likely to find in her native Country. Her Relations (as the kindest Thing they could do for her in her present Circumstances) would certainly confine her to a Nunnery for the rest of her Days. — Her Infidel Lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her Feet all the *Turkish* Magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her Liberty was not so precious to her as her Honour, that he could no Way restore that but by marrying her, and she therefore desired him to accept the Ransom as her Portion, and give her the Satisfaction of knowing that no Man could boast of her Favours without being her Husband. The Admiral was transported at this kind Offer, and sent back the Money to her Relations, saying he was too happy in her Possession. He married her, and never took any other Wife, and (as she says herself) she never had Reason to repent the Choice she made. He left her some Years after, one of the richest Widows in *Constantinople*. But there is no remaining honourably a single Woman, and that Consideration has obliged her to marry the present *Capitan Bassa*, (i. e. Admiral) his Successor. — I am afraid that you will think my Friend fell in Love with her Ravisher; but I am willing to take her Word for it, that she acted wholly on Principles of Honour, though I think he might be reasonably touched at his Generosity, which is often found amongst the *Turks* of Rank.

'Tis a Degree of Generosity to tell the Truth, and 'tis very rare that any *Turk* will assert a solemn Falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest Sort; for as there is a great deal of Ignorance, there is very little Virtue amongst them; and false Witnesses are much cheaper than in *Christendom*, those Wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the Rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their Law, I don't know, whether I have mentioned to you one Custom peculiar

to their Country, I mean, *Adoption*, very common amongst the *Turks*, and yet more amongst the *Greeks* and *Armenians*. Not having it in their Power to give their Estates to a Friend or distant Relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's Treasury, when they are not likely to have any Children of their own, they chuse some pretty Child of either Sex, amongst the meanest People, and carry the Child and its Parents before the *Cadi*, and there declare they receive it for their Heir. The Parents, at the same Time, renounce all future Claim to it; a Writing is drawn and witnessed, and a Child thus adopted, cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common Beggars, that have refused to part with their Children in this Manner, to some of the richest among the *Greeks*; (so powerful is the instinctive Affection that is natural to Parents!) though the adopting Fathers are generally very tender to these *Children of their Souls*, as they call them. I own this Custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our Name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich, an Infant whom I educate after my own Manner, brought up (in the *Turkish* Phrase) upon my *Knees*, and who has learnt to look upon me with a filial Respect, than to give an Estate to a Creature without other Merit or Relation to me than that of a few Letters. Yet this is an Absurdity we see frequently practised.——Now I have mentioned the *Armenians*, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that Nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical Account of the Situation of their Country, which you may see in the Maps; or a Relation of their ancient Greatness, which you may read in the *Roman* History. They are now subject to the *Turks*; and, being very industrious in Trade, and encreasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great Numbers, thro' all the *Turkish* Dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the *Christian* Religion by St. Gregory,

and are perhaps the devoutest *Christians* in the whole World. The chief Precepts of their Priests enjoin the strict keeping of their *Lents*, which are, at least, seven Months in every Year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent Necessity; no Occasion whatever can excuse them if they touch any Thing more than mere Herbs or Roots (without Oil) and plain dry Bread. That is their constant Diet.—Mr. W—y has one of his Interpreters of this Nation, and the poor Fellow was brought so low by the Severity of his Fasts, that his Life was despaired of. Yet neither his Master's Commands, nor the Doctors Entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his Life) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three Spoonfuls of Broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a Custom, than an Article of Faith, I see very little in their Religion different from ours. The *Armenians* have no Notion of *Transubstantiation*, whatever Account Sir Paul Rycart gives of them (which Account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our Court in 1679); and they have a great Horror for those amongst them that change to the *Roman* Religion. What is most extraordinary in their Customs, is their Matrimony; a Ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the World. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three Days after their Marriage. The Bride is carried to Church with a Cap on her Head, in the Fashion of a large Trencher, and over it a red silken Veil, which covers her all over to her Feet. The Priest asks the Bridegroom whether he is contented to marry that Woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the Literal Words; to which having answered *yes*, she is led Home to his House, accompanied with all the Friends and Relations on both Sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a Cushion in the Corner of the Sofa; but her Veil is never lifted up, not even by her Husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these Ways, that I could

not believe them till I had enquired of several *Armenians* myself, who all assured me of the Truth of them, particularly one young Fellow who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his Mother to a Girl that he must marry in this Manner, tho' he protested to me he had rather die than submit to this Slavery, having already figured his Bride to himself with all the Deformities in Nature. — I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible Relation. I cannot conclude any Letter with a more surprizing Story, yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear Sister,
Your's, &c. &c.

The HAPPY DIVORCE:
A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 508.]

LUCILIA, who had read only the Romances of Time past, was not at all accustomed to this new Style, and her Surprise redoubled at every Word she heard. 'What, Sir,' said she, 'is that what you call Principles and Morals?' — 'Yes, Madam, but this is rare, and the singular Reputation which my Proceedings have acquired me, does no great Honour to the rest of our Youth. Upon Honour, the more I think on it, the more I wish for your own Interest, that you had some Body like me.' 'I flatter myself,' said *Lucilia*, 'that I shall be treated as tenderly as another, and that, at least, I shall not have the Shock of being forsaken.' — 'You are merry, Madam; but to be serious, you deserve a Person who thinks, and knows how to develop those Qualities of Heart and Understanding, which I think I have discovered in you. *Lisere* is a good Man; but he never knew how to make the most of his Wife; and in general the Desire of pleasing a Husband is not strong enough, to induce a Woman to give herself the Trouble of being amiable to him to a certain Degree. Happily he leaves you at your own Pleasure; and

'you would not be worthy of so reasonable a Procedure, if you should lose the most precious Time of your Life in Indolence or Dissipation.'

'I am not afraid,' said *Lucilia*, 'of falling into any of these Excesses.' — 'We see, however, nothing else in the World.' — 'I know it well, Sir; and that is the Reason why I should be difficult in the Choice, if I had any Design of making one; for I think there is no Excuse for an Attachment but that it is solid and durable.' — 'What, *Lucilia*! at your Age would you pique yourself upon Constancy? Really if I thought so, I should be capable of committing a Folly.' — 'And that Folly would be'

'To grow prudent, and attach myself in good Earnest.' — 'Seriously! would you have the Courage?' — 'Upon my Credit, I am a little fearful of it, if you would have me say the Truth.' — 'A strange Declaration!' — 'It is a little ill expressed; but I beg you will pardon me: It is the first in my Life.'

'The first, say you?' — 'Yes, Madam: Hitherto they have had the Modesty to spare me the Trouble of making Advances; but I see plainly that I grow old.' —

'Well, Sir, for the Novelty of the Thing, I pardon you this first Essay: I will do more still, I will confess to you, that it cannot displease me.' — 'Really that is happy! do you give me Leave to love you! and will you also do me the Honour to love me?' — 'Ah! that is another Thing: Time

shall shew me whether you deserve it.' — 'Look at me, *Lucilia*.'

'I do look at you.' — 'And do not you laugh?' — 'What should I laugh at?' — 'At your own Answer. Do you take me for a Child?' — 'I talk reasonably to you, I think.' — 'And is it in order to talk reasonably to me, that you have done me the Honour to grant me a *tete-a-tete*?' — 'I did not think that in order to be reasonable, we had Need of Wit-

nesses; after all, what have I said to you, which you ought not to have

'have expected? I find in you
'Graces, Wit, an engaging and
'noble Air.'---'You are very good,'
---'But that is not enough to merit
'my Confidence, and to determine
'my Inclination.'---'Not enough,
'Madam! excuse me a little.
'And what need there more, if you
'please?'---'A more thorough
'Knowledge of your Temper, a
'more intimate Persuasion of your
'Sentiments for me. I promise
'you nothing, I forbid myself no-
'thing; you have every Thing to
'hope, but nothing to claim: You
'are to consider whether that suits
'you.'---'No Price, without Doubt,
'beautiful *Lucilia*, should be
'thought too dear to merit and ob-
'tain you: But seriously, would
'you have me renounce all the
'Charms of the World to have my
'Happiness depend on an uncer-
'tain Contingency? I am, you
'know, and I am not conceited of
'it, I am the Man the most sought
'after in all *France*; be it Taste or
'Fancy, it is no Matter; it is her
'Concern that should have me,
'though but for a Time.' 'You
'are right,' said *Lucilia*, 'I was
'unreasonable, and your Moments
'are too precious.'---'No, I con-
'fess to you seriously, that I am
'tired of being in Fashion; I was
'looking out for an Object that
'might fix me; I have found it; I
'attach myself to it: Nothing can
'be more fortunate; but still this
'ought not to be to no Purpose.
'You would have Time for Re-
'flexion; I give you twenty-four
'Hours: I think that is very hand-
'some, and I have never given so
'much before.' 'My Reflexions
'are too slow,' replied *Lucilia*, 'and
'you are too much in a Hurry for
'us to agree on this Point. I am
'young, perhaps have Sensibility:
'But my Age and Sensibility shall
'never engage me in an imprudent
'Step. I have told you, if my
'Heart yields, Time, Proofs, Re-
'flexion, the pleasing Habit of
'Confidence and Esteem, will have
'decided its Choice.'---'But, Ma-
'dam, in good Earnest now, do
'you think to find an amiable Man
'sufficiently disengaged to lose his

'Time in spinning out an Intrigue?
'And do you yourself intend
'to pass your Youth in consulting
'whether you shall love or no?' 'I
'cannot tell,' replied *Lucilia*, 'whe-
'ther I shall ever love, nor what
'Time I shall employ in resolving
'upon it; but that Time will not
'be lost, if it spares me Regret.'
'I admire you, Madam, I admire
'you,' said *Blamze*, taking his
Leave; 'but I have not the Ho-
'nour to be of the antient Order of
'Chivalry, and I did not come here
'so early to compose a Romance
'with you.'

[*To be continued.*]

*Of the Providence of God in the Pre-
servation of his living Creatures.*

GOD is elegantly styled by the
Apostle, *The blessed and only Po-
tentate, who alone hath Immortality*:
He alone existeth of himself, and
the Manner of his Being is peculiar
to himself: All other Things are
by Derivation from him, owe their
Existence to his Will, and have an
absolute Dependence upon him:
The World is supported by his
Power; and universal Life, in its
various Degrees and Progressions,
sustained by his Providence. As he
made all living Creatures, they are
the Objects of his continual Care.
He hath replenished the Universe
with innumerable Animals in a vast
Variety of different Species; and
all partake of his universal Regard,
and live upon the Provision of his
Bounty. As he made the World
with astonishing Magnificence; he
presides over and governs it for the
Purposes for which it was made:
His Eye surveys the Scenes his
Wisdom hath displayed; his Hand
supports the Fabric his Power hath
raised. He at first endowed Matter
with its various Properties, arran-
ged the Elements of the World, fix-
ed the glorious Lights of Heaven,
lodged the Seeds of all Plants and
Herbs in the Bosom of the Earth;
and it is owing to his Providence
alone, that the State of the Uni-
verse remains unchanged, that the
Powers and Productions of Nature
never fail, that the Regularity of
Seasons,

Seasons, the Influence of the Sun, and Fruitfulness of the Earth, are preserved, and the Supplies by which all Life is supported, are derived in a continual Succession.

Divine Providence hath furnished the Brute Creatures with those various Senses, Instincts and Powers, fitted to their different Ranks and Conditions of Life, which serve to warn them of Things noxious and dangerous; which enable them to seek, distinguish, and prepare proper Aliments and Habitations; and which determine them to provide with admirable Care for the Increase of their own Species: These Senses and Affections do not proceed from their own Consideration or Choice, but are wholly involuntary, and implanted in them by a superior Power, for the Purpose of preserving Animal Life. They find suitable Matter of Sustainance, situated within the Reach of their natural Sagacity and Industry, and convenient Places of Refuge and Habitation: So that no Species are left destitute of the Means of Life, or of such a Situation and Nourishment as are agreeable to their Nature, as well as necessary to their Wants.

Mankind are born into the World with a more excellent Nature, but in a more helpless and infirm Condition, than most other Animals: Their Wants, Capacities, and Desires, are more numerous and extensive, and require a more ample Fund of Provision. Accordingly, they are distinguished, not only by their superior Nature, but by the greater Care and more liberal Supplies of Divine Providence. Earth, Air, and Sea, the Clouds and Lights of Heaven, yield a larger Tribute, and in more various Ways, to their Support. The Brute Creatures are made subject to their Dominion, and spend their Labours and Lives for Human Preservation and Benefit. Men themselves are also made one for another, and designed and prompted in their own Nature, not each to his own Preservation only, but to a more pub-

lic Interest and Service. And it is admirable to contemplate the Correspondency between the Human Senses and Faculties, and external Objects; the Co-operation of the different and contrary Elements of the World in the Accommodation of Human Life; and the mutual Dependence and Subserviency of the several Creatures, to each other's Use and Benefit; especially in the various Relations of Human Society, in which every Individual is not only endowed with the Principle of Self-Preservation, but obliged also, by Affection, Convenience, or Interest, to serve and support his Fellow-Creatures.

[*To be continued.*]

From the Museum Rusticum.

Of the Advantage of spending Turnips whilst they are young.

I Have known many, who intend feeding off their Turnips with Sheep, keep the Turnips till they are too old to be applied with Advantage to that Use. Your Readers may give me Credit, for I speak from Experience; and I can assure them, that one Acre of young Turnips is of more Value for fattening Sheep, than two Acres of old ones, as the Wethers you turn in will get Flesh and Fat at least as fast again on the first as the last.

Let this Maxim be treasured up in the Farmer's Memory; and let him not at any Rate be tempted, for the Sake of spending a few Weeds and Grass on his Fallows, to keep his Turnips till they are of little Worth.

If any of your Readers should be incredulous, let them try the Experiment; it will be but little Expence, and still less Trouble. I did so myself before I adopted the Practice, and was in a very short Time convinced: This happened some Years ago, and I have continued this Method ever since. Your's,

A Suffolk Farmer.

SELECT



SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

AUGUST: An ODE.

THE garden blooms with vegetable gold,

And all POMONA in the orchard glows,
Her racy fruits now glory in the sun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in saffron
blows,

Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold;
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run:
HORE, the fore-runner of the farmer's
gain,

Visits his dreams, and multiplies the
grain.

The reapers now their shining sickles
bear,

A band illustrious, and the sons of health!
They bend, they toil across the wide
champaign,

Before them CERES yields her flowing
wealth;

The partridge-covey to the copse repair
For shelter, sated with the golden grain,
Bask on the bank, or through the clover
run,

Yet safe from fetters and the slaughtering
gun.

Courtly AUGUSTUS, whom the bards re-
ver'd,

Patron of science, and the genial arts,
Nam'd this fair month, which permanent
shall live

Long as his bright idea in our hearts,
And lasting as the monument he rear'd!
Like him, ye princes, would ye long sur-
vive

Thro' times successive æras, thus bestow,
Like him, those bounties, whence your
honours flow.

In PRAISE of MEMORY.

BEST gift that heav'n's indulgence
cou'd bestow!

To thee our surest happiness we owe:
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which, but for thee, blest Mem'ry, were
no more:

For we no sooner grasp some frail de-
light,

But ready for its everlasting flight,
E'er we can call the hasty bliss our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever
gone.

Thou to the fond successful lover's
heart

A thousand melting raptures doth im-
part;

When, yet more lovely than herself, and
kind,

Thou bring'st his fancy'd mistress to his
mind;

The flatt'ring image wears a livelier
grace,

A softer mien, and more enticing face.

Thou from the flying minutes dost re-
trieve

The joys *Clorinda's* wit and humour give;
Those joys that I had once possess'd in
vain,

Did not the dear remembrance still re-
main:

She speaks, methinks, and all my soul in-
spires,

Brightens each thought, & gives my muse
new fires;

'Tis she that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling
strings.

Thou only to the guilty art severe,
Who the review of their past actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art still propitious, smiling still, and
kind.

To thee we all those charming pleasures
owe,

The pleasures that from gen'rous ac-
tions flow,

And they are still the NOBLEST we
possess below.

A Description of a CITY SHOWER.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the
hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a
show'r.

While rain depends, the pensive cat gives
o'er

Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the
sink

Strike your offended sense with double
stink.

If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save
in wine.

A coming show'r your shooting corns pre-
face,

Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will
rage.

Saunt'ring in coffee-house is *Dulman* seen,
He damns the climate, and complains of
spleen.

Mean

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A fable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
 And like a drunkard gives it up again.
 Brisk *Susan* whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope;
 Such is that sprinkling which some care-
 less quean
 Flirts from her mop, but only not so clean.
 You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
 To rail; the singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Nor yet the dust had shun'd th' unequal strife,
 But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by violent gust,
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, & which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 His only coat, where dust confus'd with rain
 Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled stain.
 Now in contiguous drops the floods come down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The *Templer* spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd up sempstres walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed,
 Triumphant *Tories* and desponding *Whigs*,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
 And ever and anon, with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when *Troy* chairmen bore the wooden steed,

Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed;
 (Those bully *Greeks*, who as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, run them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
 Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them as they go:
 Filths of all hues and odours, seem to tell
 What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
 They as each torrent drives, with rapid force
 From *Smithfield*, or *Saint Paul's*, shape their course,
 And in huge confluent join at *Snow-bill* ridge,
 Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn bridge*.
 Sweepings from butcher's stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
 Dead cats, and turnip tops, come tumbling down the flood.

On the NATURE of MAN.

PROCLAIM the truth—say, what is man?
 His body from the dust began;
 And when a few short years are o'er,
 The crumbling fabric is no more.
 But whence the soul! from heav'n it came!
 Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
 This nobler SELF with rapture scan,
 'Tis MIND alone, which makes the man.
 Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
 But from the soul derives its birth.
 Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
 Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
 What makes his entertainments shine,
 What gives the relish to his wine;
 He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
 That social pleasures form the feast.
 The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
 Unless the soul exalts the joy.
 The mind must animate the face,
 Or cold and tasteless ev'ry gace.
 What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense
 To raise and swell the joys of sense?
 Know too, the joys of sense controul,
 And clog the motions of the soul:
 Forbid her pinions to aspire,
 Damp and impair her native fire;
 And sure as SENSE (that tyrant!) reigns,
 She holds the empress, SOUL, in chains.
 Inglorious bondage to the mind,
 Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, August 11, 1764.



BOZALDAB, Caliph of *Egypt*, had dwelt securely for many Years in the silken Pavilions of Pleasure, and had every Morning anointed his Head with the Oil of Gladness, when his only Son *Abberam*, for whom he had crouded his Treasuries with Gold, extended his Dominions with Conquests, and secured them with impregnable Fortresses, was suddenly wounded as he was hunting, with an Arrow from an unknown Hand, and expired in the Field.

Bozaldab, in the Distraction of Grief and Despair, refused to return to his Palace, and retired to the gloomiest Grotto in the neighbouring Mountain: He there rolled himself on the Dust, tore away the Hairs of his hoary Beard, and dashed the Cup of Consolation that *Patience* offered him to the Ground. He suffered not his Minstrels to approach his Presence; but listened to the Screams of the melancholy Birds of Midnight, that flit through the solitary Vaults and echoing Chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that God be benevolent, he cry'd, who thus wounds the Soul, as from an Ambush, with unexpected Sorrows, and crushes his Creatures in a Moment with irremediable Calamity? Ye lying *Imams*, prate to us no more of the Justice and the Kindness of an all-directing and all-loving *Providence*! He whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable Sons of Men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest Flowrets in the Garden

of *Hope*; and like a malignant Giant, to beat down the strongest Towers of *Happiness* with the Iron Mace of Anger.—If this Being possessed the Goodness and the Power with which flattering Priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those Evils which render the World a Dungeon of Distress, a Vale of Vanity and Woe.—I will continue in it no longer!

At that Moment he furiously raised his Hand, which *Despair* had armed with a Dagger, to strike deep into his Bosom, when suddenly thick Flashes of Lightning shot thro' the Cavern, and a Being of more than Human Beauty and Magnitude, arrayed in Azure Robes, crowned with Amaranth, and waving a Branch of Palm in his Right Hand, arrested the Arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic Smile, 'Follow me to the Top of this Mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful Conductor, 'I am *Calec*, the Angel of Peace, look from hence into the Valley.'

Bozaldab opened his Eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary Island, in the midst of which sat a pale meagre and ghastly Figure: It was a Merchant just perishing with Famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild Berries nor a single Spring in this forlorn uninhabited Desert; and begging the Protection of Heaven against the Tygers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last Fuel he had collected to make nightly Fires to affright them. He then cast a Casket of Jewels on the Sand, as

Trifles of no Use; and crept feeble and trembling to an Eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every Evening to watch the setting Sun, and to give a Signal to any Ship that might haply approach the Island.

'Inhabitant of Heaven,' cried *Bozaldab*, 'suffer not this Wretch to perish by the Fury of wild Beasts.' 'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.

He looked again, and beheld a Vessel arrived at the desolate Isle. What Words can paint the Rapture of the starving Merchant, when the Captain offered to transport him to his native Country, if he would reward him with half the Jewels of his Casket. No sooner had this piteous Commander received the stipulated Sum, than he held a Consultation with his Crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining Jewels, and leave the unhappy Exile in the same helpless and lamentable Condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit such Injustice to be practised,' exclaimed *Bozaldab*?—'Look again,' said the Angel, 'and behold the very Ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the Merchant might embark, dashed in Pieces on a Rock. Dost thou not hear the Cries of the sinking Sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his Disposal of Events. The Man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary Solitude, but not by the Method thou wouldst prescribe. His Vice was Avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty Charm in Wealth, which, like the Wand of *Abdiel*, would gratify every Wish and obviate every Fear: This Wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but abhor: He cast his Jewels upon the Sand and confessed them to be useless; he offered Part of them to the Mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: He has now learnt that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only

by the Situation and Temper of the Possessor. Happy is he whom Distress has taught Wisdom! But turn thine Eyes to another and more interesting Scene.'

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent Palace, adorned with the Statues of his Ancestors wrought in Jasper; the Ivory Doors of which, turning on Hinges of the Gold of *Golconda*, discovered a Throne of Diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty Nations, and with Ambassadors in various Habits and of different Complexions; on which sat *Aboram* the much lamented Son of *Bozaldab*, and by his Side a Princess fairer than a *Houri*.

'Gracious ALLA!--it is my Son,' cried the Caliph—'O let me hold him to my Heart!' 'Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial Being,' replied the Angel: 'I am now shewing thee what would have been the Destiny of thy Son, had he continued longer on the Earth.' 'And why,' returned *Bozaldab*, 'was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a Witness of so much Felicity and Power?' 'Consider the Sequel,' replied he that dwells in the fifth Heaven. *Bozaldab* looked earnestly, and saw the Countenance of his Son, on which he had been used to behold the placid Smile of Simplicity, and the vivid Blushes of Health, now distorted with Rage, and now fixed in the Insensibility of Drunkenness: It was again animated with Disdain; it became pale with Apprehension, and appeared to be withered by Intemperance; his Hands were stained with Blood, and he trembled by Turns with Fury and Terror: The Palace so lately shining with oriental Pomp, changed suddenly into the Cell of a Dungeon, where his Son lay stretched out on the cold Pavement, gagged and bound, with his Eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his Side, enter with a Bowl of Poison, which she compelled *Aboram* to drink, and afterwards married the Successor to his Throne.

'Happy,' said *Caloc*, 'is he whom Providence has by the Angel of Death

‘Death snatched from Guilt! from whom that Power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater Misery than it could bring upon others.’

‘It is enough,’ cried *Bozaldab*, ‘I adore the inscrutable Schemes of OMNISCIENCE!—From what dreadful Evil has my Son been rescued, by a Death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature! a Death of Innocence and Peace, which has blessed his Memory upon Earth, and transmitted his Spirit to the Skies.’

‘Cast away the Dagger,’ replied the heavenly Messenger, ‘which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own Heart. Exchange Complaint for Silence, and Doubt for Adoration. Can a Mortal look down, without Giddiness and Stupefaction, into the vast Abyss of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a Mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any Thing among an Infinity of Objects mutually relative? Can the Channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual Inundations of thy NILE, contain the Waters of the OCEAN? Remember, that perfect Happiness cannot be conferred on a Creature; for perfect Happiness is an Attribute as incommunicable as perfect Power and Eternity.’

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his Pinions to fly back to the *Empyreum*; and the Flutter of his Wings was like the rushing of a Cataract.

Way of preventing Wheat Crops sowed on dunged Land from being over-run by Weeds.

I Live within a few Miles of the Eastern Extremity of *Essex*. The chief Manure that we depend on for our Lands in Tillage, is Yard-Dung; and this is well known to breed an Infinity of Weeds, inso-much that when we dung a Fallow, and sow it with Wheat, the Crop is over-run, choaked with, and almost

destroyed by Weeds, which spring up with it, and accompany it in its Growth.

It was natural for us to seek for a Remedy for so great an Evil, which is no other than sowing white Oats on our Fallow, as a first Crop: These, for we allow a large Quantity of Dung to an Acre, take off the Rankness, destroy numberless Weeds, and prepare the Land to yield a sweet Crop of Wheat.

Method of very considerably improving sandy Ground, communicated by a Gentleman of Kent.

I Have about six Acres, which had been ploughed at least thirty Years, and seldom, or never, produced a good Crop; and vastly subject to what we call *Walder*, and *Buddle*, *Bodle*, or *Gould*, as some call it.

The Opinion of the Farmers being, that Lime would do very little or no good on stale ploughed Lands, induced me to make the Experiment on but two Acres of this Field, for I had conceived a different Opinion: I therefore had rather more than a *Winchester* Bushel of Lime laid on every Perch, and this too after a very bad Crop of Barley, which was full of the above-mentioned Weeds. It having been well cleared from Grass, I had it sown the Beginning of *December* following with Wheat: The Produce was great, and free from any Kind of Weeds.

This Success made me, the Year before last, lime two Acres more of it, (which had produced a very poor Crop of Tares) in the same Manner; and as the Wheat-Land was so very clean, I had that sown again with Wheat, the two Acres last limed, and also the remaining two Acres, which had been sown with Buck, or *French* Wheat, and stood for a Crop, partly by Way of Experiment, and also to bring this Field into one Tilt: The Consequence was, that Part which was Wheat before was good, and clear from Weeds; the last limed exceeding good, and quite free from Weeds; but the other Part, which

had not been at all limed, was full of those Weeds, and hardly worth mowing.

I am therefore, from the Result of these Experiments, inclined at present to believe, that Lime will seldom fail of Success on stale ploughed Land, such as Sand and Gravel, provided a sufficient Quantity be laid on, as it closens these Lands, and by that Means, I apprehend, it prevents the Weeds from growing.

A Letter from the Rev. Mr. Matthew Pilkington to Dr. Delany, on the Plague of Riches.

Dear Doctor,

THOUGH you expected to see me the happiest Man in the World, by the extraordinary Honours which I received from his Excellency; yet I cannot forbear acquainting you, you are greatly disappointed in that Respect.

Before I received his Bounty, (which far surpassed my Hopes, and was more the Effect of his Generosity than any Merit of mine) I thought Riches were so necessary an Ingredient in Human Life, that it was scarce possible to attain any Degree of Happiness without them.

I imagined, that if I had but a competent Sum, I should have no Care, no Trouble to discompose my Thoughts, nothing to withdraw my Mind from *Virtue* and the *Muses*; but that, if possible, I should enjoy a more exalted Degree of Content and Delight in them than I had hitherto: But now I perceive these Kind of Notions to have been the pure genuine Effect of a very empty *Purse*.

My Hopes are vanished at the Increase of my Fortune; my Opinion of Things is of a sudden so altered, that I am taught to pity none so much as the *Rich*; who, by my Computation, (after three tedious Weeks Experience) must of Necessity have an Income of Plagues, proportioned to their Fortunes.

I know this Declaration surprises you; but, in order to convince you, I will, as exactly as possible, set down, by Way of *Diary*, the different Emotions of Mind which I laboured under during the first three

Weeks *Guardianship* (for I can hardly call it Possession) of that same unfortunate Care - bringing Fifty Pounds; and have not the least Doubt but you will believe my Assertions to be true.

MONDAY, February 16.

Received this Morning the agreeable News of being ordered to wait on his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*; but suffered a great deal of Perplexity about appearing before one in so eminent a Station, and more admired and eminent for Learning, and every other Perfection of the Mind—went however to the *Castle*, met with a very gracious Reception, —had full Proof of that Affability, Wisdom, and Generosity, for which his Excellency is so peculiarly distinguished, and which I knew before only by the Testimonies of others—Was ordered to go to Mr. T—, to receive the Premium appointed by my Lord.

Memorandum, I imagined my Stature greatly increased, and walked more erect than usual—went in high Spirits to the *Secretary's*, (but, as a Drawback to my Happiness) received the dispiriting Account of his being confined to his Chamber—Denied Admittance.

Memorandum, His Excellency easier of Access than his Officer.

TUESDAY, 17.

The Secretary still sick—Paid a Visit to his Street-door about Twelve Returned melancholy.

Wednesday, - - - ditto.

Thursday, - - - ditto.

Friday, - - - ditto.

Saturday, - - - ditto.

Sunday, - - - ditto.

O! 'twas a dreadful Interval of Time!

MONDAY, 23.

Ordered to wait again on Mr. T—; but happening to be over eager to receive the Sum, I hastened away too unseasonably, about half an Hour after Twelve, and found him asleep.

Memorandum, Admitted this Morning to stand in the Hall, and not at the Door, as hath been slanderously and maliciously reported; I presume

fume because it happened so at other Times.

Walked in the Piazzas till after One, ruminating on the various Hopes and Fears with which my Mind has been tormented this Week past—could not forbear repeating aloud, the two Lines of the *Libel* which accidentally are not more true of Mr. ADDISON, than this Gentleman.

*Who grown a Minister of State,
Sees Poets at his Levée wait.*

Memorandum, Not under any Apprehension of being understood by any Persons walking there, which were only a few *Lawyers* and a *Parson* or two—

Saunter again to the *Secretary's*—out of Hope—permitted now to go into a wide unfurnished Apartment—in half an Hour's Time admitted to his Presence—received a Bill of Fifty Pounds—returned with great Delight—

I now imagined that nothing was wanting to make me really happy: I pleased myself also with the Thought of communicating Happiness to my Friends who would share in my Success, and particularly to you who are unwearied in endeavouring to promote the Felicity of others—How far I was disappointed will appear by the Sequel—so to proceed with my *Diary*—

I wrapt up my Bill very carefully—yet could not forbear looking at it sometimes, though not oftner than at every Street's Length—But mark the Instability of all Human Affairs!—As I was very attentively reading it, a pert swaggering Fellow rushes by me—I immediately suspected an Attempt upon my Treasure—looked as earnestly as I dared in the Fellow's Face, and thought I read Robberty in the Lines of his Countenance—so hastily slipped my Bill into my Pocket without its Cover—met a Friend, told him of my Success—and the Generosity of his Excellency—but pulling out the Bank Note hastily, tore it in the Middle—dismally frightened!—came Home—shewed it to my Wife—was more terrified at hearing that it would now be of no Value—received several Com-

pliments from her for my Care of it—and that I was likely to be rich since I took such Pains to preserve what I got—and the like—went directly in a Fit of Anger and Vexation to Henry's Bank—smiled a little, and spoke submissively to the Clerk—obtained a new Bill—returned again with great Joy—all Things settled amicably between us.

Memorandum, Found upon Enquiry that the ill-favoured Gentleman above-mentioned, was one Mr. what d'ye-call-him—the *Attorney*, of whom I need not have been in such Terror, since he was never known to be guilty of such an Action in a public Way.

MONDAY Night, 12 o'Clock.

Went to Bed as usual—but found myself violently pulled till I awoke—seized with a very great Trembling, when I heard a Voice crying—*Take Care of the Bill*—found immediately it proceeded from the Concern of my Bedfellow, who it seems was as ill formed to possess great Riches as myself—pitied her—told her it was safe—fell asleep soon, but was in less than two Hours roused again with her crying—*My Dear—My Dear—are you sure it is safe?—Don't you hear some Noise there?—I'll lay my Life there's Robbers in the Room!—Lard have Mercy upon us—what a bedious Fellow I just now saw by my Bed-side with a drawn Sword—or did I dream it?*—trembled a little at her Suspicions—slumber'd—but was awakened a third Time in the same Manner—rose about Six much discomposed—received a very solemn Charge to be watchful against Accidents—and let me beg of you my Dear to have a great Care of the Bill.

TUESDAY 24.

Become extremely impatient to have this tormenting Bill changed into Money, out of a Belief that it would be then less liable to Accidents, breaking of Bankers, &c.—Went to one Bank and was refused—yet was ashamed to go to Henry's so soon—contrived however to get it exchanged after a great Variety

Variety of Schemes and Journies to several Places—came Home—spread it upon a Table to see the utmost Bounds and Extent of my Riches—all the rest of the Day sat contriving where to lay it—what Part of the House would be most secure—what Place would be least suspected by Thieves, if any should come—perceived my Mind more disturbed with having so much Money in my Custody, than I was before—

TUESDAY Night, 11 o'Clock.

Went round my House to inspect my Doors, whether they were all safe—perceived a great Deficiency of Bars, Bolts, Locks, Latches, Door-Chains, Window-shutts, Fire-Arms, &c. which I never had taken the least Notice of before—peeped with great Circumspection under the Beds—resolved to watch this Night, and prepare Expedients for my Security next Morning—watched accordingly—

WEDNESDAY, 25.

Extremely fatigued with my last Night's Watching—consulted several Hours about preserving my Wealth—believed it most safe in *Bills*—after mature Deliberation hurried away to the Bank and took a Bill for it—came away with an easier Mind—walked about two Streets Length cheerfully—but began to reflect that if my Load was lighter, yet, on the other Hand, the *Bill* might again be torn, be dropt, be mislaid—went back in Haste—once more received it in Money—brought it Home—looked frequently behind me as I walked—hid it—resolved to lay out the greatest Part of it in Plate—bespoke accordingly—prepared my Fire-Arms—went to Bed—not one Wink of Sleep all this Night—

THURSDAY, 26.

Looked a little paler to Day than usual—but not much concerned at that, since it was misinterpreted by my Friends for the Effects of hard Study—Invited Abroad to Dinner—went—sat down to Table, but in that dreadful Moment recollected that my Closet, where my whole

Treasure was deposited, was left open—was observed to change Colour, and look terrified—Not *Macbeth* so startled when he saw the Ghost of murdered *Banquo* at the Feast—

Memorandum, Money a perpetual Apparition to the covetous Mind.

—Ran distractedly Home—found all safe, but returned too late for Dinner—fasted—fretted—Well faith St. Paul—Money is the Root of all Evil.

THURSDAY Night, 12 o'Clock.

Hired a Watchman to guard my Doors—went to Bed—but no Sleep—the same Mind-plaguing Riches floated uppermost in my Thoughts, methinks they cried—*Sleep no more!—Wealth hath murdered Sleep!*—slumbered however a little towards Morning—dreamt of nothing but Robbers, Assassins, Spectres, Flames, Hurricanes—waked in great Terror.

Dear Doctor, it would be too tedious to pursue the dreadful Narration any farther, every Day administering new Cause of Uneasiness; nor did my Concern forsake me even in the midst of Company and Wine.

Till I had the Plate sent Home I was uneasy, least after I had ordered it to be made I should be robbed of my Money, and then not be able to pay for it; and when I had it once in my Possession, I trembled every Instant for fear of losing it for ever.

When at Home, I was afraid of being murdered for my Substance; and when Abroad, I was much terrified with the Apprehension that either my Servants might possibly be dishonest, and so contrive to deprive me of it while I was absent, or else, that by Carelessness they might set Fire to my House and destroy it all at once.

Every Bell I heard ring I immediately imagined to be a *Fire-bell*; and every *Fire-bell* alarmed me with a Belief that my own House was in a *Blaze*; so that I was plagued without Interruption.

Since

Since I have recovered myself a little, I have made an exact Calculation of the Quantity of Pleasure and Pain which I endured, and I shall shew you the just Ballance, the more fully to convince you.

A faithful Account of the Happiness and Misery of Matthew Pilkington, Clerk, for the Space of Eleven Days, on receiving Fifty Pounds from his Excellency the Lord Carteret.

	HAPPY.	D.	H.	M.
During the whole Time of being with my Lord, and till I went to the Secretary's	}	00	01	00
By telling my Success to several Friends, and describing his Excellency's Person and Perfections		00	03	01
By receiving the Sum from Mr. T---	}	00	00	03
By obtaining the new Bill for that which was torn, and pacifying my Wife		00	03	00
Total of Happiness.		00	07	04

MISERABLE. D. H. M.
All the Remainder - - 10 16 56

To conclude all, to keep my Mind as calm and as quiet as it was in the Days of my Poverty, I have expended thirty-two Pounds in Plate, to be a Monument of his Excellency's Generosity to me; and that Plate I have lodged at a rich Neighbour's House for its Security. About Ten Pounds I have expended in fortifying my House, against the next Money Misfortune may happen to me, of which however at present there appears no great Danger: And if providentially my Fortune be advanced, I hope to bear it with greater Resolution, and be in a better Condition to preserve it. I am,

Dear Doctor,
Your affectionate
Friend and Servant.
MAT. PILKINGTON.

Of the Providence of God in the Preservation of his living Creatures.

[Continued from Page 526.]

THE Fertility likewise of every Part of the inhabited World, from which all Animals draw their Sustenance, deserves our attentive Observation. Astonishing Effect of Divine Providence! That not only the rich Bosom of the fruitful Earth, but the waste Fields of empty Air, and the wide Desert of the Ocean, afford a proper and plentiful Nourishment for the various innumerable Creatures, which live and move in those Fluids!—The Stores of Divine Bounty are likewise inexhaustible: God hath established a Fund in Nature equal to all Demands, and never to be drained by Consumption: There is no apparent Decay in the Universe: The Powers of the World retain their Vigour perfect: The Sun always shines with its wonted Heat and Splendor: *The Clouds still return after the Rain*: The Fruitfulness of the Soil is not abated: The Seasons constantly succeed each other, and the Earth fails not to pay an annual Tribute of Provision for the Support of its numberless Inhabitants. Whether we consider the Constancy, the Largeness, or the Variety of the Supplies furnished in Nature for the Preservation of Life, we discover in all, the wondrous Effects of a most wide and liberal Providence. All Things around us, which contribute to our Subsistence and Welfare, are only the visible Means, Instruments, or Channels, by which our invisible Preserver and Benefactor conveys his Beneficence to us. The Powers of Nature are his Agents, to execute the Purposes of his Providence. The World is his Magazine from which we draw all Supplies; and all that we receive is to be ascribed to his original Bounty, who is the ONE LORD and Proprietor of all Things. The HOLY SCRIPTURES contain many excellent Descriptions on this Subject. *In him we live, move, and have our Being. All Souls are his; and in his Hand is the Breath of every living Thing. He holdeth our*

Souls in Life, and his Visitation preserveth our Spirits. He is represented as Lord of the World and all its Inhabitants, and claiming them as his Property: *Every Beast of the Forest is mine, and the Cattle upon a thousand Hills. I know all the Fowls of the Mountains, and the wild Beasts of the Field are mine. The World is mine, and the Fulness thereof.* And all living Creatures are elegantly described as expecting Sustainance at his Hands: *The Eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their Meat in due Season. Thou openest thy Hand, and satisfiest the Desire of every living Thing.* And those continual Supplies which are immediately produced by the Operation of the Elements, are in Scripture properly ascribed to the Providence of God. *He causeth the Grass to grow for the Cattle, and Herb for the Service of Man: That he may bring forth Food out of the Earth; and Wine which maketh glad the Heart of Man, and Oil to make his Face to shine, and Bread which strengtheneth Man's Heart.*-----And whereas formerly many Nations, struck with the Glory and Beauty of the heavenly Bodies, and admiring their fruitful Influence, worshipped the whole Host of Heaven, especially the Sun; we may observe the Propriety of our Saviour's Sentiment and Expression, when he saith, *GOD causeth his Sun to shine, and his Rain to descend.* And in another Place he beautifully represents the Divine Care and Providence, as extended, not only to Mankind, but to *the Fowls of the Air, which neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into Stores; and further, even to the Grass and Flowers of the Field, which he hath clothed with Richness and Beauty above all Human Art.*

Some have imagined it inconsistent with the Greatness of the Supreme and all-perfect Being, to extend his Providential Care to Creatures so minute and insignificant, as some of the inferior Animals: Not considering, that Mankind themselves, and even the Angels of Heaven, are in Comparison infinitely beneath him, and in this View, unworthy of his Regard. As

the Production of the meanest living Creatures is the Work of Divine Power and Wisdom, so their Preservation in Life is the Effect of his Providence: And it results from the Perfection of the Divine Nature and Providence, that he is unmindful of nothing which he hath made; and that notwithstanding the immense Grandeur and Multiplicity of his Works, and the superior Dignity and Importance of some Creatures in Comparison of others, no Part, though ever so minute, is overlooked; no Creature, though ever so insignificant, is forgot; but all have a proportionable Share of his Regard, and are Objects of his all-comprehensive Providence. And, on the other Hand, it proceeds from the Imperfection and narrow Limits of the Human Mind, that Men cannot attend to a Multiplicity of Things at the same Time; but while they are employed about what is of greater Importance, are under a Necessity of overlooking and neglecting other Things which are of inferior Consequence. There is indeed a Kind of Presumption, in pretending to know, *what is of great Importance*, and asserting that the Preservation of any Creature is so, in the Eye of sovereign and perfect Wisdom: Yet we are foolishly apt to impute our limited and partial Ideas of great and little, of valuable and worthless, to the unlimited Mind of God, who certainly doth not see as Man seeth, and whose Judgment infinitely excels all Human Estimation. But thus far our Blessed Saviour confirmeth our natural Reasoning on this Subject: That if the inferior Animals partake of the bountiful Regards of Providence, and a Sparrow falls not to the Ground without him; how much more are Mankind the Objects of his Care?

Vulgar Minds are most apt to be affected with a Sense of Divine Providence, when they see something extraordinary and wonderful, and, as they imagine, beyond, or contrary to, the usual Course of Nature. But this is the Effect of their Weakness and Ignorance. The constant Operations and uniform Course

Course of Nature are to be considered as the great Proof and Effect of a Divine Providence, much more than any seeming Deviations. And there are perpetually occurring to us, in the natural Course of Things, numberless Events as truly miraculous, as those, which from their Rarity and Singularity, have obtained, in a more strict Sense, the Name of Miracles. That the Sun or the Earth moves continually is as truly marvellous, as if we suppose that the Motion was once suspended. The Formation of every Infant in the Womb, is as wonderful an Effect, and argues Divine Power and Wisdom, as much as the original Formation of Adam from the Dust of the Earth. And the Preservation of every single Person in Life, considering the various and unaccountable Causes and Operations which must occur to that End, is as real and great a Miracle, or in other Words, as manifest an Effect and Demonstration of the Power and Providence of God, as the raising him to Life again from the Dead. The only Difference is, that the one Kind of Events have occurred very seldom, and to very few Witnesses; whereas the other are repeated daily to every Man's Observation, and therefore excite little Admiration or Attention.

[To be continued.]

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 467.

THE MONITOR observes, that as we have had most heavy and repeated Complaints of late, from the Writers in Favour of the present Ministry, of the great Debt contracted by the late Ministry, it may not be improper to inquire what Security the late Ministry left in the Hands of the Nation, for the Money expended during their Administration. By which it, probably, will appear, whether the Difficulties the present Ministry complain of, are chargeable upon their Predecessors, or justly to be placed to their own Account.

It must be allowed, that the Expences of the late War were very

great; but it must be granted at the same Time, that the Successes, which attended it, were great in Proportion. When the Accounts of the final Issue of the Expeditions concerted by our late Ministry arrived; it appeared that the Nation had got Possession of almost all the French Colonies and Foreign Settlements for her Money, and had left France scarce any more Trade, than what a few smuggling Vessels could carry on. For, the Northern Fishery, their West-India, African, and East-India Trades, were all in the Hands of Great-Britain. A noble Security! for the Money laid out upon it. And it must be said, to the Honour of the succeeding Ministry, (which we'll suppose is the present Ministry) that the Acquisition of the Havannah added such Strength to this Security, as placed it beyond all Objection; and was attended with the additional Benefit, of laying an Embargo on the Spanish Treasure, which seemed to be the last Resource of the House of Bourbon, for continuing their Hostility; and opened the Chest for Great-Britain to pay herself, if her Enemies should obstinately refuse to submit to reasonable Terms of Indemnity.

At that glorious Time! what Briton grumbled at the Expence? or dreamt of a Bankruptcy?

The Largeness of the national Debt has been acknowledged. The Security left in the Hands of the Nation for Payment has been explained. The Question, which, upon any Complaint of the Debt, will naturally offer itself to every Man's Mind, is, *What is become of this SECURITY?*

What Answer shall I give to this? —I am no Spy, to search out the Nakedness of the Land. —And I am loth to expose my Country's Weakness.

Have we given up the Mortgage, and taken the Word of France for Payment? I wish I had not Authority to say so much.

That the Security is now out of our Hands is too publicly known, for me to dare to deny it. But then they, who have voluntarily quitted it, cannot with any Pretence of Justice,

Justice, lay the Blame upon those, who left it in Safety behind them.

Suppose a Nobleman's Steward should lay out his Lord's Money upon a good Mortgage; and his Successor, for Reasons best known to himself, should give up the Security, without Payment; and this should prove greatly to the Detriment of his Lord's Estate: Would it not be an additional Reflexion upon *himself*, to charge the Loss upon his Predecessor.

It must be a melancholy Subject of a thinking Man's Reflexion, that Four Shillings upon the Land, which was always heretofore our main Dependence, and constant Support, in a Provision for the current Service of the Year during a Time of War, is now, by some unaccountable Policy, pre-engaged for a Time of Peace. This (without the Gift of Prophecy) was foretold would be the genuine Consequence of the *Definitive Treaty*. And I appeal to the Negotiators of that Treaty, whether they have not found, by Experience, that this Evil has arisen out of it.

How soon we may be forced into another War, by the faithless and treacherous Conduct of our new Friends, God only knows. But, if it should happen, with this heavy Burthen upon our Shoulders, it must be a wiser Head, than a private Man's, which can put us in a Way to support it.

The Power restored, by the late Peace, to *France* and *Spain*, has given them Spirit enough to grow insolent already; which puts it beyond all Doubt what they mean to do, as soon as they shall judge themselves in a Condition to make the Attempt. Our unhappy Confidence in the Faith of those People, is that *Root of Bitterness, which, now rising up, troubles us.*

If it should be asked, what can be done? I answer in general, that a *BRITISH Spirit and Resolution* is the only Match, I know, for *SPANISH Pride and Insolence*, and *FRENCH Perfidy*.

In what Words shall I address myself to the Heads of the *present Ministry*? I wish, and will endeavour, to do it without giving Offence.

Of True Greatness.

What Argument shall I make Use of, to raise that Attention to the Interest of this poor Nation, which approaching Danger seems to demand? Shall I say, that your Families, your Friends, your Children, yourselves, all you hold dear, nay the *King himself*, would be swallowed up in the general Ruin of your Country, should that ever happen; or if, by Chance, any remain, they will only survive to curse the Day of—

A threatening Cloud, though at present it may appear no bigger than an Hand's Breadth, seems to be gathering—If you find yourselves unequal to the Task of averting the Mischief, resign in Time your Power into abler Hands, and be content to enjoy, with your *King* and Country, the Benefit of Counsels, which you yourselves are at a Loss to form. Consider, on the other Hand, that if you will resolve to keep yourselves in Power, and shall prove as unfortunate, as you have heretofore been, any Calamity befalling your Country will be laid to your Charge; and the Demands of Justice by a People in Distress, have been found too loud and importunate for to silence. *I speak as unto wise Men; judge ye what I say.*

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 493.]

THE antient Romans were very remote from a Taste for building magnificent Houses. PLUTARCH mentions one *Ælius Tubero* in the Life of *Paulus Æmilius*, whom he calls an excellent Man, and one that supported Poverty in a more noble and generous Manner than any other Roman. There were sixteen near Relations, all of the *Ælian* Family and Name, who had only one little House in Town, and another in the Country, where they all lived together with their Wives, and a great many little Children.

Among the antient Romans it was not the House which honoured the Master, but the Master the House. A Cottage with them became as august as a Temple, when Justice, Generosity, Probity, Sincerity, and Honour, were lodged in it; and

how can a House be called small, which contains so many and so great Virtues?

The Taste for Modesty in Buildings, and a Disregard for all Expensiveness in this Particular, passed from the Republic to the Empire, and from private Men to the Emperors in Person.

Trajan placed a Glory in building little, that he might be the better able to support the antient Edifices. He set no Value upon whatever administered to Ostentation and Vanity. He understood, says *Pliny*, wherein the true Glory of a Prince consisted. He knew, that Statues, triumphal Arches, and Buildings, were liable to perish by Fire and Age, or the Fancy of a Successor; but that he who despises Ambition, who governs his Passions, and sets Bounds to absolute Power, is extolled by all the World during his Life, and even after his Death, when no Body is constrained to praise him.

The Event shewed that he was in the Right. *Alexander Severus*, repaired several Works of *Trajan's*, and caused the Emperor's Name to be fixed upon them all, without allowing his own to be placed in its Stead. All the great Emperors acted with the same Moderation, and we see to this Day that more Medals have been struck to the Glory of such Princes, as repaired public Buildings and the Monuments of their Predecessors, than in Honour of those who raised new ones.

AUGUSTUS was always content with the same Apartment and Furniture during a Reign of near fifty Years.

Vespasian and *Titus* looked upon it as an Honour and a Pleasure to preserve the little Country House, that was left them by their Ancestors, without making any Alteration in it.

Those Masters of the World did not think themselves too straitly lodged in a House which had been built only for a private Person. The Ruins of *Adrian's* Country Seat are still remaining, which does not seem to have been larger than one of our

common Houses, and is by no Means equal to that of several private Persons now living.

For Men now, who have no other Merit than their Riches, (and often of how mean an Original!) build magnificent Palaces both in Town and Country; and, to the Misfortune of all around them, sooner or later, their Neighbour's House, Vineyard, and Inheritance, are swallowed up in their vast Buildings, and serve only to enlarge their Gardens and Parks.

What is told of Cardinal *d'Amboise*, Archbishop of *Rouen*, and Minister of State under *Lewis XII.* is a very extraordinary Example. A Gentleman of *Normandy* had an Estate in Land not far from the beautiful Seat of *Gaillon*, which at that Time belonged to the Archbishoprick of *Rouen*. He had no Money to give with his Daughter in Marriage, and to procure a Portion, offered to sell his Land to the Cardinal at a cheap Rate. Another would perhaps have taken Advantage of the Occasion; but the Cardinal, knowing the Gentleman's Motive, left him his Land, and freely gave him as much Money as he stood in Need of.

It was proposed to a Duke of *Burgundy*, to put up finer and more fashionable Chimney-Pieces in one of his Apartments; but as there was no Necessity for the Alteration, he chose rather to preserve the old ones. He was advised to buy a Bureau, worth fifteen hundred Livres, but thinking it too dear, he had an old one brought out of the Wardrobe, and contented himself with that. And thus he behaved in every Particular, and out of no other Motive, than that he might have wherewithal to be the more liberal. How great a Blessing to a Kingdom, and how kind a Present from Heaven, is a Prince of this Character? in Point of solid Glory and real Greatness, how far preferable is a tender Love for the People, which extends to such Self Denial for their Benefit, to all the Magnificence of the most sumptuous Buildings?

'Twas this that King Lewis XIV. of France, when ready to expire, that is, at a Time when the Judgment is most sound, recommended to the present King, who sits upon the Throne. Amongst other Instructions, which have been justly deemed worthy of eternal Remembrance, *I have been too fond of War*, said he to him, *do not follow me in that, nor in the very great Expences I have run into*. In the last Discourse he had with his Grandson at Seaux, when he was setting out for Spain, he gave him the same Advice; and the King of Spain told the Person from whom I had it, that his Grandfather spoke these Words to him with Tears in his Eyes.

[To be continued.]

THE HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 525.]

LUCILIA, thunderstruck at the Scene which she had just had with *Blamze*, passed in a short Time from Astonishment to Reflexion. 'Is this then,' said she, 'the Man in Vogue, the Man amiable above all others? He condescends to think me handsome; and if he believed me capable of Constancy, he would be guilty of the Folly of loving me in good Earnest; but yet he has not Time to wait till I have consulted myself. I must seize the Moment of pleasing him, and determine in Twenty-four Hours: He has never given so much Time. Do the Women then humble themselves thus, and the Men thus prescribe them the Conditions! happily he has made himself known to me. Under that modest Air which had seduced me, what Conceit, what Presumption! ah! I see the most mortifying Evil to a Woman is that of loving a Pop.'

The same Day, after the Opera, *Lucilia's* Company being met together, *Pomblac* came to tell her, with an Air of Mystery, that she would have neither *Blamze* nor *Clairfont* to sup with her. 'Very well,' said she, 'I require not of my Friends any Assiduity that constrains

them: There are even such People whose Assiduity would constrain me.' 'If *Blamze* be of that Number,' replied *Pomblac* frankly, '*Clairfont* has delivered you from him, at least for some Time.' 'How so?' 'Do not be frightened: All is very well over.' 'How, Sir, what is over?' 'After the Opera the Curtain being dropt, we were on the Stage, according to Custom, hearing *Blamze* deciding on every Thing. Having given us his Opinion on the Singing, the Dancing, and the Decorations, he asked us, if we were to sup at the little Marchioness's? (pardon me, Madam, it was you he spoke of.) We replied Yes. 'I shall not be there,' said he; 'we are in the Pouts since this Morning.' I asked what might be the Cause of these Pouts? *Blamze* told us, that you had made him an Affligtion; that he had failed in it; that you were piqued at it; that he had made up that this Morning; that you played the Child; that he was in a Hurry to conclude; that you had demanded Time for Reflection; and that, tired out with your *Is* and your *Buts*, he had left you in the Lurch. He told us, that you wanted to set off with a serious Engagement; that he had some Inclination towards it; but that he had not Time enough on his Hands; that, on calculating the Strength of the Citadel, he had judged that it might sustain a Siege; but that nothing would do for him but a Surprise.' 'It is an Exploit that may suit some of you,' added he; 'you are young, it is the Time when one loves to encounter Difficulties, in order to overcome them; but I forewarn you, that Virtue is her Fort, and Sensibility her weak Part: Every Thing was concluded, if I had taken the Trouble to play the passionate Lover.' 'I was fully persuaded that he lied,' resumed the young Man; 'but I had the Prudence to be silent. *Clairfont* was not as patient as I: He signified to him, that he did not believe one Word of his Story: At this Declaration they went out together

The Happy Divorce, a moral Tale.

gether. I followed them. *Clairfont* received a Wound.'—'And *Blamze* . . . ?'—' *Blamze* has two, of which he will not recover without some Difficulty. While I helped him to get into his Coach, if *Clairfont* said he, 'knows how to make an Advantage of this Adventure, he will carry *Lucilia*. A Woman defends herself but ill against a Man who defends her so well. Tell him that I dispense with this being a Secret to her; it is just that she should know what she owes to her Knight.'

Lucilia had all the Difficulty in the World to conceal the Trouble and Consternation which this Story gave her. (She feigned a Head-ache, and it is well known that a Head-ache, in a handsome Woman, is a civil Way of dismissing Impertinents. They left her alone at their rising from Table.

Delivered up to herself, *Lucilia* could not console herself for having been the Subject of a Duel, which would make her the Town-talk. She was strongly touched by the Warmth with which *Clairfont* had revenged the Affront offered her; but what an Humiliation to her if this Adventure should make a Noise, and *Lisere* should be informed of it? Happily the Secret was kept. *Pomblac* and *Clairfont* made a Point of saving *Lucilia's* Honour; and *Blamze*, being cured of his Wounds, was far from boasting of an Imprudence by which he had been so severely punished. It will be asked perhaps, how a Man till then so discreet came all of a sudden to cease to be so? It is because we are under less Temptation to publish Favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourselves for the Rigours we undergo. This first Indiscretion had like to have cost him his Life. He was for a Month on the Brink of the Grave. *Clairfont* had less Difficulty to get his Wound cured, and *Lucilia* saw him again with a Tenderness hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourselves to any one who has exposed his Life for us, we attach ourselves as naturally to the Person for whom we have exposed our Life; and such Services perhaps are stronger Ties to the Person who has performed

them, than to the Party for whom they were performed. *Clairfont* then became desperately in Love with *Lucilia*; but the more she owed him in Return, the less he dared to require any Thing of her; he found a sensible Pleasure in being generous, and he ceased being so if he availed himself of the Rights he had acquired to *Lucilia's* Gratitude: Accordingly he was more timorous in Regard to her, than if he had merited nothing; but *Lucilia* read his Soul, and this Delicacy took the strongest hold of her. In the mean Time, the Fear of appearing to want Gratitude, or the Dread of carrying it too far, made her dissemble her Knowledge of the Intelligence *Pomblac* had given her; thus the Good-will she testified towards *Clairfont* appeared free and disinterested, & he was so much the more affected by it. Their mutual Inclination every Day made a sensible Progress. They sought one another with their Eyes, conferred with Intimacy, listened to each other with Complaisance, gave one another an Account of their Proceedings, in Reality, without Affectation, and, as it were, for the Sake of saying something; but with so much Exactness, that they knew, almost to a Minute, the Hour at which they were to see each other again. *Clairfont* insensibly became more familiar, and *Lucilia* less reserved. Nothing remained but to explain themselves; for which Purpose there was no Need of those marvellous Incidents which Love sometimes sends to the Assistance of bashful Lovers. One Day that they were alone, *Lucilia* let her Fan drop; *Clairfont* picks it up, and presents it to her; she receives it with a pleasing Smile; that Smile inspires the Lover with the Courage to kiss her Hand: That Hand was the most beautiful Hand in the World, and from the Moment that *Clairfont's* Lips were applied to it, she was unable to withdraw it. *Lucilia*, in her Emotion, made a slight Effort to draw back her Hand, he opposed a gentle Violence, and his Eyes, entirely disarmed her. Their Looks had expressed every Thing before their Tongues interfered; and the mutual Confession of their Love

Love was made and returned in two Words. 'We love,' said *Clairfont*. 'Alas! yes, 'we do love,' replied *Lucilia*, with a profound Sigh; 'it is no longer Time to deny it' 'But remember that I am bound 'by Duties: Those Duties are inviolable, and, if I am dear to you, 'they will be sacred.'

[To be continued.]

Rules for the Conduct of Life.

IF thy Soul thirsteth for Honour, if thy Ear hath any Pleasure in the Voice of Praise; raise thyself from the Dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy Aim to something that is Praise-worthy.

The Oak that now spreadeth its Branches towards the Heavens, was once but an Acorn in the Bowels of the Earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy Calling, whatever it be, neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: Nevertheless do not envy the Merits of another, but improve thine own Talents.

Scorn also to depress thy Competitor by dishonest or unworthy Methods; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him: So shall thy Contest for Superiority be crowned with Honour, if not with Success.

By a virtuous Emulation, the Spirit of a Man is exalted within him; he panteth after Fame, and rejoiceth as a Racer to run his Course.

He riseth like the Palm-Tree in Spite of Oppression; and as an Eagle in the Firmament of Heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his Eye upon the Glories of the Sun.

The Examples of eminent Men are in his Visions by Night; and his Delight is to follow them all the Day long.

He formeth great Designs, he rejoiceth in the Execution thereof, and his Name goeth forth to the Ends of the World.

Hear the Words of Prudence, give Heed unto her Counsels, and store them in thine Heart: Her Maxims are universal, and all the Virtues lean upon her; she is the

Guide and the Mistress of Human Life.

Put a Bridle on thy Tongue, set a Guard before thy Lips, lest the Words of thine own Mouth destroy thy Peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the Lame, take Care that he halt not himself: Whosoever speaketh of another's Failings with Pleasure, shall hear of his own with Bitterness of Heart.

Of much speaking cometh Repentance, but in Silence is Safety.

A talkative Man is a Nuisance to Society, the Ear is sick of his Babbling, the Torrent of his Words overwhelmeth Conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring Contempt upon thee: Neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter Jest is the Poison of Friendship, and he that cannot restrain his Tongue shall have Trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper Accommodations belonging to thy Condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the Providence of thy Youth may be a Comfort to thy old Age.

Let not thy Recreations be expensive, lest the Pain of purchasing them exceed the Pleasure thou hast in their Enjoyment.

Neither let Prosperity put out the Eyes of Circumspection, nor Abundance cut off the Hands of Frugality: He that too much indulgeth in the Superfluities of Life, shall live to lament the Want of its Necessaries.

Trust no Man before thou hast try'd him; yet mistrust not without Reason, it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a Man to be honest; lock him up in thine Heart as a Treasure, regard him as a Jewel of inestimable Price.

Receive not the Favours of a mercenary Man, reject the proffer'd Kindnesses of him that is wicked; they will be a Snare unto thee, the Obligation shall be grievous to thy Soul.

Use not To day what To-morrow may want; neither leave that to Hazard, which Foresight may provide for, or Care prevent.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

An HYMN to LIBERTY.

I.

HAIL! heaven-born fair,
Who eatest life from misery,
And makes it worth our care;
My constant vows are all address to thee,
Thou guardian goddess *Liberty*.

II.

Let other swains
Carve plaintive sonnets on each tree,
Lamenting love-sick pains;
But let my nobler verse be ever free
To sing the charms of *Liberty*.

III.

Should civil broil,
Or foreign force, to slavery
Subdue my native soil;
My native soil would have no charms for
me,
Without thy presence *Liberty*.

IV.

Birth, titles, wealth,
The trappings of prosperity;
Soft peace, nor smiling health,
Nor love itself, can yield felicity,
Without the joys of *Liberty*.

V.

Should she remove
To *Scythia*, *China*, *Tartary*,
Or 'mongst rude *Indians* rove;
To frozen coasts, to burning sands I'd
fly,
In search of lovely *Liberty*.

VI.

The sultry waste,
With far more temperate climes might
vie
In happiness so grac'd;
The sun in *Scythia*, with a milder sky,
Would smile on thee sweet *Liberty*.

VII.

Riches adieu!
Instructed by philosophy
I'll freely part with you;
Nor sigh for blessings which the gods deny,
Whilst they indulge me *Liberty*.

The COURT of DEATH:

A FABLE.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terrors fate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign
Diseases dire, a ghastly train,

Croud the vast court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
' This night our minister we name,
' Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
' Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their
hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:
' I to the weekly bills appeal,
' Let those express my fervent zeal;
' On ev'ry slight occasion near,
' With violence I persevere.'

Next *Gout* appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
' 'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
' And in the shape of love destroy;
' My thanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
' Prove my pretensions to the place.'

Stone urged his ever growing force.
And, next, *Consumption's* meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit pre-
ferr'd:

' Let none object my ling'ring way,
' I gain, like *Fabius*, by delay;
' Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
' By long attack, secure though slow.'

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the
wand.

Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne,
Merit was ever modest known.

' What, no Physician speak his right!
' None here! but fees their toils requite.
' Let then *Intemperance* take the wand,
' Who fills with gold their zealous hand,
' You, *Fever*, *Gout*, and all the rest,
' (Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
' Forego your claim; no more pretend:
' *Intemperance* is esteem'd a friend:
' He shares their mirth, their social joys,
' And, as a courted guest, destroys.
' The charge on him must justly fall
' Who finds employment for you all.'

A HYMN

A HYMN to the AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSE.

HAIL, glorious God! thou goodness' source,
And power's eternal spring,

Inspire my grateful breast with praise,
My father, saviour, king.

Thy mercy knows no finite bounds,
But unconfin'd and free,
Illumines the bright orbs of heav'n,
And fills immensity.

Wide roll the seas, and the sun gilds
With light each distant shore;
Thy goodness will for ever flow,
And shine when time's no more.

Who shall before thy hallow'd throne
Ingulph'd in pleasure stand,
Ascend the holy mount, and reign
In the true promis'd land?

That happy man, whose raptur'd mind
Is with thy pardon blest,
In whose tofs'd soul thy potent word
Has spoke the waves to rest.

He shall behold thy face, and drown'd
In floods of glory gaze;
Strain every faculty in love,
And fill the heav'ns with praise.

To a young LADY whose Thoughts were
wholly bent on this Life.

SAY, dear EMILIA, what untry'd de-
light
Has earth, or air, or ocean to bestow,
That checks thy active spirit's nobler
flight,
And bounds its narrow views to scenes
below?

Is life thy passion? Let it not depend
On flutt'ring pulses, & a fleeting breath:
In sad despair the fruitless wish must end,
That seeks it in the gloomy range of
death.

This world, deceitful idol of thy soul,
Is all devoted to his tyrant pow'r:
To form his prey the genial planets roll,
To speed his conquests flies the rapid
hour.

This verdant earth, these fair surrounding
skies,
Are all the triumphs of his wasteful
reign:

'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise;
'Tis but to wither, blooms the flow'ry
plain.

'Tis but to die, mortality was born;
Nor struggling folly breaks the dread
decree:

Then cease the common destiny to mourn,
Nor with thy nature's laws revers'd for
thee.

The sun that sets, again shall gild the
skies;

The faded plain reviving flow'rs shall
grace:

But hopeles fall, no more on earth to
rise,

The transitory forms of human race.

No more on earth: but See, beyond the
gloom,

Where the short reign of time & death
expires,

Victorious o'er the ravage of the tomb,
Smiles the fair object of thy fond de-
sires.

The seed of life, below, imperfect lies,

To Virtue's hand its cultivation giv'n;
Form'd by her care, the beautiful plant
shall rise,

And flourish with unfading bloom in
heav'n.

The sure Way to gain ESTEEM.

IF thou art willing to obtain respect,
Let prudent caution all thy steps di-
rect;

To all with affability behave,
Nor damn with too much rashness e'en a
knave;

Learn thou (regardless of the voice of
fame)

To praise with judgment, and with can-
dour blame;

Like a just critic, who with even scale
Sees if the beauties or the faults pre-
vail;

He weighs a poem with the nicest care,
And blames the poet if great faults ap-
pear;

But readily forgives a few bad lines,
If through the whole a clear correctness
shines.

If calumny's keen dart attack thy friend,
With all thy eloquence his cause de-
fend;

Own that some few, some trifling faults
he shares,

To which all mortals are by nature heirs,
But that his virtues eminently bright
Eclipse them with her far superior light.
Thus shalt thou live with happiness com-
plete,

Prais'd by the good, and honour'd by the
great;

Thus shall thy conduct be by all ap-
prov'd,

Thy friendship courted, and thyself be-
lov'd.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, August 18, 1764.



It is commonly observed, that when two *Englishmen* meet, their first Talk is of the Weather; they are in Haste to tell each other what each must already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

It may be alledged as a Reason for this, that an *Englishman's* Notice of the Weather, is the natural Consequence of changeable Skies, and uncertain Seasons. In many Parts of the World, wet Weather and dry are regularly expected at certain Periods; but in our Island, every Man goes to sleep, unable to guess whether he shall behold in the Morning a bright or cloudy Atmosphere, whether his Rest shall be lulled by a Shower, or broken by a Tempest. We therefore rejoice mutually at good Weather, as at an Escape from something that we feared, and mutually complain of bad, as of the Loss of something that we hoped.

Such is the Reason of our Practice, and who shall treat it with Contempt? Surely not the Attendant on a Court, whose Business is to watch the Looks of a Being weak and foolish as himself, and whose Vanity is to recount the Names of Men who might drop into nothing, and leave no Vacuity; not the Proprietor of Funds, who stops his Acquaintance in the Street to tell him of the Loss of Half a Crown; not the Enquirer after News, who fills his Head with Foreign Events, and talks of Skirmishes and Sieges, of which no Consequence will ever

reach his Hearers or himself. The Weather is a nobler and more interesting Subject; it is the present State of the Skies and of the Earth, on which Plenty and Famine are suspended, on which Millions depend for the Necessaries of Life.

The Weather is frequently mentioned for another Reason, less honourable to my dear Countrymen. — Our Dispositions too frequently change with the Colour of the Sky, and when we find ourselves chearful and good-natured, we naturally pay our Acknowledgments to the Powers of Sun-shine, or if we sink into Dulness or Peevishness, look round the Horizon for an Excuse, and charge our Discontent upon an easterly Wind or a cloudy Day.

But surely nothing is more reproachful to a Being endowed with Reason, than to resign its Powers to the Influence of the Air, and live in Dependence on the Weather and the Wind, for the only Blessings which Nature has put into our Power, Tranquillity and Benevolence. To look up to the Sky for the Nutriment of our Bodies is the Condition of Nature; to call upon the Sun for Peace and Gaiety, or deprecate the Clouds lest Sorrow should overwhelm us, is the Cowardice of Idleness, and the Idolatry of Folly.

Yet even in this Age of Enquiry and Knowledge, when Superstition is driven away, and Omens and Prodigies have lost their Terrors, we find this Folly countenanced by frequent Examples. — Those that laugh at the portentous Glare of a Comet, and hear a Crow with equal Tranquillity from the Right or the Left, will yet talk of *Tunes* and

Situations proper for intellectual Performances, will imagine the Fancy exalted by vernal Breezes, and the Reason invigorated by a bright Calm. — If Men who have given themselves up to fanciful Credulity would confine their Conceits in their own Minds, they might regulate their Lives by the Barometer, with Inconvenience only to themselves; but to fill the World with Accounts of Intelleſts ſubject to ebb and flow, of one Genius that awaken'd in the Spring, and another that ripened in the Autumn, of one Mind expanded in the Summer, and of another concentrated in the Winter, is no leſs dangerous, than to tell Children of Bugbears and Goblins. Fear will find every Houſe haunted, and Idleneſs will wait for ever for the Moment of Illumination.

This Diſtinction of Seasons is produced only by Imagination operating on Luxury. To Temperance every Day is bright, & every Hour is propitious to Diligence. He that ſhall reſolutely excite his Faculties, or exert his Virtues, will ſoon make himſelf ſuperior to the Seasons, and may ſet at Deſiance the Morning Miſt, and the Evening Damp, the Blaſts of the Eaſt, and Clouds of the South.

It was the Boaſt of the *Stoic* Philoſophy, to make Man unſhaken by Calamity, and unelated by Succeſs, incorruptible by Pleaſure, and invulnerable by Pain; theſe are Heights of Wiſdom to which none ever attained, and to which few can aſpire; but there are lower Degrees of Conſtancy neceſſary to common Virtue, and every Man, however he may diſtruſt himſelf in the Extremes of Good or Evil, might at leaſt ſtruggle againſt the Tyranny of the Climate, and reſuſe to enſlave his Virtue or his Reaſon to the moſt variable of all Variations, the Changes of the Weather.

Certain Way of preventing in a great Meaſure the Importation of Foreign Silks, &c.

LET an Adverſement from Court be printed in the *London Gazette*, expreſſly commanding all Perſons of

what Dignity ſoever, (Foreign Miniſters only, excepted) from preſuming to come into the Preſence of their Maſteſties, who had a ſingle Article in their Dreſs which was the Manufacture of other Countries.—This, in my Opinion, would be a principal Means of removing the preſent Complaint, as the *French* Manufactures are chiefly uſed by our People of Faſhion, who would on no Account be debarred from an Access to their Sovereign.

A Deſcription of a ſurpriſing Cascade near Terni in Italy, in a Letter from a Gentleman who had juſt viſited it, to his Friend.

I AM ſtill at Terni, I have been taken about five Miles from the Place, to ſee the vaſt Cascade. It is a Work of Nature, and one of the moſt ſtupendous of her Irregularities. The Noiſe is ſuch that I do not hear yet; and you can conceive nothing ſo ſtupendous as the Sight of this vaſt and terrible Cataract. The Water that throws itſelf down is a whole River; the Fall is not leſs than three hundred Feet. Conceive to yourſelf a River thrown from the ſharp Edge of a Rock to ſuch a Depth, without Interruption, and received on another Rock below, and you will imagine that both the Eye and the Ear muſt be filled with the Effect. The very Appendages to this Miracle are themſelves amazing; the Mountain which we aſcended to it is of white Marble; they call it *Monte di Marmore*. I was vaſtly delighted with the Sight of it; but I had like to have had a very feeling Remembrance of it alſo. The Way up is in ſome Parts very ſteep, the Track not greatly beaten, and you may imagine that a Pavement of natural Marble ſlabs is not the beſt Footing in the World for a Horſe. It was againſt the Advice of the Company that I would continue on the Creature; they had diſmounted, and the Guides, who told them it was the Cuſtom to do ſo, were leading their Horſes. I placed more Dependence than I ought to have done on mine, and I was nearly a Sacrifice to the Temerity. We were on a Part where the

narrow Road was winding, as well as steep; vast Rocks of Marble, like Walls, were on each Side, and their Height and Edges frightful enough. I was admiring so strange and beautiful a Scene as presented itself before me, when my Horse stumbled. Happy for the Company I was hindmost; to stumble is to fall, in such a Place; and to fall, is to roll down to the next Angle of some Block of Marble that stops you. I followed the Creature down the Precipice, but his Weight carried him much before me. He was destroyed by the Corner of a huge Mass of Marble, that stood out at a Turning of the Road: And the Dexterity of one of the Guides, who ran faster than I rolled down, saved me from certain Destruction, from his flouncing in his Agonies; for I must have fallen upon his Feet. It was not long before we came in Sight of the Cascade. We marched to it nearly in Front; but you would not guess at the Appearance: Nothing of that smooth Sheet of Water which I had expected, presented itself. We saw before us a Cloud, or a thick Smoke, rising from the Ground to the Height of six hundred Feet at least: And as the Situation was high, and the Day none of the brightest, you will have some Guess at the Violence, as well as Depth of the Fall, when I have told you that this is no other than the Quantity of loose Particles of the Water which rebound from the Rock that receives the Cataract; and, by the Violence of the Fall, are thrown twice, or more than twice the Height of the Level of the River. Above this Cloud appears continually the Succession of Particles of Water that form it, without Remission; and, after they have reached this Height, they fall again, in Form of a Shower of Rain, on all the circumjacent Place. When the Weather is calm, they drop in a smaller Compass; but a Gust of Wind blows the artificial Shower to a vast Distance.

As we approached this Cloud, we saw all the Leaves of the Trees and Plants, and the very Surface of the Mountain, covered with a fine Powder, white as Snow, and equal in

Softness to that used for the Hair. This is the Marble of the Mountain, beat and washed off by the Fall of the Water, and raised in these imperceptible Particles in the artificial Clouds: They fall again in the Shower, and the Water runs off without them. You have seen the Effects of the Salt left by what is called the Spray of the Sea: Our Gardens in the Inland Parts of *Essex* are often destroyed by it, after a strong Wind; *that*, however, is but partial; *this* is universal: Every Thing is covered with it, and it visibly injures and impedes the Growth of the Vegetables, by choaking up their Pores, and obstructing the Dews that should be received into them.

We had a very advantageous View of the Cataract, as we advanced nearer to it. A little Wind rose upon us, which carried away the Cloud on one Part, and gave us a View into the Fall. We examined every Part of the Cascade, the River above, the Channel below, the Descent of the Flood, and the Basin into which it is received at the Bottom. It is the *Velino*, a not inconsiderable River, the *Velinus* of *Virgil*, which forms this Cataract. It runs through a great Extent of Country, nearly level, before it arrives at the Rock: But though the Declivity is not great, the sudden Fall at this Place draws on a very strong Current. For some Miles above, the River is very rapid; and, I need not tell you, nothing is seen upon it. The Rock, upon whose level Surface it is received before this Fall, is of white Marble, and is the rest of the Mountain, and the Descent is a perpendicular Wall of near three hundred Feet; the Edge is worn round where the Water falls over; but such a Body, moving with such Rapidity, does not trickle down the Surface of it: The whole River rolls over, and throws itself forward with a vast Sweep. 'Tis said there is, towards the Bottom, a dry Space between this Rock and the Water; but I do not know how any Body has been informed of this. The Sight from the Top is dreadful, yet wonderfully pleasing: The River is clear; and the imme-

diate and rapid Curve formed in the bending over, is a Sight of pleasing Horror. While I was near this Part, a little Kind of Boat (a coarse Contrivance of some Peasants up the River) came down the Stream: We saw it at a Distance, and kept our Eyes upon it: It had been tost from its Fastening, and the Destruction was near. It travelled down to us with great Rapidity: As it came near, it was difficult to keep the Eye upon it. When it came to the Precipice, it rolled clean over, and in a Moment struck upon the Head of Water at the Bottom. Whether it met a Rock in its Way, or to what other Accident it was owing, I know not; for it is impossible the mere Resistance of the Water could do it: it rebounded up to a very considerable Height, in three separate Pieces, and immediately after rolled down the Channel with the Water.

From this terrifying View of the Top, we descended to examine the Bottom of the Cataract. Here was a Sight truly surprizing. You heard me mention the smooth and compact Body in which the Water rolled over the Edge of the Precipice: There is nothing in the Descent to break it, but the mere Resistance of the Air, and the Rapidity of that Descent; yet it is here divided all to Pieces; and as it comes near the Bottom, is not a Bed of Water, but a Kind of heavy and terrible Shower of Rain. 'Tis from this that the Drops rise in a constant Succession, so as to form the Cloud already mentioned; which descends again in still more minute Drops, after it has been tossed to that surprizing Height.

From the Level of the River, *that is*, from the Head of the Cataract, the Sight is very odd. When one looks upon this rising Cloud, the Body of it seems no more than a thick Vapour, or Mist: It is white indeed; but whether this be owing to the disturbed Motion of the Water, or to the small Particles of the Marble carried up with it, I cannot say. It is seen in a continued Fluctuation, rising by Starts and Lifts one Way, and falling more equally another: It rose a vast Height above our Heads, and then seemed to lose itself in the Air, like a Smoke at a

farther Distance from the Chimney; and it was odd to us, to conceive that it came down again.

The Bottom is a Part one would have yet more Curiosity to examine than even the Top: But the Curiosity is not so happily satisfied. We had the Advantage of a Wind to carry off the Pillar of the ascending Cloud, and so to shew us the lower Part; but still all was Confusion and Obscurity. I had a great Mind to see the vast Basin into which the falling River was received; but all I could discover of it, was a great Cavity: The Surface of the Water in this, was in too much Motion to let me see any Thing of it distinctly; and the Clash of the falling Drops, with those which formed the rising Cloud, confused the Eye as much as it deafened the Ear.

The Quantity of Water raised in Form of this Cloud, must be very considerable; for it diminishes the very River in a great Proportion. The Quantity of Water carried off by the Stream, as it runs from the great Basin, in which it is received immediately from the Cataract, is nothing in Proportion to that which is brought to it by the River above. It throws itself down in a vast Sheet; and the whole River, for a great Way above the Head, is considerable in its Extent; but it runs from the Basin (though with violent Rapidity) yet in a very much diminished Body: It bursts away from the Reservoir all in Foam, and roars along among the Marble Rocks that confine it on each Side, and which in some Places interrupt the Channel: But the Bed here is of small Capacity, in Proportion to the River above: It runs in this peculiar Channel to some Distance, and then falls into the *Nar*, the *Nera* of the ancient Romans.

A Comparison between English and French Liberty and Property in the present Times.

THE Moment the late Treaty of Peace was concluded, those miserable Slaves of Tyranny and Despotism, the *French*, whose Lives and Estates we are always taught to fancy are immediately depending on the Caprice of their King, judiciously

ciously saw that there was no Occasion of paying those heavy Taxes which they contributed to the Support of national Exigencies during the War; and therefore with a Spirit that would have done Honour to the Romans of former Ages, petitioned that these Taxes might be speedily reduced. All the Writers on this Side of the Water concurred in one Opinion, That the War had waited France to the last Stage of political Existence, and that little less than a Miracle could restore her to her original Splendor, as a Nation: Yet, Sir, notwithstanding this was the prevailing Opinion all over England, and notwithstanding we were at an absolute Certainty that a Pack of such miserable Wretches, as in the Pride of our Hearts we have frequently stiled the French, would rather be saddled with additional Taxes, than have any of their old ones wiped off: We, nevertheless, saw those miserable Wretches insisting upon an immediate Reduction of the national Burthen, and beheld what surprized us infinitely, a gracious Compliance with their Request. This being the Case in a Kingdom entirely at the Disposal of a Prince whose Coffers had been exhausted, whose very Plate had been melted down to supply the Exigencies of Government, and who of Course must stand in a most pressing Necessity of a Supply; let us enquire how it was in the Land of Liberty, where every Man's Property is secure by the Laws, and where we have a Parliament invested with sufficient Power to resist the most vigorous Attacks of an arbitrary Minister.

Why, the Peace was no sooner concluded with us, than, instead of lopping away any exuberant Branch of the Public Burthen, we set ourselves at Work on the contrary Side of the Question, and grafted fresh Scions on the original Stock. To speak without a Metaphor, though we had lessened one half of the national Expence by the Discharge of our Armies and Fleets, the Discontinuation of Subsidies to People for taking Care of their own Interest, and a Number of other Expedients; yet we found it necessary to

lay additional Loads upon the People: A glorious, an all-applauded Peace, was attended with more disagreeable Circumstances than we had felt in the most dangerous Crisis of a dreadful War; and, instead of seeing the Angel of Plenty with her Corn, Wine, and Oil, nothing appeared to our View, but the detestable Demon of Excise: Instead of meeting with a Mitigation in our Taxes, they were increased with an unremitting Severity; and, as if the Increase was not of itself sufficient, it was rendered to the last Degree insupportable by the Means.—But how did the Sons of Liberty behave in this Situation? Why, they sent Addresses from every Corner of the Kingdom, in Gratitude for the Peace, which had brought them such substantial Blessings, and licked the Foot of a Minister, while it was trampling them into Dust.—Having, from this comparative State of Things, shewn what an infinite Advantage we have over France in the Security of our Property, I proceed to shew, that we are equally happy in Point of superior Liberty too.

Some Time ago the Duc de Fitzjames, in Quality of the King's Lieutenant, being sent down to preside at the Parliament of a particular Province, he took it into his Head to be a little merry with the Privileges of that Assembly.—And would you believe it? The poor meek-spirited Members of which it was composed, who have nothing left of Liberty but the Name, rose up in an Instant, one and all loudly resented the Insolence of his Conduct, and in short presented so spirited a Remonstrance to the King, that he was glad to call his Minister instantly back.—Now for England.

On a late Occasion, when a Member of Parliament was taken up, without any regular Warrant or Information upon Oath, and committed close Prisoner, to the Tower for several Days: When the Privilege of Parliament was thus insulted, how did the Sons of Liberty behave? Why, we were highly offended with the Member thus imprisoned for complaining, and—But I have said enough for the present,

sent, to make every Man in *England*, more passionately than ever, in Love with the Words **LIBERTY** and **PROPERTY**.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 468.

WHAT is it that keeps a People enveloped in the Cloud of Ignorance, but an implicit Submission of Judgment to Instructors and Teachers? And what is it, that brings them into a State of Slavery, but a tacit Indifference in Regard to Proceedings, whose Tendency appears destructive to the Constitution of the Country? Wherever implicit Faith can be established, the Clergy will lord it over the Conscience; and where an implicit Obedience to the Measures of Men of arbitrary Principles can, by any Means, be enforced, such Ministers of State will not fail to make Use of it, to establish their own Power, at the Risque of the People's Liberty.—For without Freedom of Thought, there can be no such Thing as Wisdom: Neither can there be any Security for public Liberty, without Freedom of Speech.—Which is the Right of every Man, as far it does not hurt and controul the Right of another.—A Right so essential to a free Government, that the Security of Property, and the Freedom of Speech, always go together.

In those Countries where a Man can't call his Tongue his own; he can scarce call any Thing else his own. The Liberty of a Nation cannot be overthrown, till the Freedom of Speech has been subdued: Because this Freedom will continually pursue and point out public Traytors.

Thus, Ministers of State, and of the Gospel too, when it has been resolved in the Cabinet, or Conclave, to deprive the People of this Means of Opposition to their Systems and Measures, have stuck at nothing to gain their Point. When our Kings have been so weak as to be prevail'd upon to lay aside Parliaments, their wicked Ministers procured a Proclamation to forbid the People to talk of that Branch of our national Constitution. And many Times

when bad Men have got into the Seat of Power, they not only stigmatized the asserting of the undoubted Right of the Subject, and a Defence of his Majesty's legal Prerogative, with the opprobrious Name of *Disaffection*, but punished it as *Sedition*.—Yea, Matters have at certain Periods come to that pass, that People were forbid to talk of Religion in their Families.—For the Priests had combined with the Ministers of State to cook up Tyranny, and to suppress Truth and the Law, under a Pretence of supporting the Royal Prerogative, and of Power in the Church to impose an implicit Belief upon the People.

It is everyone's Duty to speak well of their Governors, if they deserve to be well spoken of: But it is their Interest, as well as their Duty, to watch, or to attend to their Proceedings; so far as such Measures relate to the public Welfare; and not to be silent, when they find them doing public Mischief.

Therefore Freedom of Speech, however traduced by the Advocates for arbitrary and unconstitutional Measures, and dreaded by wicked Governors, is the Symptom as well as the Effect of good Government. Guilt only dreads Liberty of Speech. A virtuous Administration, the more it is examined, the more it brightens, and gains by the Enquiry. *Rome* lost her Liberty, as soon as Men's Words began to be feared and watched by that poisonous Race of Informers, who were encouraged and well paid under the vile Ministry of *Sejanus*, *Tigellinus*, *Pallas* and *Cleander*.

Tacitus, having mentioned the Reigns of *Titus*, *Nerva*, *Trajan* and *Aurelius*, who were Friends of Liberty, says with an Extasy — 'Blessed Times, when Men might think what they would, and speak what they thought!'

The best Princes have always encouraged and promoted Freedom of Speech, on this certain Maxim, That upright Measures will always defend themselves; and that all upright Men will defend them. Misrepresentations of public Measures are easily overthrown, by representing public Measures truly.

Freedom of Speech is the great Bulwark

Bulwark of Liberty; they prosper and die together: And this Bulwark is not only a Terror to Traytors, and Oppressors, but an impregnable Barrier against them.

Therefore it is no agreeable Prospect at any Time, to hear of a Ministry complaining against Liberty of Speech, and attempting to restrain the Liberty of the Press. Who encourage Prosecutions against Writers, and the burning of their Works. This may convince the People how much Truth alarms them, and how much they are at Enmity with Truth; but cannot be the proper Means to establish an Opinion of their own Abilities and Integrity.

The following is very much a Case in Point, and therefore deserves to be mentioned: — *Crematius Cordus* wrote the Praise of *Brutus* and *Cassius* in his Annals: — At the Time of their Publication, the Ministry was composed of *Sejanus* and his Sycophants; who, conscious of their own Characters, took it into their Heads, that *Cordus* levelled the Praise bestowed on those worthy *Romans*, as so many Reproaches pointed ironically against themselves. — They complain of the Book to the Senate; which being degenerate, and become the Machine of Tyranny, ordered it to be burnt. — This did not answer the End of the Complainants, who thought to have suppressed the Book. — It spread, — and, being censured, it was more sought after. *Tacitus*, who relates this Proceeding of the Prime Minister and Sycophants, concludes with this Remark — *From hence we may wonder at the Stupidity of those Statesmen, who hope to extinguish, by the Terror of their Power, the Memory of their Actions: For, quite otherwise, the Punishment of good Writers gains Credit to their Writings. Nor did ever any Government, who practised impolitic Severity, get any Thing by it, but Infamy to themselves, and Renown to those, who suffered under it.*

Therefore, every one, that loves Liberty, ought to encourage Freedom of Speech. But I will say no more on this Subject at present, only that the Defence of Liberty is a

noble, a heavenly Office; which can only be performed where Liberty is.

It is under Favour of this Freedom or Liberty of Speech, and of the Press, and under the best of Kings, that I have ventured to make some Observations on the Measures taken by wicked and desperate Ministers, who have at any Time attempted to enslave and ruin their Country.

It has been their first Care to get their Prince into their Possession, and to make him Prisoner in his Court, that they may devour his Dominions, and plunder his Subjects without Controul; knowing that a Sovereign thus secluded from the Access of his faithful Friends, and the Knowledge of public Affairs, must be content with such Misrepresentations as they shall find expedient to give him. They state false Cases to justify wicked Counsel; and give wicked Counsel to obtain unjust Orders. They never cease till they make him mistake his Foes for his Friends, his Friends for his Foes, and to believe that his Affairs are in the highest Prosperity, when they are in the greatest Distress; and that public Matters proceed in the greatest Harmony, when they are in the utmost Confusion.

Having made sure of their Sovereign, their next Attempt is to impoverish the People, and raise Fortunes for themselves: knowing that Dominion follows Property, that Wealth and Power are the certain Means of retaining Crowds of servile Dependents; that Poverty dejects the Mind, fashions it for Slavery, and renders it unequal to any generous Undertaking, and incapable of opposing any bold Step against their Liberty. — Such Ministers, perhaps, may cry up Economy, and exhibit some inconsiderable Specimens thereof, to blind the Public, while they squander away the national Treasure in Pensions to worthless Men, and in Bribery and Corruption, to favour their vile Ends and base Purposes. When they have Motives to make Peace, they will have no View to the public Interest; but will often, to procure a Peace to serve their own Purpose

pose, deliver up the strong Holds of their Country, or its Colonies; and sacrifice Conquests and Trade to open Enemies, suspected Friends, or dangerous Neighbours.

Ministers of this Cast go a Step farther.—They prefer worthless and wicked Men, and suffer not Men of Honesty and Capacity to enjoy a Post under them.—If by these Measures the People be provoked to complain, they improve such Complaints into an Argument for new Oppression; for keeping a standing Army; and for depriving them of their Rights and Liberties, to which the People are entitled by their Birth, and the Laws of the Land.

Of the Providence of God in the Preservation of his living Creatures.

[Continued from Page 537.]

INDEED our own Experience is abundantly sufficient to convince us of the Providence of God in our Preservation. No Person can absolutely assure himself of one Moment's Continuance in Life or Existence. Every one who reflects will be sensible of his own Insufficiency to uphold his own Being, or supply his own Wants. We feel our Dependence upon something above us, and are, at it were *conscious* of a superior Power which sustains and preserves us. Our very Frame and Constitution is a Mystery to us; the vital Union of Soul and Body, their mutual Influences and incessant Operations are unaccountable, and produced not by any Design or Power of our own, but by something independent of our Will. The beating Pulse, and the internal Motions of the various Fluids of the Body, continue uninterrupted, without any Thought or Design of our own to that End: Nor are we able to supply any Thing that is wanting, either in the Frame of our Bodies, or in the Faculties of our Minds; or finish what is defective; or make that which is *crooked, straight*: We cannot add to our *Stature one Cubit, nor make one Hair of our Head white or black*. And in the narrow Course of our Actions or Attempts, how often do we meet with a superior Power which checks

and controuls us, baffles our Designs, and disposes of us quite contrary to our strongest Inclinations, and most confident Hopes? In a Word, we find experimentally, that we are not our own Masters; and that it is not in us to fix our own Capacity, Condition, or Duration; but that our Measures of Strength, Understanding, and Time, are assigned to us by a secret and sovereign Power, which bears an irresistible Sway over us, allots our State and Duration, and preserves or destroys us. So that without having Recourse to any remote or abstruse Arguments, every Person may find sufficient Ground, in his own Frame and Constitution, and from his own Sense and Experience, to believe and acknowledge an all-governing Providence, on which he depends, and to which he owes Life and Preservation.

From the whole we may observe, in the first Place, God's Right of Dominion over his Creatures; which is founded not only on his creative Power, but on his governing Wisdom and preserving Providence.—He is alone equal to the infinite Charge, superintends the whole World, sustains all Life, and incessantly gives to his Creatures all they have and all they are: And hence hath an absolute Right to dispose of them according to his own sovereign Will; *that is, in such a Manner as he alone, independent of all other Will and Opinion, shall judge most conducive to those Ends, which his perfect Wisdom and Goodness approve*. To him it belongs to assign to every Being throughout the Universe its respective Rank and Sphere of Activity, its Degrees of Capacity & Strength, and Compass of Supply; to contract or enlarge them; to exalt one and depress another; *to kill and to make alive; to wound and to heal*. The Times of all Animals are in his Hand; and he prolongs or cuts them short as he pleases; to one he grants a longer, to another a shorter Space of Existence; some he ordains mortal, others immortal; to some he appoints but a momentary, to others an everlasting Duration.—And in all these Instances he acts by

by a Prerogative, which must be long to him both of Necessity and Right. And no Creature can justly murmur and complain against God; Why is my Time so short or so precarious? Why is my Age but a Hand's Breadth? Why am I liable to perish so soon, or so suddenly? Why am I not made immortal? Why is my Rank or Nature so mean in Comparison of others far superior? my Powers so limited and defective? Why are not my Supports more sure; my Talents more considerable; my Influence more extensive; my Circumstances in these and other Respects more advantageous?

There is no Room for such Complaints; since no Creature can claim of Right one Moment's Continuance of Existence or Support, which are owing to, and constantly derived from the free Bounty and Providence of God: And if he abridges our Days or our Supplies, he doth no more than resume what he at first gave, and what he hath so long, without the least Obligation, suffered us to enjoy. And we ought to acquiesce in the many undeniable and signal Marks of his Providential Care and Kindness; and attribute his other more mysterious and unaccountable Proceedings to a Wisdom, which far surpasses the Bounds of our Comprehension, and say with the PSALMIST, *Thy Mercy, O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy Faithfulness reacheth unto the Clouds: Thy Righteousness is like the great Mountains; thy Judgments are a great Deep. O Lord, thou preservest Man and Beast.*

Secondly: Let us hence entertain admiring and grateful Thoughts of the Divine Care and Goodness in our Preservation. How extensive and wonderful is that Providence of God, which comprehends in one View the whole boundless Creation, and the Support of every living Creature! How shall an infinite Number and Variety of still returning Wants be duly supplied? What Stores of Provision can suffice to such an immense and endless Consumption? — What Proportion or Comparison is there between the utmost Abilities or Conceptions of

Men, and the Extent of Divine Wisdom and Providence? — And when we contract our Reflections to a narrower Sphere, to our own private Experience; when we consider our own Preservation amidst all the Dangers our frail Nature is liable to, *the Arrow that flieth by Day, and the Pestilence that walketh in Darkness*, the inward Diseases and outward Violences; whilst all Nature around administers to our Support, and our various Wants have been regularly satisfied; and the curious internal Structure of our bodily Frame, and System of our mental Faculties, have continued for so long a Time unimpaired; when we reflect upon all the Evils we have escaped, the Successes we have obtained, and the Blessings we have enjoyed; — we cannot but be struck with a lively and grateful Sense of Divine Favour and Protection, and shall naturally adopt the Language of the PSALMIST, *Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits: Who healeth thy Diseases, who redeemeth thy Life from Destruction, who crowneth thee with loving Kindness and tender Mercies.*

Thirdly. Let us imitate, according to our Capacity, the Divine Providence and Goodness, by extending our Care and contributing our Part to the Support and Welfare of our Fellow Creatures. God hath not only formed Mankind for Society and mutual Assistance; but hath established in some Measure a Connexion & Dependence between the Human Species and those inferior Animals which are made serviceable to Man, and put in Subjection to him. And the same Divine Law of Nature and Reason, which hath subjected them to our Use, equally binds us to use them with Moderation and Mercy, and to provide due Sustenance for them. Cruelty towards the Brute Creatures is surely contrary to the Will of that Almighty Creator, whose kind Providence and *tender Mercies are over all his Works.* *A righteous Man, saith SOLOMON, regardeth the Life of his Beast.* — To defend the Brute Creatures from the Outrage and Oppression of Mankind, is the Spirit and Design of several Pre-

cepts in the *Mosaic Law*. And it is alledged as a Reason of the Divine Mercy in sparing *Nineveh*, not only that there were *six Score Thousand Persons in that great City, who could not discern between the Right Hand and the Left; but also much Cattle.*

If now the inferior Creatures have a just Claim to our merciful Regard; and if the Creator and Lord of the Universe extends his Providence to them, how strong Obligations of Humanity and Mercy are Mankind under to one another; who are made of the same Species, and connected together in rational Society? And how different is our Temper from the Divine Disposition, if we are regardless of the Life and Safety, and inattentive to the Wants and Miseries of our Fellow-Men? if we neglect to *provide for those of our own Household* through Idleness, or rob them of a due Support, to spend it in Riot and Excess; or *grind the Face of the Poor*, and starve those who depend upon us for Subsistence, to gratify a miserable and insatiable Avarice? How opposite is this Conduct to the Goodness and Providence of God; and how odious in his Sight?—Such Persons, the *Apostle* justly declares, *are worse than Infidels.* Let us then cherish a liberal and communicative Disposition, desirous that others partake with us of the Supports of Life, and unwilling that any should perish, or be reduced to Misery, for Want of that Sustenance which we might afford. Doth God exercise a constant Providence over Mankind, and make Heaven and Earth and Sea contribute, in a wonderful Manner, to furnish us with the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life? And doth he moreover *give to the Beast his Food, and to the Fowls that cry?* Doth he open his Stores, and distribute with an unenvious Hand to the whole living Creation. —How ill then does it become us niggardly to hoard up, or wastefully consume upon ourselves, that which the Preservation and Welfare of our Fellow-Creatures demand from us? A Consideration of the all preserving Providence of God, certainly ought not to end in a barren Speculation; but to produce in our Minds

a similar Disposition, and teach us not to confine our *Providence* to our own Wants and Desires; but to extend our Care and Liberality, in due Proportion, to all within the Reach of our Influence and Acquaintance.

Lastly: Let us rely upon the Divine Protection for the future: The Providence of God has hitherto been our Support, and is equally able to sustain us for the future. And therefore timid and anxious Cares, and an extreme Solitude about our own Preservation, are Inconsistent with true Piety, or a just Confidence in the Divine Care and Goodness. To live in continual Dread of Poverty and Calamity, or even Death itself, is vain and unreasonable, and implies an unbecoming Distrust of the Providence of God; which is always equally attentive to the Preservation of his Creatures, and which is never wanting to good Men, who put their Trust in him. Much less does it become us to be always taking Thought *what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed*, or to be swallowed up with Care about the securing and encreasing our worldly Substance. They who know not God, or have no just Apprehensions of his Providence, may seek after these Things with great Anxiety and Uneasiness: But let us, according to our *Saviour's* Exhortation, *seek in the first Place the Kingdom of GOD, and his Righteousness*; and for the rest, after using our diligent Endeavour, commit ourselves to the Providence of our *heavenly Father, who knoweth what Things we have Need of*, and is ever ready to supply his Servants with what is convenient for them. Let us banish all vain Anxiety and excessive Solitude about our future Condition in Life, and cast our Care upon him, whose Care extends to the whole World of living Creatures.

The HAPPY DIVORCE: A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 542.]

LUCILLA's, Inclination was not one of those fashionable Passions which stifle Shame in their Infancy,

fancy, and *Clairfont* respected it too much to take Advantage of it as a Weakness. Transported with being loved, he for a long Time confined his Desires to the delicious Possession of a Heart pure, virtuous, and faithful. 'How little we love,' said he to himself in his Delirium, 'when we are not made happy by the single Pleasure of loving! Who was the stupid Savage who first branded with the Name of Rigour that Resistance which timid Modesty opposes to wild Desires? Is there, beautiful *Lucilia*, is there a Denial which your Looks would not soften? Can I complain when you smile upon me? And has my Soul any Wishes still to form, when my Eyes draw from your's that heavenly Voluptuousness with which you intoxicate all my Senses? Far be from us, I consent to it, all those Pleasures followed by Regrets, which would trouble the Serenity of your Life. I respect your Virtue as much as you yourself cherish it, and I shall never pardon myself the having caused any Remorse to spring up in the Bosom of Innocence itself.' Sentiments so heroick charmed *Lucilia*; and *Clairfont*, more tender every Day, was every Day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be so. But at Length the Railleries of his Friends, and the Suspicions they excited in him with Respect to that Virtue which he adored, embittered his Happiness. He became gloomy, uneasy, jealous; every Thing vexed him, every Thing gave him Umbrage. *Lucilia* every Day perceived her Chain become closer and heavier, every Day there were new Complaints to hear, new Reproaches to undergo. Every Man that she received with Civility was a Rival whom she must banish. The first Sacrifices that he required were made without Opposition; he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted more still, she was weary of obeying him. *Clairfont* imagined he saw in *Lucilia*'s Impatience, an invincible Attachment to the Connexions which he prohibited; and that Love, at first so delicate and submissive, became fierce and tyrannical. —

Lucilia was terrified; she sought to appease him, but to no Purpose. 'I will not believe,' said the imperious *Clairfont*, 'I will not believe that you love me till you live for me alone, as I do for you. What! if I possess, if I fill your Soul, what do you do with this troublesome Crowd? Ought it to cost you any Thing to banish what afflicts me? What do I say? Is it not a continual Violence that I do myself to see any Thing but *Lucilia*? Would to Heaven we were freed from this Crowd, which besieges you, and which deprives me every Moment either of your Looks or your Thoughts. The Solitude that so terrifies you would complete all my Wishes. Are not our Souls of the same Nature? Or the Love which you think you feel, is it not the same that I feel? You complain that I demand Sacrifices of you? Require, *Lucilia*, require in your Turn; choose the most painful, the most grievous Trials; you shall see whether I hesitate. There is no Connexion which I would not break, no Effort which I would not make; or rather, I should not make any. The Pleasure of pleasing you, will make me Amends, will serve instead of every Thing; and what they call Denials would be to me Enjoyments.' 'You think so, *Clairfont*,' replied the tender ingenuous *Lucilia*; 'but you deceive yourself. Each of these Denials is but little; but all together make up a great deal. It is the Continuance of them that is tiresome: You have made me know by Experience, that no Complaisance is inexhaustible.' While she spoke this, *Clairfont*'s Eyes, sparkling with Impatience, were sometimes turned up to Heaven, and sometimes fixed on her. 'Believe me,' continued *Lucilia*, 'the Sacrifices of true Love are made in the Heart, and under the Veil of Mystery: Self-Love, alone demands public ones: To that Victory is little; it aspires to the Honours of a Triumph: That is what you exact.'

'What a cold Analysis,' cried he, 'and what vain Metaphysics! Love, to be sure, reasons thus! I love

‘ I love you, Madam ; nothing, to my Misfortune, is truer ; I would sacrifice a thousand Lives to please you ; and whatever may be this Sentiment which you call Self-Love, it detaches me from the whole World to deliver myself up solely to you ; but in abandoning myself thus, I would possess you in the same Manner. *Cleon, Linval, Pomblac*, all these are sufficient to make me uneasy ; I cannot answer for myself. After this, if you love me, nothing ought to be more precious to you than my Repose ; and my Uneasiness, were it even a Folly, you ought to dissipate. But why do I say a Folly ? You render my Alarms and my Suspicions but too reasonable. And how should I be easy, when I see that every one who comes near you, engages you more than myself ?’

‘ Ah, Sir, what Acknowledgments do I owe you ! said *Lucilia* with a Sigh : You make me see the Depth of the Abyss into which Love was going to plunge me. Yes, I see that there is no Slavery comparable to that which a jealous Lover imposes,’ — ‘ I, Madam, do I make you a Slave ? Have not you even an absolute Empire over me ? Do not you do what you please with me ?’ — ‘ Enough Sir : I have suffered a long Time ; I flattered myself ; you now draw me out of my Illusion, and nothing can lead me into it again. Be my Friend, if you can be so : It is the only Title that remains to you with me.’ — ‘ Ah, cruel Woman, would you have my Death ?’ — ‘ I want nothing but your Ease and my own.’ — ‘ You overwhelm me. What is my Crime ?’ — ‘ Loving yourself too well, and not esteeming me enough.’ — ‘ Ah ! I swear to you.’ — ‘ Swear nothing : Your Jealousy is a Vice in your Disposition, and the Disposition never corrects itself, I know you, *Clairfont*, I begin to dread you, and cease to love you. This very Moment I see my Frankness makes you desperate ; but of two Punishments I choose the shortest ; and by taking away from you the Right of being

jealous, I create you the happy Necessity of ceasing to be so.’ ‘ I know you in my Turn,’ replied *Clairfont* with a stifled Rage : ‘ The Delicacy of a sensible Soul ill agrees with the Levity of your’s ; it is a *Blamze* that you must have for a Lover, and I was a Fool to take it ill . . .’ ‘ Go no farther,’ interrupted *Lucilia* ; ‘ I know all that I owe to you ; but I retire to spare you the Shame of having reproached me with it.’

Clairfont went off in a Rage, and fully resolved never more to revisit a Woman whom he had so tenderly loved, and who had dismissed him with so much Inhumanity.

[To be continued.]

Sowing Wheat-Seed in a dry Season unprepared, much more beneficial than using prepared Seed.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

Experience, which is the best Mistress and Instructress in Matters which relate to Husbandry, has taught me a very useful Truth.

I had a few Years ago a large Field, containing twenty Acres, which I had fallowed with great Care, and prepared for sowing in Wheat.

Half of this Field I sowed in the usual Way, soaking and liming my Seed ; but happening not to have Seed enough prepared, and other Business urging me, through Haste I sowed the remaining ten Acres with good sound plain Wheat, dry, without Liming, Soaking, Brining, or any other Preparation whatever.

The Season happened to be dry, and the Drought continued.

The soaked Seed presently sprouted, and appeared above Ground ; but it was the greatest Part of it soon parched, starved, and burnt up in its premature Growth ; so that, on this Side the Field, I had at Harvest but a very thin and poor Crop ; whereas the Seed on the other half lay secure, without sprouting, during the long Drought ; and when the first Rains came, grew as favourably as I could wish ; and, what

Usefulness of Pigeons to Wheat Crops.

what is still better, yielded a very plentiful Return at Harvest.

The Affair above-mentioned has ever since determined me, in a dry Season, to sow my Wheat-Seed naked and unprepared, and I have never once failed of Success in this Practice.

If any Husbandman should reap Benefit by this Advice, it will give me a very sensible Pleasure, and amply repay me for the little Share of Trouble I have had in writing to you this Letter.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Remarkable Instance of the Usefulness of Pigeons to Wheat Crops.

A Gentleman coming to *Tuxford*, in *Nottinghamshire*, in his Way to, or from *London*, asked the Master of the Inn if he had not a Pigeon-Pye, as usual in that Season; *Tuxford* being as famous for Pigeons as for a strong Clay, and its Produce, Wheat. The Landlord answered, that the Farmers being persuaded that every Pigeon eats a Load of Corn in a Year, had agreed to destroy their Courts. "But (added he) we find that without Pigeons we can grow no Corn, and must re-people our Courts with all possible Expedition." The Gentleman being curious to know the Reason, the Landlord continued, "Our Soil is so full of the Seeds of Ketlocks, that they now over-shoot and destroy our Corn, and we find by Experience that our Pigeons preferred these Seeds to any Corn whatever; and that in destroying of our Pigeons, we have run a great Risque to destroy ourselves."

It is highly probable, that the Seeds of many other Weeds are in like Manner preferred by Pigeons to any Corn; just as Cats prefer the Flesh of Mice to any other, and that in many Places we should have much better Crops of Wheat, &c. if we encouraged Pigeons more.

It is worth the while to try in what Degree Pigeons are fond of several Seeds of Weeds; and, in particular, how they stand affected to the Seed of Mellilot, which gives so disagreeable a Taste to the finest

The Origin of Surnames. 557

Wheat, as to render it in a Manner uneatable, at the same Time that it is so small as scarcely to be separated from the Corn. By the Bye, how cautious should the Farmer be, lest, in buying of Seed-Wheat, he buy the Seeds of Weeds, which may cost him endless Pains to eradicate? I would advise every one, before he sows any Wheat, to use some of it in Puddings, &c. as well as in Bread, and to engage some Person of exquisite Taste to give his Opinion.

The Origin of Surnames.

BEFORE the Arrival of the Normans, Men were usually named from their Condition and Properties, as GODRED, the Saxon Word for good Advice; and a Woman was called from some Quality of her Body, as SWCANSHALSE, for the Whiteness of her Neck: But after that Period, Men began to be known by their Dwellings, and to have an Appellation from the Possessions they enjoyed: At that Time the Names of *John, Thomas, Nicolas, Francis, Stephen, and Henry*, were introduced, with others scriptural, and now in Use among us: Such as had Lands assigned them, were called from these; thus, if *Thomas* had got the Township of *Norton, Sutton, Knowles, or Combe*, he was thenceforth called *Thomas of Norton, of Sutton, or of Combe*; others again preferred the Places in *Normandy* or *Britany* whence they had arrived; thus, if a Man came from a Village called *Vernon, Montague, Howard, or Spencer*, he transmitted to his Posterity the Surname of *Vernon, Montague, Howard, or Spencer*, to be put after their Christian Names so long as any of them should remain.

Account of a remarkable Echo.

AT *Norton-Hall*, near the northern Boundary of *Cheshire*, about four Miles distant from *Warington* in *Lancashire*, is a remarkable Echo: There is a Wall of about one hundred and twenty Yards long, one End of which leads into the House: About the Middle there

there is a round Tower, with a Gate in it, and at the other End another Tower and Gate of the same Kind. If a Flute is sounded on the Steps, it is scarce heard at the first Gate, but at the Distance of thirty Yards from it, nearer to the farther Tower: Upon approaching ten Yards still nearer to the farther Tower, it is heard very distinctly, not however as coming from the Steps where it is sounded, but from the farther Tower; but upon approaching ten Yards still nearer to the farther Tower, it is no longer heard from that Gate, but from the Steps where it is sounded.

Of the ill Effects which may proceed from rocking Children to Sleep.

IN a Treatise published some Time since in *Italy*, we meet with some curious Remarks on the Practice of rocking Children to Sleep. "This Motion (says the Author) must injure the delicate Texture of the Brain, spoil their Digestion, turn the Milk in their Stomachs, make them squeamish, and occasion many Disorders in the Bowels, to which it is no Wonder Children are so subject." It seems to be intended by Nature, he observes, that Mankind should pass the early State of Infancy in a Kind of lethargic Composure, which contributes to ripen and perfect the Organs: But, when that Time is passed, and they begin to give Symptoms of their Sensibility, by their frequent Cries, ought we to suppress those Cries, and prevent them from paying this Tribute to Nature? Would it not be better to leave them to themselves, and let them sink gradually into that calm Condition, to which their Fatigue of Spirits would presently reduce them? Those impatient Nurses, who are in Haste to bring them again into their State of original Stupor by rocking them, often substitute very melancholy Disorders, by endeavouring to relieve them from slight Sufferings, which are inseparable from the Condition of Human Nature.

RULES for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

PERILS, and Misfortunes, and Want, and Pain, and Injury, are more or less the certain Lot of every Man that cometh into the World.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O Child of Calamity! early to fortify thy Mind with Courage and Patience, that thou mayest support, with Resolution, thy allotted Portion of Human Evil.

As the Camel beareth Labour, and Heat, and Hunger, and Thirst, through Desarts of Sand, and fainteth not; so the Fortitude of a Man shall sustain him through Perils, and Distress.

A noble Spirit disdaineth the Malice of Fortune: His Greatness of Soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his Happiness to depend on her Smiles, and therefore with her Frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a Rock on the Sea-shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the Waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his Head like a Tower on an Hill, and the Arrows of Fortune drop at his Feet.

In the Instant of Danger, the Courage of his Heart sustaineth him; and the Steadiness of his Mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the Evils of Life as a Man that goeth forth unto Battle, and returneth with Victory in his Hand.

Under the Pressure of Misfortunes, his Calmness alleviates their Weight, and his Constancy shall surmount them.

But the dastardly Spirit of a timorous Man betrayeth him to Shame.

By shrinking under Poverty, he stoopeth down to Meanness; and by tamely bearing Insults, he inviteth Injuries.

As a Reed is shaken with the Breath of the Air, so the Shadow of Evil maketh him tremble.

In the Hour of Danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the Day of Misfortune he sinketh, and Despair overwhelmeth his Soul.

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

A Description of REAPING.

WHEN the bright planet vernal heights forsakes,
And now in *Virgo* shorter journies makes,
Wide waving round, the golden crops appear,
And scarce the stems sustain the freighted ear,
Mature it now requires the reapers care:
The reapers gladly for the task prepare.
While yet the stars dispense their fainter rays,
Or e'er the dawn one purple streak displays,
They leave their pallats, blest with such repose
As the proud splendid couch but rarely knows.
Their faithful mates attend their comforts will;
The luncheons cut, the leathern bottles fill;
And now they issue, blithsome, to the fields:
Some friendly hedge the rich provision shields.
The *Kersey* doublet o'er the store is flung,
And now (the magazine secure & strong)
Th' attack begins—the fickle swift invades,
And in a moment thousands bow their heads.
Spread o'er the fields the prostrate ranks confess
The victor's potent arm and vast success.
Onward they move, and general havock threat,
Till *Juno* warns the conquerors to retreat;
Her sable banners in the welkin fly;
Sure signal an approaching show'r is nigh.
Quick to the shelt'ring hedges they recede,
Quaff from the bottles, on the beveridge feed.
The Fair, who lately in the rear were seen,
The ears, which casual dropt, intent to glean,
The converse & the banquet freely share;
With joy they smile, and bid adieu to care:
And when the humid clouds disfil no more,
But to the sun his azure skies restore,

Again with glee the welcome task they ply,
'Till vanquish'd at their feet whole acres lie.
They bind the sheaves, the arm-full shock they raise,
And add nocturnal hours to stretch the days,
Till all completed, the glad moments come
When joyful shouts proclaim their harvest home:
In crowded barns the golden produce stor'd,
The willing farmer spreads his festal board:
From roast & boil'd now grateful steams ascend,
With pies and puddings the pil'd tables bend,
With potent ale the brimful flagons stand,
They eat, they drink, and bless the bounteous hand,
The providential goodness which bestows
A garner throng'd, a cup that overflows.

The GOOSE and the SWANS:

A FABLE.

IHate the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The studied look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
With what superior grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints?
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love;
While the agreeable strikes us sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
Why then my *Amoret* this care,
That makes you in effect less fair?
If Nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom, that emulates the rose;
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form *Apelles* never knew,

Your

Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost of the croud,
At ev'ry public shew are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here! the stand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock, yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that shew,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, crows the mead she
stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride,
Provok'd her spleen. --- Why there, she
cry'd,

Again, what arrogance we see! —
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the publick mock;

And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.
Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

*To a Young LADY with a SPINNING-
WHEEL.*

SYLVIA! with the wheel I send,
Take the hint 'twas form'd to lend.
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.
All the years that roll away,
Are but circles of a day;
Still the same and still renew'd,
While some distant good's pursu'd;
Distant, for we're never blest,
'Till the lab'ring wheel's at rest.
Then the various thread is spun;
Then the toil of life is done.
Happy if the running twine
Form'd a smooth and even line;
Not a foul and tangled clue,
Not untimely snapt in two.
Then the full reward is sure,
Rest that ever shall endure;
Rest to happiness refin'd,
Bliss of body and of mind!

An H Y M N.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems,
On the rich eastern shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
My restless thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
My fond desires allure:
For greater things than these from thee
My wishes would secure.

IV.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundless riches of thy grace,
And treasures of thy love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave;
O! make these blessings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, August 25, 1764.



AS daily Experience makes it evident that Misfortunes are unavoidably incident to Human Life, that Calamity can neither be repelled by Fortitude, nor escaped by Flight, neither awed by Greatness, nor excluded by Obscurity; Philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that Condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our Evils are made afflictive only by Ignorance or Perverseness, and that Nature has annexed to every Vicissitude of external Circumstances, some Advantage sufficient to overbalance all its Inconveniences.

This Attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of Resemblance to the Practice of Physicians, who when they cannot mitigate Pain destroy Sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by Opiates the Inefficacy of their other Medicines. The Panegyrics of Calamity have more frequently gained Applause to their Wit, than Acquiescence to their Arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical Oratory or subtil Ratiocination has been able long to overpower the Anguish of Oppression, the Tediousness of Labour, or the Longings of Want.

Yet it may be generally remarked that, where much has been attempted, something has been performed; though the Discoveries or Acquisitions of Man are not always adequate to the Expectations of his Pride, they are at least sufficient to animate his Industry. The Antidotes with which Philosophy has

medicated the Cup of Adversity, tho' they cannot give it Salubrity and Sweetness, have at least allayed its Bitterness, and contempered its Malignity; the Balm the drops upon the Wounds of the Mind, abates their Pain though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we secure ourselves from vain and immoderate Disquiet; we preserve for better Purposes that Strength which would be unprofitably wasted in wild Efforts of Desperation, and maintain that Circumspection which may enable us to seize every Support, and improve every Alleviation. This Calmness will be more easily obtained, as the Attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the Contemplation of unmixed & unabated Evil, and diverted to those accidental Benefits which Prudence may confer upon every State.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in Misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by representing it as necessary to the Pleasures of the Mind. *He that never was acquainted with Adversity, says he, has seen the World but on one Side, and is ignorant of half the Scenes of Nature.*

Constant Prosperity, as is truly asserted by *Seneca*, does indeed very much obstruct the Knowledge of ourselves. No Man can form a just Estimate of his own Powers by unactive Speculation. That Fortitude which has encountered no Dangers, that Prudence which has surmounted no Difficulties, that Integrity which has been attacked by no Temptation, can be at best considered but as Gold not yet brought to the Test,

of which therefore the true Value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the Lists without an Adversary, may receive* (says the Philosopher) *the Reward of Victory, but he has no Pretension to the Honour.* If it be the highest Happiness of Man to contemplate himself with Satisfaction, and to receive the Gratulations of his own Conscience, he whose Courage has made Way amidst the Turbulence of Opposition, and whose Vigour has broken through the Snares of Distress has many Advantages over those who have slept in the Shades of Indolence, and whose Retrospect of Time can entertain them with nothing but Day rising upon Day, and Year gliding after Year.

A PRAYER. By M. de Voltaire.

Translated from his Treatise of TOLERATION.

NOT unto Men, but unto thee, the God of all Beings, of all Worlds, and of all Ages, do I address myself; if feeble Creatures, lost in the Immensity, and imperceptible to the rest of the Universe, may presume to ask of thee any Thing; of thee who hast given all; of thee whose Decrees are unchangeable, as they are eternal. Condescend to look in Pity on the Errors which are inseparable from our Nature, and let them not be to us the Ground of Calamities. Thou hast not given us Hearts to hate one another, nor Hands to cut one another's Throats: Grant that we may mutually assist one another to support the Burthen of a painful and transitory Life: Let not the little Differences between the Vestments that cover our feeble Bodies, between our defective Languages, between our ridiculous Customs, between our many imperfect Laws, between our many foolish Opinions, between our several Conditions, so unequal in our Eyes, and so equal in thine; let not the many little Distinctions that denote the several Classes of Atoms called Men, be Signals of Hatred and Persecution. May those who light up Wax-Tapers at Noon-Day, to celebrate thee,

bear with those who are content with the Light of the Sun thou hast placed in the Firmament. Let not those, who, to tell us we must love thee, cover their Robe with white Linen, hold in Detestation those who tell us the same Thing in a Cloak of black Woollen. May it be the same to adore thee in a Jargon formed from an antient Language, or in a Jargon more modern. May those whose Vesture is dyed with Red or with Purple, who rule over a small Parcel of a small Heap of the Mud of this Earth, and who possess some rounded Bits of a certain Metal, enjoy without Pride what they call Grandeur and Riches; and may others behold them without Envy: For thou knowest that in these Vanities there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of. May all Men remember that they are Brethren; may they abhor the Tyranny that is exercised over the Mind, as they execrate the Violence that takes by Force the Fruit of Labour and peaceful Industry. If the Scourge of War be necessary, let us not hate, let us not devour, one another in the Midst of Peace; but let us employ our momentary Existence in blessing, equally in a thousand different Languages, from *Siam* to *California*, the Goodness which has given us this momentary Existence.

An English Lord detected in smuggling French Goods.

IT is said that an *English* Lord imported lately so many Foreign-made Goods (chiefly *French*) that the Duty only, at the Custom-House, amounts to near cool. But this was not all! For it is said, that besides the above, there were between *two* and *three hundred Suits of Clothes* for him and his Lady, of the richest Sorts. These were stopped at the Custom-House; but his Lordship wrote to the Treasury, that the whole Cargo might be delivered at his House, and examined there. Are we then any longer to wonder at the Swarms of unhappy Weavers, whose Families are perishing for Want? Are we any further to seek for a Cause why so many Looms are unemployed,

unemployed, and why Numbers of Clothiers, Weavers, Dyers, Workers in Gold and Silver, Orrice Weavers, Button-makers, Tailors, and all the various Trades which concur to the compleating one Suit of Clothes, are in Want of Work, when one Lord only can import near *three hundred Suits*? And not content with introducing such a Quantity of Foreign Baubles, that the very Duty comes to near 500l. but must endeavour to smuggle into his native Country such a Number of Suits.

With what Justice hereafter can we hang a Smuggler, who will henceforth cry out at the Gallows, 'Countrymen, I am unjustly condemned; I have run a few Casks of Brandy, a few Pounds of Tea, a few Yards of Cambrics, and am to be hanged, because I am poor, and am only a private Man; whereas such a Lord smuggled near Three Hundred Suits of Cloaths, yet still lives, and still enjoys his Pension of between two and three thousand Pounds a Year.—Fie upon your Laws, they are unjust; they only condemn for Poverty, and not for Crimes; they may be compared to Cobwebs, which ensnare the small Flies; but the Wasps break through and escape.'—Thus will he say; and the surrounding Croud will acknowledge the Justness of his Application with Tears.

Not fixing a Stigma on Vices, the Root of our Corruption of Manners.

IF there could be any Method found to render the Generality of the Vices disreputable, and to stamp an Infamy on them in Proportion to their Greatness, it would tend more to the Reformation of Manners, than the soundest Lectures of Morality from the ablest Divines in the Kingdom.—Infinite is the Number of People, who, though dead to every Sentiment of Virtue, would shudder at the smallest Apprehension of Shame, and tremble sooner at the temporary Reproach of the World, than the everlasting Vengeance of their God.

Perhaps it would not be carrying the Argument too far, if I had said, that the few Virtues still existing amongst us, are more the Consequence of a Fear for our Reputations in this Life, than a Solicitude for our Happiness in the next: In the Perpetration of our Vices, we never ask ourselves what the great Father of the Universe, in whose immediate Presence we suppose ourselves to stand, will think of such or such an Action: All that we enquire about, is the Light in which it will be considered by the World; perfectly indifferent to the Offence which we give the Deity, our sole Concern is to save Appearances with our Acquaintance, and so long as those who can have no Power to punish the Enormity of our Actions are Strangers to their Blackness, no Matter for the Anger of a Supreme Being, whom we are sensible will call us to a most dreadful Account for the minutest of them all.

If we cast but ever so slight an Eye on the Proceedings of the World, we shall find, that it is to the Want of affixing a necessary Stigma upon our Vices, that the greatest Number of them are owing; for was the Man who betrays the Confidence of his Friend to be looked upon in as scandalous a Light as a Coward; or the Destroyer of unsuspecting Innocence, to be considered as infamous as a House-breaker; we should scarcely hear any Body complaining of Perfidy in Friendship, or meet with a beautiful Bosom bursting with the Pang of violated Love.

Unhappily however, instead of seeing the false Friend or the perjured Lover treated as the Pests of Society, we observe them every Day growing opulent from their Baseness in the first Instance, and rising into Admiration from their Cruelty in the second; an inviolable Attachment to the Interest of our Friends, if repugnant in the least to our private Emolument, is look'd upon as an unpardonable Mark of Weakness; and nothing recommends an amiable Villain to the Esteem of the Women themselves,

more than the Ruin of half a Dozen Families. Whereas, had the Laws of the Land provided an equitable Punishment for such Actions, and the Custom of the Country treated them with a sensible Contempt, both the false Friend and the perjured Lover would be driven from the Commerce of Mankind, with the Abhorrence they deserved, and distinguished by nothing but the Execrations of Society.

An Idea of Spirit and Gallantry, which in the modern Acceptation of Things is inseparably annexed to particular Crimes, is the great Source of that universal Depravity of Manners, which we experience in this Kingdom: The Idea of Courage is annexed to Brutality:—Hence our young Fellows think it an indispensable Requisite to cut one another's Throats. Generosity of Temper, and a Disregard for Money, are the Appellations by which we distinguish Gaming.—Hence it becomes necessary for every Man to entertain a scandalous Design upon the Pocket of his Friend, and to hazard his own Fortune, and the Happiness of his Family, for the Sake of begging his Neighbour.—Riot and Intoxication is called Mirth and good Humour; of Course, the first Thing a Man has to do, is to drink away his Senses, in order to encrease the Satisfaction of the Company: In short, by a Weakness of Understanding, adapted to the Depravity of our Principles, there is hardly a Vice ever so atrocious, but we gild over with some palliating Title, and argue for its Innocence, in Proportion as it destroys every Possibility of Excuse.—Ingratitude, according to our Judgment of Things, becomes Knowledge of the World, Avarice, Frugality; and, what is still more unpardonable, Wit and Vivacity are the Terms by which we honour the most horrid Blasphemies against our GOD.

Two Scenes of a new Italian Burletta,
now acting at Rome.

SCENE I.

PASQUIN and MARFORIO.
[Pasquin booted.]

Mar. **H**olla, Pasquin! What News from England?

Pas. News! News enough: London is nothing but News: There are about twenty News-Papers printed every Day there.

Mar. What are they all about there?

Pas. I don't know.

Mar. How so?

Pas. They don't know themselves.

Mar. What are they talking most about?

Pas. Why about one LIBERTY.

Mar. Who's that?

Pas. I can't say I saw the Gentleman while I was there; but then I lived at St. James's, and only kept Company with polite People; and I heard they gave Orders to be denied to him, or their Servants would not allow him Entrance, because he would not give them any Vails.

Mar. When I was there, they made a devilish Bustle about one Sir Robert Walpole.

Pas. Well; and now they are making as much Noise about one Sc——n. I could not tell what to make of it. They seemed all to be mad after *Ins* and *Outs*.

Mar. What's that, Pasquin?

Pas. Why you must know that the English People are grown very fond of gaming, and one of the Sports they are most addicted to is PARTY: It's much like our Game at Billiards, I believe. I never saw it, only have heard Talk of it; but, by what I can learn of it, it is as follows:

First of all they must get what they call MAJORITY; then they hole their Ball, and then they are *In*; and then they cry *Pension*, or *Place*, or *Post*, or some other Term belonging to the Game, which the Winners chuse; but if they don't first get the Majority, they may cry for all those Names as often as they will; they won't get one of them.

Mar. But what is become of all those brave Fellows their Soldiers and Sailors, that have done such surprizing Actions?

Pas. I don't know. I met a few now and then begging about; some without Arms, others without Legs; but there does not seem to be any Notice taken of them now.

Mar.

Mar. Begging about the Streets ! You amaze me ! Begging about the Streets ! without Arms and Legs too ! What, the Conquerors at *Minden*, *Martinico*, *Guadaloupe*, *Belle Isle*, the *Havannah*, and a hundred other Places I can't remember, begging about the Streets !—It is impossible ; you must be mistaken ; the *English* have more Humanity than to suffer it. What's become of their Plunder and their Prize Money ?

Pas. Why it was most equitably divided between Men and Officers.

Mar. Ay, Ay ! that was right—that was right :—I know the *English* People.—I know the Goodness of their Hearts. They wont let those who conquered for them Abroad perish for Want of Assistance when they come Home.

Pas. Several of the Contractors and Agents for the Army and Navy have got immense Fortunes by the late War.

Mar. I'm glad of that, for the brave Fellows the Soldiers and Sailors Sake ; because if such People as Forage Providers, and Bread and Meat Gatherers, who are in Fact no better than Sutlers, can get so much, what must the brave Fellows the Soldiers and Sailors be worth, to be able to allow such Agents so much Money ?—Who's that ? Who's that ?

Pas. O that's one of their Tars, as they call him : It's an *English* Sailor ; he belongs to the Ship which brought me over. I told him to come to me to *Rome*, and I would show him our City.

Mar. Let us have some Talk with him.

Pas. With all my Heart.

Enter SAILOR.

SCENE II.

PASQUIN, MARFORIO, and English SAILOR.

Pas. SOHO Friend, Brother Sailor.

Sail. Who calls ?

Pas. What, have you forgot me ?

Sail. O ! your Servant, your Servant : So Master, you see I'm as good as my Word ; I told you I

would come to see you, tho' I have had a damn'd hard Course to shape too, to hit you. This *Rome* is an odd Sort of a Place ; why sure it has flood a devilish hard Siege, there's so many Pillars and Places all in Ruins about it.

Pas. Yes, it has been sack'd several Times.

Sail. Very likely, very likely.—I beg Pardon for my Boldness ; but pray Sir now, that Messmate of your's, I hope no Offence, but what may one call the Gentleman's Name ?

Pas. MARFORIO.

Sail. I hope, Muster FORIO, you won't take it ill—but as you seem to have been wounded, I suppose you have been in many a long Engagement.

Mar. Yes, Friend, I have been chopp'd about terribly.

Sail. Ay, ay, like enough, like enough ; they that go to Sea must not mind how the Wind blows.—Well, pray Sir may I be so bold, what Ship, pray ?

Mar. No Ship, Friend, I had all my Accidents happen to me upon Land.

Sail. Very likely, very likely.

Pas. Pray, Mr. Sailor, how long have you belong'd to the Sea ?

Sail. Why, Sir, I've been sailing upon Salt Water, Sir, ever since I was born, as one may say.

Mar. Pray, Friend, how many Prizes have you been concern'd in taking ?

Sail. More than I can remember. I assure you, Master ; and more than I chuse to remember too ;—because why ;—the Prize Money is gone, and now there's a Peace we can't get any more.

Mar. Well ; but I suppose you have got something settled upon you by your Government.

Sail. Anan !

Mar. I say, Sir, I suppose that the great People of your Nation wont see you brave Fellows want now, since you have done them so much Service.

Sail. Lord help your Head ;—our great People wont see us want :—no ;—how should they ?—they don't think it worth their while to look at us now, mun ;—mayhap, indeed, there

there is *Greenwich* for us ;—how-
somdever that mought be better
than it is for us, if our great Peo-
ple, as you call 'em, would keep a
good Look-out for us ; but, for my
Part, that's no Bread and Butter of
mine. I have got my Limbs whole,
so I chuse to go to Sea yet. I have
got into the Merchants Service now,
and if ever they get me into the
Government's Service again, of my
own free Will, I wish this Chaw
may choak me.

Mar. Of your own free Will !
Why pray can any Body compel an
Englishman ?

Sail. Yes, Master ; they prefs us
sometimes.

Mar. Why I thought you call'd
yourselves a *free People*, and the only
free People.

Sail. Why, as to that, Master, I
don't understand the Lingo about
Politicks, so I can't tell why it is so,
but so it is I assure you ; for if you
catch me in a Lye, bring me to the
Gang-way, and give me a round Do-
zen, that's all.

Pas. Come Brother Sailor ; sit
down here.—Here, Woman, pour
out some Wine for us. Here,
Friend and Fellow Traveller, your
Health.

Sail. Thank you ; thank you,
Sir : Here's to you again : Your
Health :—And here's every honest
Man's Health ; and as to the rest,
why I wish they mought be cut into
four Pound Pieces, and put into the
Devil's Pickling-Tub.

Pas. But pray Friend, if you
wont go into the Government's
Service again, would you refuse to
fight for your King and Country ?

Sail. No : GOD forbid I should
say that : King GEORGE, GOD
blefs him, he's my Countryman,
and I will sarve him by Night and
by Day, and go through Fire and
Water for him. What then, he
does not know how they sarve us ;
and as to my Country, why I do
love old *England* ; but what then ?
There are some Folks at Home who
don't love us, nor *Old England* nei-
ther, if so be it as how they can but
get the Insurance Money, they don't
care if Cargo and Crew went to the
Bottom, not they.

*A better Method of dressing Mackerel
than what is usually practised.*

NEVER gut your Fish, if the Bel-
lies are not broken, for thereby
you run a Risk of breaking the Galls
and making the Fish taste bitter ;
and when the Fish is done, the
Guts, &c. will come out hard and
whole, and give no ill Taste to the
Fish. Remember also, always to
put a Piece of Allum, about the
Size of a Walnut, into the Water
you boil your Fish in, which will
make the Fish firmer, and cast up
all the Rankness into the Scum ;
which being thereby easily taken off,
the Fish so dressed will not be liable
to rise in the Stomach.

*Way of preventing bad Effects from
Lightening on Buildings.*

LIGHTENING is to be attracted by a
pointed Rod of Iron fixed on
the Top of any Building ; and if a
proper Conductor of Wire is in
Conjunction with the Foot of it,
continued down to the Base of the
Building, the Lightning will be
conveyed by Means of the Wire,
and exhaust itself at its Extremity,
without the least Prejudice to the
Edifice.

Extra from the MONITOR,
Number 469.

IT is notorious that Princes, when
not content with their covenant-
ed Rights, and determined to en-
croach upon and destroy the Rights
and Liberties of their Subjects, have
most commonly begun with Mea-
sures to destroy Virtue, in order to
establish Power.—This is the direct
Road to absolute Monarchy.—*Roman*
Virtue and *Roman* Liberty ex-
pired together.—Tyranny and Cor-
ruption generally go Hand in Hand.
Therefore it is not to be won-
dered at, that the People are jea-
lous of their Magistrates, and watch-
ful against Corruption. Corruption
in high Places is the worst Thing
that can happen in a Nation.—A
dishonest Man armed with Power is
as much to be dreaded, as a Fool
with

with a Firebrand in a Magazine of Powder.

To exemplify this Doctrine, we need only refer to the Downfall of the *Roman Commonwealth*. The monstrous Prodigalities, infamous and avowed Briberies, and endless Corruptions in the Elections of Magistrates and Senators, and in the Senate-House and State, indicated the sudden Thralldom of that glorious City, the Mistress of all the known World.—Corruption spread so much, that it was scarce possible to be honest, and preferred.

No People, nor their Representatives, were ever bribed for their own Sakes.---Where such a Practice shall be encouraged, or not opposed and prevented, there can be no Liberty, no Security.---*Julius Cæsar* purchased the *Roman Empire* with its own Money, and gave away a Part to get the Whole: He bought *Cains Cario* alone, one of the Tribunes, at the Price of 500,000l. Sterling; and all were bribed, that would accept of Part of the Public Spoil, for their Vote and Assistance to destroy the Constitution of their Country.

It's not to be expected, that such who waste and consume the Public Stock, to confirm their own Power, will stop there.---They that have drained the People's Purfes, never stop till they have enslaved their Persons.---For it is seldom seen, but that an Appetite for Power has been an Appetite for Mischief: And therefore, where Corruption takes Place of all other Considerations, there must be an End of Liberty.

“Liberty (says Colonel *Sydney*, who was a Martyr to his Country under a corrupt and tyrannical Administration,) cannot be preserved, if the Manners of the People are corrupted; nor absolute Monarchy introduced, where they are sincere: Which is sufficient to shew, that those who manage free Governments ought always, to the utmost of their Power, to oppose Corruption; because otherwise, both they, and their Government, must inevitably perish; and that, on the other Hand, the absolute Monarch must

endeavour to introduce it, because he cannot subsist without it.”

“’Tis also so natural for Monarchs to place Men in Power who pretend to love their Persons, and will depend upon their Pleasure, that possibly it would be hard to find one in the World, who has not made it the Rule of his Government: And this is not only the Way to Corruption, but the most dangerous of all.”

“When Valour, Industry, and Wisdom, advanced Men to Offices, it was no easy Matter for a Man to persuade the Senate he had such Qualities as were required, if he had them not: But when Princes seek only such as love them, and will do what they command, ’tis easy to impose on them: And because none that are good will obey them, when they command that which is not so, they are always encompassed by the worst. Those who follow them only for Reward, are most liberal in professing Affection for them, and by that Means rise to Places of Authority and Power. The Fountain being thus corrupted, nothing that is pure can come from it.”

“When Vanity, Luxury, and Prodigality, are in Fashion, the Desire of Riches must necessarily increase in Proportion to them: And when that Power is in the Hands of base mercenary Persons, they will always (to use the Courtier's Phrase) make as much Profit of their Places as they can. Not only Matters of Favour, but of Justice too, will be exposed to Sale; and no Way will be open to Honours, or Magistracies, but by paying largely for them. He that gets an Office by these Means, will not execute it *gratis*. He thinks he may sell what he has bought; and would not have entered by corrupt Ways, if he had not intended to deal corruptly. Nay, if a well-meaning Man should suffer himself to be so far carried away by the Streams of a prevailing Custom, as to purchase Honours of such Villains, he would be obliged to continue in the same Course, that he might gain Riches to procure the Continuance of his Benefactor's

factor's Protection, or to obtain the Favour of such as happen to succeed them. And the Corruption thus beginning in the Head, must necessarily diffuse itself into the Members of the Commonwealth."

An advantageous Method of feeding Sheep on Turnips, whereby more Sheep than is usual may be kept and fattened on the same Quantity of Land.

IT may be observed, if it is attended to, that if a Parcel of Sheep are turned promiscuously into a Field of Turnips, the Ewes and Lambs will immediately fall upon the Leaves. The fattening Wethers will for the most Part prefer the Apple of the Root; and the Store-Sheep, not being nice, will indiscriminately devour both Leaf and Apple, and even eat the Leavings of either of the other.

This being the Case, the best Method of feeding off the Turnips must be by the Fold. Turn in the Ewes first, they will eat all the Tops and Leaves; then remove the Ewes to another Spot, and turn in the Wethers, they will eat the Apples of the Roots, leaving the lower Part scooped out in the Ground; fork these up, and they will be heartily eaten by the Store-Sheep.

It is common, when a Parcel of Wethers have been turned into a Field of Turnips, to keep them there till they have eaten the Roots clean up, under a Notion of having no Waste; but this is bad Husbandry; for after they have eaten the best Part of the Root, they loath the rest, which is generally gritty, dirty, and soddan, so that they pine, and lose Flesh; and by the Time they are turned into a fresh Bite of Turnips, they are little better than they were at first.

The Appetite of a Beast that is fattening should be tempted, not palled; and undoubtedly such of the Sheep as are most forward, will be most delicate; and this Delicacy, if the Farmer is wise, he will indulge; as it will turn out to his Advantage.---It has been found by Experience, that by the above Method a greater Number of Sheep can be

kept and fattened on the same Quantity of Land.

The HAPPY DIVORCE: A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 356.]

LUCILLA, restored to herself, found herself, as it were, relieved from a Burthen that overwhelmed her. But, on one Side, the Dangers of Love, which she had just experienced; on the other, the sad Prospect of everlasting Indifference, suffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel Disquietudes, or insupportable Dullness. 'What,' said she, 'has Heaven given me a sensible Heart only to make me the Sport of a Fop, the Victim of a Tyrant, or the gloomy Companion of a Kind of Philosopher, neither affected nor moved at any Thing?' These Reflections plunged her into a Langour which she was not able to conceal: Her Company perceived it, and became soon as melancholy as herself. The Women, to whom her House was a Rendezvous, were alarmed at it. 'She is lost,' said they, 'if we draw her not out of this sad State; she is disgusted with the World; she loves nothing but Solitude; the Symptoms of her Melancholy become every Day more terrible; and, by the Force of some violent Passion which agitates her, it is to be feared that she will fall again into the Power of her Husband. Do we know no Body to turn this young Head? *Blanche* himself set about it the wrong Way, and did not succeed: As to *Clairant*, on whom we depended, he is a little Fool, who loves like a Madman; no Wonder he should be affronted.' 'Hold,' said *Gephysa*, after being lost in Thought for some Time, '*Lucilla* has a romantic Way of thinking; she must have something in the Fairy Taste, and the magnificent *Dorimon* is exactly the Man that suits her. She will grow mad for him, I am sure; let us engage him only to go and invite her to Supper at his fine Country House: I will take upon me to pre-instruct him, and give him

'his Lesson.' The Party was accepted, and *Dorimon* made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the Man in the World who knew best who were the most able Artists, who received them with the best Grace, and recompensed them the most liberally; accordingly he had the Reputation of a Connoisseur, and a Man of Taste.

If, some Centuries hence, this Tale should be read, they may imagine it forged at Pleasure, and the Habitation I am going to describe may pass for a Fairy Castle; but it is not my Fault if the Luxury of our Times comes into Competition with the Marvellous of Fables, and if, in the Representation of our Follies, Probability should be wanting to Truth.

On the rich Banks of the *Seine* arises, in Form of an Amphitheatre, a small Eminence exposed to the first Rays of the Morning, and the ardent Fires of Noon. The Forest which crowns it, defends it from the chilling Blast of the North, and the watery Influence of the West. From the Summit of the Hill fall in Cascades three copious Springs of Water, purer than the Crystal, which the industrious Hand of Art has conducted by a thousand Windings over green Slopes. Sometimes these Waters divide themselves, and glide along in Meanders; sometimes they reunite in Basons, in which the Heavens behold themselves with Delight; then they precipitate themselves, and pour along, dashing against Rocks cut out into Grottos, in which the Chisle has imitated the fanciful Varieties of Nature. The *Seine*, which forms a Bow at the Foot of the Hill, receives them into his peaceable Bosom; and their Fall recalls to our Minds those fabulous Times in which the Nymphs of the Fountains descended into the humid Palace of the Rivers, to temper the Ardours of Youth and Love.

An ingenious Whimicalness seems to have designed the Gardens watered by these Streams. All Sides of this smiling Scene agree without Sameness: The very Symmetry is

striking: The Eye roves without Lassitude, and reposes without Dullness. A noble Elegance, a Richness well managed, a bold, and yet delicate Taste, have been employed in embellishing these Gardens. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much Art. The Concourse of simple Beauties forms all its Magnificence; and the Equilibrium of Masses, joined to the Variety of Forms, produces that beautiful Harmony which forms the Delight of Beholders.

Groves ornamented with Statues, Lattice-Work fashioned into Arbours and Bowers, decorate all the known Gardens: But these Riches, displayed without Understanding and Taste, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull Admiration, soon attended with Satiety. Here the Disposition and Connexion of the Parts form, of a thousand different Sensations, but one continued Enchantment. The second Object that is discovered, adds to the Pleasure which the first has raised; and both one and the other are still further embellished by the Charms of the new Object that succeeds, without effacing them.

This delicious Landscape is terminated by a Palace of airy Architecture: The *Corinthian* Order itself has less Elegance and Lightness. Here the Columns imitated the Palm-Trees united in Arbours. The Root of the Vault, formed of Palms, composes a Chapter more natural, and as noble as the Vase of *Gallimachus*. These Palms are interwoven among each other in the Interstices of the Columns, and their natural Wreathings concealed from the deceived Eye the Heaviness of the Entablature. As these Columns are sufficient for the Weight of the Edifice, they leave a continued Transparency to the Walls, by Means of Chasms contrived with Art. We see none of those redoubled Roofs which crush our modern Architecture; and the frightful Irregularity of our *Gothic* Chimnies is lost in the Crown-Work.

The interior Luxury of the Palace is suitable to the Magnificence without. It is, in short, the Temple of the Arts and of Taste. The

Pencil, the Chisel, the Graving-Tool, every Thing that Industry has invented for the Delicacies of Life, is there displayed with a discreet Profusion; and the *Pleasures*, the Daughters of *Opulence*, there flatter the Soul through all the Senses.

Lucilia was dazzled with so much Magnificence; the first Evening appeared to her a Dream: It was nothing but one continued Scene of Shows and Feastings, of which she plainly perceived herself was the Divinity. The Earnestness, the Vivacity, the Gallantry with which *Dorimon* did the Honours of this beautiful Dwelling, the Changes of Scene which he produced with one single Look, the absolute Empire which he seemed to exercise over the Arts and Pleasures, recalled to *Lucilia's* Imagination every Thing that she had read of the most celebrated Enchanters. She dared not trust her Eyes, and even thought herself enchanted. If *Dorimon* had availed himself of the Intoxication into which she was plunged, the Dream perhaps had ended after the Manner of modern Romances. But *Dorimon* was merely gallant; and all he had the Courage to permit himself to do, was to ask *Lucilia* to come sometimes and embellish his Hermitage; for so he called this Mansion.

Lucilia's Companions had observed her with Attention. The most experienced judged that *Dorimon* was too much taken up with his Magnificence, & not enough with his Happiness. 'He ought,' said they, 'to have seized the first Moment of Surprise: It is a Kind of Transport which we do not feel twice.'

[To be continued.]

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 540.]

FURNITURE. DRESS. EQUIPAGE.

Nothing of this Kind makes a Man greater or more deserving, because nothing of all this makes a Part of himself, but is wholly external, and foreign to him. And yet the Generality of Mankind place their Greatness in these. They

look upon themselves as mixed and incorporated with all around them, their Furniture, Dress, and Equipage. They swell and enlarge the Idea they form of themselves, as much as they can, from these outward Circumstances: By these they think they are very great, and flatter themselves that they appear so in the Eyes of others.

But to pass a right Judgment upon their Greatness, we should examine them in themselves, and set aside for a few Moments their Train and Retinue. We should then find, that they appear great and exalted, by being beheld at a Distance, and raised in a Manner upon their Basis. Strip them of this Advantage, & reduce them to the proper Standard, to their just Proportion, and the vain Phantom vanishes. Their Outside is rich and fine, like the Walls of their Apartments; within there is often Nought but Meanness, Baseness, and Poverty, with an hideous void of every Merit; and sometimes even this fine outward Shew, conceals the most enormous Crimes, and the most infamous Vices.

God, says *Seneca*, could not have cast a greater Reproach and Disgrace upon those outward Advantages, which are the Object of our Desires, than by conferring them, as he often does, upon sorry Wretches, and denying them usually to Men of the greatest Probity. To what a Condition would the latter be reduced, if Men were to be judged by their Outside? How often has the most solid Merit been mistaken, and exposed even to Contempt, because concealed under a mean Habit, and an indifferent Appearance?—*Philopemen*, the greatest Soldier of his Age in Greece, who exalted so much the Glory of the Republic of the *Achaean*s, by his extraordinary Merit, and whom the *Romans* called by Way of Admiration the last of the *Greeks*; this *Philopemen* was usually clad in a very plain Dress, and often went Abroad without any Servant or Attendance. In this Manner he came alone to the House of a Friend, who had invited him to Dinner. The Mistress of the Family, who expected the General of the *Achaean*s, took him for a Servant, and begg'd he

would give her his Assistance in the Kitchen, because her Husband was absent. *Philopemen*, without Ceremony threw off his Cloak, and fell to the cleaving of Wood. The Husband coming in that Instant, and surprized at the Oddness of the Sight, 'How now, Lord *Philopemen*,' says he, 'What's the Meaning of this?' 'Oh, answered the other, 'I am paying the Interest of my bad Looks.'

Scipio Æmilianus, who lived four and fifty Years, never made any Acquisition in all his Life, and when he died, left only four and forty Marks of Silver Plate, and three of Gold, though he had been Master of all the Wealth of *Carthage*, and had enriched his Soldiers more than any other General. Being deputed by the Senate of *Rome* with full Powers, to restore Discipline in the Towns and Provinces, and to inspect Kings and Nations, though descended from one of the most illustrious Families in *Rome*, and adopted into one of the richest, and though he had so august a Character to support in the Name of the *Roman Empire*, he carried with him but one Friend, and he was a Philosopher, and five Servants, one of which dying upon the Road, he contented himself with the four that remained, till one came from *Rome* to supply his Place. As soon as he came to *Alexandria* with this small Retinue, his Fame discovered him, notwithstanding all the Care his Modesty had taken to prevent it, and drew all the City to meet him upon his landing. His Person alone, without any other Attendance than that of his Virtues, his Actions, and his Triumphs, was enough to extinguish, even in the Eyes of the People, the vain Splendor of the King of *Egypt* who was advanced to meet him with all his Court, and drew upon him alone the Eyes, the Acclamations, and Applauses of all the World.

These Examples teach us, that we ought not to value Men by their outward Appearance, any more than a Horse by his Trappings. An extraordinary Merit may lie hid under a mean Habit, as a rich Garment may cover enormous Vices. They

shew us in the second Place, that greater Courage and Resolution is required, than one would easily imagine, to become superior to popular Opinions, and to get the better of the false Infamy, which the World is pleased to cast upon a plain, poor, and frugal Manner of Living. *Seneca*, as much a Philosopher as he was, or had a Mind to be thought, had always somewhat of this false Shame hanging about him; and he owns himself, that going down sometimes to his Country-Seat in an ordinary Chariot, he has blushed against his Inclination at the being caught upon the Road in such an Equipage by Persons of Distinction; a certain Proof, as he says himself, that he had not thoroughly reduced to Practice what he had said and wrote upon the Advantages of a frugal Life. He that blushes at a mean Chariot, adds he, is fond of a finer. And he has made little Progress in Virtue, who dares not openly declare in Favour of Poverty and Frugality, and is at all concerned about the Judgment of Spectators.

Agefilas, King of *Lacedæmon*, was herein a greater Philosopher than *Seneca*. A *Spartan* Education had armed him against this false Shame. *Pharnabazus*, Governor of one of the Provinces belonging to the King of *Persia*, had desired to treat of Peace with him; and the Interview was appointed in the open Field. The first appeared in all the Pomp and Luxury of the *Persian* Court. He was dressed in a Purple Robe embroidered with Gold and Silver. The Ground was spread with rich Carpets, and fine Cushions were laid to sit down upon. *Agefilas*, in a very plain Dress, without any Ceremony, sat himself down upon the Grass. The Pride of the *Persian* was confounded at his Behaviour, and unable to support the Comparison, paid Homage to the Plainness of the *Lacedæmonian*, by following his Example. And this, because a quite different Train, which far outshone all the Gold and Silver of *Persia*, surrounded *Agefilas*, and gained him Reverence; I mean, his Name, his Reputation, his Victories, and the Terror of his Arms,

which made the King of Persia To her Royal Highness the Princess tremble upon his own Throne.

of WALES.*

[To be continued.]

Adrianople, April 1.

Of the Benefit which may be reaped from sowing of Vetches.

VETCHES may be sown with great Success to prepare Land for Wheat; and by growing to a large Cover, they will choak up a great Number of Weeds, that would otherwise cause immense Damage. If the Land wants mending, feed off the Vetches with Sheep; if it is rank, or the Wheat sowed on it is apt to run much to Straw, cut the Vetches green, and feed Horses with them, which will greatly thrive on this Food.

Vetches may also be mowed, and made into Hay; but in this, Care must be taken neither to leave them too long, nor dry them to suddenly; for in either Case the Leaves will drop off, and the Leaves are the most nourishing Part. If the Crop is intended for Horses only, it may stand till the Pod is formed, and the Seed half grown; this made into Hay, will serve Horses for Hay and Corn.

Vetches may also be suffered to grow till the Seed is full sized, but not ripe, then mowed, and when dry threshed on a Cloth in the Field: A considerable Quantity of Pigeons Meat will thus be procured, which will turn to good Account. The Hay indeed will not be so good, for many of the Leaves will drop off, and the Stalks will be a little sticky; yet, with the Help of a few Oats, it will feed Plough and Cart-Horses very well.

Vetches are also good to sow thick on Land, and when they have form'd a perfect Cover, to be ploughed in, in order that the Land may afterwards be sown with Wheat at one ploughing. But Vetches should be ploughed in some Weeks before the Wheat is sowed, that they may have Time to ferment and rot.

A Letter written from Adrianople by Lady M---y W---e M---e to the late Queen Caroline, giving her some Account of her Travels.

I HAVE now, Madam, finished a Journey that has not been undertaken by any *Christian*, since the Time of the *Greek Emperors*; and I shall not regret all the Fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an Opportunity of amusing your R. H. by an Account of Places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's Embassadors, and those few *English* that have come hither, always going on the *Danube* to *Nicopolis*. But the River was now frozen, and Mr. W— was so zealous for the Service of his Majesty, that he would not defer his Journey to wait for the Conveniency of that Passage. We crossed the Desarts of *Servia*, almost quite over-grown with Wood, tho' a Country naturally fertile. The Inhabitants are industrious; but the Oppression of the Peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their Houses, and neglect their Tillage, all they have being a Prey to the *Janizaries*, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a Guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in Tears every Day, to see their Insolencies in the poor Villages through which we passed.— After seven Days travelling through thick Woods, we came to *Nissa*, once the Capital of *Servia*, situated in a fine Plain on the River *Nissava*, in a very good Air, and so fruitful a Soil, that the great Plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the Quantity of Wine last Vintage was so great, that they dug Holes in the Earth to put it in, not having Vessels enough in the Town to hold it.— The Happiness of this Plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed People. I saw here a new Occasion for my Compassion. The Wretches that had provided twenty Waggon for our Baggage from *Belgrade* hither for a certain Hire, being all sent back without Payment, some of their Horses lamed, and others killed, without any Satisfaction made for them. The poor Fellows came round the House weeping and tearing their Hair and Beards in a most

* The late Queen CAROLINE.

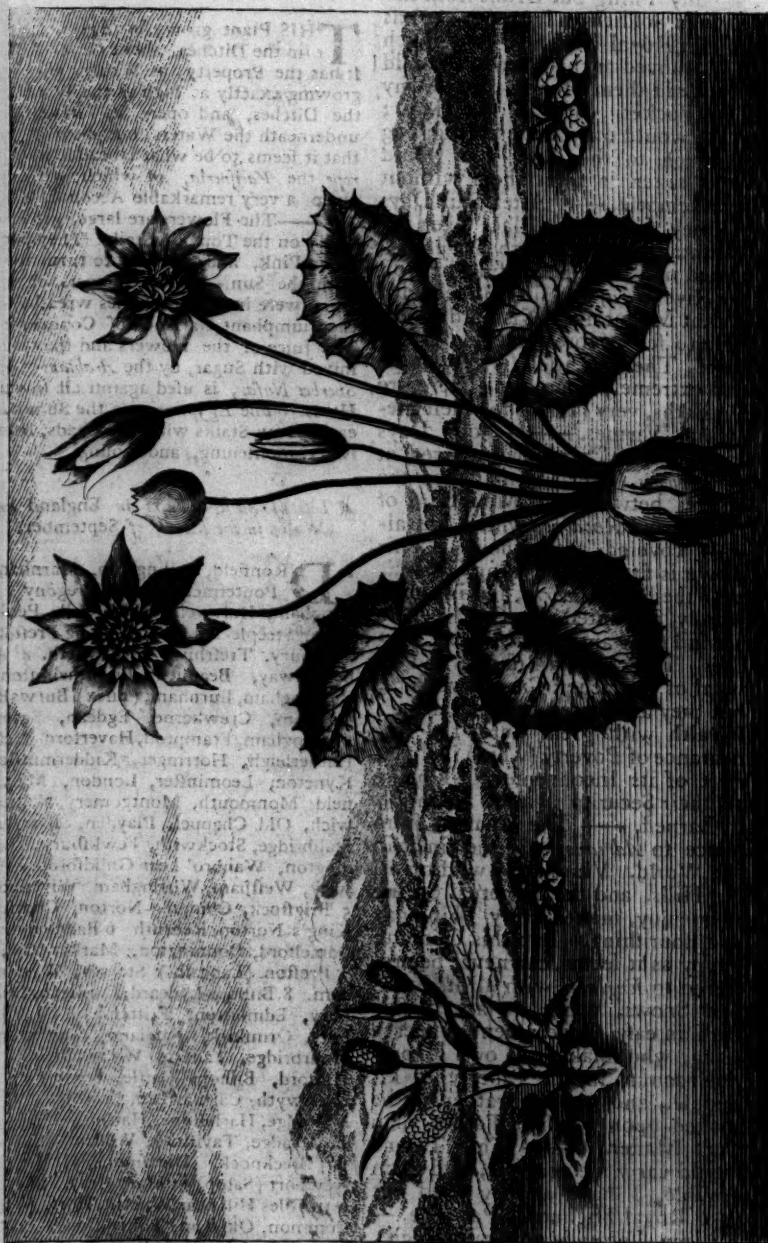
Adrianople, April 1877

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C. The Egyptian Lotus.

Letter from Lady M--y W---e M---e.

a most pitiful Manner, without getting any Thing but Drubs from the insolent Soldiers. I cannot express to your Royal Highness how much I was moved at this Scene. I would have paid them Money, out of my own Pocket, with all my Heart; but it would only have been giving so much to the Aga, who would have taken it from them without any Remorse. — After four Days Journey from this Place over the Mountains, we came to *Sophia*, situated in a large beautiful Plain on the River *Isca*, and surrounded with distant Mountains. 'Tis hardly possible to see a more agreeable Landscape. The City itself is very large and extremely populous. Here are hot Baths, very famous for their medicinal Virtues. — Four Days Journey from hence we arrived at *Philippopolis*, after having passed the Ridges between the Mountains of *Hæmus* and *Rhodope*, which are always covered with Snow. — This Town is situate on a rising Ground, near the River *Hebrus*, and is almost wholly inhabited by *Greeks*; here are still some ancient *Christian* Churches. They have a Bishop; and several of the richest *Greeks* live here; but they are forced to conceal their Wealth with great Care, the Appearance of Poverty (which includes Part of its Inconveniencies) being all their Security against feeling it in Earnest. — The Country from hence to *Adrianople* is the finest in the World. Vines grow wild on all the Hills, and the perpetual Spring they enjoy, makes every Thing gay and flourishing. But this Climate, happy as it seems, can never be preferred to *England*, with all its Frosts and Snows, while we are blessed with an easy Government, under a King, who makes his own Happiness consist in the Liberty of his People, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their Father than their Master. — This Theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible, I have already tired out your Royal Highness's Patience. — But my Letter is in your Hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the Fire, when weary of reading it. I am, Madam,

With the greatest Respect.

Description of the Egyptian Lotus. 573

A Description of the Egyptian Plomp, or Lotus, as represented in the Plate.

THIS Plant grows in *Egypt*, chiefly in the Ditches, about *Grand Cairo*. It has the Property, as Writers assert, of growing exactly as high as the Water in the Ditches, and opens its Flowers not underneath the Waters, but above it. So that it seems to be what is called in *Europe* the *Valisneria*, of which we have given a very remarkable Account, Page 487. — The Flowers are large, growing singly on the Top of a Stalk: They smell like a Pink, and are said to turn about with the Sun. — The Flowers of this *Lotus* were in former Times wreathed in the triumphant Garlands of Conquerors. The Juice of the Flowers and the Cods, mixed with Sugar, by the *Arabians* called *Sherbet Nufar*, is used against all inward Heats. The *Egyptians*, in the Summer, eat the raw Stalks with the Heads, being sweet, moistening, and cooling.

A List of all the Fairs in England and Wales in the Month of September.

1 **D**Ronfield, Gillingham, Marnham, Pontefract, Spittle, Tregony. 2 Hingham, Holywell, Kettlewell, Penkridge, Steeple-Ashton. 3 Long Preston, Newbury, Trefriw, Wirksworth. 4 Aberconway, Beaulieu, Brighthelmston, Buckingham, Burnham, (Essex) Burwash, Corsham, Crewkerne, Egdean, Egton, Firmingham, Frampton, Haverford-West, Hatherleigh, Horringer, Kidderminster, Kyneton, Leominster, London, Maresfield, Monmouth, Montgomery, Nampwich, Old Chappel, Playden, Silvertown, Stallbridge, Stockwith, Tewksbury, Taddington, Wanbro near Guildford, Warwick, Westham, Wittingham, Wivenhoe. 5 Brigstock, Chipping-Norton, Chorley, King's-Norton, Redruth. 6 Baddlesmore, Camelford, Donnington, Market-Raisin. 7 Preston (Lancash.) Stowey, Wymondam. 8 Bishops Lydeard, Cardigan, Denbury, Edmington, Frittenden, Glastonbury, Ormkirk, Rudland, Southwark, Stourbridge, Talsarn, Wymondham. 9 Ashford, Bishops Castle, Broadworthy, Caerwyth, Carmarthen, Epworth, Fordingbridge, Harlestone, Harlow, Helstone, Leachlodge, Tavistock, Weston-Zoyland. 10 Brecknock, Dinasmoudy, Fowey, Newport (Salop) St Mary Cray. 11 Fonceat, Giles Hill near Winton, Horse-bridge Common, Okeham, Toller Down, Wareham. 12 Adversean, Brentford, Dundry, Horsted-Kaynes, Neath, Poole (Montgomeryshire) Stogursey, Tamworth, Toller Down, Wilton. 13 Brentford, Dilton-Marsh, Iron-Aceton. 14 Baffield, Brentford, Congerbury, Froome, Goodnestone, Pickering,

574 *List of all the Affairs in England & Wales.--Work in Gardens in September.*

Pickering, Richmond, Ryegate, Saint Udey, Sumer-Court, Wherwell, Winbourn, Witham. 15 Brentford, Durham, Grimshy, Mark. 16 Bettws, Frochford, Lutterworth, Tillingham, Woolpit. 17 Lanrwst, Lee, Martham, Northiam, Fenrice, Probus, Wantage, Weldon, Wilmington. 18 Buckland St. Mary, Guisburn, Kirby Moorside, Machynleth, Maldon, Mafham, Partney, Sturbich-Fair, Ufk, Woodbury-Hill near Bere. 19 Abingdon, Amerham, Atherstone, Barnstaple, Beamister, Beaumaris, Breewood, Buckland St. Mary, Carlisle, Chatham, Clack, Crawley, Cuckfield, Eastmeon, Egremont, Gifborough, Guisburn, Harbottle near Rothbury, Kellingington, Llandysfyll, Little Driffild, Market Drayton, Northampton, Painfwick, Partney, Shouldham, Silminton, Stanes, Steyning, Uttoxeter, Waltham on the Woud (Leicestershire) Waterleigh, Week St. Mary, Weisterham, Worcester, Wootton Courtney, Wrexham. 20 Dolegelly, Gifbrough. 21 Backwell, Basingstoke-Downs, Bridgewater, Burnham (Bucks) Caerleon, Chudleigh, Clapham, Crediton, Criclake, Eveham, Hawkhead, Ireby, Knighton, Liskeard, Lyme, Maiden-Bradley, Manchester, Padfow, Penmachno, Penyistreet in Trawsfynydd, Plymouth, Reading, Shadbrook, Silsoe, Tendering, Thorney in the Isle of Ely, Woodbridge, Walsingham. 22 Llannarth, Llemuwchlyn, Yarbboro' Castle. 23 Beddgelert, Clonnoglawr, Saxmundham, Talgarth, Tuxford. 24 Bootle, Haverford-West, Langport, Pwllhely, Stretton - Church. 25 Abergavenny, Arundell, Aylesbury, Belton (Lincolnshire) Bungay, Bufford, Chertsey, Chesterfield, Denbigh, Easingwoud, Groombridge, Hartland, Haselmere, Headon, Ipswich, Newburgh, Pembroke, Penmorfa, Rambury, Rockingham, Rotherbridge, St. Stephens, Shroton, Spalding, Stratford upon Avon (Warwickshire) Tattershall, Thetford, Titchfield, Waltham-Abby, Weighton, Wivillcombe, Wotton - Underedge, Wycombe. 26 Clayton, Grassington, Narberth, Padham, Porthaethwry, Rhayader, Testinivg, Tenbury, Waltham-Abby. 27 Derby, Dorstone, St. Ninian near Fenton, Powder-Batch, Rogate, Spurry. 28 Chesham, Dereham, Derby, Gloucester, Llanrhiader, Ludlow, New-Bridge, Staufford. 29 St. Albans, Alton, Ash, Blackboys, Canterbury, Chagford, Cranbrook, Derby, Fromlingham, Frewenn, Hope, Horfebridge, Llangerniew, Llanymyneck, Lowestoff, Maidenhead, Marketjew, Meer Smith, Southminster, Stoken - Church, Teignmouth, Tring, Wallingford, Watton, Woodham-Perris. 30 Blackburn, Browhill, Feckenham, Lilanelly, New-Church, Ongar, Ruthin.

Moveable FAIRS in September.

First Monday, at Lampeter, Newcastle (Staffordshire.) First Tuesday, at Ware. First Wednesday, at Holy - Cross, Kilmington, Newton-Abbot, Tidwell. First Thursday, at Alston-Moor, Langadock. First Friday, at Snaith, Stevehage. First Saturday, at Llanidlos. Monday after the 1st, at Oxford, Sidmouth. Monday se'n-night after the 1st, at Wimple. Second Tuesday at Holbeach. Wednesday after the 8th, at Newent. Thursday after the 10th, at Sandbach. Second Monday after the 11th, at Swindon. Wednesday after the 12th, at Lincoln. Monday after the 14th, at North-Bradley. Saturday after the 15th, at Bellingham. Thursday before the 21st, at Upton. Thursday se'n-night after the 25th, at Stratford upon Avon (Warwickshire.) Wednesday before the 26th, at Northleach. Friday before the 29th, at Derby. Monday after the 29th, at Hounslow. Wednesday after the 29th, at Axminster, Rochford, Royton, Steple. Thursday before the 29th, at Oxford. Thursday after the 29th, at Chappel in le Cirth. Fourth Saturday after the 29th, at Clithero. East Tuesday, at Aleham.

Work to be done in Gardens in the Month of SEPTEMBER.

Gather such Fruit as is ready, and lay them on Wheat-Straw, or Shavings. Sow Spinage to have early in the Spring: Also Corn-Sallet. Plant Strawberries, and set out your Cabbage and Colliflower Plants, at the Distance of five or six Inches: Now is the Time for making Knots for Flowers in dry Ground: Let that Work be done at the Beginning of this Month. Sow Atricula's. Plant Daffodils and Colchicums. Take off your Gilliflower Layers. Take off your Tuberoses, and when dry preserve them in Sand. Begin to house your Exoticks. Set Tulips, Fritillaries: The Beginning of this Month safely transplant most Sorts of Perennial Flowers, and Herbs, which will take Root before the Frosts come. Draw the Earth about Chardoons, in order to blanch them; but do it in dry Weather. Towards the End of the Month, cut down the Haem of Alparagus, and clear the Weeds from the Beds, burying them in the Alleys. Dig the Borders of your Flower Garden, and if they want it, manure with rotten Dung. Box Edgings may be renewed, and those which are too thick, may be taken up and parted About Michaelmas you may begin to remove any Sort of Trees.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

The *LAWYER* and *JUSTICE*:

A FABLE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals
know!

Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of Nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ill, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That softening gentleness of mind,
That can by sympathy impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude,
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.
Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould;
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage, for the Fair's defence.
Her frame resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's author thus declar'd,
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart;
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence,
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf, that rears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.---

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman
cry'd,
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd;

The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When *Justice*, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to fight.
The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mentioned in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her
name,

Her errand there, and whence she came?
Sternly the white rob'd shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Can't thou be doubtful who I am?
Is *Justice* grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for *Justice* rais'd?
'Twas there of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe,
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. — Her breast with fury
burn'd:

The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me!
The gown-man, skill'd in *Ramish* lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to save his soul.
The Doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case;
Prescribes and spins out the disease;
To trick the patient of his fees.
The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty interest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour justice in my breast?

On

On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated shade rejoin'd,
If Virtue from the world is flown,
Will others frauds excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians, for the body's aid;
The foldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust,
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.
She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
Till *Hardwick* sooth'd her into grace.

True HAPPINESS.

LONG have I sought, the wish of all,
True happiness to find;
Which some will wealth, some pleasure
call,
And some a virtuous mind.

Sufficient wealth to keep away
Of want the doleful scene,
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's course serene.

Virtue enough to ask the heart,
Art thou secure within?
Hast thou perform'd an honest part?
Hast thou no private sin?

This to perform, these things possess,
Must raise a noble joy,
Must constitute that happiness,
Which nothing can destroy.

HARVEST HOME.

IF *Thespis* scorn'd not in a cart,
To practice first the comic art;
But wheel'd his actors up and down,
To please the mob from town to town:
Much less shall I a list refuse,
Poor strolling brother of the muse,
While with a rustic troop I roam,
And all the way sing Harvest home. —
Sing harvest home, hear! every throat
Encores the merry, merry note!
Upon the sheaves *Ralph, Hugh, and John,*

Loud *Harvest home* keep chanting on;
And oft, to crown the jovial day,
All halloo out aloud *Huzza*.
But soft; secure me first a seat,
Where the brown table smokes with meat,

And puddings, thick inlaid with plumbs,
The water stir in liquorish gums.
O *Gemmini*! what bard shall tell
How good the taste? how rich the
smell?

See slices of a pound or twain
The trencher load of every swain,
And each wide mouth huge gobbits fill,
Till down their chins the fat distil.
'Tis time to have a bumper now:
A health boys to the barley-mew.
THIS is the founder of the treat —
And round and round they toasts repeat.
The women's clacks are all o'trot,
Now reputations go to pot.
In vulgar females or refin'd
Scandal is native to the kind. —

Riddles are round the table put,
And stories spic'd with fav'rite smut;
And songs resound, and jokes, and jeers,
And laughter loud that cracks the ears;
Till mellow'd well, and mad to prance,
They rise and frisk it in a dance.
But ah! what's here? O fight to rue!
What will not ale too potent do?
Cicely to shew an airy trip
Is fallen by an unlucky slip;
Unseemly fallen; run every clown
And help her up, or hide her down.
She pukes, stand clear! ah now she's
up,

Poor soul! ah give her t'other cup.
The cag here, quick, some honest wife;
A dram of gin has sav'd her life.
Heydey, whence springs this rout and
brawl?

Why, what's the devil in the hall?
The loons flat laid as in their beds!
All, as I live, at logger-heads. —
Some leavers here, in liquor sopt,
Drunk from his chair, the Squire is
dropt,

A ton in weight: and save my wits!
Here's the young *Bearns* in screaming
fits:

At scratching-fight, all head and tail,
For the spic'd cake, and sugar'd ale.
Is this your country mirth? alas!
Sweet meat, I find, has sour sauce.
Poets did well, indeed, to feign
Such simple manners on the plain.
Folly in man the same we find,
The general foible of his kind;
What gives the swain his harmless air?
Tis honest toil, and hardy fare;
Change but his state, and course of think-
ing,

To pleasures, riot, ease, and drinking,
The dove his dwelling soon forsakes:
Lux'ry turns all mankind to rakes.



The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday,, Sept. 1, 1764.



IN the early Ages of the World; as is well known to those who are versed in antient Traditions, when Innocence was yet untainted, and Simplicity unadulterated, Mankind was happy in the Enjoyment of continual Pleasure, and constant Plenty, under the Protection of Rest; a gentle Divinity, who required of her Worshippers neither Altars nor Sacrifices, and whose Rites were only performed by Prostrations upon Tufts of Flowers in Shades of Jasmine and Myrtle, or by Dances on the Banks of Rivers flowing with Milk and Nectar.

Under this easy Government the first Generations breathed the Fragrance of perpetual Spring; eat the Fruits, which, without Culture, fell ripe into their Hands, and slept under Bowers arched by Nature, with the Birds singing over their Heads, and the Beasts sporting about them. But by Degrees they began to lose their original Integrity; each, tho' there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating Part to himself. Then entered Violence and Fraud, and Theft and Rapine. Soon after Pride and Envy broke into the World, and brought with them a new Standard of Wealth; for Men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their Demands, not by the Calls of Nature, but by the Plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor; when they beheld their own Possessions exceeded by those of their Neighbours.—Now only one could be hap-

py, because only one could have most, and that one was always in Danger, lest the same Arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the Prevalence of this Corruption, the State of the Earth was changed; the Year was divided into Seasons; Part of the Ground became barren, and the rest yielded only Berries, Acorns, and Herbs. The Summer and Autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant Sufficiency, but Winter was without any Relief; FAMINE, with a thousand Diseases, which the Inclemency of the Air invited into the upper Regions, made Havock among Men, and there appeared to be Danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the Devastations of FAMINE, who scattered the Ground every where with Carcases, LABOUR came down upon Earth. LABOUR was the Son of NECESSITY, the Nursling of HOPE, and the Pupil of ART; he had the Strength of his Mother, the Spirit of his Nurse, and the Dexterity of his Governess.—His Face was wrinkled with the Wind, and swarthy with the Sun; he had the Implements of Husbandry in one Hand, with which he turned up the Earth; in the other he had the Tools of Architecture, and raised Walls and Towers at his Pleasure. He called out with a rough Voice, 'Mortals! see here the Power to whom you are conigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your Pleasures, and all your Safety. You have long languished under the Dominion of REST, an impotent and deceitful God-

‘deff, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first Attacks of either Famine or Disease, and suffers her Shades to be invaded by every Enemy, and destroyed by every Accident.’

‘Awake therefore to the Call of LABOUR. I will teach you to remedy the Sterility of the Earth, and the Severity of the Sky; I will compel Summer to find Provisions for the Winter; I will force the Waters to give you their Fish, the Air its Fowls, and the Forest its Beasts; I will teach you to pierce the Bowels of the Earth, and bring out from the Caverns of the Mountains Metals which shall give Strength to your Hands, and Security to your Bodies, by which you may be covered from the Assaults of the fiercest Beasts, and with which you shall fell the Oak, and divide Rocks, and subject all Nature to your Use and Pleasure.’

Encouraged by this magnificent Invitation, the Inhabitants of the Globe considered LABOUR as their only Friend, and hastened to his Command. He led them out to the Fields and Mountains, and shewed them how to open Mines, to level Hills, to drain Marshes, and change the Course of Rivers. The Face of Things was immediately transformed; the Land was covered with Towns and Villages, encompassed with Fields of Corn, and Plantations of Fruit-Trees; and nothing was seen but Heaps of Grain, and Baskets of Fruit, full Tables, and crowded Store-Houses.

Thus LABOUR and his Followers added every Hour new Acquisitions to their Conquests, and saw FAMINE gradually dispossessed of his Dominions; till at last, amidst their Jollity and Triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the Approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her sunk Eyes, and dejected Countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: At every Groan the Hearts of all those that beheld her lost their Courage, their Nerves slackened, their Hands shook, and the Instruments of Labour fell from their Grasp.

Shocked with this horrid Phantom, they reflected with Regret on their easy Compliance with the Solicitations of LABOUR, and began to wish again for the golden Hours which they remembered to have passed under the Reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining Part of their Lives. REST had not left the World; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former Desertion, invited her to the Enjoyment of those Acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST therefore took Leave of the Groves and Vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into Palaces, reposed herself in Alcoves, and slumbered away the Winter upon Beds of Down, and the Summer in artificial Grottos with Cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to compleat her Felicity, and she could never lull her returning Fugitives to that Serenity, which they knew before their Engagements with LABOUR: Nor was her Dominion entirely without Controul, for she was obliged to share it with LUXURY, though she always looked upon her as a false Friend, by whom her Influence was in Reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

The two soft Associates, however, reigned for some Time without visible Disagreement, till at last LUXURY betrayed her Charge, and let in DISEASE to seize upon her Worshippers. REST then flew away, and left the Place to the Usurpers; who employed all their Arts to fortify themselves in their Possession, and to strengthen the Interest of each other.

REST had not always the same Enemy: In some Places she escaped the Incursions of DISEASE; but had her Residence invaded by a more slow and subtle Intruder; for very frequently, when every Thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither Pain within, nor Danger without, when every Flower was in Bloom, and every Gale freighted with Perfumes, SATIETY would enter.

enter with a languishing and re-
pining Look, and throw herself
upon the Couch placed and adorned
for the Accommodation of REST.
No sooner was she seated, than a
general Gloom spread itself on
every Side, the Groves immediately
lost their Verdure, and their Inha-
bitants desisted from their Melody;
the Breeze sunk in Sighs, and the
Flowers contracted their Leaves,
and shut up their Odours. Nothing
was seen on every Side but Multi-
tudes wandering about they knew
not whither, in Quest they knew
not of what; no Voice was heard
but of Complaints that mentioned
no Pain, and Murmurs that could
tell of no Misfortune.

REST had now lost her Autho-
rity: Her Followers again began
to treat her with Contempt; some
of them united themselves more
closely to LUXURY, who promised
by her Arts to drive SATIETY away;
and others, that were more wife,
or had more Fortitude, went back
again to LABOUR, by whom they
were indeed protected from SA-
TIETY, but delivered up in Time
to LASSITUDE, and forced by her
to the Bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally
perceived their Reign of short Du-
ration, and uncertain Tenure, and
their Empire liable to Inroads from
those who were alike Enemies to
both. They each found their Sub-
jects unfaithful, and ready to desert
them upon every Opportunity. LA-
BOUR saw the Riches which he had
given always carried away as an Of-
fering to REST, and REST found
her Votaries in every Exigence fly-
ing from her to beg Help of LA-
BOUR. They, therefore, at last de-
termined upon an Interview, in
which they agreed to divide the
World between them, and govern
it alternately, allotting the Domi-
nion of the Day to one, and that of
the Night to the other, and pro-
mised to guard the Frontiers of each
other; so that, whenever Hostilities
were attempted, SATIETY should
be intercepted by LABOUR, and
LASSITUDE expelled by REST.
Thus the ancient Quarrel was ap-
peased; and as Hatred is often
succeeded by its Contrary, REST

afterwards became pregnant by
LABOUR, and was delivered of
HEALTH, a benevolent Goddess,
who consolidated the Union of her
Parents, and contributed to the reg-
ular Vicissitudes of their Reign,
by dispensing her Gifts to those
only who shared their Lives in just
Proportions between REST and LA-
BOUR.

*Reflexions upon Friendship, in a Letter
from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a
Friend.*

HARDLY, I imagine, were you in
Earnest, when you required my
Thoughts upon Friendship: For,
to give you the truest Idea of that
generous Intercourse, may I not
justly refer you back to the Sentiments
of your own Heart? I am sure,
at least, I have learned to improve
my own Notions of that refined
Affection, by those Instances which
I have observed in yourself; as it is
from thence I have received the
clearest Conviction, that it derives
all its Strength and Stability from
Virtue and good Sense.

There is not, perhaps, a Quality
more uncommon in the World,
than that which is necessary to form
a Man for this refined Commerce:
For however Sociableness may be
esteemed a just Characteristic of our
Species; *Friendliness*, I am per-
suaded, will scarce be found to en-
ter into its general Definition. The
Qualifications requisite to support
and conduct Friendship in all its
Strength and Extent, do not seem to
be sufficiently diffused among the
Human Race, to render them the
distinguishing Marks of Mankind,
unless Generosity and good Sense
should be allowed (what they never
can be allowed) universally to pre-
vail. On the contrary, how few are
in Possession of those most amiable
of Endowments? How few are ca-
pable of that noble Elevation of
Mind which raises a Man above
those little Jealousies and Rivalships
that shoot up in the Paths of com-
mon Amities?

We should not, indeed, so often
hear Complaints of the Inconstancy
and Falseness of Friends, if the
World in general were more cau-

tious than they usually are, in forming Connections of this Kind. But the Misfortune is, our Friendships are apt to be too forward, and thus either fall off in the Blossom, or never arrive at just Maturity.

Were I to make Trial of any Person's Qualifications for an Union of so much Delicacy, there is no Part of his Conduct I would sooner single out, than to observe him in his Resentments. And this, not upon the Maxim frequently advanced, that "the best Friends make the bitterest Enemies;" but, on the contrary, because I am persuaded that he who is capable of being a bitter Enemy, can never possess the necessary Virtues that constitute a true Friend: For must he not want Generosity (that most essential Principle of an amicable Combination) who can be so mean as to indulge a Spirit of *feuled* Revenge, and coolly triumph in the Oppression of an Adversary? Accordingly there is no Circumstance in the Character of the excellent *Agricola*, that gives me a higher Notion of the true Heroism of his Mind, than what the Historian of his Life mentions concerning his Conduct in this particular Instance. "His elevated Spirit was too great to suffer his Resentment to survive the Occasion of it; and those who provoked his Indignation, had nothing to apprehend from the *secret* and silent Workings of unextinguished Malice." But the Practice, it must be owned (perhaps I might have said the Principle too) of the World runs strongly on the Side of the contrary Disposition; and thus, in Opposition to that generous Sentiment of your admired Orator, which I have so often heard you quote with Applause, our Friendships are mortal, whilst it is our Enemies only that never die.

But though Judgment must collect the Materials of this goodly Structure, it is Affection that gives the Cement; and Passion, as well as Reason, should concur in forming a firm and lasting Coalition. Hence perhaps, it is, that not only the most powerful, but the most lasting Friendships, are usually the

Produce of the early Season of our Lives, when we are most susceptible of the warm and affectionate Impressions. The Connections into which we enter in any after-Period, decrease in Strength as our Passions abate in Heat; and there is not, I believe, a single Instance of a vigorous Friendship that ever struck Root in a Bosom chilled by Years. How irretrieveable then is the Loss of those best and fairest Acquisitions of our Youth! *Seneca* taking Notice of *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR*'s lamenting, upon a certain Occasion, the Death of *Marcus* and *Agrippa*, observes, that he who could instantly repair the Destruction of whole Fleets and Armies, and bid *Rome*, after a general Conflagration, rise out of her Ashes even with more Lustre than before; was yet unable, during a whole Life, to fill up those lasting Vacancies in his Friendship. A Reflection which reminds me of renewing my Solicitations, that you would be more cautious in hazarding a Life which I have so many Reasons to love and honour: For whenever an Accident of the same Kind shall separate (and what other Accident can separate) the happy Union which has so long subsisted between us, where shall I retrieve so severe a Loss? I am utterly indisposed to enter into new Habitudes, and extend the little Circle of my Friendships: Happy if I may but preserve it firm and unbroken to the closing Moment of my Life. Adieu. I am, &c.

MAGNA CHARTA the great Security of the People's Liberty and Property, and therefore the least Article ought never to be violated.

IT is universally agreed, that the political Constitution of *England*, as settled by the great Charter of our Liberties, is one of the best Systems on which a Government can possibly be founded; and it has moreover been the universal Opinion of all Well-wishers to their Country, that the least Infringement upon this Constitution was an immediate Attack upon the Rights and Liberties of the People. Our Ancestors

cestors considered it in a Light so religiously sacred, that by a positive Act of Parliament they declared, that any Law or Ordinance *whatsoever*, which was repugnant to the Principles of MAGNA CHARTA, should be *void of Course*, and by that Means endeavoured to prevent the Tyrant Kings, or the abject Representatives of any future Generation, from violating that Freedom which was purchased at no less a Price than their Blood.

Unhappy, however, in this polliter Age the Panders of prostituted Power take upon them to preach quite a contrary Doctrine: They assert that the People who derive all their Authority from the MAGNA CHARTA, have a Right to make what Ravages they think proper on the chiefest of its Institutes, and tell us, that the Power which is lodged in the Hands of our Parliament by this exalted Charter of our Liberties, may be employed for the Destruction of the very Charter itself.

Whenever we hear a Language of this Nature, we cannot avoid enquiring for what Ends Parliaments were originally instituted. We cannot help asking, if they were not first of all appointed to guard the Freedom of the Public against the Inroads of arbitrary Power, and to prevent any Imperial Russian who might come by Birth or Accident to the Throne, from exercising an unbounded Licentiousness of Authority on the Lives and Properties of his People? Nor can we further decline to ask, if they were not created *particularly* to defend the minutest Article of that very MAGNA CHARTA, which these Panders tell us they have a Right to violate in the most important of it all?

It was for these Purposes that Parliaments were formerly returned; and notwithstanding the universal Prevalence of Corruption, 'tis for these Purposes that we return them now; and consequently the same Equity of Argument which requires our Obedience to the Sovereign, no longer than he acts agreeable to the Laws which he has sworn to maintain, demands our Obedience to a

Parliament, no longer than it acts in Conformity to the original End of its Institution. The Moment our Representatives shall become Oppressors instead of Guardians, that Moment their Authority ceases; and, instead of entertaining the smallest Veneration for the Dignity of their Characters, we ought to look upon them with Horror for bursting through the awful Engagements that should have rivetted their Hearts to the Happiness of their Country, and twisted every Fibre of the Soul about the Liberties of the People.

The People of *England*, however depraved, have still some faint Idea of Freedom subsisting among them; and they feel an honest Rapture to this very Hour, when they hear the Mention of some Patriot Name, that has either perished or succeeded in the Defence of his Country:—It would be therefore prudent in all succeeding Parliaments, if they were cautious not to render them desperate. They have still Understanding enough left to see, that a Stab at their Liberties, whether it proceeds from the Crown or the Parliament, is equally dangerous; and perhaps they have yet sufficient Spirit to resent it: They will never, for any Length of Time, tamely suffer themselves to be loaded with illegal Fines, or dragged to arbitrary Imprisonment, by the very People whom they themselves have spoken into Consequence; or, at the worst, if they should see no Refuge from the Manacles of Slavery, they will chuse the Manner of being enslaved; they will run from the Fury of the Parliament to the Mercy of the Crown; and fly from the certain Oppression of a thousand Tyrants, to the precarious Disposition of one. Should such an Event ever happen, our Parliaments themselves would severely repent the infamous Sacrifice which they had made of the Kingdom; they will then see themselves reduced to a Level with the meanest of the People; hear the Fetters of Tyranny, which they designed for the Posterity of others, everlastingly rivetted for the Slavery of their own.—The Constitution of *England* is of so delicate

delicate a Texture, that the smallest Injury should make us tremble for its Existence. The People who enact the smallest Ordinance in Contradiction to the Principles of *Magna Charta*, may plead the same Authority for establishing the greatest: — The Malignity of their Designs, like the Appearance of a Fever, may appear in a slight or inconsiderable Circumstance; but it may be attended with Death in the End. It behoves us therefore, to be eternally on our Guard, as well against the Machinations of our Representatives, as the Views of the Crown; for if we once allow any Branch of the Legislative Power, or even the whole Legislative Power itself, a Right of altering a single Comma in the *Magna Charta*, our Ruin is accomplished, and we may be every whit as well without any *Magna Charta* at all.

An easy Remedy for Cattle that are blown or bowed by Lucern, &c.

WHEN a Bullock is so much swollen that he cannot dung, and moving is painful to him, take two Quarts of mild Ale, put into it live Coals and Embers (of Wood) till the Beer is Blood warm; scum off the Coals that swim; and give him the Beer and Ashes, and drive him about; that will make him break Wind in a short Time, which will immediately relieve him.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 570.]

LUCILIA's Head being filled with all she had just seen, she formed to herself the most wonderful Idea of *Dorimon* himself. — So much Gallantry bespoke an Imagination brisk and sprightly, a cultivated Genius, a delicate Taste, and a Lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the Care of pleasing. This Portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. *Dorimon* was yet young, of an engaging Figure, and a most joyous Temper. His Wit was all in Sallies; he had in his Way of think-

ing little Warmth, but much Refinement. No Body said more gallant Things; but he had not the Gift of enforcing them: Every Body loved to hear him, but no Body believed him. He was the most seducing Man in the World for a Coquette, the least dangerous to a Woman of Sentiment.

She consented to see him again at his own House, and this gave Occasion to new Entertainments. But in vain had the Gallantry of *Dorimon* re-assembled there all the Pleasures which she had given Birth to, in vain were these Pleasures varied every Instant with as much Art as Taste: *Lucilia* was at first slightly moved, soon after fatiated; and before the Close of the Day, she conceived that it was possible to grow dull in this delicious Abode. *Dorimon*, who never quitted her, exerted all the Talents of pleasing; he held her in Discourse on a thousand ingenious Subjects, he mingled also some soft Things with them; but still this was not what she had conceived. She thought to find a God; and *Dorimon* was but a Man; the Pomp of his House eclipsed him; Proportions were not observed; and *Dorimon*, while he surpassed himself, was all the while inferior to the Idea which every thing around him gave of him. — He was very far from suspecting the Injury which this Comparison did him in the Imagination of *Lucilia*, and he waited only one happy Moment to avail himself of his Advantages. After the Concert, and before Supper, he led her, as it were by Chance, into a solitary Closet, where she might go, he said, and ruminate, when she should have any Moments of pouting. The Door opens, and *Lucilia* sees her Image reflected a thousand Times in the dazzling Pier-Glasses; the voluptuous Paintings with which the Pannels were covered, multiplied themselves around her. *Lucilia*, admiring herself, thought she beheld the Goddess of Loves. At this Sight an Exclamation of Surprise and Admiration escaped her, and *Dorimon* seized the Instant of this sudden Emotion. 'Reign here, there is your Throne,' said he to her, shewing her a Sofa, which the Hand of Fair-

ries had sown with Flowers. 'My Throne!' said *Lucilia*, seating herself, and with a Tone of Gaiety; 'well, ay, I like it pretty well, and I find myself the Queen of a mighty pretty People.' She spoke of the Multitude of Loves which she perceived in the Glasses. Amidst these Subjects, 'Will you condescend, Madam, to admit me?' said *Dorimon* with Ardour, and throwing himself at her Feet. 'Ah! as to you,' said she with a serious Air, 'you are no Child;' and at these Words she would have got up, but he retained with her a strong Hand, and the Effort he made to escape rendered him still bolder. 'Where am I then?' said she with Terror: 'Let me go, let me go, I say, or my Cries These Words awed him. 'Excuse, Madam,' said he, 'an Imprudence, of which you are yourself in some Measure the Cause. To come here *tête à tête*, and repose yourself on this Sofa, as you have done, is giving to understand, according to the received Custom, that a little Violence would not be ill taken. With you I see plainly that it means nothing; we misunderstood each other.' 'Oh! very much so,' said *Lucilia*, going out in a Rage; and *Dorimon* followed her, a little confounded at his Mistake. Happily their Absence had not been long enough to give Time for Slander to speak ill of it. *Lucilia*, dissembling her Perturbation, told the Company that she had just been seeing a very fine Cabinet. They ran in a Body there; and their Exclamations of Admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of Supper.

The Sumptuousness of this Feast seemed to improve still upon all the Pleasures that they had tasted. But *Dorimon* in vain took upon himself; he had not that Gaiety which was so natural to him; and *Lucilia* replied to the gallant Things they addressed to her in order to draw her out of her Reverie, only by a forced Smile, with which Good-breeding endeavours to disguise Ill-Humour.

'There,' said her Friends to her, on going Home with her, 'there now is a Man who suits you: With him Life is a continual Enchant-

ment, it appears as if all the Pleasures obeyed his Voice: The Moment he commands, they arrive in Troops.'

'There are some,' said *Lucilia* coldly, 'which cannot be commanded: They are above Riches; we find them only in our Hearts.'— 'Upon my Word, my Dear,' said *Cephisia* to her, 'you are very difficult.' 'Yes, Madam, very difficult,' replied she with a Sigh: And during the rest of the Journey they kept a profound Silence. —

'This is nothing but a handsome Woman spoilt,' said her Friends, at quitting her. 'Yet if her Whims were chearful ones, we might amuse ourselves with them; but nothing in the World is more gloomy. It was worth while indeed to separate from her Husband, to be a Prude to the rest of the World!'

'Is this then the World so much boasted of?' said *Lucilia*, on her Side: 'I have passed rapidly thro' every Thing agreeable in it: What have I found? A Coxcomb, a jealous Lover, a vain Man, who arrogates to himself, as so many Charms, his Gardens, his Palace, and his Entertainments; and who thinks, that the severest Virtue can ask nothing better than to yield to him. Ah! how I hate those Makers of Romances, who have lulled me with their Fables! My Imagination filled with a thousand Chimeras; I thought my Husband insipid; and yet he is worth more than all I have seen. He is plain; but is not his Plainness a thousand Times preferable to the vain Pretensions of a *Blamze*? He is temperate in his Affections, and what would become of me if he were violent and passionate like *Clairfont*? He loved me little, but he loved only me; and if I had been reasonable, he loved me enough to make me happy. — I had not with him those pompous and noisy Pleasures which intoxicate us at first, and soon after cloy us: But his Complaisance, his Sweetness, his delicate Attentions, furnished me every Moment with Pleasures, the most pure and solid, if I had but known how to

relish them. Fool that I was! I pursued Illusions, and fled Happiness itself: It is placed in the Silence of the Passions, the Equilibrium and Repose of the Soul. But alas! it is a fine Time to acknowledge my Errors, when they have made me lose the Friendship, the Confidence, perhaps the Esteem of my Husband. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to reproach myself with but the Indiscretions of my Age. But is *Lisere* obliged to believe me in this Point, and would he vouchsafe to hear me? Ah! how difficult it is to return to one's Duty, when we have once abandoned it! difficult! and why? Who hinders me? the Dread of being humbled? But *Lisere* is a good Man; and if he has spared me in my Errors, would he distress me in my Reformation? I have but to detach myself from a pernicious Society, to live at home with such of my Female Friends as my Husband respects, and whom I can see without blushing.—All the while that he has seen me delivered up to the World, he has never come near me; but if he sees me restored to myself, he will condescend perhaps to recal me to him; and if his Heart be not restored to me, the only Consolation that remains to me, is that of rendering myself worthy of it: I shall be at least reconciled to myself, if I cannot be so to my Husband.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 470.

THIS Monitor is in Reply to a Letter which has been published; asserting that the Spaniards, instead of violating the late Treaty, with Respect to our Logwood Cutters, have proceeded according to such Measures, as are absolutely necessary for preserving this beneficial Branch of Commerce to this Realm alone.

If this Writer (says the Monitor) will attend to what he has here proposed, he will easily perceive, that he has joined two Things together,

so different in their Natures, as to have no Dependence on each other; and, therefore, though he should prove the latter; the former will not follow, as a necessary Consequence. For when the Question is, Whether any Measures pursued by Spain, are a Breach of their Treaty with us; the proper Enquiry must be, whether those Measures were mutually agreed upon & prescribed by the Treaty, or inconsistent with the express Stipulations of it. If the latter proves true, no Kindness of Intention can alter the Case. It will be a Breach of the Treaty, however well meant.

The Article of the Treaty runs thus:

His Britannic Majesty shall cause to be demolished all the Fortifications, which his Subjects shall have erected in the Bay of Honduras, and other Places of the Territory of Spain, in that Part of the World, four Months after the Ratification of the present Treaty; and his Catholic Majesty shall not permit his Britannick Majesty's Subjects, or their Workmen, to be disturbed or molested, under any Pretence whatsoever, in the said Places, in their Occupation of cutting, loading, and carrying away Logwood; and for this Purpose they may build without Hindrance, and occupy without Interruption, the Houses and Magazines, which are necessary for them, for their Families, and for their Effects: And his Catholic Majesty assures to them, by this Article, the full Enjoyment of those Advantages and Powers on the Spanish Coast and Territories, as above stipulated, immediately after the Ratification of the present Treaty.

Let us now consider what has been done in Consequence of this Article of the Treaty.

When our Settlers first arrived in the Bay, in April last Year, they dispatched a Letter to the Commandant of Bacalar, being the nearest Spanish Settlement, to inform him of their Arrival, and the Purpose for which they came. This the Commandant transmitted to the

the Governor of Yucatan, whose Orders were, to comply intirely with the Article of the Preliminary Treaty of Peace.

That afterwards, by Virtue of a Letter from the Governor of Yucatan, the Settlers went into Rio Hondo to cut Logwood; and from that Time untroubled followed their Occupations, till the 4th of February in this Year, in good Harmony and Correspondence with the Spaniards.

Thus far there appears no Dispute between the Spaniards and our Settlers, about the Meaning of this Article of the Treaty; nor any Complaint from the Spaniards of Misconduct in our People.

After the Arrival of the new Governor of Yucatan (which happened about four Months after the Time for demolishing our Fortifications was expired) the Scene is changed; and the now unhappy Settlers, who had hitherto lived in good Harmony and Correspondence with the Spaniards, are ordered to quit Rio Hondo and the New River, and retire to Balis, carrying away the Utensils of their Houses.

Is this all they were to carry away with them? Were they to leave the Logwood they had cut, the Purchase of their own Labour, behind them? And yet that was cut not only under the Privilege of the Treaty, but also by the Licence of this Governor's Predecessor in that Province.

But, if they do not comply, without any Demur, and with so much Brevity as not to permit them to stop any where, but retire totally to Balis, they are threatened with the Loss of their Negroes, and to find themselves under a violent Arrest: And the suffering them to remain at Balis, is called A TOLERATION.

How is this to be reconciled with the express Words of the Treaty? which says, That his Catholic Majesty shall not permit his Britannic Majesty's Subjects, or their Workmen, to be disturbed or molested, UNDER ANY PRETENCE WHATSOEVER, in their Occupation of cutting, loading, and carrying away Logwood: And for this Purpose they may build WITH-

OUT HINDRANCE, and occupy WITHOUT INTERRUPTION, the Houses and Magazines, which are necessary for them, for their Families, and for their Effects.' The Meaning of this was too clear to be disputed by either Party, before the new instructed Governor's Arrival.

However, the Governor says, that all this is done by him, 'with especial Order, to comply intirely with what his Majesty granted to the Crown of England, and stipulated in the 17th Article of the definitive Treaty of Peace.' And the Answer of the Court of Spain to our Complaint (in the Gazette) is wrote in something like the same Style, but less satisfactory, 'That it is the Intention of his Catholic Majesty, that no one shall impede the English, in their cutting Logwood in the stipulated Places.'

The English, what! are our fellow Subjects in Scotland, and in other Parts of the World to be excluded?—Is cutting Logwood to be the only Privilege now of Englishmen?—His Britannic Majesty's Subjects, it is to be feared, have found this last Limitation to turn out greatly to their Disadvantage, by Experience, the best Instructor in the World. But it is to be hoped, that Great Britain's Reply will be wrote in other Language; and convince Spain, by some prevailing Argument, that we are not to be trifled with.

In Justice to this Writer, it is necessary to take Notice here of a Fact, which he has asserted; which, if true, may excuse the Governor, but will not lessen the Fear of Britons. A Stipulation (says he) had been agreed on between the Crowns of Great Britain and Spain; and, according to Don Remires's Words, it consisted in obliging the Logwood Cutters, either to be furnished with the Royal Schedule, which Spain had expedited to this End, or with the Licence of the KING OF ENGLAND, for the aforesaid Effect; and which was not known before his Arrival.

Now this Fact I must beg Leave to dispute with him. My Objections are,

First, That *Don Remires* is the only Authority he refers us to, for the Truth of the Fact. But this *Spaniard* does not, in any Part of his Letter, mention one Word of the Stipulation. It is true, he insists upon the Condition; but rests intirely upon his Instructions, from his own Court, for the Justification of his Conduct, and not upon any subsequent Stipulation between the two Crowns.

In the next Place. Whatever we got by the War, we did not get so much by the Peace, as to be able to afford the Loss of any Part of our Share. And our Ministry have not lived so detached from the World, as to be ignorant that the yielding one Point to *Spain*, will presently produce another Claim. This is a Root which flourishes well in a *Spanish Soil*.

Thirdly. KING OF ENGLAND, is a Title, which could never have been admitted by a *British Ministry* in any Treaty. Why, HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY, in the Treaty of Peace, is now reduced by a *Spanish Governor*, to KING OF ENGLAND, does not appear; for we have not yet heard that the Court of *Spain* lays any Claim to the Northern Part of this Island. The Governor must excuse this Remark from a *Briton*, upon what Looks like a particular Affront to HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

But Lastly. What puts the Matter beyond all Dispute, is, that had a Stipulation been agreed to, which makes so material an Alteration in the Qualification of his *Britannic Majesty's Subjects*, for enjoying the Privileges of the 17th Article of the *Definitive Treaty*; it would undoubtedly have been made public, in order to prevent their falling into a Snare, which, otherwise, might be suspected to have been laid on Purpose for them: And Time would certainly have been taken, before the Commencement of this new Regulation, to apprise our Settlers of it, who were already there upon the original Footing; and to send the proper Authority in good Time for their just and reasonable Security.

Account of the extraordinary Manner in which the St. Kildians land on the Rocks near their Island.

NOTHING can possibly exceed the Intrepidity and Alertness of the *St. Kildians*, on some Occasions. To land in *Stack-in-Armin*, *Stack-Birach*, and *Lij*, the Rocks which lie beyond the principal Island, is a most desperate Undertaking. When the Weather is fair and the Sea smooth, they mann their Boat with 8 of their ablest Hands: The Steward's Deputy is their Sea Captain and Land Officer; he has an indefeasible Right to manage the Helm and issue out Orders. These Honours or high Privileges expose him to greater Dangers; he is the first Person to land, and the last to quit the Field. In the Language of the Place, this heroic Adventurer is called *Gingach*.

After having laid by all Incumbrances, his upper Clothes and his Shoes, he fastens a strong Rope round his Waist, the other End of it being in the Boat; and as soon as the Wave rises to a proper Height, he springs out toward the Rock with all the Agility he is Master of, and employs the whole Power of his Hands and Feet, sometimes of his Teeth and Nails, to settle himself there; if he falls back into the Sea, the Disgrace gives him infinitely more Pain than the severe drenching; his Fellows hawl him in, and he repeats the Experiment: If he succeeds in the Attempt, which is generally the Case, he fixes himself in a secure Place, makes the Rope fast, and gives his Companions an Opportunity to come ashore; four of the Crew, being left in the Boat, where they must remain at their Oars till the Commander and his Party return.

After the Sport is over, they go aboard their Boat in the same Manner. The *Gingach* places himself in his old Station, and after having lent his Aid to the three Men, he ties an End of the Halter to Part of the Cliff, and slides down upon it, if the Sea is favourable; if otherwise, he orders the People at the Oars to row off to a proper Distance,

tance, and jumps undauntedly into the Water; these take him up immediately, and receive so brave a Leader with loud Claps of Applause. This is the constant and only Method of landing on the Rocks around *St. Kilda*.

The Rock, called *Stack-Birach*, is about forty Feet high, something smooth on the Top, which is form'd much like a Circle, the Diameter about twelve Feet: The Angle formed by the Face of the Rock, and the most accessible Part of the Circumference of that Circle, is almost a Sort of right one; and yet such is the Lust of Praise and Profit together, that they scale this tremendous Precipice every Year for the Sake of Eggs and wild Fowl. This hardy Exploit is far from being the Effect of Necessity: But those Pleasures & Advantages which are dearly bought, or pursued amidst imminent Dangers, are tasted and enjoyed with greater Relish.

It is to be observed, that there is no more than a single Egg found in any Nest about *St. Kilda*, except in the Nests of the Sea-Gulls who have always three. Every Bird, it is true, lays a second, should it be robbed of the first, and perhaps a third if deprived of that, the *Tulmer* only excepted: But in Spite of this Barrenness, there are no less than twenty-four Dozen of Eggs annually taken upon the little narrow Top of *Stack-Birach*; a Circumstance from which one may conclude that a vast Number of Birds come to lay their Eggs there.

All the Rocks of the Island, whether productive of Fowls or Fish, are divided with singular Exactness, according to the Proportion of Land each Man possesses. At the End of three Years, the People exchange their Divisions of these Rocks, and the Disputes, if any arise upon this Head, are terminated by the Decision of Lots: The least Encroachment upon a Rock that belongs to another, is an Injury scarce less atrocious than to steal a Cow, and is punished without the least Indulgence.

Philosophical and Christian Views of a future State.

MANKIND born into the present World, confined to the Surface of the Earth, limited by the imperfect Organs of Sense, and by a narrow Sphere of Experience, see but very little, and know still less, of the boundless Works of the Almighty Creator. What Knowledge the minutest Insect confined to its little Cell hath of the whole Earth, and of all the Tribes of Men and other Animals, such in Proportion is our Knowledge of the surrounding System of the Universe.

But as we see the Earth replenished with numberless Animals, of various Forms, and in different States and Conditions; as we see a regular Gradation in the various Species of Creatures, from the lowest Insect to the highest of Mankind; so it is reasonable to believe, that all the living Creatures which inhabit the Earth bear no Proportion to the living Inhabitants of the Universe in general; and that as Mankind are raised in Capacity, Dignity, and Enjoyment above the lower Animals; so there are Creatures of Ranks and Orders ascending above us, in an undeterminable Gradation: And as this Earth is the appointed Residence and bounded Habitation of Mankind, the Limits of which they cannot pass; so there are innumerable other Worlds and Regions infinitely various, each possessed and replenished with its own proper Inhabitants.

The late Discoveries of natural Philosophers extend so far, that they acknowledge with one Consent and Belief, that there are many material Worlds situate in the vast Spaces, but within the Reach of the human Eye, which have to great an Affinity and Resemblance to the World we inhabit, as to afford the strongest Presumption, that they are in like Manner replete with their own proper and living Inhabitants, who derive Support and Benefit like ourselves, from the Light and Heat of the same Sun. And if the material System be of this Nature and Extent; if the immeasurable Spaces of the Skies afford Room for various Worlds of unknown Dimension and Quality; 'tis not incredible,

that there are also numberless Systems or States of Being in the Universe, which are not nor can be subject to any of our Senses, and of which it is impossible for us at present to form any the least Imagination or Conception.

It is impossible for a Person born blind to form the least Idea or Conception of Light and Colours: And when the Sense of seeing is added to him, he is then brought into a new and higher State and Capacity of Action and Enjoyment. So the Almighty Power of God may give to other Creatures, for ought we know, Faculties, of which we have not the least Conception; or may translate any of his Creatures into a new and higher State of Existence, and impart to them Powers & Means of Enjoyment and Happiness, of which they could not before frame any Notion to themselves, but we may conclude with the highest Probability, that every Species and Rank of Beings throughout the Universe possesses Mansions, Regions, Spheres of Activity, Objects and Means of Happiness, suitable to their respective Natures and Qualities. — Such Order and Disposition of Things we naturally apprehend to proceed from the perfect Wisdom of the Supreme Author and Disposer of all.

Further, we see the changeable and revolving Nature of all Things on Earth: One Generation passing away in Order to give Room and Place to another: And amongst Mankind, some ascending and others descending in the Scale of Human Life: Some arising from Ignorance, Meanness, and Obscurity, to Knowledge, Honour, Power, and other Possessions: Some degrading themselves to Contempt and Misery by their Vices; others improving themselves, and attaining the true Dignity and Happiness of their Nature by Virtue. So in Regard to a more extensive System, consisting of many different Ranks of rational Beings, or in Regard to the whole Universe, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that there may be an endless Variety of Changes and Revolutions: That one World or System of Worlds is in the Course of Ages succeeded by another: That

some Creatures are continually ascending, and others perhaps descending in the infinite Scale of rational Being: That there are various Migrations or Translations of Creatures into different States or Scenes of Habitation, and different Degrees of Capacity & Enjoyment: and, considering the infinite Multiplicity of the Works of God, and Variety of his living Creatures, that there are also different Periods of Duration, as well as different States of Being, assigned to them; that some are created for a short and *momentary* Existence, others for a *longer* Period, and others for an *eternal* Duration.

It is likewise agreeable to our best Apprehensions of the Orders and Designs of Almighty God exercising a moral Government over all and every Species or System of rational Beings; to conclude, that it is the fundamental and immutable Rule or Law of this his moral Empire, That, by Virtue and Obedience to his Will, his rational Creatures shall rise to higher States and nobler Scenes of Action, and to superior Degrees of Capacity, Honour and Happiness; whilst on the other Hand, the Consequence of Vice and Disobedience shall be their Degradation, or *Forfeiture* of their former State, Privileges, and Enjoyments, and a suffering of Loss, Disgrace, and Misery; and if they remain *incorrigible*, that the End shall be their *utter Destruction*; whilst other Creatures more fit and worthy shall succeed to their State, Place, and Rank in the Creation; and Numbers newly created replenish the Waste and Loss of Numbers in the Universe, who are destroyed in just Consequence and Punishment of their Wickedness and Impenitence.

A Method to cure Wheat damaged by Rain in Harvest.

WHEN Wheat Sheaves have been thoroughly wetted, if fine Weather ensues; they should be unbound and spread abroad to be dried by the Sun. This simple Method will often prevent a great Loss. But, if the Weather continues wet, & there is Danger of the Wheat's growing, carry it Home wet, and throw it
pro-

promiscuously into the Barn, that it may be hollow; let the Ears be then cut from the Straw by cutting Boxes, such as Horse Meat is cut by in some Counties, & then put loosely in Sacks and carried to a Malt-Kiln, and there gradually dried.

If after the Ears are cut off the Weather should become fine, they may be dried by spreading them to the Sun on a large threshing Cloth, frequently turning them with a Rake. — This Method is recommended from the Experience of a considerable Farmer, who has found the great Advantage of it. And says, by Means of it, at a very inconsiderable additional Expence, the Wheat will be nearly, sometimes, quite as good in a wet Harvest, as if it was housed in ever so good Order in fine sun shining Weather. — The Heat of the Kiln may be kept up higher than when Malt is drying; but the Kiln should not be much heated, unless the Ears are kept constantly stirring, during the Time they are drying.

A curious Description of the Pantheon at Rome, in a Letter from a Gentleman, after just visiting it, to his Friend.

I Have just seen the *Pantheon*, which I take to be the finest and most perfect Work of antient Times that *Rome*, and after that, I need not say, that the World, has to boast. One is astonished to hear that *Agrippa* planned, designed, founded, and perfected the *Pantheon*. Less than an Emperor has the Honour of having begun and finished the greatest Building of the World. A private *Roman* was able to leave behind him, a Monument of Taste and of Expence, which shames the Pride of Kings. The Term sounds oddly; but we know that *Agrippa* was considerable enough, by the near Relation in which he stood to *Augustus*, and, as the Merit of his peculiar Virtues, to have Coins struck to him; an Honour allowed in that Time only to the Emperor, Empress, and their adopted Children. — The *Pantheon*, notwithstanding that it is the finest and most perfect Remain of the Antique, has undergone some Alteration since it was originally built. So much remains of

the old Splendor however, as to eclipse every Thing even in *Rome*. Nothing can be conceived more superb than the great Portico at the Entrance: It is supported by sixteen Pillars of beautiful Granite, each of them not less than five Feet in Diameter; and each of an intire Piece, as are also the Pilasters. The Order is the *Corinthian*. Upon the Frieze in the Front, there is an Inscription in very large Capitals, to tell us that *Agrippa* built the Edifice, when he was for the third Time Consul. On each Side the Entrance into the Temple, there is a large Niche; in the one of these originally stood a Colossal Statue of *Agrippa*, and in the other, one of the same Size, of his Father-in-Law *Augustus*. The Portico was originally covered with *Corinthian* Bricks; but that was taken away by *Pope Urban VIII.* to make the brazen Pillars at *St. Peter's*. The Covering of the Roof, which was of the same Metal, met with a like Fate; it was transported by one of the Emperors to *Constantinople*. I mentioned to you in a late Letter, the Change of the Face of Things in *Rome*, from the Earth of the Hills having been washed down, and the low Parts between being raised by it. It is no where so evident, that the Ground, on which the modern *Rome* stands, is raised to a considerable Height above that, on which stood the Ancient, as at this Temple.

There was formerly an Ascent of nine Steps into the Portico; but now we descend into it. The Steps were once entirely obliterated by this Alteration; but *Clement XI.* was at the Expence of clearing away a good deal of the Earth in the Piazza before the Temple; and of shewing some of the old Steps, by which People ascended to it. A brazen Gate opens to admit one from the Portico into the Temple itself, and the Door-Case is one entire Piece of Marble; it is fifty Feet in Height, and nearly half as much in Breadth. What a Block must it have been to furnish it! what a Taste to attempt cutting it! what Art to succeed! — The round Figure of this Temple, from which it is at present called the *Rotunda*, gives it a very singu-

angular, and at the same Time a very noble Look; and there is something very solemn and awful in the enlightening of it, which is all done from a large Opening in the Crown of the Vault; for there are no Windows. This Opening, in Spite of all Contrivances, will let in Wet in bad Weather, but 'tis of little Consequence, nothing that can be injured is placed immediately under it; the Altars are all around the Sides. *Agrippa* dedicated it to *Jupiter*, and all the Gods; at present 'tis dedicated to the *Virgin Mary*, and all the Saints. There were originally Statues of the Heathen Deities disposed all around it: Of what Kind of Workmanship these were, we may guess by the *Venus of Medicis*, which was one. At present the Figures of Saints and Martyrs stand in their Places. We may have some farther Idea of the Magnificence of this Temple in every Respect, from another Circumstance relating to this *Venus*. The World has heard of the Pearl which *Cleopatra* dissolved and drank; the Fellow to it is said to have hung in the Ear of this Statue.——The Floor of the *Pantheon* is paved in the most pompous Manner with Marble, not with the common, but the most costly Kinds. In the Centre is a vast round Slab of *Porphyry*, which has a Hole through it, to let down the Water from the Opening at Top. The great Altar stands opposite to the Gate of the Temple, and there are on each Side, three lesser, taking up all the Space from the great one to the Door, at regular Distances. All these are placed in hollowed Spaces, running beyond the Line of the general Circle; and they make up many Chapels. At the Entrance of each there is, on either Side, a noble Pillar and Pilasters of antique yellow Marble; they are of the *Corinthian* Order fluted, and the Capitals and Base are of white Marble; they support the great *Intabulation* that goes round. Above this, the Wall is plain; but though there are no Ornaments that project there, there are Representations of the Orders of Architecture inlaid in the Marble. They call this Part the *Tambour* or Drum of the building. From the Top of this *Tambour*, springs the Vault. This makes

the upper Half of the Temple, as the Pillars and *Tambour* do the lower Half. This is divided into quadrangular Compartments hollowed, and the Ribs which project between them, terminate in the Round of the Opening at Top; between each of the Altars round the Sides, that go beyond the Circle, there are others that stand within it. The lesser ones have the Pillars, *Intabulation*, and *Frontispiece* of *Porphyry*, the antique yellow, and other rich Marbles; and their flat Parts are also encrusted with Marble. Part of the encrusting Marble, in some of the Altars, hath been taken down; and there are, in some of the Niches, only Models of the Statues that are to stand there; but all this, as well as the great Altar, are to be finished. *Clement* the XIth, was at the Pains of having all the Marble of the Building cleaned, and it makes a glorious Appearance to this Hour.

Of the African Camel and Wild Ox.

THE Camel of *Africa*, as represented in the Plate, is used by the Inhabitants of *Africa* to carry Burdens and Merchandise out of the inmost Parts to the Sea-Coast, to their no small Advantage. These Creatures seem to have a notable Apprehension, for when between *Ethiopia* and *Barbary* they are forced to go a Day's Journey more than the common Stages, their Masters cannot drive them forward with Blows, but are necessitated to sing and whistle before them; which supererogated Reward seems to be a sufficient Bounty to draw and entice them to the Performance of their Over-Service. Experience confirms, that the *African* Camels far exceed the *Asian* in Strength, being able to travel fifty Days with their Burdens on, without any Fodder or Meat, Nature in them supporting itself by a Consumption as it were of the Parts; for first the Flesh of their Bunches fall away and consume, afterwards their Bellies, and lastly their Hips and Buttocks; whereby they become so feeble, that they can scarce bear a Hundred Weight, tho' at first they will carry eight Hundred.

In *Africa* there is a Kind of wild Oxen, as represented in the Plate, by the Inhabitants called *Guabox*, and by the *Spaniards*, *Vacas Bravas*, that is, *Mad Bulls*; they run as swift as a Hart, & are smaller than an Ox, with a dark brown Tail, black and sharp Horns, the Flesh sweet, with a Skin fit to tan for Shoe-Leather. They generally range through the Woods in great Herds.

SELECT

The Camel and Wild Ox of Barbary.



The Camel and Wild Ass of Barbary.



SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

Extract from GOTHAM: A POEM,
BOOK III. By C. CHURCHILL.

OF all the various Productions of this Author, it is difficult to determine which is the most excellent; and upon the Appearance of every new Piece of his we are apt to cry with *Cassio*, "This is a more exquisite Song than t'other."

Our Poet being now seated on his imaginary Throne of *Gotham*, reflects upon the Duties belonging to his regal Function.

In Empire young, scarce warm on *Gotham's* throne,
The dangers, and the sweets of pow'r, unknown,
Pleas'd, though I scarce know why, like some young child,
Whose little senses each new toy turns wild:
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion; how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
And, all at once, commence a PATRIOT KING.....
But, (*be assis*).....
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep, dark cell,
Where unsuspected e'en by me may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, & what to bear?...

A PATRIOT KING---why 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of heav'n, which wears
The nearest, best resemblance we can shew
Of God above, thro' all his works below.
To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to Decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren, in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thoughts, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred balance, temperate, yet bold,

With such an equal hand, that those who fear

May yet approve, and own my justice clear;

To be a common father, to secure

The weak from violence, from pride the poor;

Vice, and her sons, to banish in disgrace,
To make corruption dread to shew her face,

To bid afflicted virtue take new state,
And be, at last, acquainted with the great;

Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let the priests be left a standing jest;
Rewards for worth, with lib'ral hand to carve,

To love the Arts, nor let the artists starve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increase,

Give fame in war, & happiness in peace,
To see my people virtuous, great, and free,

And know that all those blessings flow from me;

O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters nature more than flatt'ry ought.

'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,

But not less great, less glorious the reward,

The best reward which here to man is giv'n,

'Tis more than earth, and little short of heav'n;

A task (if such comparison may be)

The same in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,

Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

He then compares the State of a King with that of a Villager. Every one conversant in the Classics, in our old Writers, and particularly Shakespeare, will see the happy Use our Author has made of his Reading. Of the King he observes,

CARE, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne

By day crawls full in view; when night bids sleep,

Sweet nurse of nature, o'er the senses creep,

When misery herself, no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
Tho' his sense weakens, tho' his eye grows dim,

That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.

E'en at that hour, CARE, tyrant CARE,
forbids

The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night she watches at his
bed;

Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his
head,

Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's
wings,

Croaks forth aloud--Sleep was not made
for kings.

*Proceeding in his Self-Examination he en-
quires, whether he himself is free from those
Faults, which it is his Duty to punish in
others; after which he reflects upon a proper
Choice of his Ministers.*

Are there, amongst those officers of
State,

To whom our sacred power we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the
realm,

Who, in our name commission'd, guide
the helm,

Are there, who, trusting to our love of
ease,

Oppress our subjects, wrest our just de-
crees,

And make the laws, warp'd from their
fair intent,

To speak a language which they never
meant;

Are there such men, and can the fools
depend

On holding out in safety to their end?

Can they so much, from thoughts of
danger free,

Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of
me,

To think that I will prove a statesman's
tool,

And live a stranger where I ought to
rule?

What, to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on
trust,

And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependents of my own?

Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on
their's,

Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with
state,

Have nothing but the name of being great,
Attend at councils, which I must not
weigh;

Do, what they bid; and what they dictate,
say;

Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?

Perish the thought---'tis treason to my
throne;

And who but thinks it, could his thoughts
be known,

Insults me more than he, who, leagu'd
with-hell,

Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown
rebel.

The wicked statesman, whose false heart
purfues

A train of guilt, who acts with double
views,

And wears a double face, whose base de-
signs

Strike at his monarch's throne, who un-
dermines

E'en while he seems his wishes to support,
Who seizes all departments, packs a court,

Maintains an agent on the judgment seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds

complete,
New models armies, & around the throne

Will suffer none but creatures of his own,
Conscious of such his baseness, well may

try,
Against the light to shut his master's eye,

To keep him coop'd, & far remov'd from
those,

Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes
disclose;

Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Wheretruth, unwelcome truth may wound

his ear.

*He enumerates the several Objects of Consi-
deration proper for Majesty with respect to
Laws, Religion, &c. &c. and concludes with
the following Lines.*

Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,

Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his
throne,

Secure from all upbraidings but his own,
Let all my subjects have access to me,

Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full, fair tide, let information flow,

That evil is half-cur'd, whose cause we
know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wret-
ched thing,

Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears--make but thy grievance

plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my reign

Close up that very moment---to prevent
The course of JUSTICE, from her fair in-
tent,

In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall
plead,

In vain my mother kneel---my soul may
bleed,

But must not change---When JUSTICE
draws the dart,

Though it is doom'd to pierce a fav'rite's
heart,

'Tis mine to give it force, to give it
aim

I know my duty, and I feel it Fame.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1764.



As the *English* Army was passing towards *Quebec*, along a soft Savanna between a Mountain & a Lake, one of the petty Chiefs of the inland Regions stood upon a Rock surrounded by his Tribe, and from behind the Shelter of the Bushes contemplated the Art and Regularity of *European* War. It was Evening, the Tents were pitched, he observed the Security with which the Troops rested in the Night, and the Order with which the March was renewed in the Morning. He continued to pursue them with his Eye till they could be seen no longer, and then stood for some Time silent and pensive.

Then turning to his Followers, 'My Children (said he) I have often heard from Men hoary with long Life, that there was a Time when our Ancestors were absolute Lords of the Woods, the Meadows, and the Lakes, wherever the Eye can reach, or the Foot can pass. They fished and hunted, they feasted and danced, and when they were weary lay down under the first Thicket, without Danger and without Fear. They changed their Habitations as the Seasons required, Convenience prompted, or Curiosity allured them, and sometimes sported in Canoes along the Coast.

'Many Years and Ages are supposed to have been thus passed in Plenty and Security; when at last, a new Race of Men entered our Country from the great Ocean. They inclosed themselves in Ha-

bitations of Stone, which our Ancestors could neither enter by Violence, nor destroy by Fire. They issued from those Fastnesses, sometimes covered like the *Armadillo* with Shells, from which the Lance rebounded on the Striker, and sometimes carried by mighty Beasts which had never been seen in our Vales or Forests, of such Strength and Swiftneſs, that Flight and Opposition were vain alike. Those Invaders ranged over the Continent, slaughtering in their Rage those who resisted, and those who submitted, in their Mirth. Of those that remained, some were buried in Caverns, and condemned to dig Metals for their Masters; some were employed in tilling the Ground, of which foreign Tyrants devour the Produce; and when the Sword and the Mines have destroyed the Natives, they supply their Place by Human Beings of another Colour, brought from some distant Country to perish here under Toil and Torture.

'Some there are who boast their Humanity, and content themselves to seize our Chaces and Fisheries, who drive us from every Track of Ground where Fertility and Pleasantness invite them to settle, and make no War upon us except when we intrude upon our own Lands.

'Others pretend to have purchased a Right of Residence and Tyranny; but surely the Insolence of such Bargains is more offensive than the avowed and open Dominion of Force. What Reward can induce the Possessor

of a Country to admit a Stranger more powerful than himself? Fraud or Terror must operate in such Contracts; either they promised Protection which they never afforded, or Instruction which they never imparted. We hoped to be secured by their Favour from some other Evil, or to learn the Arts of *Europe*, by which we might be able to secure ourselves. Their Power they have never exerted in our Defence, and their Arts they have studiously concealed from us. Their Treaties are only to deceive, and their Traffic only to defraud us. They have a written Law among them, of which they boast as derived from him who made the Earth and Sea, and by which they profess to believe that Man will be made happy when Life shall forsake him. Why is not this Law communicated to us? It is concealed because it is violated. For how can they preach it to an *Indian* Nation, when I am told that one of its first Precepts forbids them to do to others what they would not that others should do to them.

But the Time perhaps is now approaching when the Pride of Usurpation shall be crushed, and the Cruelties of Invasion shall be revenged. The Sons of Rapacity have now drawn their Swords upon each other, and referred their Claims to the Decision of War: Let us look unconcerned upon the Slaughter, and remember that the Death of every *European* delivers the Country from a Tyrant and a Robber; for what is the Claim of either Nation, but the Claim of the Vulture to the Leveret, of the Tyger to the Fawn? Let them then continue to dispute their Title to Regions which they cannot people, to purchase by Danger and Blood the empty Dignity of Dominion over Mountains which they will never climb, and Rivers which they will never pass. Let us endeavour, in the mean Time, to learn their Discipline, and to forge their Weapons; and when they shall be weakened with mutual Slaughter, let us rush down upon

them, force their Remains to take Shelter in their Ships, and reign once more in our native Country.

THE HAPPY DIVORCE:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 584.]

LISERE, full of Grief, had kept Sight of *Lucilia* through all her Whirl of Company: He depended on the Justness of her Way of thinking, and the Probity of her Soul. 'She will perceive,' said he, 'the Frivolousness of the Pleasures which she seeks, the Folly of the Women, the Vanity of the Men, the Falsity of both; and, if she returns virtuous, her Virtue will be but the more confirmed by the Dangers it has run. But will she have escaped all the Shelves that surround her, the Charms of Flattery, the Snares of Seduction, the Attractions of Pleasure? We despise the World when we know it thoroughly; but we give ourselves up to it before we know it, and the Heart is frequently lost before Reason enlightens it. O *Lucilia*!' cried he, looking at the Portrait of his Wife, which in Solitude was his only Conversation, 'O *Lucilia*! you were so deserving of being happy! and I flattered myself that you would be so with me. Alas! perhaps some one of those handsome Corrupters, who form at once the Ornament and Misfortunes of the World, is at this very Time employed in seducing her Innocence, and is bent upon her Defeat, merely for the Sake of the Pleasure of boasting of it. What, would my Wife's Shame raise an eternal Barrier between us! It would no longer be permitted me to live with her, from whom Death alone ought to separate me! I have betrayed her in abandoning her. Heaven had chosen me for the Guardian of her imprudent and frail Youth. I have consulted only Custom, and I have been struck only by the frightful Idea of being hated as a Tyrant.'

While *Lisere* floated thus in this cruel Uncertainty, *Lucilia* was not less

less agitated between the Desire of returning to him, and the Dread of being repulsed. Twenty Times had she risen, after passing the Night in Sighs and Tears, with the Resolution of going to wait his waking, in order to throw herself at his Feet, and ask his Pardon. But a Shame, well known to sensible and delicate Souls, had still withheld her Footsteps. If *Lisere* did not despise her, if he still preserved any Feeling for her, any Esteem; from the Time when she had broken off with her Parties, from the Time that she had lived retired and solitary, how came it that he had never vouchsafed to see her even once? Every Day, as he went by, he enquired after his Lady's Health; she heard of it; she hoped that at last he would ask to see her; each Day this Hope was renewed; she expected, all trembling, the Moment of *Lisere's* calling; she drew as near as possible, in order to listen to him, and retired in Tears, after having heard him ask, as he went along, *How does my Lady do?* She could have wished to have *Lisere* informed of her Repentance, of her Return to herself. 'But to whom can I trust?' said she; 'to Friends! Is there one of them faithful enough, discreet enough, wise enough, for so delicate an Interposition? Some of them might have the Talents, but had not the Zeal; and others had the Zeal, but not the Talents: Besides, it is hard to trust to others what we dare not confess ourselves! A Letter . . . ; but what shall I write to him? General Expressions would not touch him, and Particulars are so humiliating!' At length a Thought came into her Head, by which her Delicacy and Sensibility were equally satisfied. *Lisere* had absented himself for two Days, and *Lucilia* seized the Opportunity of his Absence to execute her Design.

Lisere had an old Servant, whom *Lucilia* saw melting into Tears at the Moment of their Separation, and whose Zeal, Honesty, and Discretion, were well known to her. 'Ambrose,' said she to him, 'I have a Favour to ask of you.' 'Ah!

'Madam,' said the good Man, 'command me; I am your's, with all my Soul: Would to God that you and my Master loved one another as I love you! I know not which of you is wrong; but I am sorry for you both: It would be delightful to see you together, and I see nothing here which does not give me Sorrow, ever since you have been on ill Terms.' 'It is perhaps my Fault,' said *Lucilia*, humiliated; 'but, my dear Ambrose, the Evil is not without Remedy; only do what I shall tell you. You know that my Portrait is in your Master's Chamber:—' 'Oh! yes, Madam, he knows it very well too; for he shuts himself up sometimes with it for whole Days: It is all his Consolation. He looks at it, he talks to it, he sighs most pitifully; and I see plainly that the poor Gentleman would still much rather converse with you than with your Picture.' '—' 'You tell me very comfortable News, my dear Ambrose; but go and take away that Portrait privately, and chuse, in order to bring it me, a Time when you may not be seen by any Body.' '—' 'I, Madam, deprive my Master of all that he holds dearest in the World! Rather ask my Life.' 'Be assured,' replied *Lucilia*, 'my Design is not to deprive him of it. To-morrow Evening thou shalt come and fetch it, to put it in its Place again: I will only beg of you to say nothing to my Husband.' 'Very well,' said Ambrose, 'I know that you are Goodness itself; and you would not now, at the latter End of my Life, give me the Mortification of having made my Master uneasy.' The faithful Ambrose executed *Lucilia's* Order. She had in her Portrait the tender and languishing Air which was natural to her; but her Look was serene, and her Hair set with Flowers. She sent for her Painter, ordered him to draw her with her Hair dishevelled, and to paint the Tears trickling from her Eyes. As soon as her Idea was carried into Execution, the Picture was replaced in *Lisere's* Apartment. He comes into it, and his Eyes are soon

raised on the dear Object. It is easy to conceive how great was his Surprise. The dishevelled Hair strikes him first: He draws near, and sees the Tears flow; 'Ah!' cried he, 'ah *Lucilia*! are these the 'Tears of Repentance? Is that the 'Sorrow of Love?' He goes out transported, he flies to her, he seeks her with his Eyes, and he finds her in the same Situation as the Picture had represented her. Immoveable for a Moment, he eyes her with Tenderness; and suddenly throwing himself at her Feet, 'Is it really 'true,' said he, 'that my Wife is 'restored to me?' 'Yes,' said *Lucilia*, with Sighs, 'yes, if you 'think her still worthy of you.' 'Can she have ceased to be so?' replied *Lisere*, locking her in his Arms. 'No, my Dear, be comforted: I know your Soul, and I have 'never ceased to mourn and to 'esteem you. You would not return to me, if the World had 'been able to seduce you, and this 'voluntary Return is the Proof of 'your Virtue.' 'Oh! thank Heaven,' said she, (her Heart being eased by the Tears which flowed in Abundance from her Eyes) 'thank 'Heaven, I have no shameful 'Weakness to blush at: I have 'been foolish, but not dishonest.' 'If I doubted it, would you now 'be in my Bosom?' replied *Lisere*; and at these Words . . . but who can describe the Transports of two sensible Hearts, which, after having groaned under a cruel Separation, were re-united for ever? On learning their Reconciliation, the Family were filled with Joy, and the good *Ambrose* said, his Eyes swimming with Tears, 'God be praised! 'I shall now die content.'

From that Day, the tender Union of this Pair serves as an Example to all those of their Age. Their Divorce has convinced them that the World had nothing that could make either of them Amends; and this is what may be called *A HAPPY DIVORCE*.

Difference to the People between the Duke of Newcastle's Administration and the present.

To the PRINTER.

S I R.

THE Duke of Newcastle's Administration has often been cry'd down by the present Ministry. I will compare what is held to be the worst Part of it, with one of the most brilliant Measures of those now in Authority. Under the *Pelham* Rule, that unpopular Act, the *Jews Act*, was passed: Under the present, that *grievous* one on Cyder. No sooner was the other known to be disagreeable to the Nation, than it was immediately repealed the very first Opportunity. Notwithstanding all the Clamours so justly raised against the latter, it still remains.

You have here, my worthy Countrymen, a Matter laid before your Eyes, which you all know to be true. That I might not be supposed to have any Intention of misleading you, I have neither set it off with any Ornaments of Rhetorick; nor endeavoured, as the Fashion now is, to enliven it by Humour. The Inference to be drawn from it is, that let the *Pelham* Administration be ever so bad, that of the *Scot* and his Successors is abundantly worse. For by as much more grievous as it is to have Excisemen come and tax your Property in your very Houses, than to have a wealthy People, with their Effects, settle among you; by as much more oppressive as it is to oblige you to submit to a Law that is found to be burthensome, than when only known to be disagreeable, to repeal it; so much leis to be endured are those that now govern, than the People whom they would set you against.

I have omitted here the very extraordinary Manner in which it was hurried through all the usual Forms, that the Representations made in your Favour might have no Effect: I have made no Mention of the Artifices since used to recommend, to support, to enforce it. From the Parallel only you are to judge; and as that holds good, or not, acquit or condemn the Persons concerned in it.

I am your's, &c. W. RALEIGH.

Original

Original Letter from King STANISLAUS to his Daughter, when she became Queen of FRANCE.

HEARKEN my dear Child, and lend an Ear to what I shall say; You must now forget your People, and the House of your Father; I borrow the Words of the Holy Ghost to bid you Farewell, since in the Event of this Day I only consider the Providence of God, whose powerful Hand has conducted us beyond all human Prudence, Speculation, Policy, and even Expectation itself; it only belongs to that Divine Wisdom to raise itself above our Imaginations, to confound our Views by the Decrees of its Providence, and to raise its own Glory by its Miracles.--You are now become Queen of France, and your Condition is the highest in the World; it is the Fame of your Virtues, that has raised you to this Choice. Consider the most precious Jewels of your Crown are going to shine, and to be represented in so clear a Light, that the least Flaw will easily be perceived.

I shall lay before your Eyes three Rocks, against which the Virtues of the greatest Heroes have often split.

The first is a *supreme Degree of Grandeur* which raises us up to Idols, and makes us forget our Humanity, and which renders us odious to Man, and disagreeable to God; by which we are so intoxicated that we cannot see the Dangers which may suddenly throw us down. Carry yourself according to the Rank which is due to you, still considering that all your Grandeur consists in the Glory of God. Humble yourself by continually remembering how little you are before his Eyes, and think that true Greatness consists in the Eminence of your Sentiments, in Nobleness of Heart, in the Combat of your Passions, and in the conquering of yourself.

The second Thing is, that *Prosperity may be the more dangerous to you*, because it is a Thing altogether unknown to you, and having been acquainted with nothing but Misfortunes from your Birth, let them serve now as an useful Lesson to instruct you not to abuse your

present good Fortune, nor be so insatuated with it, as to forget that Prosperity is sometimes deceitful; and when we give ourselves entirely up to the Thoughts of it, we do not keep ourselves in that equal Temper of Mind which is so becoming in Persons of high Degree.

The third is *Flattery*, the Attempts of which, you will find unavoidable, the opposing them difficult, but the Conquest of them great and glorious.

Represent yourself, my dear Child, as surrounded with a Number of People pressing to make their Court to you; there will not be one of these who will not be ready to obey you, to sacrifice his Life and Fortune for your Service, and yet, perhaps, you will not meet with any who will tell you Truth, lest in doing so they should displease you, and risk their Preferment: Thus, though in the midst of Persons the most attached and devoted to your Interest, you are left to yourself, and have nothing to depend upon, but your own good Sense & Reason. We may easily avoid the Infection which comes from the Poison of Flattery, if we are not prevented by Self-Love, which is the only Thing can give us a Relish of it. You must consider it as an Incense which is good for nothing but to make us giddy with its deceitful Odour.

You will possess the greatest Science in the World, if you can judge the true Characters of Persons, and can distinguish real Merit. This is the Point of the greatest Importance. You will no Doubt meet with Persons, both in the Court and in the Kingdom, worthy your Esteem, and to such you should pay your Consideration; 'tis a Recompence to support Merit, and chastise Vice. You will also meet with Persons who will be for recommending themselves by a certain Forwardness, supported by *nothing* except a passionate Desire of being great; give such to understand that you know them, and that they are only worthy of your Contempt, for they will be incorrigible should you give them the least Indulgence.

There are Persons whom we hate, and

and others whom we love, we know not why; the first of these is an Injustice, and the last a Weakness.

In fine, all this will lead you to one great Maxim, which I recommend to you above all the rest, and this is, to consider your Trust as a Treasure above all Price, and which you may easily lose, if you use it indiscreetly; 'tis a Thing you owe to none but the *King*, and to the *Duke*, who is the Depository of all his Commands. Should you partake it with a Third, it will lose its Merit with the two First, and you will have no Right to expect the Confidence of the *King*, or of the *Duke*, upon whom your Happiness and Tranquillity must hereafter depend.

Let there be no Person about you, be they never so dear to you, who shall have Reason to think that you are without Reserve in Respect to them; for if you impart a Secret, which is not of absolute Necessity to any Person, you characterize that Person with the Name of your Favourite, or Confidant; the Consequence of which is, that from being their Mistress, you become their Slave; they will direct and command you, sometimes according to their Interest, sometimes according to their Humours, but never with Justice: However, this should not hinder you from hearing good Advice without Prejudice to Persons, judging only of their Sentiments.

As to the rest; you must consider, that *the Voice of the People is the Voice of God*, therefore you must conduct yourself in such a Manner, as if you were to give an Account of your Actions to the meanest of your Subjects, and as if the Public were to be your Judges; since they will be continually upon the Watch to observe you. This has been the Opinion of all wise Men; 'tis the Public that must render you immortal in your Prosperity; their Censure is dangerous, and their Approbation to be courted and esteemed.

Consider that a great King is now become your Husband; that he gives you his Hand, in Hopes of finding in you Comfort and Ease in all his Cares; that you will be the Companion of his Labours, a faithful

Friend, a virtuous Wife, and a great Queen.

Our Religion, of which this Kingdom is its great Support, opens its Bosom to receive you, and considers you as its most powerful Protectress: Your Subjects look upon you as their Mother, since the Person of his Majesty (in whom they live) is committed to your Care. — You must answer the King's Hopes, by your Tenderness of his Person; by an entire Complaisance to his Will, by your natural Sweetness in complying with his Desires, and by a Resignation to his Sentiments. — Let it be your Will to please, and your Pleasure to obey him. Avoid every Thing that may give him the least Disgust, and let his Honour and Interest be the only Objects of all your Studies.

Regard your Religion with all the Zeal that is due to it; the Goodness of God in a particular Manner obliges you to it; and your own Piety is a Security to me that you will do so.

Be not too inquisitive in Matters of Religion, the Doctrine of your Catechism is the safest, follow that, and avoid searching into Things that are not the Province of your Sex.

Take Care you are not seduced by an outward Appearance of Sanctity; the World is so wicked, that Religion is often used for a Cloke for Ambition and Interest. In these Cases you must moderate your Zeal, lest it should mislead you, and hinder you from seeing *those Snakes in the Grass*. — Without entering into useless Arguments, teach Religion by true Piety, as our Saviour has commanded us, & correct the Manners of your Court, by your own good Example.

Answer the Hopes of your Subjects by Justice and Clemency, by supporting Merit, by extirpating Vice, by comforting the Afflicted, and by protecting the Oppressed: Let these Duties be your daily Employment, and drive from your Thoughts all those Things that may engage you to meddle in the Affairs of Government. The Wisdom of the King and Council will not stand

in Need of your Assistance, and never busy yourself unless where the Glory of God, the Person of the King, and the Safety of your own People are immediately concerned.

I give God Thanks that I find nothing in you that wants Correction; and, as I think, you are inclined to no Vice, I apply my Council to your Virtues: Clemency and Generosity are the two distinguishing Beauties of a great Soul, but when they exceed certain Bounds, they lose their Merit; and as I know them both to be natural to your Temper, you must take Care to keep them within their due Limits, lest they should degenerate into Faults.

The First, if it be too general, may give an Authority to Crimes, and hinder the Course of Justice.

The Second, if it be done with Profusion, loses its Name, and becomes contemptible: Let the Motive of the first be Christianity and Good-Nature; of the Second, Charity and true Merit.

It only remains for me to tell you (my dear Child) that, as my Daughter, you are indebted in Gratitude to the Duke, and, as Queen of France, you owe him your Confidence. The Trust that the King reposes in him, his prudent Government, his Disinterestedness for the Good of the Kingdom, and his Friendship for me, are, I hope, sufficient Ties to make you remember the infinite Obligations you are under to him, and to induce you to follow his wholesome Advice.

Employ all your Cares to keep up an Union in the Royal House of France; nothing can be more glorious or advantageous to the State.

In fine, remember your Father and Mother, as well as those who have been attached to us in all our Adversities; you know their Number is so small that they cannot be easily forgot: And since all our Wishes, by the Grace of God, are accomplished in your Person, it only remains for us Night and Day to offer up our Vows to Heaven to pour down its Blessings upon you.

To sum up all; praise God, be charitable to your Neighbour, love

the King, abhor Vice, know yourself in your good Fortune, be firm in all Accidents, and support yourself in Misfortunes, if any should fall upon you; resist the Snares of the World, correct Errors by Clemency, and Crimes by Justice, and encourage Merit by just Rewards; and, in Order to live and reign happy, judge of all Things without Passion or Prejudice.

Extract from the MONITOR,

Number 471.

THIS Monitor is a Continuation of the last.—He goes on to observe, that the ministerial Writer, who has undertaken the Defence or Excuse of the *Spanish* Governor, for driving out our *Logwood* Cutters, has another Argument in Vindication of the Governor's Conduct. Which is, 'That all this was design'd by him, as the only Expedient to secure this Branch of Commerce to *Great Britain alone*. That the maritime Powers (and *France* is particularly named for one) might otherwise avail themselves of the Benefit of this Article of the Treaty, by manning their Ships with *British Sailors*; and says, 'Must not this Suspension be ultimately attended with immense Benefit to this Nation? And ought it not, on that Account, to be applauded, at present, by all, who desire the Happiness of *England*?'

How it may end (says the Monitor) God knows; but it does not look very favourably at present; therefore we may as well suspend the APPLAUSE, 'till it looks better.

It may have escaped this Author's Notice, that the Stipulations of the Definitive Treaty relate to the Privileges of the *Settlers* and *their Workmen*, and not to the *Ships*, which are to carry the *Logwood* away, after they have cut and loaded it.

It is Pity this Author was not one of those Settlers; as his being upon the Spot in that Situation, would have given him a much clearer Idea of the Advantage of this new Regulation

lation to *British Subjects*, than he can be expected to form at this Distance. His Judgment would then have been founded upon Experience, and not upon Theory.

But adds the *Monitor*, it is probable that this Author has mistaken the Governor's Meaning. For,

In the first Place. It does not appear that the Governor has so little Wit, as to declare this to be his Motive, or that this Writer has any Authority from him to publish it as such.

Secondly. The Governor is so far from claiming the Merit of such a Motive; that he has the Modesty to avoid any direct Promise that they shall enjoy the stipulated Privilege even upon his own Terms; *that is*, upon producing the royal Schedule of Spain, as he calls it, or the Licence of the King of England. What he means by these, the Lord knows: For, I defy the sharpest Eye in Europe to discover one Word about them in the Treaty. But, whatever he means, all he engages for, upon producing them, is, 'There is no Doubt but I shall attend to it with the Care and Equity I am commanded.'—Until he has produced his Instructions, what Man alive can determine the true Meaning of this equivocal Expression?

Does he think there is not a Spirit left in Great Britain, to defend effectually their just Rights, and to resent such Usage as this? If he does, it is to be hoped that he, and his Master too, will be better informed, before they are much older. The *Monitor* then goes on to observe that this ministerial Writer alledges further, that the Spanish Governor says, the Logwood Cutters *had extended themselves, gathering Fruits as in their own Country, and without waiting to settle the Limits with the necessary Solemnity, that should have secured their Establishment.*

Does this Author mean (says the *Monitor*) that they were to eat Logwood, as the necessary Provisions for their Subsistence? I am amazed he omitted to complain of their drinking the Water of the Rivers, when they were thirsty. If, in gathering Fruits, they invaded any

private Man's Property, they would have been answerable for it to the Laws of the Country. If they did not, what Foundation can there be for this Complaint?

The latter Charge of *not WAITING to settle the Limits with the necessary Solemnity*, together with the Governor's Complaint of an *Excess in cutting Logwood*, deserves a serious Attention. NECESSARY SOLEMNITY is true Spanish. But it must be allowed by every Reader, who can read, (as *Dean Swift* expresses it) that the *settling of Limits*, is not once mentioned in the 17th Article of the Treaty. And he must be a very clever Casuist, who can reconcile the WAITING for that, with the Right to Possession immediately after the Ratification of the present Treaty. Therefore why this is insisted upon, as one Reason for the Logwood-Cutters Expulsion from their Settlements, lies upon the Spanish Governor, or the Spanish Court, to explain.

The *Monitor* concludes with saying, that one can hardly doubt, but that the Ministry, who find themselves so cruelly and ungratefully used, after all their generous Compliances in their Negotiations of the Peace, will shew that just Resentment and Spirit, which their own Safety, as well as the Prosperity of the King and this Kingdom necessarily require.

This may be easily done, and Matters soon accommodated again, by defending our just Rights, as any private Man would do, when attacked by open Violence; *that is*, to make Use of the Strength we have left, for that Purpose. And I appeal to the Ministry themselves, whether we are not in Equity, as well as good Policy, bound to defend those by our Shipping, whose Power of defending themselves without it, has been taken away by our Act and Deed: And if Indemnity for the past Injury should be refused, to procure it for them, without Delay, by such Means as are in our Power.

Philosophical and Christian Views of a future State.

[Continued from Page 588.]

THE

THE creative Power of GOD is unlimited: And we may reasonably conclude, that it is perpetually operating in the Production of new Creatures into Existence and Life: And when Millions perish, how easily can his Almighty Power produce equal or greater Numbers in their Stead?—*For to him it belongeth to kill or to make alive, to save or to destroy. He is the everlasting GOD, the Lord, the Creator of the Ends of the Earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary: There is no searching out of his Power or his Understanding.*

With Regard to ourselves and the whole Human Species, it is not to be presumed that we can comprehend all the various Ends and wise Purposes which the Almighty Creator had in View in the Formation of Mankind: And therefore it may be difficult, if not impossible, to judge with Certainty from Reason and Speculation alone, what is his Design in Regard to our *Duration*; or to determine that most important Question, whether Mankind are totally destroyed by Death, or whether they shall survive that mortal Change, and pass into another State? But supposing we could determine to our own Satisfaction, that, in general, Death does not put an End to our Being, but that we shall pass into some other State, yet how many Doubts, how many difficult Questions still remain unresolved, and indeed unresolvable by any Arguments in the Power of Human Reason to produce. If the Light of Nature does afford some glimmering Hopes, some dubious Intimations and Presages, of a future State; yet how blank is the Prospect! what *Shadows Clouds and Darkness rest upon it!* impenetrable to Human Eyes, and uninvestigable by our most curious Researches!

But is it not natural to extend our Enquiries further? Can we help being solicitous to know, whether there is any *Place prepared* to receive us after Death? any particular Regions, any Habitations or *Mansions*, appointed to us in the Universe of GOD? When our Souls launch into the boundless Ocean of unknown

Being, shall they wander solitary and forlorn through the Abyss of Immenfity and Eternity? or who will be our Pilot and Conductor? Whose friendly Guidance and immediate Protection may we hope for? To whose Territories shall we arrive? To whose Government and Jurisdiction shall we be subject? With what Society shall we claim Acquaintance? or shall we be lost in the Deserts of the Creation, having no Place of Refuge, no Home or Habitation, no Friends, no Saviour, Protector, and Governor?

It is indeed readily acknowledged, that in all States, and at all Events, we are and shall be under the Care and Government of the one infinite and Supreme Being: Without which Belief there can be no Hope; and which is the necessary Foundation of every Thing we can hope for.—But when we consider on the other Hand, that it may be as truly affirmed of the most destitute, miserable, and abandoned Creatures in the Universe, as of ourselves, that they are within the Power and Providence of Almighty GOD; and likewise, that to suppose that Mankind will be provided for in a future State by the immediate Hand and Power of Almighty GOD, is an Hypothesis we have no Ground to make from the visible Scene and Course of Things in this World, but is *contrary* to all Appearances at present; seeing we derive in this World, Life, Preservation, Deliverances, Protection, and all Provisions and Blessings of Life, not immediately from GOD, but by the Mediation of others:—When we consider all this, the Doctrine of GOD's universal Power and Providence over all Creatures in all States, will not, *alone* and abstractly considered, afford us all that Satisfaction concerning a future State which we naturally desire, and which may be a proper and sufficient Ground for our Conduct in Life, and our Hope and Courage at Death. For if there be a World to come, it is *not* to be presumed that the Oeconomy of Things in *that World*, is not only different from, but *contrary*

to, all the Methods of Divine Oeconomy which we see in *this* World : At least no Appearances of Providence *here* will lead us to conceive of *such* a Divine Procedure *hereafter*, or to believe *such* a Kind of future State.

On the contrary, as we are born and live in *this* World by the Mediation and Assistance of others, and owe all our Safety, Support and Enjoyments, to the Care and Instruction, to the Power and Goodness of others ; so, from all that we see and know of the Divine Conduct and Designs, it is natural to conclude, that a similar Oeconomy and Dispensation must take Place in a future World ; and that our Resurrection after Death, our Safety or Salvation in a future State, our Mansion or Place of Residence, our Manner of Life, our Enjoyments and Felicities, and every Thing relative to that State, will be under the Care, Direction and Government, not immediately of the Supreme Being, but of some *subordinate* Agent and Minister.—And the whole Constitution and Process of Things in *this* World, upon the most impartial and extensive View, lead us to apprehend, that if Mankind are to live after Death, and GOD hath appointed a World to come for them, there is some *Mediator between GOD and Man*, some Deliverer, Protector and Governor, to whose immediate Care and Tuition Mankind are committed, as the special and distinguished Friend and Patron of the Human Race ; and by whose powerful Agency, and wise Direction, all Things relative to our future and eternal State shall be transacted and accomplished.

Here then shall we not gratefully accept of the Aid, and acknowledge the Favour of the *Christian* Revelation ? which gives us a better Assurance and more Information concerning a future State, than we could attain to by the Light of Nature ; and consequently establishes our Belief of it in a superior Manner and Degree. It informs us, by whose immediate Care, Inspection, and Agency, all Things relating to our future Existence are

transacted and governed.—That it is *Jesus Christ our Lord*, who hath Power and Commission from GOD, to deliver us from the Power and Dominion of Death, to afford us Protection and Safety, and to provide for us convenient *Habitations* after we have quitted these earthly Dwellings. *He is our Resurrection and our Life*, and our future State is under his Government and Appointment. To this End, and that we might believe in him, and rely on his Care and Protection, even in the Article of Death, *GOD raised him from the Dead* ; and in Reward of his most perfect and exemplary Virtue and Obedience, hath given him Power over *all Flesh*, committed to him the *Keys* of the future World, and constituted him *Judge* over Mankind, *that he might give eternal Life* to all good Men.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A singularly fatal Accident which happened through Curiosity at a Masquerade in France.

THE Queen Dowager of *Philip of Valois* gave a public Masquerade on Occasion of the Marriage of one of her Maids of Honour. The King, her Great Grandson, who had been newly recovered of a Lunacy, which had long afflicted him, appeared at the Diversion in the Habit of a wild Man, attended by five young Persons of the first Families in the Kingdom, in the same Dress. Their Habits were made to fit them close in every Part, and were of Linen, covered with a Kind of raw Flax in Tufts, to imitate Hair, and fastened on with Pitch. The six Figures were fastened to one another. The Singularity of their Appearance drew the Eyes of every Body upon them ; and the young Duke of *Orleans* examining them with a Wax Light in his Hand, by some Accident the Flax of one of their Habits took Fire : The Flame in an Instant communicated to the rest ; and as they were fastened to one another, they could not separate, nor help themselves. The King was soon known, and the Dutchess of *Barr* saved

saved him by covering him with her Gown before the Flame reached him; but four of the others died of the Burning. The King relapsed on the Instant, and was never perfectly cured. The Duke of *Orleans*, who had been (though innocently) the Occasion of the fatal Catastrophe, built a Chapel in the Church of the *Celestins* at *Paris*, as an Act of some Palliation, and ordered perpetual Masses to be said in it for the Souls of the unhappy Victims to his Curiosity.

A Remedy for the White Scower in Sheep.

TAKE half a Pound of Bay-Salt, dry it before the Fire, bruise it in a Stone Mortar, and sift it through a fine Sieve; mix it by Degrees into a Pint of old Verjuice, to which add half a Pint of common Gin, and bottle it for Use.

When the Sheep are seized, separate them from the Flock, and give to each three large Spoons-full, repeating the Dose two Days afterwards, if necessary.

To cure the Tick, or Sheep Lice.

TAKE two Quarts of soft Water, a Quarter of an Ounce of Sublimate, an Ounce of Cream of Tartar, and a Quarter of a Pound of Bay-Salt: The Cream of Tartar and Salt must be pounded and sifted: Part the Wool of the Sheep, and moisten their Skins here and there with this Compound, which is infallible for the Purpose, especially if twice or thrice repeated.

It is a good Practice to wash the Sheep after shearing with strong Brine; or, if near the Sea, with Sea-Water.

Humorous Letter about seeing the King at the Chapel Royal.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Went with my Wife last Sunday to the Chapel Royal, and I must confess with a Curiosity of seeing my King, as well as an Inclination of praying to my God. I never had been at *St. James's* before,

and possibly that might be the Reason of my Surprise, when I heard a Man at the Chapel Door insist upon a Shilling a Head for letting the People in. I thought it odd that the Royal Family should be thus made a Shew of, but as I had trudged from a distant Part of the Town, and was resolved not to be disappointed, I paid a Couple of Shillings for myself and my Dame, and were accordingly admitted among a Number of other Spectators.

Well, Sir, when we got in, the least we expected was a Seat for our Money, but here we were disappointed; for the Seats which are kept for the common People (a Sort of small Benches, made to accommodate two or three Persons each, and to fasten against the Wall) were all lock'd up, and they asked us a Shilling a Head more before they would let one of them down to oblige us. *Hannah* and I being fatigued with our Walk, we thought it was best not to spoil the Ship for a Halfpennyworth of Tar, and so we paid the two additional Shillings, though very reluctantly.

My Reason for sending you this Letter, Mr. Printer, is to request that the proper Officers of this Chapel will be kind enough to fix up a Bill of what Prices they think fit to demand for shewing the Royal Family; something in the Manner of the Bill of Rates posted up at the *White-Conduit-House*, that every Body may know what he has to trust to, and be satisfied before he encounters the Risque of a Repulse, that he has wherewithal in his Pocket to pay for the Satisfaction of looking at his Sovereign. Your's,

EZEKIEL EDWARDS.

An Account of an extraordinary religious Sect in Pensylvania.

THE *Moravians* and other Sects are in common to other Parts of the World, while *Pensylvania* engrosses a Sect of its own Product; one, perhaps, of the most harmless and extraordinary of any that has appeared since the Institution of Christianity. They are called by

some *Dumplers*, but their true Name seems to be *Dunkards*. The Town they inhabit is called *Ephrata*, lying on the Frontier Part of *Lancaster* County, fourteen Miles from *Lancaster*, and about fifty from *Philadelphia*, between two small Hills, in the most delightful Situation that can well be imagined, as if Nature had created it for the Indulgence of Contemplation. All the Land possessed by the *Dunkards* does not exceed two hundred and fifty Acres, and it is in a Manner insulated by a River on one Side, and a Ditch, and a Bank planted with Trees on the other. The Country between *Ephrata* and *Lancaster*, though very thinly inhabited, presents the Eye with the like beautiful Scenes of Retirement. A German Hermit, who settled on the Spot where *Ephrata* is now built, and who supplied all his Necessities by his own Labour, was the Founder of this extraordinary Sect. The Fame of his Solitude inspired some of his Countrymen with Curiosity; as the Simplicity of his Life, with the Piety of his Conversation, excited them to join and to imitate him. A People who leave their native Country to enjoy Liberty of Conscience, can bear all subsequent Mortifications. The *Germans*, of both Sexes, who joined this Hermit, soon assimilated themselves to his Way of thinking; and consequently, to his Manner of living. Industry became Part of their Duty, and divided their Time with Devotion. Their Gains are thrown into one common Stock, which supplies all their Exigencies, private as well as publick. Their Females are cloistered up by themselves in a separate Part of the Town, the Situation of which is delightful, and screens them from the North Wind. It is triangular, and fenced round with thick Rows of Apple, Beech, and Cherry-trees, besides having an Orchard in the Middle. The Houses, which are of Wood, are most of them three Stories high, and every Person has a separate Apartment, that he may not be disturbed in his Devotions.

The Women never see the Men but at public Worship, or when it is

necessary to consult upon Matters of public Oeconomy, and the Number of both may be about three hundred. Their Garb is the most simple that can be imagined, being a long white woollen Gown in Winter, and Linen in the Summer, with a Cape, which serves them for a Hat, like that of a Capuchin, behind, and fastened round the Waist with a Belt. Under the Gown they wear a Waistcoat of the same Materials, a coarse Shirt, Trowsers, and Shoes. The Dress of the Women is the same, only instead of Trowsers they wear Petticoats, and when they leave their Nunnery (for such it is) they muffle up their Faces in their Capuchin. The Diet of the *Dunkards* consists of Vegetables; but it is no Principle with them to abstain from Animal Food; only they think that such Abstinence is most agreeable to a *Christian* Life. This Temperance emaciates their Bodies, and as the Men indulge their Beards to its full Length, gives them a hollow ghastly Appearance. Their Beds are no other than Benches; a little wooden Block serves them for a Pillow, and they celebrate public Worship twice every Day, and as often every Night. But though such Modes of Life appear absurd and impracticable, the *Dunkards* are far from being extravagant. Their Chapel is very decent, and they have, upon a fine Stream, a Grist-Mill, a Paper-Mill, an Oil-Mill, and a Mill for Pearl Barley, all of them most ingeniously constructed by themselves: They have even a Printing-Press, and they are, especially the Nuns, extremely ingenious in Writing, and in Embellishments, which they perform with a Variety of beautiful Colours, with gilding, in Imitation of the Initials in antient Manuscripts, and they stick them up, by Way of Ornament, in their Churches and Cells. By those different Manufactures, the Public Stock of this ascetic People, is well supplied, as no Denomination of Christians can be their Enemies, their religious Tenets being mingled with the Absurdities of all.

Notwithstanding the two Sexes living

living separately from one another in their Town, yet the *Dunkards* are far from being Enemies to Marriage. In that Case, the Parties must indeed leave the Town, but they are supplied out of the public Fund with whatever is necessary for their settling elsewhere. This they generally do as near as they can to *Ephrata*, to which they send their Children for Education. Baptism they administer by dipping, or plunging, but to adult Persons only. They hold Free-will, and think that the Doctrine of original Sin, as to its Effect upon *Adam's* Posterity, is absurd and impious. They disclaim Violence, even in Case of Self-Defence, and suffer themselves to be defrauded, or wronged, rather than go to Law. They are superstitious to the last Degree in observing the Sabbath; and, all their Prayers and Preachings, during their Worship, are extempore. Humility, Chastity, Temperance, and other Christian Virtues, are commonly the Subjects of their Discourses; and they imagine, that the Souls of dead Christians are employed in converting those of the Dead, who had no Opportunity of knowing the Gospel. They deny the Eternity of Hell-Torments, but believe in certain temporary ones that will be inflicted on Infidels, and obstinate Persons, who deny *Christ* to be their only *Saviour*; but they think, that at a certain Period, all will be admitted to the endless Fruition of the Deity. A People whose Principles are so harmless, and whose Practice is so simple and virtuous, cannot be otherwise than happy upon Earth. Among themselves they know nothing but Harmony and mutual Affection; every one cheerfully performs the Task of Industry assigned to him, and their Hospitality and Courtesy to Strangers is unbounded; but their Principles lead them to take nothing in Recompence.

Method to prevent the Dearness of Provisions in LONDON.

THE Grazier, even now, receives at the first Hand only a moderate Price for his Cattle, But-

ter and Cheese are sold cheap by the Farmer; yet the Price of these Commodities to the Consumer is exorbitant, and more than double the Price at which they were first sold.

The following Fact will shew how this is effected. A *Wiltshire* Farmer was very lately told, that as Mutton was very dear he might get 4d. a Pound by the Carcass for some Wethers if he would send them up to *London*; accordingly he sent up two hundred fine Sheep of a proper Age, and in proper Order; but the *Smithfield* Dealers foreseeing that they could never keep up the Price, if Farmers were encouraged to send their Sheep to Market, combined together to *sicken him*, as they call it; so that these Sheep; after having been two days exposed to Sale, were on the third Day sold for something less than Two-pence a Pound to a Carcass-Butcher, who, within a Week, killed them, and sold them to the Retailers, at a Groat. The Consequence was, that the Farmer determined to sell his Sheep at Home, as his Neighbours did, to the *Smithfield* Dealer's Out-rider, who thus secured the Power of starving the Publick. To remedy this Evil the following Hints are offered to the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to take this Subject into Consideration.

No Man shall be at Liberty to buy Cattle as they are driving to Market within twenty Miles of *London*.

If any Cattle are bought on the Road to *London* at more than twenty Miles Distance, the Buyer shall give Security before the next Justice of Peace, that he will either kill them within a Week, and within ten Miles of the Place where they were bought, or keep them alive and unsold six Months.

No Cattle shall be sold for Slaughter in *London*, or within five Miles of it, but in *Smithfield* only.

No Oxen, Cows, Calves, Sheep, Lambs, or Hogs, sold in *Smithfield* for Slaughter, shall be afterwards sold alive to any Person on any Pretence whatever.

Cattle brought to *Smithfield*, and driven away unsold, shall pay Toll after

after the following Rates; every Ox 10*s.* every Cow 7*s.* every Calf 5*s.* every Sheep 4*s.* every Hog or Pig 3*s.* and every Lamb 2*s.* 6*d.* the Money arising from this Toll to be applied to the Relief of insolvent Debtors, or such other Purposes as may be thought more eligible.

That all Cattle shall come to *Smithfield* Market Toll free.

No Salesman or Carcass-Butcher shall be permitted to buy any Cattle in order to sell again alive.

No one Carcass - Butcher shall buy, even for Slaughter, more than ten Oxen or Cows, two hundred Sheep or Lambs, fifty Calves, and fifty Hogs or Pigs on one Market-Day.

No Salesman shall carry on the Trade of a Carcass-Butcher, nor any Carcass-Butcher that of a Salesman.

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

FORGET not, O Man, that thy Station on Earth is appointed by the Wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy Heart, who seeth the Vanity of all thy Wishes, and who often in Mercy denieth thy Requests.

Yet for all reasonable Desires, for all honest Endeavours, his Benevolence has established, in the Nature of Things, a Probability of Success.

The Uneasiness thou feelest, the Misfortunes thou bewailest, behold the Root from whence they spring, even thine own Folly, thine own Pride, thine own distempered Fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the Dispersations of GOD, but correct thine own Heart: Neither say within thyself, If I had Wealth, or Power, or Leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all of them bring to their several Possessors, their peculiar Inconveniencies.

The poor Man seeth not the Vexations and Anxieties of the Rich, he seeth not the Difficulties and Perplexities of Power, neither knoweth he the Wearisomeness of Leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own Lot.

But envy not the Appearance of Happiness in any Man; for thou knowest not his secret Grievs.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest Wisdom; and he that encreaseth his Riches, encreaseth his Cares: But a contented Mind is a hidden Treasure, and Trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou sufferest not the Allurements of Fortune to rob thee of Justice, or Temperance, or Charity, or Modesty, even Riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the Cup of Felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no Means a Draught for mortal Man.

Virtue is the Race which GOD hath set him to run, and Happiness the Goal; which none can arrive at till he hath finished his Course, and receiveth his Crown in the Mansions of Eternity.

Of CHARITY, or UNIVERSAL LOVE.

CHARITY, or universal Love, is the chiefest of all *Christian* Virtues; without which, all the rest signify nothing: For Faith and Hope can only bring us on our Way to the Confiners of this World; but Charity is not only our Convoy to Heaven, but engaged to stay with us there for ever.—And yet there is scarce any Sect of religious People in the World, that will not renounce and disclaim this necessary Cause of Salvation for mere Trifles of the slightest Moment imaginable; nay, that will not preposterously endeavour to secure their eternal Happiness by destroying THAT, without which it is never to be attained. From hence are all their spiritual Quarrels derived, and such Puntilios of Opinion, that though more nice and peevish than those of Love and Honour in Romances, are yet maintained with such Animosities, as if Heaven were to be purchased no Way but THAT, which is the most certain and infallible of all others to lose it.

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

ODE TO LIFE.

WHAT art thou, life, so courted by
 mankind,
 What are the pleasures of thy happiest
 day?
 A gaudy meteor dancing on the wind,
 Admir'd while fleeting like the smoke away.
 Is then existence deem'd so great a good?
 That ev'ry thought of death should teem
 with dread,
 E'en to the wretch depriv'd of friend and
 food,
 Who wrings from charity his bitter bread?
 Is it that man attempts with eager clasp,
 To hold the present, doubtful of his
 doom;
 Implores respite at his latest gasp,
 And shock'd with horror at the yawning
 tomb?
 Doth heav'n unusual terrors then dis-
 play,
 To melt the soul, the stubborn neck to
 bend?
 Or, pow'rful nature, vindicate her sway,
 And ev'ry passion rouse for some great
 end?
 The restless monarch, tofs'd in storms of
 state,
 Begg the continuance of his regal toil:
 The labouring hind implores a longer
 date,
 Tho' doom'd with sweating brow to till
 the soil.
 The laurell'd chief, train'd up in war's
 alarms,
 Prompt in th' ensanguin'd field to yield
 his breath;
 Yet, lull'd in peace, and blest'd with beau-
 ty's charms,
 Begins to tremble at th' approach of
 death.
 Alike the vig'rous youth and blooming
 maid,
 Aghast, behold the grisly king advance;
 The hoary fire and hag with eld decay'd,
 Shrink from the blow, and tremble at his
 lance.
 But happy he whom conscious virtue gives
 A soul serene, a firm, undaunted mind;
 In peace, secure, and hope, content he
 lives;
 And when his fate demands him, dies re-
 sign'd.

On the ENGLISH MANUFACTORIES.

SUCH art and perfection, such elegant
 taste,
 Our own manufactories grace,
 'Tis pity our Nobles their money shou'd
 waste,
 In buying *French* clothes and *French*
 lace.
 This custom pernicious, ye *Britons* op-
 pose,
 Consider how hard is the case,
 To see *British* subjects array'd in *French*
 clothes,
 Bedizen'd and daub'd with *French*
 lace.
 Ye free-born and worthy, your spirit ex-
 ert,
 The wearers imprint with disgrace;
 Nor suffer our trade to be injur'd and
 hurt,
 By those who will purchase *French* lace,
 May justice these cruel proceedings ex-
 pose,
 Example this fashion deface;
 May scorn and dishonour disfigure *French*
 clothes,
 With scandal be tarnish'd *French* lace.

On PUBLIC LIBERTY.

THE herd, promiscuous, o'er the
 mountain strays,
 Nor begs this beast, the others leave to
 graze;
 Each freely dares his appetite to treat,
 Nor fears the steed to peigh, the flock to
 bleat.
 Did God, who freedom to these creatures
 gave,
 Form his own image, man, to be a slave?
 But men, it seems, to laws of compa-
 ct
 yield;
 While nature only governs in the field.
 Curse on all laws, which liberty subdue,
 And make the many wretched for the
 few.
 However deaf to shame, to reason blind,
 Men dare assert all falsehoods of man-
 kind;
 The public never were, when free, such
 elves,
 To covet laws pernicious to themselves.
 Presumptuous pow'r assumes the public
 voice,

And

And what it makes our fate, pretends our choice.

To whom did pow'r original belong ?

Was it not first extorted by the strong ?

And thus began, where it will end in wrong.

These scorn'd to own another claim than might,

And in ability establish'd right :

At length a second nobler sort arose,

Friends to the weak, and to oppression foes,

With warm humanity their bosoms glow'd,

They felt to nature, their great strength they ow'd.

And as some elder born of nobler race,

To whom devolves his father's rich estate,

Becomes a kind protector to the rest,

Nor fees, unmov'd, the younger branch distrust.

So these, with strength, whom nature deign'd to grace,

Became the guardians of their weaker race ;

Forc'd tyrant pow'r to bend its stubborn knee,

Broke the hard chain, and set the people free.

O'er abject slaves they scorn'd inglorious sway,

But taught the grateful free man to obey ;

And thus by giving liberty, enjoy'd

What the first hop'd from liberty, destroy'd.

To such the weak, for their protection flew,

Hence right to pow'r and laws by compact grew,

With zeal embracing their deliverers cause,

They bear their arms, and listen to his laws.

Thus pow'r superior, strength superior wears,

In honour chief, as first in toils and cares,

The people pow'r, to keep their freedom, gave,

And he who had it was the only slave.

But fortune wills to wifest human schemes,

The fate that torrents bring to purest streams,

Which from clear fountains, soon polluted run ;

Thus ends in evil, what from good begun.

For now the savage host, o'erthrown and slain,

New titles, by new methods, kings obtain ;

To priests and lawyers soon their arts apply'd,

The people these, and those the gods belie'd :

The gods, unheard, to pow'r successors name,

And silent crowds their rights divine proclaim.

Hence all the evils which mankind have known,

The priest's dark mystery, the tyrant's throne ;

Hence Lords and Ministers, and such sad things,

And hence the strange divinity of kings.

As Industry might from the bee be taught,

So might oppression from the hive be brought :

Behold the little race laborious stray,

And from each flow'r the hard wrought sweets convey ;

That in warm ease in winter they may dwell,

And each enjoy the riches of his cell.

Behold th' excising pow'r of man despoil

These little wretches of their care and toil :

Death's the reward of all their labour lost,

Careful in vain, and provident to their cost.

But thou, great Liberty, keep BRITAIN free,

Nor let men use us as we use the bee :
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,

And suffocate the maker in his hive.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,

A plain brown bob he wore ;

Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's-Inn repair,

His resolution flag ;

He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeild he regards,
But gets into the house ;

And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu ye bobs ! ye bags give place !
Full-bottoms come instead !

Good Lord ! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a calf's head.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, September 15, 1764.

T is recorded of some Eastern Monarch, that he kept an Officer in his House, whose Employment it was to remind him of his Mortality, by calling out every Morning, at a stated Hour, *Remember, Prince, that thou shalt die.* And the Contemplation of the Frailness and Uncertainty of our present State appeared of so much Importance to *Solon of Athens*, that he left this Precept to future Ages; *Keep thine Eye fixed upon the End of Life.*

A frequent and attentive Prospect of that Hour, which must put a Period to all our Schemes, and deprive us of all our Acquisitions, is, indeed, of the utmost Efficacy to the just and rational Disposition of our Affairs, and the wise and happy Regulation of our Lives; nor would ever any Thing wicked, or often any Thing absurd, be undertaken, or prosecuted by him, who should begin every Day with a serious Reflexion, that he is born to die.

The great Disturbers of our Happiness, in this World, are our Griets, and our Fears; and to all these, the frequent Consideration of Death is a certain and adequate Remedy. Think, says *Epicetetus*, frequently on Poverty, Banishment, and Death, and thou wilt then never indulge any violent Desire, or give thy Heart to any mean Sentiment.

That the Maxim of *Epicetetus* is founded on just Observation will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that Vehemence of Eagerness after the common Objects of Pursuit

is kindled in our Minds. We represent to ourselves the Pleasures of some future Possession, and suffer ourselves to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly ingrossed our Imagination, and permits us not to conceive any other Happiness than its Attainment, or any other Misery than its Loss; every other Satisfaction which the Bounty of Providence has scattered over Life is neglected as inconsiderable, in Comparison of the great Object which we have placed before us; thrown from us, as incumbering our Activity, or trampled under Foot, as standing in our Way.

Every Man has experienced, how much of this Ardour has remitted, when a sharp or tedious Sickness has set Death before his Eyes. The extensive Influence of Greatness, the Glitter of Wealth, the Praises of Admirers, and the Attendance of Supplicants, have appeared vain and empty Things, when the last Hour has seemed to be approaching; and the same Appearance they would always have, if the same Thought was always predominant. We should then find the Absurdity of stretching out our Arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our Lives in Endeavours to add new Turrets to the Fabrick of Ambition, when the Foundation itself is shaking, and the Ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All Envy is proportionate to Desire; we are uneasy at the Attainments of another, according as we think our own Happiness would be advanced by the Accumulation of

that, which he witholds from us; and, therefore, whatever depresses immoderate Wishes, will, at the same Time, set the Heart free from the Corrosion of Envy, and exempt us from that Vice, which is, above most others, tormenting to ourselves, hateful to the World, and productive of mean Artifices, and sordid Projects. He that considers how soon he must close his Life, will find nothing of so much Importance as to close it well; and will, therefore, look with Indifference upon whatever is useless to that Purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the Uncertainty of his own Duration, will easily find out, that the State of others is not more permanent; and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable, cannot so much improve the Condition of a Rival, as to make him, in any Degree, superior to those, from whom he has carried a Prize too mean to excite a very obstinate Opposition.——Even Grief, that Passion; to which the virtuous and tender Mind is more particularly subject, will be obviated, or alleviated, if all the Blessings of our Condition are enjoyed with a constant Sense of the uncertain Tenure by which they are held: If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our Hands but a very little Time, and consider that the Little, which our most lively Hopes can promise us, may be made less, by ten thousand Accidents, we shall not much repine at a Loss, of which we cannot estimate the Value; but which, though we cannot tell the least Amount, we know, with sufficient Certainty, the greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But, if any Passion has so much usurped our Understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy our Advantages with that Moderation which is prescribed by Reason, and by Virtue, it is not too late to apply this Remedy, when we find ourselves sinking under Sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished. We may then usefully revolve the Uncertainty of our own Condition, and the Folly of la-

menting *THAT* from which, if it had staid a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With Regard to the sharpest and most melting Sorrow, that which arises from the Loss of those whom we have loved with Tenderness, it may be observed, that Friendship between Mortals can be contracted on no other Terms, than that one must sometime mourn for the other's Death; and that this Grief will always yield to the Survivor one Consolation proportionate to his Affliction; for the Pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his Friend has escaped.

Nor is Fear, the most overbearing, and resistless of all our Passions, less to be tempered by this universal Medicine of the Mind. The frequent Contemplation of Death, as it shews the Vanity of all Human Good, discovers likewise the Lightness of all terrestrial Evil, which, certainly, can last no longer than the Subject upon which it acts, and which, according to the old Observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel Calamity which Misfortune can produce, must, by the Necessity of Nature, be quickly at an End. The Soul cannot long be held in Prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless Body to Human Malice.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that Death, which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise Man to buy a Reprieve at the Expence of his Virtue, since he knows not how small a Portion of Time he can purchase; which, whether short or long, will be made less valuable by the Remembrance of the Price by which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his Happiness, but is not sure that he lengthens his Life.

The known Shortness of Life, as it ought to moderate our Passions, may likewise, with equal Propriety, contract our Designs. There is not Time for the most forcible Genius, and most active Industry, to extend its Effects beyond a certain Sphere. To project the Conquest of the World,

World, seems to be the Madness of some mighty Princes; to hope for Excellence in every Science, has been the Folly of some Men of uncommon Genius; and both have found, at last, that they have panted for a Height of Eminence denied to Humanity; and have lost many Opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain Ambition of obtaining a Species of Honour, which the eternal Laws of Providence have placed beyond the Reach of Man.

The Miscarriages of the great Designs of Princes are recorded in the Histories of the World, but when they are read, are of little Use to the Bulk of Mankind, who seem very little interested in Admonitions against Errors which they cannot commit. But the Fate of Literary Ambition is a proper Subject for every Scholar to consider, who has had Occasion to regret the Dissipation of great Abilities in a boundless Multiplicity of Pursuits, to lament the sudden Desertion of many excellent Designs, upon the Offer of some other Subject, made more inviting by its Novelty; and to observe the Inaccuracy and Deficiencies of Works left unfinished by too great an Extension of the Plan.

It is always pleasing to observe, how much more our Minds can conceive, than our Bodies can perform; yet it is our Duty, while we continue in this complicated State, to regulate one Part of our Composition by some Regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal Appetites with Pleasures that impair our intellectual Vigour, nor gratify our Minds with Schemes which we know our Lives must fail in attempting to execute. The Uncertainty of our Duration ought at once to set Bounds to our Designs, and add Incitements to our Industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to Immensity in our Schemes, or Sluggishness in our Endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the Father of Physic, *that Art is long, and Life is short.*

Philosophical and Christian Views of a future State.

[Continued from Page 602.]

THE Idea of an *intermediate Power* between the one Supreme and Infinite Being and his minute Creatures on Earth; a *Power*, friendly and benevolent to the Human Species; a *Person*, who hath experienced the Infirmities of our Nature, and exhibited every Human Virtue, who hath himself passed before us from *this* Life through the *Gulph* of Death to *another*, whose peculiar Charge and Province, whose most affectionate Concern and important Enterprize, is the Salvation of Mankind; --- nothing surely can be more grateful to the Heart of Man, than this Idea of a *Mediator* and *Saviour*; nothing more consonant to our amplest Views of the vast Universe, and the Ways of infinite Wisdom, than *this Faith* of the *Gospel*.

As the Power of Omnipotence does not produce this glorious Light of the Day, but by the Operation of the Sun; as his unerring Wisdom does not bring Mankind into this World, but by the Intervention of Man; as his infinite Goodness does not bestow any Blessings of this Life, but by *intermediate* Benefactors; so neither will Divine Power, Wisdom, and Goodness, raise Mankind from the Dead, to the Life, the Light and Happiness, of a World to come, but by the beneficent Operation of an *intermediate Power*; of *Him*, who is revealed to us as the great *Benefactor* and *Saviour* of Men, the Author of a future State, *the Resurrection and the Life*, to the World of Mankind.

When we consider the mysterious and momentous Nature of that Change, which will befall us at Death, the impenetrable Veil which hides Futurity from our View, and the untried, unknown Expansion that lies beyond, when at the Moment of our Departure we are separated from every present Object, and deserted of every Human Acquaintance, and no earthly Power can befriend or relieve us; in this

real Prospect of Death, what can give us so much Consolation, so cheering Hopes, as to believe from what is declared to us by the Gospel of *Jesus*, that there is a *Place* prepared for us, a Society ready to receive us, a propitious Power appointed to protect us, to order our State, and assign our Habitation; that there is a *Kingdom* and Territory subject to the Government of a *Potentate*, most friendly to Mankind, who will not fail to give all virtuous Souls an hospitable and kind Reception, and a sincere Welcome to his celestial Dominions; a *Potentate*, whose Government was erected and established to the very End and Purpose of saving Mankind, and providing for the Spirits of the Just, happy Seats of Residence: That amidst the infinite Universe, and the innumerable *Variety* of States and Worlds in it, there is one designed for the perpetual Inheritance of good Men, and prepared for their Reception, by the Care and Agency of our blessed *Saviour*, whose high imperial Office it is to raise Mankind from the Dead, to judge them, and to put the Righteous into Possession of that everlasting Kingdom.

And it may add greatly to our Satisfaction to be assured, that it will be the same State in which our SAVIOUR Himself resides. *I am going* (said he to his Disciples) *to prepare a Place for you: And when I have prepared a Place for you, I will return and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.*---As good Men shall be raised from Death in the Likeness of their risen SAVIOUR, and their Bodies shall be fashioned according to his glorious Body, by that mighty Power by which he is able to subdue every Thing to himself; so they will be united into one celestial Assembly and Community with him their exalted Head, under his Government, in that Region or World of Residence, where his everlasting Throne is fixed, where he shines with ineffable Glory, and will for ever employ his Wisdom and Power for the Happiness of his Subjects, now re-

deemed by him from Sin and Death, and clothed with Immortality.

Lastly: This was the great End of all his Actions and Sufferings, of his whole Procedure and Enterprize, that he might become the Author of this immortal Happiness to good Men, that he might obtain this celestial Province, Jurisdiction and Government, that he might establish this mysterious, intimate, indissoluble Connexion and Relation, between himself and the World of Mankind; when all virtuous Souls, the *Sons of the Resurrection*, shall be formed into one vast Community, City, or *Church*, the Object of his eternal Care and Love; as he will be the Object of their Admiration, Esteem, Gratitude, and Obedience, to everlasting Ages. Then will they also stand in a Resemblance to, and perpetual Alliance with, that Order of superior Beings, who are now Spectators of Human Affairs, and who will be combined under the Direction of the SAVIOUR of Mankind, in accomplishing with him the great *Salvation*; when he shall send forth his Angels, and they shall gather his Elect from all Parts of the World.

It is not possible that a future State, and the Happiness of it, can be represented to Human Thought and Conception, in a more intelligible and rational Manner, in nobler Images, or in Sentiments more grateful to the Heart of a good Man, than those which the Writings of the Gospel convey to us.

We find in the Gospel-Revelation, an experimental Evidence in the actual Resurrection of our LORD from the Dead; an Apparatus presented to our View; celestial Agents introduced; miraculous Powers exhibited; a State of Residence prepared; a heavenly Community formed; an eternal Government established; and the Great Sovereign and SAVIOUR of Mankind revealed, with a sublime Dignity, yet a familiar and perfect Humanity; his Actions seen, his Discourses heard, his Divine Virtue proved, his Person distinguished, not indeed with earthly Pomp, but a heavenly

a heavenly Power; not with the Grandeur of this Life, but a far more important and glorious Resurrection to a superior Life; whence he became the Example, the Pledge, the Leader, the Author of a general and final Resurrection of Mankind, the appointed Judge of Human Actions, the Rewarder of the Righteous, the everlasting Admiration and Joy of his Redeemed in the *Mansion* of his Glory.

Having these sublime and joyful Truths revealed to us, it becomes us to set our Affections on Things above, where CHRIST sitteth, invested with Glory and Dominion; knowing that our future Life is hid with CHRIST in GOD, and that when he who is our Life shall appear, then shall his Followers appear also with him in Glory. By this Hope we ought to be animated to follow his Example of Humility, Charity, Resignation, Patience, Contempt of Riches, Obedience to GOD, and Benevolence to Men. For by thus dying to Sin, and living to Righteousness in this World, we shall assuredly obtain a Resurrection to another Life, be found worthy, as our LORD expresses it, of that World which he hath prepared, and have an Entrance administered unto us into his everlasting Kingdom.-----And in Consequence of this Christian Faith and Obedience, we need not let our Hearts be troubled at the Prospect of our own Death, nor sorrow for the Loss of our Friends and Relations, as if we had no Hope; but may enjoy at present a solid Consolation and reviving Hope, amidst all the Afflictions of Mortality; and may at last, with a calm and secure Confidence, resign our departing Spirits to the merciful Disposal of our SAVIOUR; in certain Hope of an Admission into that happy State where he resides, and of being for ever with the LORD.

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 572.]

FURNITURE. DRESS. EQUIPAGE.

THE Emperors *Nerva*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, and *Marcus Aurelius*,

sold the Palaces, the Gold and Silver Plate, the valuable Furniture, and all the Superfluities they could dispense with, which their Possessors had heaped up through a Desire of possessing solely whatever was exquisitely curious.

These Princes, as also *Vespasian*, *Pertinax*, *Severus*, *Alexander*, *Claudius II.* and *Tacitus*, who were raised to the Empire by their Merit, and whom all Ages have admired as the best and greatest of Princes, always affected a great Simplicity in their Apparel, their Furniture, and outward Appearance, and despised whatever had the least Tincture of Pomp and Luxury. And by retrenching all uselefs Expences, they found a greater Fund in their own Modesty, than the most avaricious in all their Spoils; and without endeavouring to set themselves off by any outward Lustre, shewed they were only Emperors by the Care they took of the Public. In every Thing else they resembled other Citizens, and lived like private Men. But the lower they stooped in their Condescensions, the greater & more august they appeared.

Vespasian upon solemn Days drank out of a small Silver Cup, which had been left him by his Grandmother, who brought him up. *Trajan's* Retinue was very modest and moderate. He had no Body to clear the Way before him, and was pleased sometimes to be under a Necessity of stopping in the Streets to let the Attendants of others pass by him.

Marcus Aurelius was still more averse to every Thing that had the Air of Pomp and Luxury. He lay upon the bare Ground; at twelve Years old he took the Habit of a Philosopher; he forbore the Use of Guards, the Imperial Ornaments, and the Ensigns of Honour, which were carried before the *Cæsars* and the *Augusti*. Nor was this Conduct owing to his Ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer Taste he had of both, & to an intimate Persuasion that the greatest Glory, and principal Duty of Man, especially if in Power, and eminently conspicuous, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into

into a Condition of wanting as little as may be for himself, and doing all the Good to others he is capable of.

Arnold d'Offat, who is famous for his wonderful Abilities in Negotiation, though his Furniture fell far short of the Dignity of a Cardinal, refused to accept of the Money, the Chariot and Horses, and the Damask Bed, which the Cardinal *de Joyeuse* sent him as a Present three Weeks after his Promotion. For, says he, *though I have not all that is requisite to support this Dignity, yet I will not for that Reason renounce the Abstinence and Modesty I have observed.* Such a Disposition is far more extraordinary and valuable, than a magnificent Equipage, and rich Furniture.

The Tribune of the People, who became an Advocate for the Roman Ladies against the Severity of *Cato*, and pleaded for the restoring to them, after the second *Punic* War, the Right of wearing Gold and Silver in their Apparel, seems to insinuate, that Dress or Ornament were in a Manner their natural Province; and that as they could not aspire to any Preferments, to the Priesthood, or the Honour of a Triumph, it would not only be cruel, but unjust, to refuse them a Consolation, which the sole Necessity of the Times had taken from them. — This Reason might affect the People, but was not very honourable to the Sex, as it taxes them with Weakness and Meanness, in representing them as fond of Trifles.

Yet we learn from History, that the Roman Ladies generously stript themselves of all their Jewels, and presented all their Gold and Silver, at one Time, to enable the Republic to discharge a Vow made to *Apollo*, for which they had honourable Distinctions granted them; and at another, to redeem Rome from the Gauls, which procured them the Right and Privilege of being praised in Funeral Orations, as well as the Men. In the second *Punic* War the Widows in like Manner brought their Gold and Silver into the publick Treasury, to assist the State in

The best Time for sowing Grass Seeds.

the extreme Necessity under which it groaned.

The famous *Cornelia*, Daughter to the great *Scipio*, and Mother to the *Gracchi*, is universally known. Her Extraction was the noblest in Rome, and her Family the richest. A Lady from *Campania*, coming to make her a Visit, and lodging in her House, displayed with Pomp whatever was then most fashionable and valuable for the Toilette, Gold and Silver, Jewels, Diamonds, Pendants, Bracelets, and the like. She expected to find somewhat still finer in the House of a Person of her Quality, and desired very importunately to see her Toilette. *Cornelia* artfully prolonged the Conversation till such Time as her Children came home, who were then gone to the public Schools, and pointing to them as they entered, 'See here, says she, are my Jewels.' —

We need only examine our own Thoughts in Relation to these two Ladies, to find out how far superior the noble Simplicity of the one was to the vain Magnificence of the other. And indeed what Merit or Ability is there in buying up a large Collection of precious Stones and Jewels, in being vain of them, or in not knowing how to talk of any Thing else? And on the other Hand, how truly worthy is it in a Person of the first Quality to be above such Trifles, to place her Honour and Glory in the good Education of her Children, in sparing no Expence towards the bringing it about, and in shewing that Nobleness & Greatness of Soul do equally belong to both Sexes?

From the MUSEUM RUSTICUM.

The best Time for sowing of Grass Seeds, proved by Experience; contrary to the Opinions of the Writers on Husbandry.

TWO Errors are constantly inserted by the Writers on Husbandry, which for Want of the Test of Experience, are mere Conjectures and may, if followed, often prove detrimental.

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The best Time for sowing Grass-Seeds.

The first is a general Assertion that the proper Time to sow Grass-Seeds are at the latter End of the Summer, or about *Michaelmas*.

In the Year 1762, I sowed some Ground with Grass-Seeds, at the above-directed Time. The Season was tolerable, and the Seeds came up well, the Ground being very fine. The Winter was in general frosty, and much Snow. The Seeds, when I expected them to flourish in Spring were almost quite eradicated, only here and there one being to be seen; so I was obliged to plough it up again.

In 1763, concluding that the Theory was still right, and the Failure owing to the Frost, I sowed another Piece of Ground at the end of Summer with Grass-Seeds, and some more with Saintfoin. The following Winter was quite open and mild; some Rains before *Christmas*, but good Weather afterwards. The Success has been the same as the Year before, *viz.* a very great Deficiency, especially in the Saintfoin, which I have been forced to sow again.

I only mention those two Trials, as the Success was the same in different Seasons, but have often before tried this System, persisting from an Apprehension that the Fault was either in the Seed, or Seasons, or Soil; but now I am perfectly convinced, that (unless Winter can be turned into Summer) late sowing will not succeed once in five Times, nor will Spring sowing fail above once in five.

The second Error in Husbandry Writers is a constant Assertion, that Seeds should never be sown with Corn; that the Greediness of the Farmer, by sowing them together, is a great Loss to him in future Goodness of the Grass, &c.

I will not so positively (as before) insist on the Falsity of this Advice, but, on constant Trials, will venture to say, that in light Soils it is better for the Land, and much more advantageous to the Farmer, to sow them together.

I have frequently sown, for the Sake of the Experiment, Part of a Field in one Way, Part in the other;

Extract from the Monitor. 615

and will venture to affirm, that, in general, the Seeds sown with Corn make the cleanest and best Swarth; not but it will happen, in particular Years, that the Corn will damage the Seeds by being too rank.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 472.

SIR *William Temple* being allowed by all Parties, in this Age, to be an impartial, as well as one of the most sensible Writers in political Matters, I have been at the Pains to collect his Sentiments upon *popular Discontents*. How far they may be conducive to prevent future Governments from adopting Measures without Wisdom, or Regard to the Public Good, is not in my Power to predict: But Sir *William* certainly had his Reasons, in that Time, for such Admonitions, when he says, that *Pedantry had entered the Debates of Council, as well as private Conversation*: And that he had known more than one or two Ministers of State, that *would rather have said a witty Thing, than a wise one; and made the Company laugh, rather than the Kingdom rejoice*.

To this our great Statesman imputed most of the Misfortunes to which his King and Country had been exposed from Time to Time, by ruinous Wars, and more ruinous Peace; by oppressive Taxes, and unnatural Treaties; by Extension of the Prerogative of the Crown, and by Encroachments upon the Liberty of the Subject; and, above all, by popular Discontents.

Admit a Body Politic could be framed perfect in its first Conception or Institution, yet it must fall into Decays, not only from the Force of Accidents, but even from the very Rust of Time; and at certain Periods must be furnished up, or reduced to its first Principles, by the Appearance and Exercise of some great Virtues, or some great Severities.

It may, perhaps, be concluded with as much Reason as other Arguments of the like Nature,--That
8 those

those are generally the best Governments where the best Men govern : And let the Sort or Scheme of Government be what it will, those are ill Governments where ill Men govern, or are generally employed in the Offices of State. Yet this is an Evil under the Sun, to which all Things under the Sun are subject, not only by Accident, but even by natural Dispositions.

How can a Prince, says Sir *William Temple*, always chuse well such as he employs, when Men's Dispositions are so easily mistaken, and their Abilities too ? How deceitful are Appearances ? How false are Men's Professions ? How hidden are their Hearts ? How disguised their Principles ? How uncertain their Humours ?—Many Men come out, when they come into great and public Employments ; the Weakness of whose Heads or Hearts would never have been discovered, had they kept within their private Spheres of Life. Besides Princes, who see with other Men's Eyes, and hear with other Men's Ears ; or are confined in their Choice of Servants to a small Number of Courtiers, who give their Attendance about the Court, in order to advance themselves to Honours, to Fortunes, to Places and Employments, don't always prefer the best and wisest to the great Offices of State ; but most commonly they chuse Men, the least worthy of the Royal Favour and Confidence ; the least capable to manage an important Trust ; and better Servants to their own private Interest, than to the Government.

What can a Prince do in such a Case ? How is a State to be served ? When such as offer themselves, and leave no Stone unturned to get into Place, are not worth having : And such as are most worthy, will neither offer, nor perhaps accept any Employment, in Conjunction with Men on whose Wisdom and Integrity they dare not, they cannot rely ?

The Danger in such a Case arises from a Faction between those Subjects that would support Government, and those that would ruin it : Or rather between those that possess the Honours and Advantages of it ;

and those that, under Pretence of reforming, design only or chiefly to change the Hands it is in, and care little what becomes of the rest. When these Storms are raised, the Wise and the Good are either disgraced, or laid aside, or retire of themselves, and leave the Scene free to such, as are most eager and most active to get upon the Stage.

This is such a Danger as will sooner or later eat out the Vitals of Government, unless the Prince and State consult their own Safety, by avoiding all Innovations in antient and established Forms and Laws, especially those concerning Liberty, Property, and Religion, and thereby leave the Channel of known and common Justice clean and undisturbed : And by pursuing the true and common Interest of the Nation, they govern without espousing any Party, except in such Cases where they must incline to one or the other : Then let them chuse or favour that Party, which is most popular, or wherein the greatest and strongest Part of the People appear to be engaged. For as the End of Government seems to be the *Salus Populi*, so the Strength of Government is the Consent of the People.

OF SINCERITY.

OF all the social Virtues, Sincerity in our Words and Actions, is not only the least painful to Practice, but the most necessary and beneficial to Society ; and therefore, it is less excusable to be deficient in this Point. It is not a complexional Virtue ; neither does it require Study and Application, and long Habit, to make it familiar : It flows from the natural, plain Dictates of Reason ; and is generally most prevalent in those, who have had the least Interourse with the busy World. —At the same Time, it has so extensive an Influence on the Happiness of Mankind, that of itself, even without the Assistance of Laws, it will contribute more to the Ease and Quiet of a Community, than the best Laws imaginable can avail, without this Integrity of Heart. — And, indeed, if once we suppose this

Benefit of manuring with Fossil Shells.-L. Coke's Opinion of Mag: Charta. 617

this Cement of Society to be wholly taken away, Men had much better refuge themselves from one another in Forests and Mountains, and lie hid in Caves, than assemble under Disguises: Since their being gathered into Cities, as it were in Masquerade, gives them only a fairer Opportunity of betraying and ruining each other; while the Poor must inevitably become a Prey to the Wealthy, and the honest Man fall into the Snares of the Crafty. So that the Person, who either in his Words, or in his Actions, reserves a secret Intention to himself contrary to what he professes, and is in Reality different from what he appears to be, does (as much as lies in his Power) subvert the Foundations of the Community, in which he lives; and merits the Indignation of Mankind: Since he, who dissembles with, or betrays one Man, would betray every Man, if he could, with Advantage to himself.

The vast Benefit of manuring with Fossil Shells.

AT Woodbridge in Suffolk, in a Farmer's Ground, there are some Pits, in Depth equal to the usual Height of Houses; consisting of several Strata of Shells from the Bottom to within about nine Feet of the Surface, where the natural Soil of Gravel and Sand begins.

The Man contented himself in the old beaten Track of the Farmers, (a Behaviour which does infinite Prejudice to the Improvement of natural Knowledge in Agriculture) 'till a happy Accident forced him upon a bold Improvement. He used to mend his Cartways, when broken up by the Harvest-Work, with these Shells; in which Business one Day his Cart broke down, and threw the Shells out of the Cart-Track into the cultivated Part of the Field. This Spot produced so remarkable a Crop next Year, that he put some Loads upon a particular Piece, kept the Secret to himself, and waited the Event. This Trial answering Expectation, he directly took a Lease of a large Quantity of poor

Land, at about Five Shillings the Acre; and having manured it heartily with these Shells, in about three Years, it turned to so good an Account, that he had Fifteen Shillings the Acre proffered to take the Lease out of his Hands.

Lord COKE's Opinion upon MAGNA CHARTA.

THAT Oracle of the Law, Lord Coke, is clearly of Opinion, that no Act of Parliament can abrogate or annul any Part of *Magna Charta*; and there seems to be great Reason for agreeing to his Judgment, and acquiescing in his Opinion. For the People of *England* do certainly delegate their Power to Trustees to guard, defend and maintain their Rights, Liberties and Properties, not to annul them and take them away:—Nothing, indeed, appears to be a greater Absurdity, than to suppose, that the People do, or ever did, intrust their Representatives with a Power of revoking any Part of that Great Charter of their Rights and Liberties; for to delegate a Power to destroy themselves, would be an Act of the highest Infamy.

Discovery of a CHARTER in the BRITISH MUSEUM, of the greatest Importance to the People of ENGLAND.

THERE is in the *English* Constitution a Principle of Opposition, that, tho' generally latent, occasionally discovers itself. Our first Race of Kings after the Conquest endeavoured in vain to extinguish it, but they were at last obliged formally to establish it in the Great Charter of Liberties granted by King *John*. That Charter was suppressed by the Arts of Lawyers, Courtiers, and Churchmen, and a castrated one now actually stands in our Law-Books, without the Clause of Resistance, by which 24 Peers were appointed the Guardians of public Liberty, with a Power of distressing the King all Manner of Ways, only without doing Violence to his own Person, or those of his

Wife and Children (*Salva persona nostra, conjuge, atque libris nostris*, are the Words of the Charter.)

Matthew Paris gave a Transcript of this Charter; and tells us, that it was solemnly confirmed by *Henry III.* But, if it was, the Engrossers of it, (who in those Days were generally, if not always, Churchmen) have done very unfairly in omitting it. Providence, however, hath been so watchful over the Liberties of *England*, that two Originals of the Charter granted by King *John* are actually extant in the *British Museum*, with the above Clause of Resistance.

After this Discovery, it would be an Affront upon common Sense, to doubt that the Principle of Resistance is positively interwoven with those of our Constitution. It is, however, extremely surprizing, that, though the People of *England* have often exerted themselves in resisting Tyrants, they have, by various Arts, been kept so much in the Dark, that they never have appealed to King *John's* Charter in their own Vindication. Even the great and learned Men, who opposed the Encroachments made by *Charles I.* upon the Constitution, have never once, in all their numerous Writings, quoted it, though they often have Recourse to that of *Henry III.*

Account of a very extraordinary Fish, called, the SEA-DEVIL; in a Letter from a Gentleman at Genoa, on his Travels, to his Friend in England.

THE *Genoese*, though they lie on the Sea-Coasts, have no Fish; they want them to a Proverb: Nor do I indeed wonder. Creatures that may chuse a calm and quiet Situation, have nothing to tempt them into such a turbulent Piece of Water as the Gulph of *Genoa*. The Abuse of Reason might make Man change a better Situation for a worse: It does so every Day indeed; but these Creatures have only Instinct, and that never leads them wrong.—By what Accident it happened, I know not; but the

Tempest that threw us unto the Port of *Genoa*, washed on Shore one of these Natives of the Deep, and a very extraordinary one. All *Genoa* went out to stare at it: I have Curiosity, and could not but follow. I was not surprized to find that none of the People knew what it was; by what I heard of the Want of all Fish at this Place, I should not have wondered if they had been as unacquainted with a Roach or a Flounder.—My Fellow-Traveller, *M. —*, was the only one who could inform either me or them about it: His Manner of examining it, shewed he was no Stranger to its Nature, and made every Body attentive to what he said about it. On their enquiring what it was, he answered them, in their own Language, *The SEA-DEVIL*. This is one of its Names: But they were so little informed of this, that a considerable Number were crossing themselves: And I was in some Pain for my unexperienced Friend, who, though he seemed to know very well how to avoid the monstrous Jaws of this Creature, had no Skill in the more terrible ones of the Church.

The Creature was all this Time alive, and in violent Motions. It lay on a Piece of Ground not perfectly even, which gave it Opportunity of varying its Position. I had an Opportunity of seeing a Creature so extremely unlike to any Thing I had heard of, that I should have condemned the Author as an extravagant Fool who had described it. What would you imagine, to read of a Fish whose Head alone was equal to three Times its whole Body? Yet this, taking in the Circumference as well as Length, was certainly the Case here. You have seen Tadpoles in our Ditches; it is the only living Thing that but at all resembles this Fish; and it is from this Resemblance, though indeed a very remote and faint one, that *M. —* says the Writers on these Subjects have called this the *Frog-Fish*, and *Rana Piscatrix*. You know a Tadpole is a young Frog; and these Geniuses are above descending to particulars.

I re-

I remember when I was in England, we were entertained with a Figure of a Harlequin opening a most extensive Mouth, in order to jump down his own Throat: An Exploit not at all above the Belief of People who had paid their Money to see a Man get into a Quart Bottle. The Enormity of the Mouth in that Figure was nothing in Proportion to the Extent of it, in the Reality in this Fish. I told you, the Head was monstrous in its Dimensions; the Mouth opens all the Way from its Front to the Back; and the Creature, like the Crocodile, moves the upper Jaw as well as the under. The immense Expanse, the white Floor of the Mouth, and the vast Tongue, all armed for Destruction, gave a most frightful Idea as it opened, and the Clash, as it shut again, was astonishing and horrible. The Armature of the Teeth is terrifying to the last Degree: There are many Series of them all round both Jaws; the Tongue is also covered with them towards its Root; and the Entrance of the Throat is surrounded with them: They are long and sharp, as so many Needles; they all stand obliquely, pointing inwards, so that nothing, once seized, can escape again. The Fish was about six Feet in Length; its Head was bony, and full of Prickles; and its Eyes, which look not Side-ways, but directly upwards, rolled terribly. It continued its Strength and Vigour so long out of Water, and threw itself about in so turbulent a Manner, that I hardly thought we were safe who were too near it: Other People took the Alarm, and were making off; but the intrepid M. — caught hold of a large Stick, which one of the Sailors had in his Hand, and placing himself directly in the Front of the Creature, at the next Opening of the Mouth, thrust his Weapon so dexterously into it, that it came out at its Side. — We had, among other Singularities, imagined that this Fish had no Gills: We had seen none: But instead of having pierced the Body of the Creature, as we imagined, M. — had thrust the Stick through

one of them. He threw the Fish on his Back. 'Now,' says the Champion, 'you shall see his Hands.' He was as good as his Word: He very dexterously threw the Fish over; and on the Breast we saw two Hands, perfectly like those of the Human Species, and of a Flesh Colour. We had but a short View of these, for the Fish threw itself over again, as M. —, who had no Intent to kill it yet, had taken out his Stick. We now began to examine it more strictly, and our Instructor to give a full Detail of its Manner of living. Whether through Faintness, or from what other Cause it were, the Fish no longer opened his tremendous Mouth. M. — began his Lectures, by telling us, he could make it do this as often as he pleased. He only touched one or the other of two long and slender Horns, as it were, that stood on the Front of its Head, and the Motion was constantly performed, as he had predicted. From this Circumstance he began; and he continued to explain the whole History and Oeconomy of the Creature's Life, as regularly as if he had been used to live at the Bottom of the Sea with it. 'The wide Mouth, you may be sure, Gentlemen,' said he, 'was intended to take in a great deal of Food; but it belongs to a monstrous and unwieldy Creature, who has no Power of going in Search of it with that Rapidity with which the other Inhabitants of the Deep would shun the Danger. Nature, who provides for all her Creatures, has however not left this destitute. This Fish lives entirely at the Bottom of the Sea: It crawls along the Sand by Means of those Hands, which are indeed only Fins of that odd Form. As it never rises after its Prey, there required something to tempt them down to it: You see it opens its Mouth on my touching one of those Horns; ~~that~~ will explain it to you. You wondered at the Situation of its Eyes, which are not at the Sides, but on the Top of the Head; but you will now see the Reason; as

it always lies on the Bottom, it has no Occasion to look any Way but upwards. And this is not particular to it: The Flat Fish all have it in a certain Degree; and there is another Kind, in which it is more conspicuous than even in this; that is, the Uranoscope, or Star-gazer. As the Prey of this Fish is always above it, the Eye no sooner discovers some of them swimming within any moderate Distance, but it prepares for the tempting them down. You shall see how this is done: These slender Horns that you see on his Head, which are like a Couple of Pieces of limber Whale-Bone, and are tipped with a white grisly Substance, looking like Flesh, are moveable: These are the Baits with which the subtle Angler entraps the others. It no sooner sees a Fish above, fit for its Purpose, but it moves one or both of these Baits: The greedy Creature, not distinguishing to what they belong makes his Stroke at them; the wary Monster bends them lower as he comes towards them, and draws the other so near his Mouth, that while it thinks itself about to eat, it is devoured. The oblique Teeth secure the Prey beyond a Possibility of Escape; so that the Devourer has no Occasion for the Means of following what cannot get away.

The Crowd were ready to adore the Wisdom and Sagacity of this Interpreter of the Works of Nature: I left him there; I saw the Fish die, and had no other Curiosity; but he is taking Drawings of its several Parts; and seems ravished with Delight at the Thought of giving a perfect Account of a Fish, which, he says, no one has yet explained according to the Doctrine of the *Arledian Ichthyology*.

Remarkable Particulars of THE LIFE of Bishop Ridley, who was a principal Instrument in the Reformation, and suffered Martyrdom for it in the Reign of Queen Mary; now first published by the Rev. Gloucester Ridley, L. L. B.

THIS Gentleman, who from his Name is probably a Descendant from the same Family as the Bishop, justly observes in his Preface, that it is something strange, that among all the Lives of particular Reformers, which have been written; no one hath ever, until now, attempted to do this Justice to the Name and Memory of Dr. *Nicholas Ridley*; a Reformer and Martyr too, of the highest Rank and Order of the Age he lived in, whether we consider the active and important Part he sustained in the Progress of the Reformation, or the noble and generous Example which he exhibited, in bravely suffering for it. He partook with *Cranmer*, and with *Lattimer*, both in their Labours and their Sufferings; and well deserves to share with them in the Praises of Posterity; and like them to be held up before the whole World, as an illustrious Pattern of suffering Virtue.—Nor is the celebrating the Lives of such Men as these, only to be considered as a just Tribute of Honour to their Merit; it is of all other Kinds of Writing, perhaps, the most entertaining and useful to the Generality of Readers. With Respect to so grand and interesting an Event as the Reformation, so important and extensive in its Consequences, and which was in Truth little less than a Re-publication of the *Christian Religion* itself, after the long and dark Ages of *Popery*, we are curious to be acquainted with every Circumstance that attended its Rise and Progress; the Incidents which opened the Way for it, and the Instruments who were employed in the Conduct of it; how the increasing Light dawned upon their Minds; the Honesty and Simplicity with which they pursued and embraced the Truth, and the Manner in which they acted in Consequence of it: All these are Circumstances which afford the highest Entertainment to Persons of the least Attention.

The Utility of such a Work as this, is obvious at first Sight: It recalls to our View the wretched State of Ignorance and Slavery in which our Ancestors were involved; the

the Comparison of which with our present happier Circumstances of Light and Liberty, cannot fail to awaken, in our Hearts the warmest Gratitude to Heaven: It holds up before our Eyes at the same Time, the sanguine and infernal Spirit of Persecution, and the venerable Forms of *Christian* Fortitude, and inflexible Virtue, suffering under it; alternately awakening in the Human Heart the warmest Sentiments of Esteem and Approbation to the one, and the strongest Indignation, and keenest Resentment, against the other: And finally such Works as these instruct us in what Manner, and through what Channel, Reformation in Religion is to be expected in any Age of the *Christian* Church, viz. by free Enquiry, and sober Examination; by an honest Openness of Mind to pursue and embrace the Truth, from whatever Quarter it comes; by giving up Human Authority, and repairing directly to those Fountains which God hath set open, in the vigorous Exercise of our own Reason, and the unerring Instructions of his holy Word; by renouncing all worldly Emoluments, when the enjoying them is inconsistent with Truth and Conscience; and instead of meanly complying, or daring to prevaricate before God and the World, by steadily and uniformly opposing all Corruptions of true *Christianity*, by a fair and bold Representation of Truth, in the Spirit of Meekness and Love. This is the true reforming Spirit: Thus the first *Christians* acted, in Opposition both to the *Jews* and the *Heathen*; thus our great Reformers acted in Opposition to the Corruptions of *Papery*. It is true, such a Spirit may expose Men to the Severity of wicked and unjust Laws; such Resistance may be unto Blood: But it is from hence alone, and by such Means as these, that any important Reformation can be brought about.

Dr. *Nicholas Ridley* was born in the Beginning of the sixteenth Century in *Tynedale*, at a Place called *Wilmontwick* in *Northumberland*. His School - Education he receiv-

ed at *Newcastle* upon *Tyne*, from whence he was removed to *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*, about the Year 1518, when *Luther* was preaching against *Indulgencies* in *Germany*. He was of an ingenious Disposition; the Care taken of him in his Youth, seasoned his Mind with an early Piety; and a Constancy and Resolution with which he was remarkably endowed, made him indefatigable in his Studies. He had an Opportunity of learning the *Greek* Tongue at the public Lectures of *Richard Crook*, who about that Time began to teach it in *Cambridge*. As to religious Opinions, his first Prejudices were all in Favour of the established Superstition: And it is probable, that his Uncle Dr. *Robert Ridley*, then Fellow of *Queen's College*, at whose Expence, and under whose Influence he was now educating, would keep him steady in that Traſt: In short, his Character at this Time, was that of an ingenious, virtuous, zealous Papist. In the Year 1522 he took his Bachelor of Arts Degree. He had already acquired a good Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, and was now making himself Master of the Learning more in Fashion, the Philosophy and Theology of the Schools, in which he was very expert; and therefore better qualified to discern the Vanity of it; and to detect the Sophistry of his Antagonists, when attacked from that Quarter.

In 1524, so well was his Character established, the Master and Fellows of *University College* in *Oxford*, invited him to accept of an Exhibition there, founded by *Walter Skyrley*, Bishop of *Durham*: This he declined; and was the same Year chosen Fellow of his own College. The next Year he took his Master of Arts Degree; and in the Year following he was appointed by the College their General Agent in all Causes relating to the Churches of *Tilney*, *Sobam* and *Saxthorpe*, belonging to *Pembroke-Hall*. As his Studies were now directed to Divinity, his Uncle, at his own Charge, sent him to spend some Time among the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* in *Paris*, and afterwards among the Professors

Professors of *Lowvain*; where it is probable he spent the Years 1527, 1528, 2529.

In the Year 1530 he was chosen Junior Treasurer of his own College; and at this Time it was, when he was pursuing his Theological Studies the Foundation of which he had laid abroad, that he not only applied himself diligently to the reading of the Scriptures, as the safest Guide in those Studies, but for their more ready Assistance took Pains to imprint them in his Memory; for this Purpose he used to walk in the Orchard at *Pembroke Hall*, and there get without Book almost all the Epistles in *Greek*: Which Walk to this Day is called *Ridley's Walk*. In 1533 Mr. *Ridley* was chosen Senior Proctor of the University; and while he continued in that Office, the important Point of the *Pope's* Supremacy came before them to be examined upon the Authority of Scripture, and they came to this Resolution, "That the Bishop of *Rome* had no more Authority and Jurisdiction derived to him from God, in this Kingdom of *England*, than any other Foreign Bishop." Signed, in the Name of the University, May 2, 1534, by *Simon Heynes*, Vice-Chancellor; *Nicholas Ridley*, *Richard Wilkes*, Proctors.

[To be continued.]

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

THE nearest Approach thou canst make to Happiness on this Side the Grave, is to enjoy from Heaven Understanding and Health.

These Blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old Age, avoid the Allurements of *Voluptuousness*, and fly from her Temptations.

When she spreadeth her Delicacies on the Board, when her Wine sparkleth in the Cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the Hour of Danger, and let Reason stand firmly on her Guard:

For if thou hearkenest unto the Words of her Adversary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The Joy which she promiseth, changeth to Madness, and her Enjoyments lead on to Diseases and Death.

Look round her Board, cast thine Eyes upon her Guests; and observe those who have been allured by her Smiles, who have listened to her Temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their short Hours of Jollity and Riot are followed by tedious Days of Pain and Dejection; she hath debauch'd and pall'd their Appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest Dainties: Her Votaries are become her Victims; the just and natural Consequence which GOD hath ordain'd in the Constitution of Things, for the Punishment of those who abuse his Gifts.

But who is she that with graceful Steps, and with a lively Air, trips over yonder Plain?

The Rose blusheth on her Cheeks, the Sweetness of the Morning breatheth from her Lips; Joy, tempered with Innocence and Modesty, sparkleth in her Eyes, and from the Cheerfulness of her Heart she singeth as she walks.

Her Name is Health, she is the Daughter of Exercise, who begot her on Temperance; their Sons inhabit the Mountains that stretch over the northern Regions of *San Ton Hoe*.

They are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the Beauties, and Virtues of their Sister.

Vigour stringeth their Nerves, Strength dwelleth in their Bones, and Labour is their Delight all the Day long.

The Employments of their Father excite their Appetites, and the Repasts of their Mother refresh them.

To combat the Passions is their Delight, to conquer evil Habits their Glory.

Their Pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure: Their Repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their Blood is pure, their Minds are serene, and the Physician findeth not the Way to their Habitations.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

HASSAN; or the CAMEL DRIVER.

Scene the Desert. Time Mid-Day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver *Hassan* with his camels past :
One cuse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from *Schiraz*' walls I bent my way !"
Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee, *Hassan*, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cuse, his unrelenting rage !
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear—
In all my griefs a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

" When first from *Schiraz*' walls I bent my way."
Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
The lily-peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore :
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town,
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?
Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of 'peace, or pleasure's song ?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from *Schiraz*' walls I bent my way !"
O cease, my fears ! — all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train :
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
" When first from *Schiraz*' walls I bent my way !"
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
Or

Or some swollen serpent twist his scales
around,
And wake to anguish with a burning
wound.

Thrice happy they, the wise contented
poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death
secure!

They tempt no desarts, and no grief they
find;

Peace rules the day, where reason rules
the mind.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was
the day,

"When first from *Schiraz*' walls I bent
my way!

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath
won,

The tender *Zara*, will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the
powerful maid,

When fast she dropt her tears, as thus
she said:

"Farewel the youth whom sighs could
not detain,

"Whom *Zara's* breaking heart implor'd
in vain!

"Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast a-
rise,

"Weak and unfelt, as these rejected
sighs!

"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'tst
thou see,

"No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth,
like me."

O let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not
mourn;

Oh! let me teach my heart to lose its
fears,

Recall'd by wisdom's voice, and *Zara's*
tears.

He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the
day,

When back to *Schiraz*' walls he bent his
way.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I.

O LORD! to whom the seraphs bow,
Eternal king of kings!
The universal parent thou,
Of all created things.

II.

God! who at once is ev'ry where,
Whose blaze of glory streams
Through earth, through ocean, & through
air,
And fills them with its beams:

III.

But shines in heav'n his throne confess,
With more resplendent rays,

Where with his special presence blest,
The cherubs sing his praise.

IV.

O let us sanctify thy name
In deed, in thought, in tongue,
As angels who thy praise proclaim,
And hallow it in their song.

V.

Enlarge thy kingdom, Lord of grace,
Let glory's kingdom come;
And make the power of Satan cease,
Destruction be its doom.

VI.

Let earth as heaven perform thy will,
And own thy potent sway;
As angels thy commands fulfill,
Let men thy laws obey.

VII.

My prayer is not for wealth or power,
But clothes and daily food:
I pray for these---I ask no more.
Then grant me these my God!

VIII.

O give us grace the paths to shun,
That to temptations guide,
Help us to gain the conqueror's crown,
Victorious still when tried.

IX.

Deliver us from all that's ill,
For thou protract'st the span,
O LORD, or short'nest at thy will,
The life of mortal man.

All nature in one chorus join
For kingdom, glory, pow'r,
Were at the first, and still are thine,
And shall be evermore.

Finchley, July 24.

T. A. jun.

THE CEREMONIAL. By Mr. *Shenstone*.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?
"No pray, Sir--you are next the door.
"Upon mine honour, I'll not stir!
"Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir.
"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."
Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must*;
But yet I wish I could evade it;
"Tis strangely clownish--be persuaded,
 &c. &c.

----Go forward cits! go forward squires!
Nor scruple each, what each admires.
Life squares not, friends, with your pro-
ceeding:

It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches---
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at least half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But *Death's* at hand---Let me advise ye,
Go forward, friends---or he'll surprise ye.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, September 22, 1764.



THE following Narrative is, by an Eastern Tradition, attributed to one *Heli ben Hamet*, a Moralist of *Arabia*, who is said to have delivered his Precepts in public and periodical Orations. This Tradition corresponds with the Manner in which the Narrative is introduced.

“Dost thou ask a Torch to discover the Brightness of the Morning? Dost thou appeal to Argument for Proofs of DIVINE PERFECTION? Look down to the Earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine Eyes to the Worlds that roll above thee: Thou beholdest Splendor, Abundance, and Beauty: Is not HE who produced them mighty? Thou considerest; is not HE who formed thy Understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not he who gratifies thy Senses, good? Can aught have limited his Bounty but his Wisdom? Or can Defects in his Sagacity be discovered by thine? To *Heli*, the Preacher of Humility and Resignation, let thine Ear be again attentive, thou whose Heart has rebelled in Secret, and whose Wifh has silently accused thy MAKER.”

I rose early in the Morning to meditate, that I might without Presumption hope to be heard. I left my Habitation, and, turning from the beaten Path, I wandered without remarking my Way, or regarding any Object that passed, till the extreme Heat of the Sun, which now approached the Meridian, compelled my Attention: The Weariness

which I had insensibly contracted by the Length of my Walk, became in a Moment insupportable; and looking round for Shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the Wood, in which *Rbedi* the Hermit investigates the Secrets of Nature, and ascribes Glory to GOD. The Hope of improving my Meditation by his Wisdom, gave me new Vigour; I soon reached the Wood, I was refreshed by the Shade, and I walked forward till I reached the Cell. I entered, but *Rbedi* was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him thro' the Trees at some Distance, advancing towards me with a Person whose Appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my Hand upon my Lips I bowed myself with Reverence before them. *Rbedi* saluted me by my Name, and presented me to his Companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the Ground. Having looked stedfastly in my Countenance, he laid his Hand upon my Head, and blessed me: ‘*Heli*,’ said he, ‘those who desire Knowledge, that they may teach Virtue, shall not be disappointed: Sit down, I will relate Events which yet thou knowest but in Part, and disclose Secrets of PROVIDENCE from which thou mayest derive Instruction.’ We sat down, and I listened as to the Counsel of an Angel, or the Music of Paradise.

AMANA, the Daughter, of *Sanbad* the Shepherd, was drawing Water at the Wells of *Adail*, when a Ca-

ravan which had passed the Desert arrived, and the Driver of the Camels alighted to give them Drink: Those which came first to the Wells belonged to *Nouraddin* the Merchant, who had brought fine Linen, and other Merchandize of great Value from *Egypt*. *Amana*, when the Caravan drew near, had covered herself with her Veil, which the Servant of *Nouraddin*, to gratify a brutal Curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the Indignity, and encouraged by the Presence of others, struck him with the Staff of the Bucket; and he was about to retaliate the Violence, when *Nouraddin*, who was himself with the Caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the Well. The Veil of *Amana* had fallen off in the Struggle, and *Nouraddin* was captivated with her Beauty: The lovely Confusion of offended Modesty that glowed upon her Cheek, the Disdain that swelled her Bosom, and the Resentment that sparkled in her Eyes, expressed a Consciousness of her Sex, which warmed and animated her Beauty: They were Graces which he had never seen, and produced a Tumult in his Breast which he had never felt; for *Nouraddin*, though he had now great Possessions, was yet a Youth, and a Stranger to Woman: The Merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his Father, whom the Angel of Death had intercepted in the Journey; and the sudden Accession of Independence and Wealth did not dispose him to restrain the Impetuosity of Desire: He, therefore, demanded *Amana* of her Parents: His Message was received with Gratitude and Joy; and *Nouraddin*, after a short Stay, carried her back to *Egypt*, having first punished the Servant, by whom she had been insulted at the Well, with his own Hand.

But he delayed the Solemnities of Marriage, till the Time of Mourning for his Father should expire; and the Gratification of a Passion which he could not suppress, was without much Difficulty suspended

now its Object was in its Power. He anticipated the Happiness which he believed to be secured, and supposed that it would encrease by Expectation, like a Treasure by Usury, of which more is still possessed, as Possession is longer delayed.

During this Interval, *Amana* recovered from the tumultuous Joy of sudden Elevation; her Ambition was at an End, and she became susceptible of Love. *Nouraddin*, who regretted the Obscurity of her Birth only because it had prevented the Cultivation of her Mind, laboured incessantly to supply the Defect: She received his Instruction not only with Gratitude but Delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with Esteem and Reverence, and had no Wish but to return the Happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this Time *Osmin* the Caliph was upon the Throne of *Egypt*. The Passions of *Osmin*, thou knowest, were impetuous as the Torrents of *Alared*, and fatal as the Whirlwind of the Desert: To excite and to gratify, was the whole Purpose of his Mind; but his Wish was still unsatisfied, and his Life was wretched. His Seraglio was filled with Beauty, but the Power of Beauty he had exhausted: He became outrageous to revive Desire by a new Object, which he demanded of *Nardic* the Eunuch, whom he had not only set over his Women, but his Kingdom, with Menaces and Execration. *Nardic*, therefore, caused a Proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful Virgin within two Days, should stand in the Presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his Kingdom.

Caled, the Servant who had been beaten by *Nouraddin*, returned with him to *Egypt*: The sullen Ferocity of his Temper was increased by the Desire of Revenge, and the Gloom of Discontent was deepened by Despair; but when he heard the Proclamation of *Nardic*, Joy kindled in his Aspect like Lightning in the Darkness of a Storm: The Offence which he had committed against

Amana, enabled him to revenge the Punishment which it produced; he knew that she was yet a Virgin, and that her Marriage was near. He, therefore, hastened to the Palace, and demanded to be brought before *Nardic*, who in the midst of Magnificence and Servility, the Flattery of dependent Ambition, and the Zeal of unlimited Obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his Brow contracted with Anxiety, and his Breast throbbing with Apprehension.

When *Caled* was brought into his Presence, he fell prostrate before him: 'By the Smile of my Lord,' said he 'let another be distinguished from the Slaves who mingle in Obscurity, and let his Favour elevate another from the Dust; but let my Service be accepted, and let the Desire of *Osmin* be satisfied with Beauty. *Amana* will shortly be espoused by *Nouraddin*; but of *Amana* the Sovereign of *Egypt* only is worthy. Hasten, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the House, to which I will conduct the Messenger of thy Will.'

Nardic received this Intelligence with Transports of Joy; a Mandate was instantly written to *Nouraddin*; it was sealed with the Royal Signet, and delivered to *Caled*, who returned with a Force sufficient to compel Obedience.

On this Day the Mourning of *Nouraddin* expired; he had changed his Apparel, and perfumed his Person; his Features were brightened with the Gladness of his Heart; he had invited his Friends to the Festival of his Marriage, and the Evening was to accomplish his Wishes: The Evening also was expected by *Amana*, with a Joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her Blushes in the Breast of *Nouraddin*, when *Caled* arrived with the Mandate and the Guard.

The Domestics were alarmed and terrified; and *Nouraddin*, being instantly acquainted with the Event, rushed out of the Apartment of *Amana* with Disorder and Trepidation.

When he saw *Caled*, he was moved with Anger and Disdain; but he was intimidated by the Appearance of the Guard. *Caled* immediately advanced, and with Looks of Insolence and Triumph presented the Mandate: *Nouraddin* seeing the Royal Signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a Moment at the Superscription, pressed it upon his Forehead in an Agony of Suspence and Terror. The Wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the Anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not Fortitude to read the Paper, acquainted him with the Contents: At the Name of *Amana* he started, as if he had felt the Sting of a Scorpion, and immediately fell to the Ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his Commission without Remorse: He was not to be moved by Swooning, Expostulation, Entreaty, or Tears; but having conducted *Amana* to the Seraglio, presented her to *Nardic* with Exultation and Hope. *Nardic*, whose Wish was flattered by her Stature and her Shape, lifted up her Veil with Impatience, Timidity, and Solitude, but the Moment he beheld her Face, his Doubts were at an End: He prostrated himself before her, as a Person on whose Pleasure his Life would from that Moment depend: She was conducted to the Chamber of the Women, and *Caled* was the same Hour invested with his new Dignity; an Apartment was assigned him in the Palace, and he was made Captain of the Guard that kept the Gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his Sensibility, and found that *Amana* had been conducted to the Seraglio, was seized by Turns with Distraction and Stupidity: He passed the Night in Agitations, by which the Powers of Nature were exhausted; and in the Morning he locked himself into the Chamber of *Amana*, and threw himself on a Sofa, determined to admit no Comforter, and to receive no Sustenance.

[To be continued.]

Remarkable Particulars of the Life
of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 622.]

MR. Ridley discharged himself of his Proctor's Office about October 1534, and then took his Bachelor's Degree in Divinity, and was chosen Chaplain of the University; in which Office he succeeded *Hethe*, whose Predecessor was *Latimer*; all three of them afterwards Bishops. He was likewise, (if it be not the same Office) Public Reader, as himself informs us, which Archbishop *Tenison* calls *Prædicator Publicus*. He is also called in the *Pembroke MS. Magister Glomerie*. While he was in these Offices he lost his good Uncle and Friend Dr. *Robert Ridley*, on the 12th of June 1536. But the Education which the Uncle generously bestowed, and the Improvement which the Nephew had made by his great Application, soon recommended him to another and greater Patron. For in the very next Year, his great and ready Memory, and intimate Acquaintance with the Scriptures and the Fathers, occasioned the Archbishop of *Canterbury* to desire the Assistance of his Learning; for *Cranmer's* House was a Kind of University, where many learned Men were entertained, Foreigners as well as Natives. But *Ridley* was ingrafted into his Family, and appointed one of his Chaplains; and had an Opportunity this Year of enjoying much of the Archbishop's Company and Leisure. As an Earnest of his Favour and Approbation on the 30th of April, 1538, the Archbishop collated him to the Vicarage of *Herne* in *East Kent*. Here he was diligent to instruct his Charge in the pure Doctrines of the Gospel, as far as they were yet discovered by him, (not from the Schoolmen and Popish Doctors) except in the Point of Transubstantiation, from which Error God had not yet delivered him. And the good Fruits of his Ministry there, were seen in the Effects it had, particularly on the Lady *Fiennes*, whom he converted to the Gospel Truths; which she afterwards testified by her future exemplary Life and good Works.

And to enliven the Devotion of his Parishioners, he used to have the *Te Deum* read in his Parish Church in English; which was afterwards urged in Accusation against him.

In the next Year came out the Act of the Six Articles, against which *Ridley* bore his Testimony in the Pulpit; though otherwise he was in no Danger from the Penalties of the Statute. The Article of the Corporal Preference was at that Time an Article of his Creed. The Marriage, or Uncleaness of Priests, affected not him, who never did act against the Statute in the former Instance, and was never charged of doing so in the latter. As to the Article of Auricular Confession, he tells us towards the Close of his Life, that he always thought Confession to the Minister might do much good. But he made a Difference betwixt what he thought an useful Appointment in the Church, and the pressing it on the Conscience as a Point necessary to Salvation. This Testimony occasioned him no small Trouble.

Mr. *Ridley* had been two Years at his Parish of *Herne*, getting new Lights himself, by a close Application to his Studies of the Scriptures and the Fathers, and by friendly Conference with his Patron the Archbishop; and faithfully communicating to his People the Word of God, 'not after the Popish Trade, but after *Christ's* Gospel,' as himself testifies in his Farewell: Though as yet he acknowledges, that God had not revealed to him the Doctrine of the *Lord's Supper*. His Improvements in Knowledge was with great Injustice charged upon him, as a fickle Change of Opinions, and a servile Conformity to the Times: But there never appeared any fluctuating or shifting backward and forward in his Judgment, but a regular Progression and Advancement in the Discovery of Truth; diligently seeking it, and by God's Grace gradually finding it, without any worldly Motives influencing his Opinions.

While he was at *Herne*, he so well discharged his pastoral Office, that he gained the general Applause of the

the People in the neighbouring Parishes; who, neglecting their own Teachers, for many Miles round would come to hear his Sermons.

This Year, probably by the Persuasion of the Archbishop, who was now meditating to bring his Chaplain more into the Light, he repaired to *Cambridge*, and there took his Doctor's Degree in Divinity. And, in the *October* following, the Mastership of *Pembroke-Hall* becoming vacant, the Fellows, who well knew the Learning, Abilities, and good Dispositions of their old Collegiate, invited him back again to College, to take upon him the Guardianship of their Society. — About this Time, according to the manuscript Notes of Archbishop *Tenison* in the Library at *Lambeth*, *Cranmer's* Recommendation was of its usual Weight with the King, who made *Dr. Ridley* one of his Chaplains. One in whom the Archbishop could place a sure Confidence, however mistaken he might be in the other, [*Thirlby*] for *Ridley* persevered in the Profession of the Truth once discovered, and in his Friendship to his Patron even to Death: While *Thirlby* returned to his abjured Errors, and in Commission with *Bonner*, degraded his good Friend the Archbishop, in order to prepare him for the Flames. — Soon after this, the Cathedral Church of *Canterbury* was made Collegiate, with a Dean, and twelve Prebendaries, and six Preachers; which being *Cranmer's* own Church, he found no Difficulty in obtaining the fifth prebendal Stall for the King's new Chaplain, *Dr. Ridley*.

How honestly and prudently he behaved himself, appears in good Measure from his Endeavours in the Pulpit, to set the Abuses of *Papery* so open before the People's Eyes in his Sermons, as to provoke the Prebendaries and Preachers of the old Learning, to exhibit Articles against him, at the Archbishop's Visitation this Year, for preaching contrary to the Statute of the Six Articles. He feared not to bear his Testimony against any Error he had discovered; yet with Respect to the Authority by which the Six Articles

were enjoined, delivering his Opinion so cautiously, as that his Accusers could prove nothing but the Malice of their Accusation: The Subjects he treated upon were, the Necessity of Prayer in a known Tongue, without which, he said, it was but babbling—that Men ought not to build any Security upon mere Ceremonies—and that Auricular Confession, though it might be useful, was not enjoined by Divine Authority in the Scriptures, and therefore not necessary to Salvation. — The Manner in which he treated these Subjects, we learn from the Acknowledgement of *Winchester*, in a Letter to *Ridley* in King *Edward's* Reign; he says, 'You declared yourself always desirous to set forth the mere Truth, with great Desire of Unity, as you professed; not extending any of your Asseverations beyond your Knowledge, but always adding such like Words, as far as you had read; and if any Man could shew you further, you would hear him; wherein you were much to be commended.' Such was the meek and gentle Spirit, and at the same Time steady and consistent Conduct of *Ridley*. — But notwithstanding this, his malicious Enemies, who sought his, and the Archbishop's, Ruin, did present an Information against him before the Justices in *Kent*, the Articles of which were,

1. That he preached at *St. Stephen's* in Rogation Week, and said, that Auricular Confession was but a mere positive Law, and ordained as a godly Mean for the Sinner to come to the Priest for Counsel; but he could not find it in Scripture.
2. That he said, that there was no meeter Term to be given to the Ceremonies of the Church, than to call them beggarly Ceremonies.
3. That *Te Deum* had been sung commonly in *English* at *Horne*, where the said Master Doctor is Vicar.

By the Address of the Archbishop, and the Diligence of his Friends, the Malevolence of the Prosecution was discovered, and the Intention of it prevented, not without some disagreeable Consequences to the Authors and Promoters of it.

[To be continued.]

Letter

630 Letter from Sir Tho. Fitzosborne.

Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, giving an Account of his Morning Reflections in the Country.

May 29.

I Esteem your Letters in the Number of my most valuable Possessions, and preserve them as so many prophetic Leaves upon which the Fate of our distracted Nation is inscribed. But in Exchange for the Maxims of a Patriot, I can only send you the Reveries of a Recluse, and give the *Stones of the Brook* for the *Gold of OPHIR*. Never indeed, *Palemon*, was there a Commerce more unequal, than that wherein you are contented to engage with me; and I could scarce answer it to my Conscience to continue a Traffick, where the whole Benefit accrues singly to myself; did I not know, that to confer without a Possibility of an Advantage, is the most pleasing Exercise of Generosity. I will venture then to make Use of a Privilege which I have long enjoyed; as I well know you love to mix the Meditations of a Philosopher with the Reflections of a Statesman, and can turn with equal Relish from the Politicks of *Tacitus*, to the Morals of *Seneca*.

I was in my Garden this Morning somewhat earlier than usual, when the Sun, as *Milton* describes him,

With Wheels yet hovering o'er the Ocean's Brim

Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray.

There is something in the Opening of the Dawn at this Season of the Year, that enlivens the Mind with a Sort of chearful Seriousness, and fills it with a certain calm Rapture in the Consciousness of its Existence. For my own Part at least, the Rising of the Sun has the same Effect on me, as it is said to have had on the celebrated Statue of *Memnon*: And I never observe that glorious Luminary breaking out upon me, that I do not find myself harmonized for the whole Day.

Whilst I was enjoying the Freshness and Tranquillity of this early Season, and considering the many

Remedy for Eruptions in the Face.

Reasons I had to join in offering up that *Morning Incense*, which the Poet I just now mentioned represents as particularly arising at this Hour from the *Earth's great Altar*; I could not but esteem it as a principal Blessing, that I was entering upon a new Day with Health and Spirits. To awake with recruited Vigour for the Transactions of Life, is a Mercy so generally dispensed, that it passes, like other the ordinary Bounties of Providence, without making its due Impression. Yet were one never to rise under these happy Circumstances, without reflecting what Numbers there are, who (to use the Language of the most pathetic of Authors) when they said my *Bed shall comfort me, my Couch shall ease my Complaint*, were, like him, full of *Tossings to and fro, unto the Dawning of the Day, or scared with Dreams, and terrified thro' Visions*.—Were one to consider, I say, how many pass their Nights in all the Horrors of a disturbed Imagination, or all the Wakefulness of real Pains, one could not find one's self exempt from such uneasy Slumbers, or such terrible Vigils, without double Satisfaction and Gratitude. There is nothing, indeed, contributes more to render a Man contented with that Draught of Life which is poured out to himself than thus to reflect on those more bitter Ingredients, which are sometimes mingled in the Cup of others.

In pursuing the same Vein of Thought, I could not but congratulate myself, that I had no Part in that turbulent Drama, which was going to be re-acted upon the great Stage of the World; and rejoiced that it was my Fortune to stand a distant and unengaged Spectator of those several Characters that would shortly fill the Scene.

A Remedy for young Persons who have Eruptions in their Face.

TAKE the fresh Roots of Sorrel, wipe them clean, and scrape them as you do Horse-Radish with an Ivory Knife, (a Steel Knife, or one of any other Metal, except Silver, will not do,) then with a sufficient

cient Quantity of fresh Cream, beat it into a Consistence of Pomatum in a Marble Mortar; let a little of this be rubbed on the Face four or five Times a Day: This will soften the Crufts, enlarge the Pores, and clear the Skin from any Foulness. And also take live Hog-Lice, four Ounces, mash them in a Marble, Stone, or wooden Mortar, with a Pestle of the same, with four Ounces of Loaf Sugar, and two Drams of Sal Prunella, and put them all into a Quart of Rhenish Wine; let it stand three Days in a warm Place, and then pour off the Clear. A common Glass of this Wine is to be taken twice a Day, at Eleven in the Forenoon, and at Six in the Evening. This will cool the Blood, and encrease the Discharge of the Cause of the Disorder by Urine: And if this Method is persisted in a few Weeks, an absolute Cure will be effected. If very full of Blood, and the Pulse hard, it would be necessary to be bled before this Course is begun.

Behaviour of Philip II. of Spain, when his Person happened to be mistaken.

PHILIP the Second, walking one Day alone in one of the Cloisters of the Convent of the Escorial, an honest Tradesman, seeing the Door open, went in. Transported with Admiration of the fine Paintings with which that House was adorned, he addressed himself to the King, whom he took for one of the Servants of the Convent, and desired him to shew him the Paintings, and explain the Subjects of them. *Philip*, with all the Humility and Condescension of a Lay-Brother, conducted him through the Apartments, and gave him all the Satisfaction he could desire. At parting the Stranger took him by the Hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, 'I am much obliged to you Friend: I live at *St. Martin's*, and my Name is *Michael Bambis*: If you should chance to come my Way, and call upon me, you will find a Glass of good Wine at your Service.' And

' my Name, said the pretended Servant, is *Philip* the Second, and if you will call upon me at *Madrid*, I will give you a Glass of as good.'

ON CONVERSATION.

OF all the Amusements and Pleasures of Life, Conversation has always been esteemed not only the most rational, but also the most agreeable, Method of unbending the Mind. — It is an Entertainment which suits every Age, and every Condition; and we still recur to it with fresh Delight. We grow tired of the frequent Repetition of Balls, of Plays, or of Opera's; which are studied, artificial Refreshments: Whereas, Conversation is the natural Junket of the Mind; and most Men have an Appetite to it, once in the Day at least: The Person, likewise, who secludes himself from Company, will naturally impair the Vigour of his Understanding, as he would diminish the Strength of his Body by too abstemious a Course of Diet.

There is a Time for all Things, and Conversation has its proper Season. In the Morning it dissipates the Spirits, unsettles the Head for any serious Application, and intoxicates like Wine: In the Evening it softens every preceding Care, relieves every Fatigue, and descends like a refreshing Dew, upon the Thought, parched with the Business of the Day. Happy therefore is the Man, who, when he has employed the Day in laudable Pursuits, has a chosen Band of Friends to converse with in the Evening: His Sleep is sweet to him; and his Labour is not irksome: On the other Hand, his Condition is to be pitied who is the perpetual Slave of Business, or of Idleness, since either Course of Life is equally unnatural, and consequently inconsistent with human Happiness, in a well constituted Mind.

Good Breeding supports the Decency of Conversation; Candour & Frankness of Mind preserve its Freedom; while Wit and Humour give Spirit and Variety to it: But, to make the Harmony of it complete, the

the whole Descant ought to accord with the Ground or Thorough-Bass of sound Sense. And yet, even where these great Essentials are not wanting, Conversation may suffer very much from certain Redundancies, that take off from the Delight of it.

An unseasonable, or unguarded, Use of Raillery may be accounted one Error of this Kind. Raillery, conducted with Discretion, and tempered with Good-Nature, has its Merit in a select Company, disposed to receive it, and to make it circulate, as proper Hints are suggested: While it offers nothing shocking to the Person who fairly gives Scope to it, as when the Subject arises out of some diverting Oddness of Temper, some careless Particularity of Behaviour, or some Singularity of Thought or Expression, & not from the guiltless Infirmities or Distresses of Human Nature, it may be allowed amongst Friends to have free Play, and to wanton, as it were, in the Fondness of Mirth. For the most Part, this Sort of Pleasantry is apt to run Riot; either the Occasion for it is improperly chosen, or it is unseasonably introduced, or it is pursued too far.

Next to an intemperate, or an unskilful Use of Raillery, nothing spoils Conversation more than too earnest an Endeavour to be witty upon all Occasions. — Wit, like Wealth, ought to be husbanded: As a boundless Liberality degenerates into Prodigality, so the Profusion of Wit dwindles into Impertinence: Besides, in good Manners, a Man should not be ambitious to contribute beyond his Proportion; nor think, because he abounds, that he has a Right to treat the whole Company. This Talent, indulged with Moderation, enlivens; but when exercised too ambitiously, it teazes Conversation.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 473.

Complaints and Subsidies belong to the Commons, Judgments belong to the

Extract from the Monitor.

Lords; and Redress is the Glory of the Crown.

Parl. Roll. Hen. IV.

SUCH was the Idea, such the received and invariable Opinion of the People, such the determin'd and Legal Powers lodged in the three great Estates of this Kingdom, so far back as the Reign of *Henry* the Fourth, which have continued to the present *Æra*, spurning the Attempts of Wicked and corrupt Men, when they have dared to break those great Lines of Prerogative, with which each particular Class of Government (which compose the whole) is invested.

Henry the Fourth, who possessed the Crown of *England*, partly by Force, and partly by the Consent of the People who were tired of the Tyranny of the unhappy *Richard's* Court Minions; endeavoured to raise Subsidies without Leave of his Parliament; who, notwithstanding they dreaded his Power, made a noble Stand, in Defence of that Prerogative, which of Right belonged to their particular Department. — *Henry* afterwards endeavoured to govern by absolute Authority, and to undermine by absolute Corruption this great Bulwark of popular Liberty: To which End, every Artifice was made Use of by him and his Ministers, to render the Voting for Members to serve in Parliament of no Use; the Sheriffs having Orders to return such Members as had not a Majority of Votes.

Rapin's Reflections upon this Proceeding (although a Foreigner) deserves the Notice of every honest *Englishman*. 'This, says he, is a Thing of so fatal a Consequence, that it may be affirmed, the Liberty of the *English* will no longer subsist, than whilst the Privilege of freely electing their Representatives in Parliament stands inviolated: All the Kings of *England*, who have enjoyed a more absolute Power than the rest, acquired it by this Way; I mean, by procuring their Creatures to be elected. When a Parliament is composed of such Members, it is no longer the

'King that is charged with En-
'croachments upon the People's
'Liberty, but it is the Nation it-
'self that voluntarily runs into Sla-
'very. And it afterwards they re-
'solve to throw off the Chains, they
'can only succeed by violent Means;
'and this, by the Way, is the Spring
'of most of the Civil Wars so of-
'ten kindled in England.' RAPIN,
Vol. I. p. 500.

That the greatest Ministers have
been impeached upon the Com-
plaint of the Commons, and se-
verely punished for their Misdeeds,
need not be insisted upon here. Nei-
ther can it be disputed, that any
Part of their Prerogative in this
Case has been abridged. — The
Commons in Parliament assembled
have an undoubted and perpetual
Right to punish bad Ministers of
State, be they ever so great. A Pri-
vilege founded upon most rational
Principles of Government.

The House of Lords are, in their
high judicial Capacities, to pro-
nounce Judgment upon Appeals
from the inferior Courts, where the
Cause has been fully discussed; and
from whence either Party, thinking
himself aggrieved, has a Right to
appeal: They are to give their Op-
inion of the Propriety of the Pro-
ceedings of those Courts, and their
Sentence is final.

REDRESS is the Glory of the
Crown; the King is the Fountain
of Mercy.

This is the genuine Spirit of our
Constitution. But should a Period
arrive, which Heaven forbid! when
Enquiries of the highest Import, not
only to the sacred Liberty of the
Subject, but likewise to that *Privi-
lege* so essentially necessary to pre-
serve the Dignity and Independency of
Parliaments, are stopp'd, or slurred
over by the low dirty Artifice of
quibbling Lawyers, and ambitious
corrupt Ministers; studious to pre-
serve their Power at the Expence of
every Thing dear to the Breast of
an honest *Englishman*! Should a dar-
ing Minister presume to impose
falsc Plans upon the People for rais-
ing the national Supplies!

If Injuries, those *Palladiums* of Eng-
lish Liberty, should be bewildered

by Polemical Arguments from the
Bench: It will then be Time for
Englishmen to take the Alarm, with
decent Humility, and becoming *Spi-
rit*, to approach the Throne, duti-
fully to represent their unhappy Si-
tuation, to their Sovereign; ear-
nestly endeavour to remove all evil
Counsellors from his Royal Pre-
sence, drag the profligate Ministers
from their lurking Holes, who had
abused his Royal Ear, and brought
those Miseries upon their Country;
make strict Enquiry into their Con-
duct; bring them to public Justice,
and having legally discovered their
Guilt, make a terrible Example of
them to all succeeding Generations.
But if the Nation should be so far
sunk in *Luxury* and *Corruption*, as
to neglect the Pursuit of these great
and national Measures, then will
that fatal Prophecy of one of the
greatest Poets, who ever wrote in
the *English* Language, come to pass:

*Those Crowns of Freedom, which our
Fathers won,
Fall Leaf by Leaf, from each degene-
rate Son.*

Letter from Lady M—y W—y M—e
to the Lady —, describing a Con-
vent at Vienna, &c.

Vienna, October 1.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send
you some Accounts of the Cust-
oms here, and at the same Time a
Description of *Vienna*. I am always
willing to obey your Commands,
but you must, upon this Occasion,
take the Will for the Deed. If I
should undertake to tell you all the
Particulars, in which the Manners
here differ from our's, I must write
a whole Quire of the dullest Stuff
that was ever read, or printed with-
out being read. Their Dress agrees
with the *French* or *English* in no one
Article, but wearing Petticoats. —
They have many Fashions peculiar
to themselves; they think it inde-
cent for a Widow ever to wear
Green or Rose Colour, but all the
other gayest Colours at her own
Discretion. The Assemblies here
are the only regular Diversion. Ma-
dam *Rabutin* has the Assembly con-
stantly

stantly every Night at her House; and the other Ladies, whenever they have a Mind to display the Magnificence of their Apartments, or oblige a Friend, by complimenting them on the Day of their Saint, they declare, that on such a Day the Assembly shall be at their House in Honour of the Feast of the Count or Countess — *such a one*. These Days are called Days of *Gala*, and all the Friends or Relations of the Lady, whose Saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best Clothes and all their Jewels. The Mistress of the House takes no particular Notice of any Body, nor returns any Body's Visit; and, whoever pleases, may go, without the Formality of being presented. The Company are entertained with Ice in several Forms, Winter and Summer; afterwards they divide into several Parties of Ombre, Piquet, or Conversation, all Games of Hazard being forbid.

I saw on other Day the *Gala* for Count *Altheim*, the Emperor's Favourite, and never in my Life saw so many fine Clothes ill fancied. — They embroider the richest Gold Stuffs, and provided they can make their Clothes expensive enough, that is all the Taste they shew in them. On other Days the general Dress is a Scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of *Vienna*, I am sure you expect I should say something of the Convents; they are of all Sorts and Sizes, but I am pleased with that of *St. Lawrence*, where the Ease and Neatness they seem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than those stricter Orders, where perpetual Penitence and Nastiness must breed Discontent and Wretchedness. The Nuns are all of Quality. I think there are to the Number of Fifty. They have each of them a little Cell, perfectly clean, the Walls of which are covered with Pictures, more or less fine, according to their Quality. A long white Stone Gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the Pictures of exemplary Sisters; the Chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not

forbear laughing at their shewing me a Wooden Head of our Saviour, which they assured me spoke during the Siege of *Vienna*; and, as a Proof of it, bid me remark its Mouth, which had been open ever since. — Nothing can be more becoming than the Drefs of these Nuns. It is a white Robe, the Sleeves of which are turned up with white Callico, and their Head Drefs the same, excepting a small Veil of black Crape that falls behind. — They have a lower Sort of serving Nuns, that wait on them as their Chambermaids. They receive all Visits of Women, and play at Ombre in their Chambers with Permission of their Abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old Woman so good-natured; she is near Four-score, and yet shews very little Sign of Decay, being still lively and chearful. She caressed me as if I had been her Daughter, giving me some pretty Things of her own Work, and Sweetmeats in Abundance. — The Grate is not one of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a Head through; and I don't doubt but a Man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole Person. The young Count of *Salamis* came to the Grate, while I was there, and the Abbess gave him her Hand to kiss. But I was surprized to find here, the only beautiful young Woman I have seen at *Vienna*, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty and agreeable; of a great Family, and who had been the Admiration of the Town. I could not forbear shewing my Surprise at seeing a Nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging Compliments, & desired me to come often. It will be an infinite Pleasure to me (said she sighing) but I avoid, with the greatest Care, seeing any of my former Acquaintance, and whenever they come to our Convent, I lock myself in my Cell. I observed Tears come into her Eyes, which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that Strain of tender Pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me, that she is not perfectly happy. I have since

since endeavoured to learn the real Cause of her Retirement, without being able to get any other Account, but that every Body was surprized at it, and no Body guessed the Reason. I have been several Times to see her; but it gives me too much Melancholy to see so agreeable a young Creature buried alive. I am not surprized that Nuns have so often inspired violent Passions; the Pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another Destiny, making an easy Way for yet more tender Sentiments. I never in my Life had so little Charity for the *Roman Catholic* Religion, as since I see the Misery it occasions, to so many poor unhappy Women! And then the gross Superstition of the common People, who are some or other of them, Day and Night, offering Bits of Candle to the wooden Figures, that are set up almost in every Street. The Processions I see very often are a Pageantry, as offensive and apparently contradictory to common Sense, as the Pagods of *China*. God knows whether it be the womanly Spirit of Contradiction that works in me, but there never, before, was such Zeal against Popery in the Heart of,

Dear Madam,

Your's, &c. &c.

Curious Description of the Iron Mines at Brescia in Italy, in a Letter from a Gentleman, after going down into them, to a Friend in England.

AFTER a very painful Ascent, we at length came to the Mouth of the Mine, to which we had been directed. We were received by a natural Cleft of a red Rock, into a strange Kind of a Dungeon: We descended perpendicularly to a monstrous Depth, by Means of a Machine contrived to let down the Workmen and to bring up the Ore. We pursued our Course after this along a narrow Passage; sometimes all at Length; in the best Places slooping almost double. I was thoroughly tired: I heartily wished myself out; but, indeed, in the

End, I found the Object of our Search worth the Pains we had been at in getting to it. We were received into a Cavity, in which the Miners were then at work. They had for many Years pursued the Vein of Ore through a natural Crack in the Rocks, which it filled up, and which was the Course that we had followed in our Way to this Place. They were now arrived at what they called the Body of the Mine. They had long been at work upon it, and they expected it to last much longer. The Ore here lay on every Hand: They had only to loosen it with a Kind of little Picks, and to send it up. It was extremely rich, and lay about in an infinite Variety of Figures. You will not wonder, after this Account, to hear that the Mines never were in so flourishing a Situation as at present.—The Cavity in which we now found ourselves, resembled a large Hall; it was more than eighty Feet in Length, and twenty-five in Breadth. Its Height, indeed, was not exactly proportioned according to the Rules of Architecture; it was in general but about seven Foot, but occasionally it rose into a Kind of Domes, of a wonderfully beautiful Appearance, the Work of Nature. The Miners had left Columns of the natural Stone at certain Distances, to support the Roof from falling in upon them, and were now at Work on one of the extreme Corners. Remote as this strange Cavern is from the Region of the Day, and out of all Communication with the general Light, a very small Source afforded a sufficient Quantity of it. The Diggers work by a small Kind of Wax Candle, not thicker than that which we see in *England*, twisted up in Rolls, and one of these gave a great Light to all that Part of the Cave where it burned. There were about half a Dozen others of the same Size, stuck up against the Pillars that supported the Roof, in order to shew us the Place, and the vast Room was more illuminated by these little Flames, than I have seen a Church of half its Extent, with half a Dozen Lustres. The Lowness

of the Roof, and the bright Surface of Stones and Rocks upon all Parts, I doubt not, conspire in some Measure to this; but doubtless the Eye itself has its Share in the Delusion, and the perfect Darkness out of which it is received into this new Scene, contributes not a little to the giving it an Appearance of more Brightness than it really has.

The first Observation that my Friend led me to make, was that of the various Mouths of other Veins, which opened into this great Reservoir in several Parts. He led me round the Sides of the Cavity, and shewed me these in Form of wide Cracks in the solid Rock, all full of the Ore, and reaching some perpendicularly, others obliquely, from the Roof to the Floor of it. These he told me, were so many Veins of the Ore, and might each have been traced as a Mine, and worked to Advantage. He expressed himself with great Surprise, in Regard to this vast Cavern full of it, and spoke of it, as a Thing he had not seen, nor scarce could have believed, if it had been represented to him.

—To me it had the Appearance of a vast Lake, into which the several Streams of Ore emptied themselves.

When he had painted out to me the many Kinds of the Ore, as it lay in the Crevices of the Rocks, and explained which was the hardest to work, which fullest of Metal, and demonstrated why each had its peculiar Character; he led me to the Centre of the Cavern. Now you have seen the usual and natural State of the Ore, you shall see from hence, said he, the several Forms it assumes, which I never before beheld in such Perfection. He pointed first of all to a Part of the Roof between two Columns, that stood near us; he shewed me the Marks of the Tools in several Places, in order to prove that the Surface was not natural, but artificial; it was all you may be assured, (said he) left naked by the Workmen; but you shall see how Nature has ornamented and enriched it since. It was plain, that what he alleged was the Fact; the whole Cavity in which

we were, had once been full of Ore, and the very Rock of which the Roof was formed, so rich in the Metal, that they had cut away a great deal of it. The Parts of it that were naked, retained the Marks of the Tools; but in others, we had a most beautiful Prospect of Nature's Operations. You have seen the Icicles hanging from the Eaves of a House, after a Night of Frost coming upon Rain; but these are poor Resemblances; there hanging from a solid Rock a Number of Cylinders, and Cones of almost pure Iron. They were from the Thickness of a Straw, to that of one's Wrist, and some of them a Foot in Length. They hung perpendicularly from the Top, and their Surface was bright and glossy; as that of the highest polished Steel. When we broke them, we found them composed of a Number of Crusts, laid one over another; and all these striated as fine as it was possible for the Eye to discern.

In another Part of the Roof hung down, not single Icicles in the Manner of these, but large Clusters of a coarser Kind. These, to me, resembled the Pipes of an Organ in Miniature. The Workmen suppose them like Brooms for sweeping, and call this Kind of Ore, by a Name expressing *THAT*. The Sides of the Columns were also incrustated with some less regular Pieces of these; and the Miners told us, they also, like the rest, were extremely rich in the Metal. They were always wet, as were also the first Kind. Water occasionally dropped from them upon the Floor; and wherever it did so, little Lumps or upright Pieces of the same Matter were formed, and hurt our Feet in walking. Every Drop of Water that pervades these Rocks, is full of Particles of Iron. My Friend carries it farther; he says, every Vapour that rises from below, has also Iron in it, and that condensing into Water on the cold Roof and Walls of this Cavern, it leaves the Metal behind it as it drops down, or at the utmost before it sinks into the Floor.

In another Part of the Cavern we

we saw a Multitude of round Bodies, like large Shot, and some of the Size of Pistol Bullets. I supposed these had been formed by Art; but my Friend, by breaking two or three of them, convinced me that they were also the Work of Nature. On the Columns that were left to support the Roof, as also in some Parts of the Side Walls, there appeared Parts that were so bright and glittering, the Eye could hardly bear to look on them: They had the Grain of the finest Steel when just broken, only brighter. In another Place, a huge Cluster of Globules of a glossy Grey or bright Red, resembled so many Bunches of Grapes: These were the Hæmatite, so famous for the Eyes. In another a vast Lump splitting all the Way in Fibres. Between these we saw vast Lumps of purer Ore, like common Iron; and yet larger, of a bright red Kind, so soft, that it rubbed off between the Fingers, and stained them almost indelibly. This was smother than it is possible to describe, to the Touch, and its Colour elegant in the highest Degree. My Friend had shewn me occasionally some of the vast Stones, hollow, and their Cavities filled up with a bright white Matter like Crystal, only milky. He now led me to an obscure Corner, on which his Eye had been fixed the whole Time, and in which there stood what appeared to me a very large and a very branched Shrub of white Coral. On examining it nearer, I was astonished to find it, not of vegetable, but of mineral Origin. My Friend shewed me the Part of the Rock from whence it shot, and convinced me that its Matter was the same with that of the milky Crystal in the hollow Pieces of the Ore; it even grew from such a Mass. It was by much the beautifullest Thing I have seen. I would have purchased it at any Price; but it was reserved for the Archbishop, a Man of Curiosity, who had heard of it. They called it by a Name expressing Flower of Iron.

As we returned, I was in somewhat better Humour with the Place, and had the Patience to hear my

Friend descant on the Objects we passed in our Course to the Ascent. He shewed me in our Way a great Number of smaller Shoots and Efflorescences of the same white snowy Matter. But what surpris'd me most, was to see all the common Crystal that we met with, not shooting into Springs and Columns as is usual, but all in Clusters, of a Kind of Diamonds. The single Shoots were about the Size, and very much of the Shape, of a Diamond at Cards. Some of them were perfectly pellucid, and very bright; but the greater Part were tinged to the same milky Hue with the Shoots. It is the first subterranean Visit I have made, but had you made it my Friend, in spite of all its Dirt and Danger, it would not be your last; so much curious Entertainment did it afford.

A List of all the Fairs in England and Wales for the Month of October.

1. **B** Rachnell, Brading, Broomsgrove, Culmstock, Dinasmoudy, Harwarden, Katherine-Hill, Otley, Redruth.
2. Aberguilly, Appletrewick, Baldock, Beccles, Bolton, (Lanc.) Braintree, Buckingham, Budworth, Builth, Burgh, Cerne Abby, Colehill, Croydon, Davenport, Devizes, Downton, Dudley, Eastrey, Frodingham, Hambledon, Hemslay, black-moor, Hingham, Holworthy, Howden, Lamborn, Ledbury, Lewes, Malling, Nayland, Northalberton, North-Tawton, Nottingham, Peterborough, Retford, Rothbury, Rudham, Sherstone, Shrewsbury, Stafford, Swineshead, Tarring, Warhorn, Wendover, Woodstock.
3. Nottingham, Pentraeth-Mon, Workop.
4. Macclesfield, Malham, Nottingham, Ubley.
5. Drefswyn, Inglewhile, Llanfawr, Llanelli, Llanvyllyn, Leighton, (Huntingdonshire.)
6. Blyth, Cayo, Gaywood, Market-Rasen, Sherborne, Woburn.
7. Billericay, Bury St. Edmund's, Stockbridge.
8. Challock.
9. Abergely, Carmarthen, Dolgelly, Hartlepool, Hodnet, Sittingbourn, Yarm.
10. Aberconway, Barnsley, Basingstoke, Bedal, Birmingham, Blockley, Brent, Bridport, Buckland, Charlbury, Chester, Chichester, Cockermouth, Corwen, Deal, Critch, East-bourne, Falmouth, Fazley, Fenny-Stratford, Gosport, Great Thurlow, Hadleigh, Haslington, Hay, Higham-Ferrers, Hull, St. Ives, (Huntingdonshire) Kegworth

638 *List of all the Fairs in England and Wales for the Month of October.*

Kegworth, Kettering, Kingsland, Lancaster, Lanchester, Lavenham, Leicester, Lenny, East-Looe, Malton, Marden, Market-Deeping, Mathry, Mildenhall, Milverton, Mitchell-Dean, Moreton, Newhaven, (Suffex) Norton, Ower-Mayne, Penkridge, Pentre, Pontypool, Rofs, Rufflake-Green, Selby, Sheepwash, Sheffield, Shouldham, Sittingbourn, Sleaford, Smarden, Solihull, South-Brent, Steyning, Stony - Stratford, Stortford, Stow, (Lincolnshire) Tavistock, Tewkesbury, Thame, Tiverton, Torrington, Uxbridge, Wadebridge, Watlington, Wells, Weyhill, Withyham. 11. Bedal, Bedford, Blackheath, Burnley, Coln, Moukton, Sellinge, Wragby. 12. Caxton, Ditchling, Hitchin, Northop, Sevenoaks. 13. Epping, Lymington, Rackham, Rhos Fair, Wigan, Windfor. 14. Haworth, Sarr, Treacastle, Wells. 15. Ashover. 16. Alphonington, St. Asaph, Llanuwchllyn, Turnershill. 17. Aulcester, Christchurch, Cowling, Donnington, Havant, Ivinghoe, Llandrhiad, Dyffin, Alwyd, Maidstone, Navenby, Thorne, Wellow, Werlock, Woller. 18. Barnet, Bell Broughton, Little Brickhill, Charleton, Chippensham, Chiffesborough, Cowbridge, Criccieth, Dorstone, Eversley, Farrindon, Halefworth, Harwich, Hatfield, Haverford-West, Henly (Warwicksh.) Hindon, Kirkham, (Lancash.) Lantriffent, St. Lawrence, Laxfield, Luton, Midhurst, Newnham, (Gloucestersh.) Newton-Peppleshford, Overton, Parney, Tidswell, Upphaven, Ulk, Winterburn, Workington. 19. Barnet, Corfe-Castle, Lamamon in Vale, Lampeter, Market-Harborough, Partney, Sawbridgeworth, Testiniv, Trevena, Whitchurch (Hants), the 19th, and the two following Saturdays, at Swansey. 20. Ashborne, Cerrigy-Druifion, Chichester, Colchester, Devizes, Elham, Gainborough, Hereford, Rothersfield, Slaidburn, Tenby. 21. Blackburn, Bridlington, Conwydd, Rudgley. 22. Barking, Newport-Pagnell, Overton. 23. Aberfraw, Burrowbridge, Castor, Dalton, Haslings, Llangenock, Lanfawel, Lenham, Ripley (Derbysh.) Spurry. 24. Hampton (Devon.) Borth, Cloacynog, East Harlling, Gravesend, Leighton Buzard (Bedfordsh.) Market Drayton, Marshfield, Matlock, Newn, Porthaethwry, Stow on the Wold, Sturminster, Tamworth, Upottery, Wainfleet, Winchester. 25. Aberwingregin, Mortimer, Queen-Camel, Stockport, Whittlesea in the Isle of Ely. 26. Grantham, Llandegla, Llanfannan, Ovingham. 27. Aberguilly, Cragwley, Clebury, Mortimer, Darby-Flath, Daventry, Marsh in the Isle of

Ely, Nantglyn. 28. Ashby de la Zouch, Askrig, Bangor, Biddenden, Biggleswade, Cullompton, Dis, Droitwich, East Dean, Edwinstone, Forrest Row, Llanidlos, Liffon, Linfield, Milbourne Port, Needham, Newbury, Newmarket, (Suffolk) Pocklington, Plympton, South-Harting, Thrisk, Totnefs, Warminster, Watton, Whitchurch, (Salop.) 29. Abby-Holm, Amblefide, Askrig, Banbury, Bourn, Bridgnorth, Broadwater, Burton, Chagford, Charing, Cheddar, Ewell, Halstead, Hampton, Holt, (Denbighshire) Hunmanby, Kidwely, King's-Cliff, Kirby-Stephen, Marlow, Mongham, Newcastlle, (Northumb.) Pleasley, Radnor, Sedbergh, Stainton, Thirsk, Towcester, Tunbridge, Wellingborough. 30. Llanllechyd, Newhaven, (Derbyshire.) 31. Bilpar, Crowcomb.

Movable Fairs in October.

First Monday, at Sherborne. First Tuesday, at Alnwick. Second Monday, at Swindon. Second Thursday, at Mansfield. Second Friday, at Leybourn. Thursday before the 9th, at Porlock. Thursday Se'nnight before the 10th, at Henly, (Oxon.) Monday before the 10th, at Corby. Tuesday before the 10th, at Harrold, Walsall. Wednesday before the 10th, at Brackley-Dewsbury. Thursday before the 10th, at Bishop-Auckland, East Hagburn. Saturday before the 10th, at South-Moulton. Monday after the 10th, at Bakewell, Knaresborough, Swinstead. Tuesday after the 10th, at Kingclear, Salisbury, Shiptone. Wednesday after the 10th, at Landoverly, Ottenton, Sucklebridge. Thursday after the 10th, at Banbury, Cappel-Cunnon. Friday after the 10th, at Waltham, (Hants.) Saturday after the 10th, at Carlisle. Thursday Se'nnight after the 10th, at Kingbrampton. Second Saturday after the 10th, at Carlisle. First Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, after the 11th, at Thorne. Monday before the 18th, at Bellbroughton. Thursday in the Week the 18th falls in, at Ely. Wednesday after the 18th, at Aberforth. Friday Se'nnight after the 18th, at Chepstow. Saturday before the 23d, at Booth. Tuesday after the 23d, at Castmell. Thursday after the 23d, at Ulverston. Tuesday after the 27th, at Settle. Tuesday before the 29th, at Potten. Thursday before the 29th, at Bromyard. Fourth Saturday, at Newmarket, (Hants.) Last Wednesday, at Aberforth. Last Saturday, at Howey.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

SEPTEMBER. *An ODE.*

FAREWELL the pomp of FLORA!
vivid scene!

Welcome sage AUTUMN, to invert the
year--

Farewell to SUMMER's eye-delighting
green!

Her verdure fades --- autumnal blasts are
near.

The silky wardrobe now is laid aside,
With all the rich regalia of her pride.

And must we bid sweet PHILOMEL a-
dieu?

She that was wont to charm us in the
grove?

Must nature's livery wear a sadder hue,

And a dark canopy be stretch'd above?

Yes --- for SEPTEMBER mounts his ebony
throne,

And the smooth foliage of the plain is
gone.

LIBRA, to weigh the harvest's pearly
store,

The golden balance poizes now on
high;

The calm serenity of ZEPHYR o'er,
SOL's glittering legions to th' equator
fly,

At the same hour he shews his orient
head,

And, warn'd by THETIS, sinks in oce-
an's bed.

Adieu! ye damask roses, which remind
The maiden fair-one how her charms

decay;

Ye rising blasts, oh! leave some mark be-
hind.

Some small memorial of the sweets of
MAY:

Ah! no --- the ruthless season will not
hear.

Nor spare one glory of the ruddy year.

No more the waste of musick sung so
late

From every bush, green orchestra of
love;

For now their wings the birds of pas-
sage prove,

And bid a last farewell to every grove;
While those, whom shepherd-swains the

sheepers-call,

Chuse their recess in some sequester'd
wall.

Yet still shall sage SEPTEMBER boast his
pride,

Some birds shall chaunt, some gayer
flowers shall blow,

Nor is the season wholly unallied
To purple bloom; the haler fruits shall

grow,

The stronger plants, such as enjoy the
cold,

And wear a livelier grace by being old.

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.

A FABLE.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks
disclose

The lilly and the blushing rose,

From public view her charms will screen;

And rarely in the crowd be seen;

This simple truth shall keep her wise,

The fairest fruits attract the flies.

One night a Glow-worm, proud and

vain,

Contemplating her glittering train,

Cry'd, sure there never was in nature

So elegant, so fine a creature.

All other insects that I see,

The frugal ant, industrious bee,

Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;

With all that low mechanic crew,

Who servilely their lives employ

In business, enemy to joy.

Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,

For grandeur only I was born,

Or sure am sprung from race divine,

And plac'd on earth to live and shine.

Those lights that sparkle so on high,

Are but the glow-worms of the sky,

And kings on earth their gems admire,

Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. --- Attentive on a spray,

A Nightingale forbore his lay;

He saw the shining morsel near,

And flew, directed by the glare;

A while he gaz'd with sober look,

And thus the trembling prey bespoke,

Deluded fool, with pride elate,

Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:

Less dazzling, long thou might'st have

lain

Unheeded on the velvet plain:

Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,

And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

DESIRE

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

TIS strange what diff'rent thoughts
inspire
In men Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish to great a blis-
sing,

So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist profoundly sage,
I know not in what book or page.
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.

Possession and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace.
'Tis said, their course continued long,
For this was active; that was strong:
Till envy, slander, sloth, and doubt,
Mistled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right:
Thro' slipp'ry by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

DESIRE, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain, like light'ning flew;
Till ent'ring on a broad high-way,
Where pow'r and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view;

In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spur'd them in his rival's face.
POSSESSION kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But over-charg'd, and out of wind,
Tho' strong in limb, he lagg'd behind:
DESIRE had now the goal in sight,
It was a tow'r of monstrous height:
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and scepter in her hands;

Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell,
DESIRE in rapture gaz'd awhile,
And saw the treach'rous goddess smile;
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the scepter down,
He tumbld in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
POSSESSION's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry om'nous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light;
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

The CHARACTER of a HAPPY LIFE.

HOW happy is he born, and taught,
That serveth not another's will?
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Unty'd unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that change doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatter's feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace, than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day,
With a religious book, or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Written on the Door of a Hermit's Cave.

BENEATH this moss-grown roof,
Within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, & Virtue dwell.
Say then, who darest this happy place disdain,
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train.

HYMN to the EVENING.

ERE yet the sun's declining ray
Has left yon distant sky,
And e'er the parting streak of day
Has shut upon the eye.

Come, modest ev'ning, kindly spread
Thy dusk-enslaved vest,
And teach reflective thought to spread
Devotion on the breast.

O lift the mind to blest the pow'r,
Whose mercy still shall last!
And bid him seize the present hour,
Whose madness lost the past.

Instructive, tell the pomp of state,
The pride of mighty blood,
That none are ever truly great,
That are not truly good.

To all ope admonition give,
Unfearful of reply,
That he alone deserves to live,
Who best prepares to die.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, September 29, 1764.



That every Man would be rich if a Wish could obtain Riches, is a Position which few will contest, at least in a Nation like our's, in which Commerce has kindled an universal Emulation of Wealth, and in which Money receives all the Honours which are the proper Right of Knowledge, and of Virtue.

Yet, though we are labouring for Gold as for the chief Good, and, by the natural Effort of unwearied Diligence, have found many expeditious Methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the Art of using it, or to make it produce more Happiness than it afforded in former Times, when every Declaimer expatiated on its Mischiefs, and every Philosopher taught his Followers to despise it.

We fill our Houses with useless Ornaments, only to shew that we can buy them; we cover our Coaches with Gold, and employ Artists in the Discovery of new Fashions of Expence; and yet it cannot be found that Riches produce Happiness.

Of Riches, as of every Thing else, the Hope is more than the Enjoyment; while we consider them as the Means to be used, at some future Time, for the Attainment of Felicity, we press on our Pursuit ardently and vigorously, and that Ardour secures us from Weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our Acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the Vacuities of Life.

One Cause which is not always observed of the Insufficiency of Riches, is, that they very seldom make their Owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted; to have something which may be spent without Reluctance, and scattered without Care, with which the sudden Demands of Desire may be gratified, the casual Freaks of Fancy indulged, or the unexpected Opportunities of Benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own Fault. There is another Poverty to which the Rich are exposed with less Guilt by the Officiousness of others. Every Man, eminent for Exuberance of Fortune, is surrounded from Morning to Evening, and from Evening to Midnight, by Flatterers, whose Art of Adulation consists in exciting artificial Wants, and in forming new Schemes of Profusion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to Age, found himself in Possession of a Fortune, of which the twentieth Part might perhaps have made him rich. His Temper is easy, and his Affections soft; he receives every Man with Kindness, and hears him with Credulity. His Friends took Care to settle him, by giving him a Wife; whom, having no particular Inclination, he rather accepted than chose, because he was told that she was proper for him.

He was now to live with Dignity proportionate to his Fortune. What his Fortune requires or admits, *Tom* does not know, for he has little Skill in Computation, and none of

his Friends think it their Interest to improve it. If he was suffered to live by his own Choice, he would leave every Thing as he finds it, and pass through the World distinguished only by inoffensive Gentleness. But the Ministers of Luxury have marked him out as one at whose Expence they may exercise their Arts. A Companion, who has just learned the Names of the *Italian Masters*, runs from Sale to Sale, and buys Pictures, for which Mr. *Tranquil* pays, without enquiring where they shall be hung. Another fills his Garden with Statues, which *Tranquil* wishes away, but dares not move. One of his Friends is learning Architecture by building him a House, which he passed by, and enquired to whom it belonged: Another has been for three Years digging Canals, and raising Mounts, cutting Trees down in one Place, and planting them in another; on which *Tranquil* looks with serene Indifference, without asking what will be the Cost. Another Projector tells him that a Water-Work, like that of *Versailles*, will complete the Beauties of his Seat, and lays his Draughts before him: *Tranquil* turns his Eyes upon them, & the Artist begins his Explanations: *Tranquil* raises no Objections, but orders him to begin the Work, that he may escape from Talk which he does not understand.

Thus a thousand Hands are busy at his Expence, without adding to his Pleasures. He pays and receives Visits, and has loitered in Public, or in Solitude, talking in Summer of the Town, and in Winter of the Country, without knowing that his Fortune is impaired, till his Steward told him lately, that he could pay the Workmen no longer but by mortgaging a Manor.

The best Method of making Borders for Peaches, Nectarines, Pears, Plums, Cherries, &c. by an experienced Gardener, who has been in the Service of many of the Nobility.

IF the Land be a strong Clay, take Sea Sand, if it may be easily had, if not, any other Sand that is

nearest, and about one sixth of the Quantity of Coal Ashes, that have been kept very dry; riddle them, but not too fine; for if some of the larger Parts be left, they will disunite the tough Body of Clay, and make it more open and tender, and the finer Parts that are more burnt will add more Salts to it.

But if Ashes cannot be had, take about a twelfth Part as much Lime as Sand. About a third Part of the Depth of the Border ought to be of these Ingredients; and in trenching the Borders, there must be a Layer of these, and a Layer of the natural Soil, from the Bottom to their Surface, in the above Proportion; but they ought to be turned over twice at least before planting, in order to mix them the better.

If the Soil of Borders is mixed with large Pebbles, they must be picked out, and may be of Use (though otherwise hurtful) to lay in the Drains.

And as this Kind of Land is generally of a loose, sandy Nature, it must be mixed with something more strong and binding, which is Clay, the toughest that can be got, and nearest. If it be taken from the Sides of Ditches, whose Soil is naturally a Clay, or from Ditches in which there is sometimes a Current of Water falling from Tillage Fields of that Kind of Soil, and there leaves its Sediment, it will be as good as any.

At the Bottom of the Borders lay this Clay six Inches thick throughout; it will prevent the Moisture from running off too fast in the Summer, as it is apt to do from open sandy Ground, especially where there are Drains made.—Then to each Cart-Load of Clay add three Pecks of Pigeon Dung, or Lime, or five of Soot, and mix them with a Quantity of the natural Soil equal to half of them: If Coal or Wood Ashes are made Use of instead of Soot, they must be made very fine, otherwise they will open this Sort of Land too much; besides, the finer they are made, the more Salts they add to it.

But where sandy Lands are dry, the draining Part must be omitted; and

Method of making Borders for Peaches, &c.--Of the best Kind of Potatoe. 643
and the other Ingredients only are to be made Use of.

It may be said, that Trees will grow well upon sandy Land, without any Improvement: I grant they will; but they are not so long lived, being more subject to Blights, and the Fruit is both smaller, and of a worse Taste, than those upon stronger Ground, inclining to Clay.

If Land designed for a Garden is either hard Rock or Oreach, and lies within the Depth which the Borders ought to be, let it be picked up and skreened to take out the Stones; which will be of Service when laid under Grass or Gravel Walks; as they will be drier, and less subject to Worm Sprouts. Then as you find the Land, after skreening, either light or strong, add to it one of the Mixtures which you see it wants, according to the former Directions, to bring it to a proper Depth, and a Soil more inclining to Clay than Sand, with a Covering of strong Clay at the Bottom six Inches thick.

If the Land be fresh, and proper for Fruit-Trees, yet it ought to be trenched as deep as others; and if towards the Top there be used a small Quantity of the Ingredients mentioned before for the enriching of Soils, it will be of good Service; for it must be noted, that in making the Trenches, the worst Part of the Soil will be uppermost.

If Borders are to be planted with Trees where others have grown before, the Depth and Quality of the Soil must be examined; and if it be deep enough, and of a proper Mixture of Sand and Clay, then it only requires trenching with the former Addition of Lime or Soot, &c. which will be a better Border than if the old Earth had been taken out, and fresh laid in without Lime, &c. and also much cheaper.

In Borders thus prepared to six Feet wide, or more, (though it is proper to make the Borders as wide as the Walls are high) I have known all Kinds of Fruit-Trees prosper well, and bear excellent Fruit, except Vines and Figs.

Of the best Kind of Potatoe. 643
Of the best Kind of Potatoe, and the best Method of cultivating it.

THE *Irish* purple Potatoe is the sweetest and best; and of these, the brightest and middle-sized should be set whole.

Set some in February, March, and April, in a fine deep Tilt in any Soil: In a Frost cover the first Setting with Litter or Fern.

Set them six Inches deep, and distant a Yard from each other every Way, in a Kind of Hillock like a Mole-Cast; and carefully mould them up every Month or Fortnight; and there will be near a Bushel under each Hillock by July or August; continue moulding them up as high as you can.

The white Kidney Potatoe, in loose Ground, will run all into stringy Roots. The Pink-coloured forward Potatoe will do very well, treated in the Manner directed above; and the smallest Potatoes are good Seed, though often thrown to the Hogs.

The Story of Amana and Nouraddin,

[Continued from Page 627.]

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to Despair, Nardie's Description of Amana had roused Amin from his Apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her Apartment. Familiar as he was with Beauty, and satiated with Enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without Emotion: He perceived, indeed, that she was in Tears, and that his Presence covered her with Confusion; yet he believed that her Terrors would be easily removed, that by Kindness she might be soothed to Familiarity, and by Caresses excited to Dalliance. But the Moment he approached her, she threw herself at his Feet, and intreated to be heard, with an Importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the Ground, and supporting her in his Arms, encouraged her to proceed.

ceed. 'Let my Lord,' said she, 'dismiss a Wretch who is not worthy of his Presence, and compassionate the Distress which is not susceptible of Delight. I am the Daughter of a Shepherd, betrothed to the Merchant *Nouraddin*, from whom my Body has been forced by the Perfidy of a Slave, and to whom my Soul is united by indissoluble Bonds. O! let not the Terrors of thy Frown be upon me! Shall the Sovereign of *Egypt* stoop to a Reptile of the *Desert*? Shall the Judge of Nations retain the worthless Theft of Treachery and Revenge? or shall he for whom ten thousand languish with Desire, rejoice in the Suffrance of one alienated Mind?' *Osmin*, whose Breast had by Turns been inflamed with Desire and Indignation, while he gazed upon the Beauties of *Amana*, and listened to her Voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without Reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few Moments in Suspense: But the Passions which Eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant; and he commanded *Amana* to be told, that if within three Hours she did not come prepared to gratify his Wishes, he would cast the Head of the Slave for whom he was rejected at her Feet.

The Eunuch by whom this Message was delivered, and the Women who had returned to *Amana* when the *Caliph* retired, were touched with Pity at her Distress, and trembled at her Danger: The Evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three Days of Preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the Tranquillity of her Mind, to make a just Estimate of her own Happiness; and with this Request to send, as a Pledge of her Obedience, a Bowl of Sherbet, in which a Pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this Advice, after some Throws of Desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in Execution.

At the Time when this Resolution was taken, *Nouraddin* suddenly started from a restless Slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous Reflection upon his own Misery, and indulged the Discontent of his Mind in this Exclamation: 'If Wisdom and Goodness do indeed preside over the Works of Omnipotence, whence is Oppression Injustice and Cruelty? As *Nouraddin* alone has a Right to *Amana*, why is *Amana* in the Power of *Osmin*? O that now the Justice of Heaven would appear in my Behalf! O that from this Hour I was *Osmin*, and *Osmin* *Nouraddin*!' The Moment he had uttered this Wish, his Chamber was darkened as with a thick Cloud, which was at length dissipated by a Burst of Thunder; and a Being, whose Appearance was more than Human, stood before him. '*Nouraddin*,' said the Vision, 'I am of the Region above thee: But my Business is with the Children of the Earth. Thou hast wished to be *Osmin*; and as far as this Wish is possible, it shall be accomplished: Thou shalt be enabled to assume his Appearance, and to exercise his Power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal *Osmin* under the Appearance of *Nouraddin*, but till Tomorrow he shall not interrupt thee.'

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by Astonishment and Terror, now recovered his Fortitude as in the Presence of a Friend, and was about to express his Gratitude and Joy, when the Genius bound a Talisman on his Left Arm, and acquainted him with its Power: 'As often as this Bracelet,' said he, 'shall be applied to the Region of thy Heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in Appearance from *Nouraddin* to *Osmin*, and from *Osmin* to *Nouraddin*.' The Genius then suddenly disappeared; and *Nouraddin*, impatient to recover the Possession of *Amana*, instantly applied the Stud of the Bracelet to his Breast, and the next Moment found himself alone

alone in an Apartment of the Seraglio.

During this Interval, the *Caliph*, who was expecting the Issue of his Message to *Amara*, became restless and impatient: He quitted his Apartment, and went into the Gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent, but interrupted Pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his Eyes fixed on the clear Surface of a Fountain in the Middle of the Walk. The Agitation of his Mind continued, and at length broke out into this Soliloquy: 'What is my Felicity? and what is my Power? I am wretched, by the Want of that which the Caprice of a Woman has bestowed upon my Slave; I can gratify Revenge, but not Desire; I can withhold Felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not Power to assume the Form in which I might enjoy my Wishes? I will at least enjoy them in Thought. If I was *Nouraddin*, I should be clasped with Transport to the Bosom of *Amara*.' He then resigned himself to the Power of Imagination, and was again silent: But the Moment his Wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported *Nouraddin* to his Palace. This Wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his Eyes being still fixed upon the Water, he perceived with sudden Wonder and Delight, that his Figure had been changed in a Moment, and that the Mirror reflected another Image. His Fancy had been warmed with the ideal Cares of *Amara*; the Tumult of his Mind was increased by the Prodigy; and the Gratification of his Appetite being the only Object of his Attention, he hastened instantly to the Palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused Admittance. At the Door to which he advanced with Eagerness and Precipitation, he was stopped by a Party of the Guard that was now commanded by *Caled*: A Tumult ensued; and *Caled* being hastily called, believed that *Nouraddin*, in the Phrenzy of

Desperation, had scaled the Walls of the Garden to recover *Amara*; and rejoicing in an Opportunity of Revenge that exceeded his Hope, instantly stabbed him with his Poignard, but at the same Time received that of the *Caliph* in his Heart. Thus fell at once the Tyrant and the Traitor; the Tyrant by the Hand which had been armed to support him in Oppression, and the Traitor by the Fury of the Appetite which his Perfidy had excited.

In the mean Time, the Man who was believed to be slain, reposed in Security upon a Sofa; and *Amara*, by the Direction of her Women, had prepared the Message and the Bowl. They were now dispatched to the *Caliph*, and received by *Nouraddin*. He understood by the Message that *Amara* was yet inviolate. In the Joy of his Heart, therefore, he took the Bowl; which having emptied, he returned by the Eunuch, and commanded that *Amara* should be brought into his Presence.

In Obedience to this Command, she was conducted by her Women to the Door, but she entered alone pale and trembling; and though her Lips were forced into a Smile, the Characters which Grief, Dread, and Aversion, had written in her Countenance, were not effaced. *Nouraddin*, who beheld her Disorder, exulted in the Fidelity of her Love; and, springing forward, threw his Arms about her in an Ecstasy of Tenderness and Joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the Character of *Ozmin* those Embraces were suffered with Reluctance, which in his own were returned with Ardour: He, therefore, retreating backward a few Paces, applied the Talisman again to his Breast, and having recovered his own Form, would have rushed again into her Arms; but she started from him in Confusion and Terror. He smiled at the Effect of the Prodigy; and sustaining her on his Bosom, repeated some tender Incidents which were known to no other; told her by what Means he had intercepted her Message; and urged her immediately to escape, that

that they might possess all their Desires in each other, and leave the Incumbrance of Royalty to the Wretch whose Likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. *Amana* gazed at him with a fixed Attention, till her Suspicion and Doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her Garment, and looking up to Heaven, imprecated Curses upon her Head, till her Voice faltered, and she burst into Tears.

Of this Agony, which *Nouraddin* beheld with unutterable Distress, the broken Exclamations of *Amana* at length acquainted him with the Cause. 'In the Bowl,' said she, 'which thou hast intercepted, there was Death. I wished when I took it from my Lips, that the Draught which remained might be Poison: A Powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible Hand, and a Voice whispered to me, that him who drank the Potion it would inevitably destroy.'

Nouraddin, to whose Heart the fatal Malignity had now spread, perceived that his Dissolution would be sudden: His Legs already trembled, and his Eyes became dim; he stretched out his Arms towards *Amana*, and his Countenance was distorted by an ineffectual Effort to speak; impenetrable Darkness came upon him; he groaned and fell backwards. In his Fall the Talisman again smote his Breast; his Form was again changed, and the Horrors of Death were impressed upon the Features of *Osmin*. *Amana*, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last Transformation, rushed out of the Apartment with the wild Impetuosity of Distraction and Despair. The Seraglio was alarmed in a Moment; the Body which was mistaken for that of *Osmin*, was examined by the Physicians; the Effects of Poison were evident; *Amana* was immediately suspected, and by the Command of *Shomar*, who succeeded his Father, she was put to Death.

Such, said the Companion of *Rhedi*, was the End of *Nouraddin* and *Amana*, of *Osmin* and *Caled*, from whose Destiny I have with-

drawn the Veil. Let the World consider it and be wise; be thou still the Messenger of Instruction, and let Increase of Knowledge cloath thee with Humility.

While mine Eye was fixed upon the hoary Sage who had thus vouchsafed me Counsel & Knowledge, his Countenance became bright as the Morning, and his Robe fleecy like a Cloud; he rose like a Vapour from the Ground, and the next Moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards *Rhedi* the Hermit, chilled with Reverence, and dumb with Astonishment: But in the Countenance of *Rhedi* was the calm Chearfulness of superior Virtue; and I perceived that the Sanctity of his Life had acquainted him with Divine Intelligence. "Hamet," said he, "the Voice which thou hast heard is the Voice of *Zachis* the Genius; by whose Power the Wonders which he has related were produced. It is the Province of *Zachis* to punish Impatience and Presumption, by fulfilling the Desires of those who wish to interrupt the Order of Nature, and presume to direct the Hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his Power."

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer with Patience, and Vice dread to incur the Misery she would inflict: For by him who repines at the Scale of Heaven, his own Portion of Good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the Sword, will turn the Point upon his own Bosom.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 474.

A Man of great Understanding and great Courage, cannot but be a Lover of Liberty, and in his Heart an Enemy to an absolute Master.

THIS Motto was a Maxim inculcated to *Augustus* by *Agrippa*; founded upon the strongest Instances of Liberty defended, and of the Misfortunes, that constantly attend Governors

Governors or Magistrates, who have attempted to usurp an absolute Power by encroaching upon the Rights and Liberties of the People.

Men of great Understanding, knowing the real Value of Liberty, that neither their Persons nor Properties can be secured to them except that be preserved: That Religion, and the Laws, Trade and Commerce, and every Means to render Life happy under Government, derive their very Existence from, and flourish only in a free State, they love Liberty, and are Enemies to those, who in any wise endeavour to deprive them of that Happiness, which is the Root of all their Blessings on Earth. In which laudable Spirit they have been always seconded by Men of great Courage, who could never be engaged, either by Promises or Rewards, to join with a corrupt Government to establish a despotic Power upon the Ruins of their Country's Liberty. Men of great Understanding penetrate through the most artful Devices, and unravel the most intricate Intrigues of bad Men. Men of great Courage will rather die in the Defence, than be buried alive in the Ruins of their Country. — In both these Capacities the Men of Understanding, and the Men of Courage act consistently with the Law of Nature and Nations: Mutual Protection and Defence being the sole End of the People's entering into political Societies. And both Reason and Justice makes it necessary for the Learned and Courageous to watch for the People's Safety, and to oppose the Designs of bad Men upon their Liberty. For, Human Nature, is of such a Kind, that it is scarce possible to put a Man, who is entrusted with the Government of a free People, under too many Restraints.

The Protestant Succession on the Throne of this Realm being settled and established by Men of great Understanding and great Courage, we now enjoy our Religion, Laws

and Liberty. — We have nothing now to fear, but what is common to Human Nature. And that requires a firm Attention to preserve the Means for preventing Men in Power from encroaching upon the Liberty of the Subject. There can be no Fear of our King: His Prerogative and the Subject's Rights and Privileges, are so restrained from encroaching on each other, that our Laws say, the King can do no Wrong. But the Danger to be apprehended lies amongst the Servants of the Crown. The greatest of whom may do Wrong, and often have done Wrong: For which Wrong they are accountable to the Representatives of the People in Parliament. And it is our peculiar Blessing, that every private Subject has a Right to watch the Steps of those, who would betray their Country, and to detect bad Men and bad Measures by any lawful Means, with which Men of great Understanding and great Courage may be able to proceed.

This leads us to consider, whether by such Means a Friend to his Country may not endanger himself, and incur the Crime and Punishment of a Libel? — No. For, as nothing ought to be so dear to us as our Country, and nothing ought to come in Competition with its Interests; it can be no Crime, and can deserve no Punishment, to detect in writing those Men and Measures, by which our Country may be injured, and her Interests suffer. When Crimes affect the Public, they have a Right to be informed of the Ways and Means, and of the Parties by whom they are committed. Neither is it any Alleviation, as in private and personal Failings, to plead Ignorance and Folly for Offences of a public Nature: But we are to judge of them according to their Effects: For if Folly is the Ruin of a State, and Ignorance creates public Confusion; the foolish and ignorant Minister, who is the Cause thereof, is equally as punishable, as if he was the arrantest Knave, that ever existed.

Therefore

Therefore as it is the right, as it is the Duty every Man owes to Truth and to his Country, to expose public Iniquities, such an Act can't by any Means be brought within the Description of a Libel.

LIBERTY will be preserved, and Slavery be prevented, by Understanding and Courage. And here we may justify the necessary and laudable Passion of Jealousy in the People towards their Rulers. A Jealousy not so justifiable in a

For the People only desire to preserve themselves: Whereas it is natural for Power to be striving to enlarge itself, and to be encroaching upon those that have none. Therefore, the most laudable Jealousy of a Magistrate is to be jealous for his People; which will shew that he loves them and uses them well, and will remove all their Suspicions, and silence all their Complaints and Murmurs. But to be jealous of them, would denote that he has evil Designs against them, and has or intends to use them ill.

Remarkable Particulars of the LIFE of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 629.]

THE greatest Part of the Year 1645, Dr. Ridley spent in Retirement at his Vicarage of *Herne*. He had hitherto been an unsuspecting Believer of Transubstantiation. The generally received Doctrine, the Decrees of Popes, and Decisions of Councils, had implanted this Faith in him; the rhetorical Expressions of the Fathers, and the Letter of Scripture, had confirmed him in his Opinion. The Blasphemies of the *Anabaptists*, who were at first the principal Impugners of this Doctrine, and the Irreverence and Indecency of some other Sacramentaries, barred for a long Time the Way to his free Enquiries, and better Information. — In the Year 1544 *Luther* had written with great Warmth against the Doctrines of the *Zurickers*, upon this Subject, declaring them Heretics. The *Zurickers* replied in the Beginning of

the following Year, when they published their Apology; in which they explained their Doctrine and Faith; purged themselves of the Guilt of Heresy; and stated *Luther's* and their Doctrines, so that the World might judge where the Truth lay.

The Coincidence of Time renders it probable, that *Ridley* meeting with this Book, which we are told was greedily read at that Time by all Parties, carried it with him to employ his Retirement at *Herne* this Summer; and was inclined by it to give the Question a fair Examination. So he certainly did, by whatever Means induced; and procured likewise a little Treatise, written seven hundred Years before, by *Ratramus*, or *Bertram*, a Monk of *Cornbery*, at the Request of the Emperor *Charles the Bald*, about the Year 840; which was published at *Cologne* in 1532, and then sent by the *Zurickers* to *Albert Marquis of Brandenburg*, to vindicate their Doctrines from the Charge of Novelty. From this Book *Ridley* learned, that the Determination of the Church for Transubstantiation had not been so early and general as he had before supposed; for that *Bertram's* a Catholic Doctor, so late as 840, held contrary to the present Decrees, and that the Faithful at that Time, without either of them being condemned as Heretics, were divided in their Opinions on this Subject. This at once razed that Foundation of Authority, on which *Ridley* had so confidently built, and left him more open to consider the Reasonings of his Author, which were very sensible and pertinent: His Eyes were opened, and he determined to search the Scriptures upon this Article more accurately, and the Doctrine of the primitive Fathers, who lived before the Time of *Bertram's* Controversy. And how zealous soever *Cranmer* might be for Transubstantiation, and how dangerous soever it was to doubt of that Article, yet *Ridley* very honestly communicated his Discoveries and Scruples to his good Friend and Patron the Archbishop, who knowing the Sincerity of the Man, and his cool

cool Judgment, was prevailed upon to examine the Subject with the utmost Care. The Event was the Conviction of both of them. But however instrumental *Ridley* might have been in leading the Archbishop into this Enquiry, he always disclaimed the Honour of being *Cramer's* Instructor, professing to be 'but the 'the young Scholar to the Master 'in Comparison of him: 'Always with an exceeding Modesty, refusing the due Praises which even his Adversaries gave him; not assuming to himself the Glory of his own Improvements, but gratefully referring to the Means and Opportunities of acquiring them; and therefore acknowledges himself a Debtor to the Vicarage of *Herne* for the Doctrine of the Lord's Supper; 'which at 'that Time, says he, was not revealed unto me.' And before the Commissioners, he gives an Account of *Bertram* and his Book: '*Bertram*, 'Mr. learned, of sound and upright Judgment, and ever counted a Catholic for these Seven Hundred Years, until our Age: His Treatise, whoever shall read and weigh, considering the Time of the Writer, his Learning, Godliness of Life, the Allegations of ancient Fathers, and his manifest and most grounded Arguments, I cannot (doubtless) but much marvel, if he have any Fear of God at all, how he can with good Conscience speak against him in this Matter of the Sacrament. This *Bertram* was the first that pulled me by the Ear, and brought me from the common Error of the *Romish* Church, and caused me to search more diligently and exactly both the Scriptures, and the Writings of the old Ecclesiastical Fathers in this Matter.' This Change of Opinion happened to *Ridley* in 1545, in the Close of which Year his Patron procured for him the 8th Stall in the Church of *Westminster*.

Immediately upon the Accession of the young King to the Throne, we find Dr. *Ridley* much celebrated as a Preacher: Being appointed to preach at Court on *Asb Wednesday*, after having confuted the Bishop of *Rome's* pretended Authority in Government and usurped Power, and

in Pardons, he took Occasion to discourse touching the Abuses of Images in Churches, and Ceremonies, and especially holy Water for the driving away Devils. Amongst his Auditors was *Gardiner*, Bishop of *Winchester*, who not altogether relishing his Doctrine, wrote him a Letter inclosed in one to the Protector, who answered in some Manner as this, 'That if the Misrepresentation of the best Book in the World, the Bible, had been Reason sufficient for taking it away from the People, which had been done by the Popish Bishops, the gross Abuse of Images was as justifiable a Reason for taking them away from the People.'

[To be continued.]

*Proposal for the Improvement of
HUSBANDRY.*

I Could wish to see instituted a Sort of Academy, or School, in every County; or rather, near every great Town. In these Schools, I would have the best Writers in our Language, upon Husbandry, read and explained to the Sons of Farmers, and other Youths, intended for the Profession of Husbandry: — They should not be admitted, till they are of a proper Age to comprehend what is read to them. After they had got what is necessary for them at other Schools, perhaps from fourteen to sixteen Years, and upwards, a few Months Attendance, or at most a Year, will be sufficient. By this Means, their Minds will be opened: they will become acquainted with the various Methods, and different Implements, made Use of in the several Counties of this Kingdom; and also by the neighbouring Nations. Many of these Things will remain upon their Minds, and, as they grow up, they will reason and reflect on them; and there is no Doubt, but it will prove a Fountain, from which many valuable Advantages and Discoveries will flow. I am persuaded many of our sensible Farmers, and private Gentlemen, will take Pleasure in attending these Lectures themselves. — To each of these Schools or Academies I would,

by all Means, have from two to five Acres of Ground, or more, set apart for trying the several Experiments recommended by different Authors, in which the most ignorant and obstinate Farmer, seeing the Success that attends them, will, in Time, adopt them in more general Practice.

I hope no Gentleman will be discouraged from carrying so beneficial an Undertaking into Execution, from the Expence of it: I am persuaded, those Gentlemen who are real Friends to their Country, will not; for a very trifling Subscription in each County, or, indeed, round each great Town, will answer the End. Twenty or thirty Pounds will be a handsome Salary for a Master, which, in many Places, may be a neighbouring Clergyman, for the Office can be no Way inconsistent with the Calling. The Expence of Books will be but a small Matter; and the few Acres I have mentioned may be rented for a Trifle; in many Places, I make no Doubt but they will be given. In short, forty or fifty Pounds a Year, at most, in each County, or round each great Town, will fully answer the Purpose.

Anecdote of Sir William Gooch, some Time Governor of Virginia.

NOTHING is unworthy of Publication which may convey an useful Lesson to Mankind. Sir William Gooch being in Conversation with a Gentleman in a Street of the City of *Williamsburgh*, returned the Salute of a Negro, who was passing by about his Master's Business. Sir, said the Gentleman, does your Honour descend so far as to salute a Slave? Why (replied the Governor) yes; I cannot suffer a Man of his Condition to exceed me in Good Manners.

Authentic Instance of the horrible Barbarity of religious Persecution.

Margaret Valois, Queen of *Henry the Fourth of France*, writes in her Memoirs concerning the Massacre of *Paris*.

"When in a sound Sleep, says she, I was very suddenly awakened by a knocking at the Door, and calling out, *Navarre! Navarre!* My Nurse, thinking it was the King my Husband, hastened to the Door; it was a Gentleman named *De Tejan*, bleeding very much, being wounded in two Places, and with four Yeomen of the Guard at his Heels, who forced their Way after him into my Room; he ran to my Bed, as a Sanctuary, I leaped out, and he after me, clapping me round the Body by the Bed-Side. We both cried out, one being no less frightened than the other. At length, the Captain of the Guards came in, and finding me in such a Condition, tho' there was more Call for Pity, tho' laughing, as at something droll. — In the *Louvre*, in the King's Sister's Chamber, even on her very Bed, Gentlemen are butchered, contrary to Oaths and Treaties! and *Naniac*, who had the Character of one of the worthiest Men at Court, laughs at the Sight! He laughs in this horrible Juncture! On this so execrable Day he could laugh!

"Having shifted my Linen, (adds the Princess) because I was all over bloody, and throwing a Night-gown over me, I went to the Apartment of *Madame de Lorraine*; I was no sooner in her Anti-Chamber, than a Gentleman, flying from the Yeomen of the Guard, was struck dead with a Halberd close by me."

Instance of conjugal Good-Nature in a Queen of France.

Margaret de Valois, Wife of *Henry the Fourth*, gives the following Relation in her Memoirs concerning one of her Husband's Mistresses: "She lay in the Maids of Honour's Chamber, and her Pains coming on her, at Day-Break, she sent for my Physician, and begged of him, immediately, to acquaint the King my Husband with her Condition, which he did. It was our Custom to lie in different Beds, tho' in the same Room. This News made him very uneasy, being at a Loss what to do; at length, he determined to own the whole Matter to me, and

Instance of conjugal Good-Nature.

and to beg of me to assist her, being sure that, notwithstanding what had happened, he would always find me ready to comply with any Thing that was agreeable to him. He drew my Curtain, and said to me, Honey, I have concealed something from you, which now I must acquaint you with; excuse me, I desire you, and forget whatever I have said to you on this Head; but oblige me so far as to get up immediately to assist *Fosseuse*, who is very ill: You know the Love I have for her; I beg you would oblige me.— I answered that I would; and take as much Care of her as if she was my own Daughter; in the mean Time, it would be adviseable for him to go a Hunting, and take all his Attendants with him, that it might be the better hushed up. I had her quickly put in a bye Room, recommending to my Physician, and some Women, to be very careful of her. The Child proved only a Daughter, and that still-born.— The King finding on his Return, that I was gone to Bed again, as indeed I was extremely tired with rising so early, and the Pains I had taken about *Fosseuse*, desired me to get up again, and go and see her: I told him all was happily over; and that if I went to her, it would rather tend to discover than to conceal the Matter.— He seemed extremely angry; and this also vexed me not a little, as what I had done in the Morning seemed to deserve a very different Return.”

The Genius of the River Thames, and of the Mole; a Fable, by Sir Harry Beaumont.

ON a certain Time Father *Thames* is said, by antient Writers, to have convened all the Deities of his tributary Rivers, to appear at his Court; and as they passed, one by one, before him, he commended several of them, and blamed some others, according to their different Deserts.

When it came to the Turn of the Deity of the River *Mole*, he advanced with a confident Air, dressed in a long Robe, partly of Ruffet Co-

A Fable by Sir Harry Beaumont. 651

lour, and partly Green; his Right Arm was exerted, but his Left was conceal'd under his Garment. ‘ Ah why, my Son, said the Genius of the *Thames*, do you conduct your Stream, for so long a Way, under Ground?’ ‘ Father of Rivers, (replied the *Mole*) it is out of a prudent Regard, that I am sure you will much commend in me. I observed, that where my Stream was exposed to the Air, a great Part of it was exhaled by the Sun: I therefore formed a Passage for it beneath the Surface of the Earth, that it might appear the fuller, and with so much more Dignity, when it came to join your Waters.’

The King of Rivers viewed him with a Look, that had a good deal of Anger mixed with Compassion in it; and, after a deep Sigh, spoke thus to him: ‘ Alas, my Son, what you have look'd upon as highly prudential, is the very Reverse of Wisdom; 'tis what mortal Men call by the Name of *Cunning*. Let us leave that to Men, the Inventors of it. If it ever succeeds, it is unsatisfactory; but the worst of it is, that it almost perpetually misses its Aim; as you, my Son, have done in the Case before us. Had you led your Stream all in Sight of the Day, the Waters that were exhaled from it, would have fallen back to you in Dews; and made every Thing about you look more fresh and flourishing: The Rains from the Heavens too would have enlarged your Stream. But now you lose more of your Waters in the Clefts of the Earth, and in the Hollows about your obscure Passage, than you can ever save by creeping out of the Light; and avoiding all the Use & Purposes you were chiefly designed for by Nature.’

The truest and noblest Way of doing Good to ourselves, is by doing Good to others.

A Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, in Defence of a particular Providence.

YOU must have been greatly distressed indeed, *Clytander*, when you thought of calling me in as your Auxiliary, in the Debate you mention.

tion. Or was it not rather a Motive of Generosity which suggested that Design? And you were willing, perhaps, I should share the Glory of a Victory which you have already secured. Whatever your Intention was, mine is always to comply with your Requests; and I very readily enter the Lists, when I am at once to combat in the Cause of Truth, and on the Side of my Friend.

It is not necessary, I think, in order to establish the Credibility of a particular Providence, to deduce it (as your Objector, I find, seems to require) from known and undisputed Facts. I should be exceedingly cautious in pointing out any supposed Instances of that Kind; as those who are fond of indulging themselves in determining the precise Cases wherein they imagine the immediate Interposition of Providence is discoverable, often run into the weakest and most injurious Superstitions. It is impossible indeed, unless we were capable of looking through the whole Chain of Things, and viewing each Effect in its remote Connections and final Issues, to pronounce of any Contingency, that it is absolutely and in its ultimate Tendencies, either good or bad. *That* can only be known by the great Author of Nature, who comprehends the full Extent of our total Existence, and understands the Influence which every particular Circumstance will have in the general Sum of our Happiness. But though the peculiar Points of Divine Interposition are thus necessarily, and from the natural Imperfection of our discerning Faculties, extremely dubious; yet it can by no Means from thence be justly inferred, that the Doctrine of a particular Providence is either groundless or absurd: The general Principle may be true, though the Application of it to any given Purpose be involved in very inextricable Difficulties.

The Notion that the material World is governed by general mechanical Laws, has induced your Friend to argue, that 'it is probable the Deity should act by the same Rule of Conduct in the in-

tellectual; and leave moral Agents entirely to those Consequences which necessarily result from the particular Exercise of their original Powers.' But this Hypothesis takes a Question for granted, which requires much Proof before it can be admitted. The grand Principle which preserves this System of the Universe in all its harmonious Order, is Gravity, or that Property by which all the Particles of Matter mutually tend to each other. Now this is a Power which, it is acknowledged, does not essentially reside in Matter, but must be ultimately derived from the Action of some immaterial Cause. Why therefore may it not reasonably be supposed to be the Effect of the Divine Agency, immediately and constantly operating for the Preservation of this wonderful Machine of Nature? Certain, at least, it is, that the Explication which Sir ISAAC NEWTON has endeavoured to give of this wonderful Phenomenon, by Means of his subtil *Æther*, has not afforded universal Satisfaction: And it is the Opinion of a very great Writer, who seems to have gone far into Enquiries of this abstruse Kind, that the numberless Effects of this Power are inexplicable upon mechanical Principles, or in any other Way than by having Recourse to a spiritual Agent, who connects, moves, and disposes all Things according to such Methods as best comport with his incomprehensible Purposes.

But successful Villainy and oppressed Virtue are deemed, I perceive, in the Account of your Friend, as powerful Instances to prove, that the Supreme Being remains an un-interposing Spectator of what is transacted upon this Theatre of the World. However, ere this Argument can have a determining Weight, it must be proved (which yet, surely, never can be proved) that prosperous Iniquity has all those Advantages in Reality, which it may seem to have in Appearance; and that those Accidents which are usually esteemed as Calamities, do in Truth, and in the just Scale of Things,

Things, deserve to be distinguished by that Appellation. It is a noble Saying of the Philosopher cited by *Seneca*, 'that there cannot be a more unhappy Man in the World, than he who has never experienced Adversity.' There is nothing perhaps in which Mankind are more apt to make false Calculations than in the Article both of their own Happiness, and that of others; as there are few, I believe, who have lived any Time in the World, but have found frequent Occasions to say with the poor hunted Stag in the Fable, who was entangled by those Horns he had but just before been admiring;

"I now find, that what I before held in Contempt as of no Worth, is the most useful to me; and what I admired and esteemed most, is the Cause of my undoing."

If we look back upon the Sentiments of past Ages, we shall find, the Opinion for which I am contending has prevailed from the remotest Account of Time. It must undoubtedly have entered the World as early as Religion herself; since all Institutions of that Kind must necessarily be founded upon the Supposition of a particular Providence. It appears, indeed, to have been the favourite Doctrine of some of the most distinguished Names in Antiquity. *Xenophon* tells us, when *Cyrus* led out his Army against the *Assyrians*, the Word which he gave to his Soldiers was, 'Jupiter the Defender and Conductor.' And he represents that Prince as attributing Success even in the Sports of the Field, to Divine Providence. Thus likewise, *Timoleon* (as the Author of his Life assures us) believed every Action of Mankind to be under the immediate Influence of the Gods; and *Livy* remarks of the first *Scipio Africanus*, that he never undertook any important Affair, either of private or public Concern, without going to the Capitol in order to implore the Assistance of *Jupiter*. *Balbus* the Stoick, in the Dialogue on the Nature of the Gods, expressly declares for a particular Providence; and *Cicero* himself, in one of his Orations, imputes that supe-

rior Glory which attended the *Roman* Nation, singly to this animating Persuasion. But none of the Antients seem to have had a stronger impression of this Truth upon their Minds, than the immortal *Homer*. Every Page in the Works of that divine Poet, will furnish Proofs of this Observation. I cannot however forbear mentioning one or two remarkable Instances, which just now occur to me. When the *Grecian* Chiefs cast Lots which of them should accept the Challenge of *Hector*, the Poet describes the Army as lifting up their Eyes and Hands to Heaven, and imploring the Gods that they would direct the Lot to fall on one of their most distinguished Heroes:

The People pray with lifted Eyes and Hands.

And Vows like these ascend from all the Bands:

Grant, thou Almighty, in whose Hand is Fate,

A worthy Champion for the Grecian State:

This Task let Ajax or Tydides prove, Or he, the King of Kings, below'd of Jove. POPE.

So likewise *Antenor* proposes to the *Trojans* the Restitution of *Helen*, as having no Hopes, he tells them, that any Thing would succeed with them after they had broken the Faith of Treaties:

The Ties of Faith, the sworn Alliance broke,

Our impious Battles, the just Gods provoke. POPE.

And indeed, *Homer*, hardly ever makes his Heroes succeed (as his excellent Translator justly observes) unless they have first offered a Prayer to Heaven. 'He is perpetually,' says Mr. Pope, acknowledging the Hand of God in all Events, and ascribing to that alone all the Victories, Triumphs, Rewards, or Punishments of Men. The grand Moral laid down at the Entrance of his Poem, *The Will of GOD was fulfilled*, runs through his whole Work, and is with a most remarkable Care and Conduct, put into the Mouths of his greatest

“greatest and wisest Persons on every Occasion.”

Upon the Whole, *Clytander*, we may safely assert, that the Belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable Reasons as may well justify our Assent. It would scarce therefore be wise to renounce an Opinion, which affords so firm a Support to the Soul in those Seasons wherein the stands most in Need of Assistance, merely because it is not possible, in Questions of this Kind, to solve every Difficulty which attends them. If it be highly consonant to our general Notions of the Benevolence of the Deity (as highly consonant it surely is) that he should not leave so impotent a Creature as Man, to the single Guidance of his own precarious Faculties; who would abandon a Belief so full of the most enlivening Consolation, in Compliance with those metaphysical Reasonings which are usually calculated rather to silence than to satisfy an humble Enquirer after Truth? Who indeed, would wish to be convinced, that he stands unguarded by that heavenly Shield, which can protect him against all the Assaults of an injurious and malevolent World? The Truth is, the Belief of a particular Providence is the most animating Persuasion that the Mind of Man can embrace: It gives Strength to our Hopes, and Firmness to our Resolutions; it subdues the Insolence of Prosperity, and draws out the Sting of Affliction. In a Word, it is like the golden Branch, to which *Virgil's* Hero was directed, and affords the only secure Passport through the Regions of Darknes and Sorrow. I am, &c.

Manner of travelling in India in Chariots drawn by Oxen, as represented in the Plate.

IN Zuratte and several other Places of India, and most Parts of the *Mogul's* Country, they travel in a pretty Sort of Chariots with two Wheels, the Bottoms whereof are square, and raised very high from the Ground above the Wheels: There are no Seats in them, but they sit on the Floor after the Eastern Manner, with their Legs across under them; both before and behind are Cushions to lean against. These Chariots are very like those used by the antient *Indians*, and mentioned by *Sirabo*; they are for the most Part

used in the plain Country, to travel withal from one Town to another, and also to ride about in for Recreation, they being very light and easy: When they come to a bad Way, or Hills, they take out their Oxen and the Wheels from the Chariot, which also, if Occasion requires, may be taken in two Pieces, and with Ease carried by two Men on the Top of a Mountain or Hill, and put together again when they are past the troublesome Way. After our Manner of sitting, two would scarce be able to fit in one of these Chariots, but after the *Indian* Manner, four with Ease. They are drawn by Oxen instead of Horses, two to each Chariot, generally fastened to the Axletree, which is made like a Yoke. These Oxen are of a curious Shape and Colour; the best are generally white, and some speckled black; they are very slender, and have on their Shoulders towards their Necks, a Bunch like the Camels; they trot and gallop as fast as Horses, and are able to travel 35 or 36 Miles in a Day; they are guided by a Cord run through Holes made in their Noses, and are as easy to be commanded therewith as Horses.

These Oxen, which are kept by Noblemen, have rich Furniture, their Bodies being covered with Crimson Foot-Cloths, edged with yellow Fringe, and about their Necks silken Collars, with twelve Bells or more; some also have their Horns tipped with Copper or Silver. --- In like Manner the Chariots are neatly adorned with the like Crimson Cloth, or else with Velvet. When any Women ride in these Chariots they shut them close round, to keep them from being seen.

Work to be done in Gardens in the Month of OCTOBER.

TRENCH Ground where you intend to plant Trees. Gather in dry Weather what Fruit is now unplucked. Remove Grafts that have been grafted two Years. Set Beans. If your Kitchen Garden Ground be moist, throw it up into Ridges, that the Frost may make it mellow. Sow Pease. Set choice Tulips, Anemonies, Auricula's, and all bulbous Roots. Remove out of the Wet your choicest Gilliflowers. Lay bare some of your early blossoming Trees. Set Quicksets. Sow Seeds, Kernels, &c. in your Nursery. Beat and roll your Camomile Walks. Continue to earth up Celery and Chardoons, to blanch them. Plant Gooseberries, Raspberries, Currants, & any other Sort of Fruit Trees. You may prune Pears, Apples, Plums, and all other hardy Fruit now. At the fore End of this Month, you should finish planting all Sorts of Flower Roots which are intended, that

Year,

Various used in the Empire of the Mogul & other Parts of India.

Chariots used in the Empire of Mogul & other Parts of India.



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POETRY

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Year, to be set : Such as Crocus's, Jonquils, Hyacinths, &c. You may also transplant Hollyhocks, Campanula's, Canterbury Bells, French Honey-Suckles, Dazies, Polianthus's, Sweet Williams, Pinks, and other fibrous rooted Flowers.

Lay your Pots that have Auricula's set in them on one Side, that they may not get too much wet. Transplant all hardy flowering Shrubs, that they may have taken Root well before the dry Weather come.

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

Extract from a NEW POEM, called, THE TIMES. By C. CHURCHILL.

ALL Satirists, from Juvenal down to Churchill, are, what Horace says of old Men, *Praisers of the past Times*. Thus our celebrated Bard begins with singing the Praises of the modest Times of old ; but he very discreetly avoids ascertaining the Date of these applauded Times. He only says in general thus :

THE time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime,
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet virtue face to face,
When THOSE, who, in the cause of sin grown grey,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal,
We, better bred, and than our fires more wise,
Such paultry narrowness of soul despise,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, e'er temperance had fled the realm ;
E're luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace ;
E're vanity had so far conquer'd sense
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother ;
E're banish'd industry had left our shores,
And labour was by vice kick'd out of doors ;
E're idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports ;
E're each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought ;
E're gambling lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the sun look on ;
E're a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by oeconomy ;
E're rugged honesty was out of vogue,
E're fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue ;

Time was, that men had conscience, that they made

Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,

So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse, and falsify his trust,
Who being great, yet dar'd to be unjust,
Shun'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,

He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank and station in the land
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.

Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
To keep expiring honesty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,

Not just through principle, be just through pride.

Our times, more polish'd, wear a different face ;

Debts are an honour ; payment a disgrace,
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's list,

May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,

If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.

Why---be it so---We in that point accord,
But what is trade, and tradesmen to a lord.

FABER, from day to day, from year to year,

Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.

What is't to FABER ? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.

What is't to FABER ? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, & runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,

In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes, with streaming eyes,

And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.

What is't to FABER ? he stands safe and clear

Heav'n can commence no legal action here, And

And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears

The name of PRIVILEGE, 'gainst vulgar awe;

He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,

But now are held as nothing---We begin,
Where our fires ended, and improve in sin.

Rack our invention, & leave nothing new,
In vice, and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place

Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none so high,

But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,

But she hath crept into it, made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps she reigns,

O'er sober citizens, and simple swains,
E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,

And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our State,

To make her Empire lasting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Cares which neither art nor time can heal,

All Shame discarded, all remains of pride,
MEANNESS fits crown'd, and triumphs by her side.

MEANNESS, who gleams out of the human mind

Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,

Those seeds which might in time to Virtue tend,

And leaves the Soul without a pow'r to mend;

MEANNESS, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,

The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,

Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,

And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;

MEANNESS which, like that mark by bloody CAIN

Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

Our nervous bard in the next place observes, that (not content with our own) we rob our neighbours on the continent of their vices, and describes the luxury we import from Italy.---

-- He then proceeds with manly, but we think, undistinguishing, rage to lash an unnatural vice, which, we hope, and believe, is not so prevalent as he supposes. A vice, which, above all others, must carry its own punishment with it. But if we trust our Poet, it is so common, that the present generation will be the last: For he tells us that the *Lovely Fair* are wholly neglected.

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal,
Discreetly judging what her Daughters feel,

By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that Letcher Man makes fast the door,

Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,

A Priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)

Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?

Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,

Her daughters cannot, if they would be whores,

Nor can a man be found, as times now go,

Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Tho' they, more fresh, more lively than the morn,

And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn

The works of nature, tho' the mother's grace

Revives, improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face,

Undisciplin'd in dull discretion's rules,

Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding schools,

Free and ungarded, let them range the town,

Go forth at random, and run pleasure down

Start where she will, discard all taint of fear,

Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.

Watch not their steps---They're safe without thy care,

Unless, like *Jennets*, they conceive by air,

And every one of them may die a Nun,

Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun.

Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,

Against the law of nature set their face,

The grand, primeval law, and seem combin'd

To stop the propagation of Mankind;

Vile Pathicks read the marriage act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their side.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, October 6, 1764.

N the Convent of the Visitation of Cl... had for some short Time retired the *Marchioness* of *Clarence*. The Calm and Serenity which she saw reign in this Solitude did but render more lively and bitter the Grief that consumed her. 'How happy,' said she, 'are those innocent Doves, which have taken their Flight towards Heaven! Life is to them a cloudless Day; they know neither the Sorrows nor Pleasures of the World.'

Amidst these pious Maidens, whose Happiness she envied, one only named *Lucilia*, seemed to her pensive and pining. *Lucilia*, still in the Bloom of her Age, had that Stile of Beauty which is the Image of a sensible Heart; but Sorrow and Tears had taken off its Freshness, like a Rose which the Sun has withered, but which leaves us still to judge, in its languishing State, of all the Beauty it had in the Morning. It seems there is a dumb Language between tender Souls. The *Marchioness* read in the Eyes of this afflicted Fair-one what no Body had perceived there before. So natural is it to the Unhappy to complain, and love their Partners in Affliction! She took a Liking to *Lucilia*. Friendship, which in the World is hardly a Sentiment, in the Cloisters is a Passion. Their Connection in a short Time became very intimate; but on both Sides a concealed Sorrow poisoned its Sweetness. They were sometimes a whole Hour fighting together, without pre-

suming to ask one another the Secret of their Griefs. The *Marchioness* at last broke the Silence.

'A mutual Confession,' said she, 'would spare us perhaps a great deal of Uneasiness: We stifle our Sighs on both Sides; ought Friendship to keep any Thing a Secret from the Breast where a mutual Friendship is found?' At these Words a modest Blush animated the Features of *Lucilia*, and the Veil of her Eye-Lids was displayed over her fine Eyes. "Ah! why," replied the *Marchioness*, 'why this Blush? Is it the Effect of Shame? It is thus that the Thought of Happiness ought to colour Beauty. Speak, my *Lucilia*; pour out your Heart into the Bosom of a Friend; more, without Doubt, to be lamented than yourself, but who would console herself for her own Unhappiness, if she could but soften your's,--' 'What is it you ask of me, Madam? I share all your Sorrows, but I have none of my own to confide to you. The Alteration of my Health is the only Cause of that Languor into which you see me plunged. I am decaying insensibly, and Thanks to Heaven, my End approaches.' She spoke these last Words with a Smile, at which the *Marchioness* was greatly affected. 'Is that then,' said she, 'your only Consolation? Impatient to die, you will not confess to me what it is that renders Life odious to you. How long have you been here?' -- 'Five Years, Madam.' -- 'Was it Compulsion brought you hither?' -- 'No, Madam, it was Reason, it

‘ was Heaven itself which was
 ‘ pleased to attract my Heart entire-
 ‘ ly to it.’— ‘ That Heart then was
 ‘ attached to the World ?’— ‘ Alas!
 ‘ yes, for its own Punishment.’—
 ‘ Finish.’— ‘ I have told you all.’—
 ‘ Were you in Love, *Lucilia*, and
 ‘ had the Fortitude to bury yourself
 ‘ alive ! Was it some perfidious
 ‘ Wretch whom you have abandon-
 ‘ ed ?’— ‘ The most virtuous, most
 ‘ tender, and most valuable of
 ‘ Mankind. Ask no more : You
 ‘ see the guilty Tears that steal from
 ‘ my Eyes ; all the Wounds of my
 ‘ Heart are opened at the Thought.’
 — ‘ No, my dear *Lucilia*, it is not
 ‘ a Time for us now to keep any
 ‘ Thing a Secret. I would pene-
 ‘ trate into the inmost Folds of your
 ‘ Soul, in order to pour Consola-
 ‘ tion into them : Believe me, the
 ‘ Poison of Grief exhales not but
 ‘ by Complaints ; shut up in Si-
 ‘ lence, it only becomes the more
 ‘ violent.’— ‘ You will have it,
 ‘ Madam ? Weep then over the un-
 ‘ fortunate *Lucilia*, weep over her
 ‘ Life, and shortly over her Death.’
 ‘ Scarce had I appeared in the
 ‘ World, when this fatal Beauty
 ‘ attracted the Eyes of a fickle and
 ‘ imprudent Youth, whose Homage
 ‘ could not dazzle me. One Man
 ‘ alone, yet in the Age of Inno-
 ‘ cence and Candour, taught me
 ‘ that I was sensible of Love. The
 ‘ Equality of our Years, Birth, For-
 ‘ tune, the Connexion also between
 ‘ our Families, and, above all, a
 ‘ mutual Inclination, had united us
 ‘ to each other. My Lover lived
 ‘ only for me : We saw with Pity
 ‘ this immense Void of the World,
 ‘ where Pleasure is only a Shadow,
 ‘ where Love is but a Gleam : Our
 ‘ Hearts full of themselves
 ‘ But I lose myself. Ah ! Madam,
 ‘ what do you now oblige me to call
 ‘ to Mind ?’— ‘ What, my Dear,
 ‘ do you reproach yourself for hav-
 ‘ ing been just ? When Heaven has
 ‘ formed two virtuous and sen-
 ‘ sible Hearts, does it make it
 ‘ criminal in them to seek each o-
 ‘ ther, to attract, to captivate reci-
 ‘ procally ? If so, why has it made
 ‘ them ?’— ‘ It formed, no Doubt,
 ‘ with Pleasure that Heart in which

‘ mine lost itself ; where Virtue
 ‘ took Place of Reason, and where I
 ‘ saw nothing that was a Reproach
 ‘ to Nature. Oh ! Madam, who
 ‘ was ever loved like me ! Would
 ‘ you believe that I was obliged to
 ‘ spare my Lover’s Delicacy even
 ‘ the Confession of those tender In-
 ‘ quietudes which sometimes afflict
 ‘ Love ? He would have deprived
 ‘ himself of Life, if *Lucilia* had
 ‘ been jealous of it. When he per-
 ‘ ceived in my Eyes any Mark of
 ‘ Sorrow, it was to him as if all
 ‘ Nature had been eclipsed : He
 ‘ supposed himself always the
 ‘ Cause, and reproached himself
 ‘ for all my Faults.

‘ It is but too easy to judge to
 ‘ what Excess the most Amiable of
 ‘ Men must have been loved. In-
 ‘ terest, which dissolves all Ties,
 ‘ except those of Love, Interest dis-
 ‘ united our Families : A fatal
 ‘ Law-Suit commenced against my
 ‘ Mother was to us the Era and
 ‘ Source of our Misfortunes. The
 ‘ mutual Hatred of our Friends
 ‘ raised itself as an eternal Barrier
 ‘ between us : We were obliged to
 ‘ give over seeing each other. The
 ‘ Letter which he wrote me will
 ‘ never be effaced out of my Me-
 ‘ mory.

‘ EVERY Thing is lost to me, my
 ‘ dear *Lucilia* : They tear from me
 ‘ my only Happiness. I am just
 ‘ come from throwing myself at
 ‘ my Father’s Feet, I am just come
 ‘ from conjuring him, bathing him
 ‘ at the same Time with my Tears,
 ‘ to give over this fatal Law-Suit.
 ‘ He received me as a Child. I
 ‘ protested to him that your For-
 ‘ tune was sacred to me, that my
 ‘ own would become odious. He
 ‘ has treated my Disinterestedness as
 ‘ a Folly. Mankind conceive not
 ‘ that there is something above
 ‘ Riches : And yet, what should I
 ‘ do with Wealth if I lose you ?
 ‘ They say that one Day I shall be
 ‘ glad they did not listen to me. If
 ‘ I believed that Age, or what they
 ‘ call Reason, could so far debase
 ‘ my Soul, I should cease to live
 ‘ from this Moment, terrified at
 ‘ what was to come. No, my dear
 ‘ *Lucilia*, no ; all I have or ask is
 ‘ your’s.

'your's. The Laws would in vain give me a Part of your Inheritance; my Laws are in my Heart, and my Father there stands condemned. A thousand Pardons for the Uneasiness he occasions you. Pray God that I offer up no criminal Wishes! I could cut off from my own Days to add to my Father's; but if ever I am Master of those Riches he is now accumulating, and with which he would overload me in Spite of myself, ample Reparation shall be made for all. But yet I am deprived of you. They will dispose, perhaps, of the Heart which you have given me. Ah! beware of ever consenting to it: Think that my Life is at Stake, think that our Oaths are written in Heaven. But can you withstand the imperious Will of a Mother? I shudder at the Thought: Speak Comfort to me, in the Name of the most tender Love.'

'You answered him, without Doubt?'—'Yes, Madam, but in very few Words.'

'I upbraid you with nothing. I am unhappy, but I know how to be so: Learn from me to suffer.'

'The Law-Suit however was begun, and carried on with heat.'

[To be continued.]

Remarkable Particulars of the LIFE of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 649.]

ABOUT this Time the Fellows of *Pembroke-Hall* presented Dr. *Ridley* to the Church of *Sabam* in the Diocese of *Norwich*; which Presentation being disputed by the Bishop, the Doctor was admitted to that Living by a Command of the King, on the fourth of May. — Three Days after a Commission was granted to the Archbishop, the Bishops of *Durham* and *Rocheſter*, Dr. *Ridley*, and six others, to examine a Cause of the Earl of *Northampton*, whose Counts had been guilty of Adultery. The Canon-Law granted a Separation, but not the Liberty of

marrying again: The Pope indeed dispensed in these Cases. The Commissioners were appointed to examine what was to be done upon the Authority of the Scriptures, and Judgment of the Primitive Christians. They were unwilling to be hasty and precipitate in a Point of this Consequence; and took more Time than agreed with the Earl's Impatience for a second Marriage. He therefore ventured to take another Wife before his Cause was determined. His Rashness and Precipitancy gave Offence: The Council separated him from his new Wife, and delivering her to the Care of the Queen-Dowager, obliged the Earl to wait the Sentence of the Commissioners; who at length, tho' not till the Beginning of the next Year, dissolved the former Marriage entirely, and gave the Liberty to both of contracting again elsewhere. — On the 7th of May in this Year, *Langland* the Bishop of *Lincoln* died; *Holbeach* the Bishop of *Rocheſter* succeeded him, and was confirmed the 20th of August. Immediately after this Dr. *Ridley* was promoted to the See of *Rocheſter*, and was consecrated 25th September, in the Chapel belonging to Dr. *May*, Dean of *St. Paul's*, in such Form and Manner as was at that Time usual in the Church of England, by Chrism, or Holy Unction, and Imposition of Hands, after an Oath, renouncing the usurped Jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff; vested according to ancient Rites, with the Robes and Inſignia belonging to his Dignity. — The Reason of mentioning these Circumstances thus particularly is, that Dr. *Brooks*, in the subsequent Reign, would not allow *Ridley* to have been a Bishop, and only degraded him from his Priest's Orders, which it is not easy to account for. For if it be said that his abjuring the Roman Pontiff invalidated his Consecration, it would in the like Manner have unbishoped *Bonner*, and every Prelate after him, who had all, not accepting *Tonſtal* and *Gardiner*, done the same.

The same Day that *Ridley* was consecrated, the Council sent Bishop *Gardiner* to the Fleet, for having

spoken and written in Prejudice and Contempt of the King's Visitation, and for refusing to set forth the Homilies and Injunctions. A few Days after, the new Bishop of *Rochester* was taken by the Archbishop, with the Bishop of *Lincoln*, Dr. *Cox*, and some others, to confer with *Gardiner* at Dr. *May's* House: They sent for him thither, and endeavoured to persuade him to comply with the Injunctions which recommended *Erasmus's* Paraphrase of the Gospels, and the new Book of Homilies. He evaded all their Reasonings and Persuasions with that Artifice & Cunning he was so much Master of; obstinately refused to comply, and was sent back to the *Fleet*, where he was detained, till the Parliament, then going to sit, broke up; which was censured as an Invasion of Liberty.

This Year *Cramer* communicated to *Latimer* those Truths with Regard to the Lord's Supper, with which *Ridley* had brought him acquainted the Year before. The idolatrous Veneration of that Sacrament in the Church of *Rome*, in worshipping the Elements, as converted into the very, substantial, and natural Body and Blood of Christ; and the extreme Reverence paid to them by the *Lutherans*, as comprehending in them the same substantial and natural Body and Blood, were now openly opposed: But the *Anabaptists*, who fled from *Germany* hither, the Extravagant among ourselves, who leap from one Extreme, over the Truth, to the other, and some *Protestants*, who confounded Truth and Error by their Scurrility, carried this Opposition so far, as to bring this Sacrament into great Contempt. Railing Bills against it were fixed upon the Doors of *St. Paul's Cathedral*, and other Places, terming it *Jack in a Box*, *The Sacrament of the Halberd*, *Round Robin*, and such like irreverent Terms. The Bishop of *Rochester*, who was as far removed from Profaneness as Superstition, set his Face strenuously against this Impiety, and publicly rebuked it in his Sermon at *St. Paul's Cross*; with great Earnestness asserting the Dignity of the Sacrament, and the Pre-

sence of Christ's Body there; reproving with great Freedom those who did irreverently behave themselves with Regard to it; bidding them to depart, as unworthy to hear the Mystery; as the *Pœnitentes*, *Audientes*, *Catechumens*, and *Energumens*, in the Primitive Times, were not admitted when the Sacrament was administered. But to the Receivers, the *Sandti*, so he explained the Presence, that he asserted, that the material Substance of the Bread did still remain, and that Christ called it his Body, Meat, and Flesh, giving it the Properties of the Thing of which it beareth the Name: Where, says our Historian, we find the same Lines of his Character continue in the Preacher, which were observed before in the Disputant, modest in proposing his Opinions to Persons whose Judgments only were mistaken, *mostly instructing those who were in Error*, but earnest and severe wherever he discovered a Fault in the Will, *boldly rebuking Vice*. Yet notwithstanding all his Care and Caution, this Sermon was afterwards very untruly and unjustly represented, as if he had asserted in it the Presence of Christ's natural Body. —We would not willingly pass a severe Judgment here, but certainly the Bishop might have expressed himself more clearly; the Ambiguity of the Sentence above left an Opening for such Representation.

The Parliament, which sat this Winter, added its Authority to the Bishop's Reproofs, and punished by Imprisonment, Fine, and Ransom, at the King's Pleasure, all irreverent Despisers and Revilers of this sacred Rite.

The next Thing of Importance we find Dr. *Ridley* concerned in, was the Reformation of the Common Prayer in the Year 1548, of which our Author has given us a full and particular Account, but too long to be introduced into this Work.

In 1549, the Bishop of *Rochester*, with the Archbishop, and several others, were put into Commission to search after *Anabaptists*, *Hereticks*, and Contemnners of the Common Prayer.

Prayer. For Complaint had been brought to the Council, that with the Strangers who were come into England, some *Anabaptists* were mingled, who were disseminating their Errors, and making Profelytes. Amongst these People was one *Joan Bocher*, commonly called *Joan of Kent*: She appearing before the Commissioners, behaved with great Obstinacy there, persisting in the Maintenance of her Error, namely, that the Son of God penetrated through the *Virgin Mary* as through a Glass, taking no Substance of her, as *Latimer* reports, who sat in the Commission. Her own Words distinguishing betwixt *Christ* and the *Word*, and betwixt the *outward* and *inward* Man of the *Virgin*; allowing the *Word* to have taken Flesh by the Consent of the *Virgin's inward* Man, but denying that *CHRIST* took Flesh of her *outward* Man, because it was sinful, are not very intelligible. She treated with Scorn all the Means made use of to recover her to a better Mind: And Sentence passed upon her, pronouncing her an Heretick, and delivering her over to the secular Arm. It is remarkable that *Ridley's* Name is not in the Sentence, but only the Names of the Archbishop, Sir *John Smith*, *William Cook*, Dean of the Arches, *Hugh Latimer*, and *Richard Lyell*, L. L. D. The King was hardly prevailed upon by *Cranmer* to sign the Warrant for her Burning: But the Archbishop distinguished betwixt Errors in other Points, and the open, scornful, rejecting an express Article of the Creed, *Born of the Virgin Mary*; thinking that these latter, always esteemed Hereticks from the first Establishment of *Christianity*, deserved not the Lenity with which others might be treated; and represented, that it betrayed an Indifference toward Religion, to neglect putting in Execution the Laws established for maintaining God's Honour, while they were diligent in those that were enacted to maintain the King's Honour, and the Peace or Property of the Subject. However, the Archbishop was not so earnest to get the Warrant executed as signed. He laboured much to

convince her, and save her from the Fire. In which charitable Office *Ridley*, when he came to London, joined: They both of them visited her; they severally took her Home with them to their own Houses, and earnestly endeavoured to recover her from her Errors; but she resisted, with great Stubbornness and Indecency, all their kind Pains to recover her. — After their unsuccessful Attempts for a whole Year, she was at last burned, May 2d, 1550, persisting obstinately in her Opinion, and behaving with great Insolence to the last. — The like Sentence was executed upon *George Van Parre*, a Dutchman, for denying the Divinity of our Saviour, which is mentioned here, though it happened not till the 25th of April 1551; on the 6th of which Month, *Ridley*, who was a Commissioner, signed the Sentence of Excommunication.

Mild and gentle, says the Writer of this Life of the Bishop, as his Nature was to every modest Enquirer, though in Error, he would not break the Laws in being, in Indulgence to obnoxious Blasphemers. But upon this it may be with the utmost Justice remarked, that it must in the Nature of Things be extremely wrong, and likely to have a very ill Effect upon the Interest of religious Liberty, an Interest which will ever be valued by wise and honest Men, to endeavour to palliate such Actions as these, (the burning of *Van Parre* and *Joan Bocher*) and to gloss them over by artificial Colourings, when it is well known they are not to be justified, and are totally inconsistent with the Spirit and Principles of *Protestantism*, as well as *Christianity*. — How much better would it be, — how much more agreeable to the Character of a *Protestant* Clergyman, — ingenuously to acknowledge, that the Principles of Liberty, and the Rights of *Christians*, were not understood in their full Extent in the Beginning of the Reformation: And that tho' they did glorious Service to the common Cause of true Religion, the very best of our Reformers did not always act in perfect Consistency with themselves? In writing the Lives of Men, we are writing the Lives of fallible

fallible and imperfect Beings; and though it be decent and right, in speaking of the Failings of worthy and excellent Characters, to treat them with great Softness and Tenderness; yet it may upon the whole perhaps be as useful sometimes to acknowledge their Failings, as well as to celebrate their Excellencies: The one are recorded for our Imitation, the other for our Admonition, and neither will be omitted by the faithful Historian. — But the Writer of this Life does more than palliate; by the Use he has made of the Terms *Blasphemy, obstinate, &c.* he seems to justify a Practice which all good Men abhor. He doubtless knows, that under the same Pretence was *Ridley* himself at last brought to Death.

(To be continued.)

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 475.

THIS MONITOR observes, That to restore Order in a State, where all has been in Confusion; Vigilance in the Public, where their Interest has been neglected, and suffers; Integrity and Probity among those, who have been long accustomed to Corruption; or to lead such into the plain Ways of Honesty and Truth, who have shewn their Dexterity and Abilities in planning and enforcing wrong and bad Measures; to suppress Faction in a Country, where most of the great Men for many Years have known no other Road to Honour and Preferments; and to reconcile Parties, when both perhaps think it their Interest to remain divided, is difficult, but not out of the Reach of Human Wisdom, nor without Example; in which we find, that as much and more than all this has been brought about by a wise and virtuous Prince, assisted with a good and faithful Council.

Henry the Fourth of *France*, blessed with a Mind nobly disposed, full of virtuous Thoughts, and tender Inclinations towards his People, reconciled two Parties, which had filled his Kingdom with Confusion

and civil War for almost forty Years. In whom was realized the Observation made of Princes by *Machiavel*. — It is an infallible Rule, says that grand Master in Politics, That a Prince who has no Wisdom of his own, can never be advised; and that good Counsels proceed rather from the Wisdom of the Prince, than the Prince's Wisdom from the Goodness of his Councils. And *Dr. Davenant* is positive, That this Observation holds truer in *England*, than perhaps in other Countries. — For 'not one Instance can be given, ' that Things have been well administered in the Realm, when ' the Sovereign was defective in ' those Abilities of the Mind, which ' are requisite for Empire.'

The Reason whereof is obvious from the Nature of our Government and its People. A free Country, and a People jealous of their Liberties, can never be satisfied, if any one Subject should engross the Prince. A Minister, without Associates in Authority, has always been unfortunate. — *Woolsey*, perhaps the ablest Man that ever had such a Station, sunk at last under the Weight of being a single Minister.

But as many must here participate, by Way of Council, in the derivative Power, it requires the greater Penetration and Wisdom in the Prince, to judge amidst these Numbers.

For Princes to be served by a Set of Men without Faults is impossible; for Man will be bad, unless he be compelled to be good by some Necessity. And this Necessity of being good must be imposed upon Ministers of State, and Counsellors, by their Sovereigns, whose chief Object and Endeavours should be to promote the Honour and Welfare of their Dominions; and to gain the Affections of their People. This is in Princes the highest, and carries along with it all the other Parts of Wisdom.

" And in a free Country, as our own, when Princes in the Beginning of their Reign, says *Dr. Davenant*, give apparent Proofs, that the public Good is the chief Object of their Thoughts,

Thoughts, and that their Measures and Designments shall still centre in the Ease and Happiness of their Subjects; it may be safely concluded, that their Hands are strong enough to wield the Scepter; that their natural Lights are sufficient; that they have attained to the Degrees of Wisdom and Knowledge, which are requisite for Empire; and that *they are fit to go out, and come in before, and judge this People, that is so great.*

“When there is a fair Prospect that Things shall be well administered, and that there is such a Court as is capable of honest Councils, Men of Fortune and Probity think it proper to make a Tender of their Service. And there can be no truer Indication of such a Disposition of a Court, than when Princes, by their general Conduct, shew that they are in no Degree so studious of enlarging their own regal Authority and Power, as they are capable to promote the Interest of their People, and anxious to advance the Honour of their Country.”

A Prince that would convince the World of his Intention to put an End to Faction, ‘is so to order Affairs,’ says Dr. Davenant, ‘that the Offices, Employments, and Dignities of the State, may be the Rewards of Merit, and not the Price of this or that Party, as it chances to get the upper Hand; because the taking away the Matter contended, which is generally Power, is one Step towards quieting Contention: And it is in some Degree removed, when they only are advanced and regarded, who strive to deserve well from the Whole, not they who think it Desert sufficient to have walked obsequiously under such and such a Banner. — To see bad Men preferred to high Trusts, has been frequently the Cause of Sedition, and in some Measure it renders the forming of Parties unavoidable; because such as are afraid of Injuries and Oppression from wicked Ministers, are forced to join together for their own Preservation. But, generally speak-

ing, all Degrees of Men think themselves safe, and acquiesce in the Recompences they see bestowed on Virtue and true Merit.’

And Ministers of State contribute very much to root out Faction, and to settle the Minds of the People, when their own Conduct is irreproachable; when it manifestly appears by all their Actions, that they take more Care of the common Interest, than to build up their own Fortunes; when they are not over greedy for themselves; when they shew no Endeavours to engross the Prince, or to confine the Royal Favour only to their own private Followers and Creatures; when they do not so much consider who are their personal Friends, as who best love, and can best serve the Public; and when they are of such a Temper, that they can, like a *Pitt* and a *Temple*, with Ease and Satisfaction quit those Posts, wherein they cannot be of Service to the Public, or which they can no longer hold with their own Honour. — Such Ministers only can cure & prevent civil Dissentions, add Strength to the Prince, and Lustre to the Court.

The *Monitor* concludes with this Observation from the same Writer: “As it is not consistent with the Safety of Princes, their Wisdom, nor indeed their Duty to God, to let their personal Kindness to private Men go so far, as to defend Ministers, who, by their Unskilfulness, Negligence, or perhaps by high Crimes, are become obnoxious to the whole People: So in such Cases heretofore, resolute, wise and virtuous Princes, have not regarded who were the Majority, but where Truth lay, and how the common Welfare might be best consulted.”

Of the Faculty of the MEMORY.

FEW, though its Use is so great, reflect what an amazing Thing the Human Memory is! This wonderful Faculty is the Repository of all our Knowledge. Without this Faculty, all Intercourse between Men

Men would cease; no Business would be carried on; nor should we retain Words, so as to be able to speak. How miserable must the Condition of Man be, if we suppose him deprived of this Power of recalling Things past, or of treasuring up new Occurrences? How shall such a one make known his Wants, when he is in the same Condition (with Respect to the Names of Things) as the Infant that has not learnt them? How shall he give Orders to his Servants? How shall he know them, or his Friends, or his Children, if he cannot recollect their Faces, and their Voices? If all Men were without Memory, all Language would be confounded, and in a little Time cease; and we should not differ from the most inadvertent and stupid Part of the mute Creation, with all our Organs of Speech in Perfection. The Mind, with this Defect, would reap little or no Advantage from our Senses; but, like the Eye, would only passively receive the Impressions from outward Objects, which it could not retain. The Eye itself would be but a mere Looking-Glass, in which the Substances that passed before it, would appear and disappear, without leaving the least Trace behind them in the Soul. Whereas, by the Help of *Memory*, past Occurrences are present to us; and we may reflect, with Satisfaction, on Happinesses we have enjoyed, or on Difficulties we have surmounted. By it we can entertain ourselves with the Conversation of an absent Friend, and even raise a deceased Relation from the Grave. This teaches us the Art of fixing the swift Current of Time; of recalling Yesterday; of viewing our Youth distinctly, at the Distance of old Age; and of entertaining our Imagination with the Pleasures of the Spring in the Depth of Winter.

Who can comprehend where our *Memory* lays up all these Things? How, when we are every Day crowding it with fresh Objects, it still presents those committed to it many Years past?

Our *Memory* is of more constant Use, and greater Extent, than we

are aware of. What an infinite Number of Names are there in every Language; to which, nevertheless, every ordinary *Memory* is sufficient? There are as many several Faces, and Voices, as Men; and yet the Mind remarks something in every one of them; which, being laid up in the *Memory*, does, upon a second View, single out this or that particular Person to us, and distinguish him from every Body else. By what Means does it keep such a Multitude of Things separate and distinct, so as not to confuse each other? How can it possibly hold such a Multitude within its narrow Compass? By what Means does it present them to us distinct and clear, when we have Occasion to seek them?

The Readiness and Faithfulness of the *Memory* is likewise very wonderful! What can be quicker than Thought? The Images pass in the Mind, in a Train of Thinking, swifter than Lightning. Our *Memory* supplies us with many Things so readily, that we hardly perceive it: It scarce takes me up a Thought, at this very Time, to determine what the several Letters must be, which compose the Words I am now writing; they drop from my Pen Letter after Letter, making up such an Order and Number of Sentences as express my Meaning; and all this, without a Thought (in a Manner) directing my Hand in the Shape of each different Word. This was at first the Effect of Art; but, through the Fidelity of *Memory*, it is become almost mechanical: It requires little more Attention of the Mind than walking, or sitting still; and is no more a Hindrance to our Application of any Sort, than the winking of an Eye is an Interruption to the Sight.

Notwithstanding the perpetual Use we all make of *Memory*, no Man knows wherein it consists, nor by what Means it retains that Multiplicity of Ideas, with which it is stored by the five Senses, and the Reflections of the Mind. We know it is by the Magic of the *Memory* that a particular articulate Sound shall raise in our Minds the Colour, Smell

Smell and Taste of an Orange. That we came by the Idea of this Fruit by our Senses at first, we understand; but how it is retained in the Memory, and how we recollect it at Pleasure, we comprehend not: And, not knowing what this Faculty depends upon, we cannot be sure before-hand that it will serve us upon any particular Occasion. No one can explain the mysterious Chain of *Reminiscence*, whereby he is able to repeat a Train of Words (consisting perhaps of many thousands) in their Order, as they stand in a Poem, which he has by Heart. We are not able to say what the getting a Thing by Heart is; and the Connection of Words and Things in the Memory, is as an inexplicable a Secret as the Cohesion of Matter in natural Philosophy.

Pythagoras, and several other ancient Philosophers, delivered all their Precepts in short Sentences, to be repeated and remembered by their Disciples, and committed none of their Doctrines to Writing. How much this Method must contribute to the Improvement of the Memory, is easy to judge: And if this Habit of remembering were more cultivated than it now is, it would more than answer the Pains. The Country Labourer, who was never bred to write or read, keeps as faithful a Debt-Book in his Memory, as his Landlord carries in his Pocket.

How far the Memory is capable of extending itself, no Person can tell, for Want of trying it to the utmost: It has reached to a surprising Degree in some. *Cæsar* used to salute all the Freemen in Rome by Name: And we read of a General, who knew every Soldier in his Army at Sight. We have it affirmed, that Monsieur *Paschal* could remember all he had read, thought, or done, from his Childhood. — A great many other remarkable Instances of this Kind might be collected.

Letter from Lady Mary W—y M—e to Mr. P—, giving an Account of the Operas and Comedies of Vienna.

VIENNA, Sept. 14.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me, for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging Concern you express for me: 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine Things you say to me for Wit and Raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never, in my Life, was half so well disposed to take you in Earnest, as I am at present; and that Distance which makes the Continuation of your Friendship improbable, has very much increased my Faith in it. I find that I have, (as well as the rest of my Sex) whatever Face I set on it, a strong Disposition to believe in Miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the Air of these popish Countries; I have, indeed, so far wandered from the Discipline of the Church of England, as to have been last Sunday at the Opera, which was performed in the Garden of the *Favorita*, and I was so much pleased with it, that I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that Kind was ever more magnificent; and I can easily believe, what I am told, that the Decorations and Habits cost the Emperor thirty thousand Pounds Sterling. The Stage was built over a very large Canal, and at the Beginning of the second Act, divided into two Parts, discovering the Water, on which there immediately came, from different Parts, two Fleets of little gilded Vessels, that gave the Representation of a Naval Fight. It is not easy to imagine the Beauty of this Scene, which I took particular Notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their Kind. The Story of the Opera is the Inchantment of *Alcina*, which gives Opportunities of great Variety of Machines and Changes of the Scenes, which are performed with a surprising Swiftness. The Theatre is so large, that 'tis hard to carry the Eye to the End of it, and the Habits in the utmost Magnificence, to the Number of one hundred and eight. No House could hold such large Decorations; but the Ladies all sitting in the open

4 Q Air,

Air, exposes them to great Inconveniences, for there is but one Canopy for the Imperial Family; and the first Night it was represented, a Shower of Rain happening, the Opera was broke off, and the Company crouded away in such Confusion, that I was almost squeezed to Death.—But if their Operas are thus delightful, their Comédies are, in as high a Degree, ridiculous. They have but one Play-House, where I had the Curiosity to go to a German Comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the Story of *Amphitruon*. As that Subject has been already handled by a *Latin*, *French*, and *English* Poet, I was curious to see what an *Austrian* Author would make of it. I understand enough of that Language to comprehend the greatest Part of it, and besides I took with me a Lady that had the Goodness to explain to me every Word. The Way is to take a Box, which holds four, for yourself and Company. The fixed Price is a Gold Ducat. I thought the House very low and dark; but I confess the Comedy admirably recompensed that Defect. I never laughed so much in my Life. It began with *Jupiter's* falling in Love out of a Peep-Hole in the Clouds, and ended with the Birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant, was the Use *Jupiter* made of his Metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the Figure of *Amphitruon*, but instead of flying to *Alcmena*, with the Raptures Mr. *Dryden* puts into his Mouth, he sends for *Amphitruon's* Taylor, and cheats him of a laced Coat, and his Banker of a Bag of Money, a Jew of a Diamond Ring, and bespeaks a great Supper in his Name; and the greatest Part of the Comedy turns upon poor *Amphitruon's* being tormented by these People for their Debts. *Mercury* uses *Sofia* in the same Manner. But I could not easily pardon the Liberty the Poet has taken of larding his Play with not only indecent Expressions, but such gross Words as I don't think our Mob would suffer from a Mountebank. Besides, the two *Sofia's* very fairly let down their Breeches

in the direct View of the Boxes, which were full of People of the first Rank, that seemed very well pleased with their Entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated Piece:—I won't trouble you with farewell Compliments; which I think generally as impertinent, as Curtisies at leaving the Room when the Visit has been too long already.

OF FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

IN former Ages, an Attention to the Dictates of Gratitude was reckoned an indispensable Part of our Duty, and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable Light than an Insensibility of Favours, or an unworthy Return where we had been in the least obliged. One particular Species of Gratitude was held inviolably sacred; and the *Romans* were so religiously punctual in the Performance of it, that they put the Offender's Life in the Power of his Benefactor, wherever they saw it transgressed.

The Instance where the *Romans* punished the Want of Gratitude with such Severity, was the Breach or Neglect of that Tenderness and Affection which was indispensably due to a Parent from a Child: That sensible People judiciously considered, that if a Man could behave with Ingratitude to a Parent that had endued him with no less a Blessing than his very Existence, he must be dead to every Sense of Obligations from any other Quarter, and fancied that a Person capable of bursting through the most sacred Ordinances of Nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of Society too. From this Principle, in the early Ages of that celebrated Republic, a Father was invested with an absolute Authority over the Lives of his Children, and he that was not a good Son, was universally looked upon as a bad Member of Society.

An ungrateful Son can scarcely ever make a good Man. The Ties subsisting between a Father and Son are of a Nature so inconceivably delicate, that he, who is capable of snapping them asunder, is

incapable

incapable of being bound either by Gratitude or Honour to any Body else.---'Tis incredible, Sir, to think the numberless Hours of Anxiety a Parent must endure before he can rear a Son to Maturity. --- 'Tis incredible to think after they have even brought him to Years of Discretion, how unceasingly solicitous they are, lest some unforeseen Calamity should blast the Harvest of their Happiness, and cut him unrelentingly off: And what does a Parent require for all this? What does he demand for the Gifts of Life, Education, and Fortune, bestowed, but that the Son will pay a little Attention to his own Interest, and treat the Hand to which he is so eminently obliged, with Tenderness and Respect.

The natural Credibility of a future State.

IN Order to establish our Minds in the sublime Faith and Hope of a Life to come, and a State of Immortality, on the surest & largest Foundations; it is requisite to raise and enlarge, as much as possible, our Apprehensions of the Grandeur and Excellence of the Works and Designs of Almighty God.

Before the *Breath of Life* inspired our first Progenitor, *before the Mountains were brought forth, or the Soil of the Earth was formed*, before the Rivers flowed, and the Ocean filled the spacious Cavities of the Earth, *from Everlasting there was GOD*; the first and only Potentate, who holds Immortality, Life, and Existence, in Himself; who is all, yet separate from all; who pervades and supports every Thing; who connects the remotest Parts of Eternity and Immenity; who is the Life of all that live, the Existence of whatsoever exists; whose Wisdom, Goodness, and Power were without a Beginning, the same in the past Eternity, and will be the same without End.

In revolving backwards the interminable Series of Ages past, before this World was made, can we ever come to a Period when there were no Creatures existing, nothing but

the sole self-sufficient Deity? Were there not always Worlds and Systems without Number, peopled with Myriads of intelligent Beings, beholding the Glory and rejoicing in the Goodness of their Creator? --- Could Infinite Wisdom ever exist with no Designs in Execution? --- Could Almighty Power ever lie dormant and inactive? Could exuberant Goodness ever be barren and unprofitable? And the Fountain of all Life and Good send forth no Stream of Beneficence? --- When we lift up our Eyes to the Heavens, and view the sublime Regions of the Worlds above, we behold something of the Glory of God: The Scene is indeed vast and magnificent, beyond the Strength of Human Imagination: In contemplating which, we wonder with a childish Ignorance and Incapacity; we guess a little, understand less, and fully comprehend nothing. Yet this Prospect, though inconceivably great, is but a little Scene in Comparison of what hath been, is now, and ever shall be, in boundless Ages and Spaces. The Works of Almighty God are now, ever were, and ever will be, adequate to the inexhaustible Plentitude and absolute Perfection of his own Nature.

But if the Power, the Wisdom, and the Goodness of Deity, never were, in any Age of past Eternity, inactive or unbeneficent; it follows, that there may be exalted Spirits now existing in a glorious State, who are not of Yesterday like ourselves; but who have been for Millions of Ages, and who may not be able themselves to trace back their own Existence, through so vast Antiquity, to the remote Beginning; who nevertheless may at first have inhabited a World, and animated Bodies similar to our own; and having acquired Virtue and passed the Trials of Life and Death, became the proper Objects of Divine Favour, and arose to Glory and Immortality.--What shall be, may have been, what hath been may be hereafter. And no Angel, no created Spirit, but God alone knows all his own Works and Designs from Everlasting to Everlasting.

Inconceivable Revolutions have taken Effect in remote Ages. One World or System hath still succeeded to the Ruin of a former, before this World had a Beginning. And how great and wondrous was the Change, when from the Decay and Dissolution of an old World this new World was raised! — When the Spirit of GOD first moved the enormous confused Mass, separated the Elements, and disposed every Part to its proper Place: — When GOD said, *let there be Light*; and Light shone upon the dark Surface of the Earth: — *Let there be living Creatures to replenish the Earth*; and they were: — *Let Man be made*; and Man was made in the Image of GOD, bearing, in his spiritual Nature, some Similitude of the infinite eternal Spirit, who made him.

If such and so great and astonishing the Effects of Divine Power and Goodness in Ages past; why shall not equal Events come to pass hereafter? — *Why should it be thought incredible that GOD should raise the Dead?* — When we consider, that Power, which commanded the Light to exist, gave Form and Motion to the vast Orbs of Heaven, and Life to every living Creature; — *that Wisdom*, which by unknown Springs directs all the Revolutions of the material System, and by invisible Chains connects the remotest Parts of the visible Creation, and forms the Bodies and Souls of Men with unsearchable Skill; — *that Goodness*, which is, the Source of all Joy and Happiness, which hath given the Earth to the Sons of Men for their present Use and Pleasure, and makes Earth and Heaven conspire to their Support and Delight; — what Effects may not be expected in Ages to come and Worlds invisible, from such unlimited Power, Wisdom and Goodness? —

(To be continued.)

The Benefit that may be reaped from Horse-Stale, &c. as a Manure.

A Keeper of a considerable Inn in the great North Road commu-

nicates the following Particulars relative to a pretty large Farm that he keeps in his own Hands.

He never uses Yard-Dung, which always contains numberless Seeds of Weeds; his Land, therefore, is remarkably clean.

He has laid Drains from all his Stables, his Cow-House & Kitchen, into a large Reservoir sunk and bricked, in which he has fixed a good Pump.

In this Reservoir he preserves the Horse-Stale, Pot-Liquor, Brine, and Chamber-Lye made in his House, Stables, and Yard.

This Compost used with Caution is his best Manure.

The Caution necessary he thus describes: Fill the Water-Cart half full with Pond-Water; then fill it quite from the Pump fixed in the Reservoir. Sprinkle this on the Ground immediately after Christmas for Grass, and compleat the Dressing before the End of February.

For Wheat use this Manure in April, for Barley in May. To sprinkle the Ground with this Mixture, fix at the Tail of the Water-Cart two Leathern Pipes about four Feet long, at the End of which fasten a Tin Rose, like that used in watering Pots; fasten these Roses to the two Ends of a stout Stick, so as to keep them half a Yard asunder; to the Middle of this Stick tie one End of a strong Line, about two Yards. When the Cart is brought into the Field, the Horses must move in a strait Line, and a Boy behind the Cart must, by Means of the String, keep swaying the Roses from Side to Side, by which the Land will be sprinkled at least twice the Width of the Watering-Cart; so that the Land is less trodden by half than if a watering Tunk was fixed at the Tail, which could only sprinkle a Stripe equal to the Width of the Cart.

This Method produces great Crops, and a considerable Gain also arises by Sale of the Yard-Dung.

This Person says, that he derives equal Benefit from this Contrivance in a Kitchen-Garden, where he never

never uses any Yard - Dung, but when it is trenched and thrown up in Winter, gives it a good Dressing with this Manure: His Onions come sooner, and are larger and sweeter than any other Onions except *Spanish*; his Cabbages, Beans, and Pease are better, and the Plants in his Asparagus Beds appear earlier, and the Heads are larger and better tasted than any that are produced in the common Way.

It is also of great Benefit to Fruit-Trees, but then it must be full three Parts Water, except for Vines, which will bear it without any Mixture of Water at all.

Recipe for curing chapp'd Lips.

TAKE Tutty and the Oil of Eggs well mixed together, and rub the Lips therewith, after washing them with Barley-Water or Plantain-Water.

Some People affirm there is nothing so good in such Cases as the Grease that comes out of the Wooden Ladles that are used in Kitchens, when they are put before the Fire.

Recipe for curing the Tooth-Ach.

THE Root of yellow Water Flower de Luce rubbed on the Tooth which is painful, or chewed in the Mouth, in an Instant, drives away the Pain of the Teeth, arising from what Cause soever.

The true Method of extracting the Virtue of Hops in Brewing.

THE usual Method, is to put in Hops without any Preparation into the strong Beer, or Ale Wort; The Consequence is, that the richer & better the Wort is, the less it will partake of the Essence of the Hop. The rich fat Wort sheathes up the Pores of the Hop, and, as it were, embalms the Leaves, so that the Beer, or Ale Wort, can extract scarcely any Part of the necessary Quality of the Hop: But when it is put into the small Beer Wort, a Fluid of a more thin Nature, then the Pores are un-sheathed, and the small Beer is rendered too bitter. Therefore the

Hops, before they are put into the strong Drink, should be previously soaked in a Pail or two of hot Water. To confirm the Truth of this Observation, take a Quarter of an Ounce of the best Green Tea, and instead of pouring on it simple boiling Water, let the Water have the same Quantity of Sugar boiled in it that would be necessary to sweeten so much Tea when made, and you will find that the Sweetness of the Water will prevent its extracting the grateful bitter Flavour of the Tea.

An Account of a very extraordinary Sight in a subterraneous Vault at Palermo in Sicily.

MD'Orville in his curious Account of Sicily, lately published, says, "A Sight which struck him extremely was the subterraneous Vault of the Capuchins near the Harbour of Palermo. On entering it one instantly sees with Horror above One Thousand dead Bodies dried up and fixed either to the Walls or in the Niches of that dreadful Cemetery. All these Skeletons are clothed in Grey, like the Fathers of the Convent, though they admit the Dead of all Ranks, as well those who are ambitious of that Honour as those to whom it becomes a Disgrace. The Attitudes of the latter are various, like the Punishments of which they were worthy. Here is a Figure, which crowned with Thorns, seems to have been torn in Pieces by them. There is another which bends under the Weight of an enormous Cross. Others have a Rope round the Neck; one thinks one can read in their Countenances the Torments which they have suffered. But what makes an Admittance after Death into this frightful Society so desirable, is the Reputation of the Sanctity of these good Fathers; and their Readiness to perform miraculous Cures, of which our Author had the Satisfaction to see the Farce. Besides, many of these Spectres begin to be thought Prodigies; and upon the Whole, great Pains are taken to make the devout Multitude believe that the Preservation

vation of these Carcasses is itself a Miracle much superior to the Powers of Nature, and of Art. It is nevertheless well known, that in many subterraneous Places the Nature of the Ground alone, by Means of some Precautions, effects this pretended Prodigy: Witness the Caverns of *Toulouse*, and of *Cremona*, and especially those of the *Capuchins* of *St. Ephraim* at *Naples*. *M. D'Orville* had been there, and he informs us that instead of drying them, (as they do) and preparing their Skeletons with Lime, the *Capuchins* of *Palermo* are contented with hanging for a Year in some little Caves, inaccessible to the Air, the Corpses of those who are destined to the Honour of figuring in this grand Assembly, which represents the Dominions of Death and the Shades.

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

THE Promises of Hope are sweeter than Roses in the Bud, and far more flattering to Expectation: But the Threatenings of Fear are a Terror to the Heart.

Nevertheless, let not Hope allure, nor Fear deter thee, from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all Events with an equal Mind.

The Terrors even of Death are no Terrors to the Good: Restrain thy Hand from Evil, and thy Soul shall have nothing to fear.

In all thy Undertakings let a reasonable Assurance animate thy Endeavours: If thou despairest of Success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy Soul with vain Fears, neither let thy Heart sink within thee from the Phantoms of Imagination.

From Fear proceedeth Misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the Ostrich, when pursued, hideth his Head, but forgetteth his Body; so the Fears of a Coward expose him to Danger.

If thou believest a Thing impossible, thy Despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all Difficulties.

A vain Hope flattereth the Heart of a Fool; but he that is wise, pursueth it not.

In all thy Desires, let Reason go along with thee, and fix not thy Hopes beyond the Bounds of Probability; so shall Success attend thy Undertakings, and thy Heart shall not be vexed with Disappointments.

DEATH *strangely prevented.*

IN the History of *Muscovy*, published by the Ambassador *Demetrius*, we read the memorable Fortune of a Country Peasant. This Man seeking for Honey, got into a hollow Tree, where was such a Plenty of it, that it sucked him up to the Breast; and being unable to get out, he had lived two Days upon Honey only, and finding his Voice could not be heard in that solitary Wood, despaired of freeing himself from this sweet Captivity. A huge Bear came to the same Tree to eat Honey, of which these Beasts are very greedy, and descending with his hinder Parts foremost, the poor Fellow caught hold of his Loins: The Bear, terribly frightened, laboured with all his Might to get out, and so drew the Peasant from his sweet Prison, which otherwise had proved his Grave.

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

The SPLENETICK: A TALE.

YOUR sage and moralist can show,
Many misfortunes here below,
A truth which no one ever mist,
Tho' neither sage nor moralist:
Yet, all the troubles notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,

Fools to themselves will more create
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen
Tortur'd with vapours and with spleen;
Transform'd (at least in their own eyes)
To glass or china, or goose-pics.
Other will to themselves appear
Stone dead, as *Will* the conqueror,

And

And all the world in vain might strive
To face them down that they're alive.
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down;
As fearing, that to ease their pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlayne*.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely for want of real woe;
And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities,
Are every hour and every minute,
Found without *Bedlam* as within it.

• Which if you farther would have shown,
And leisure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman posselt
Of all that mortals reckon best:
A seat well chose, in wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair:
His land from debt and jointure free,
His money never in *South Sea*;
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' past the hey-day of his blood:
His comfort fair, and good, and kind;
His children rising to his mind:
His friends ingenious and sincere,
His honour, nay his conscience clear;
He wanted nought of human blifs,
But power to taste his happiness.

Too near, alas! this great man's hall,

A merry cobbler had a stall;
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Chearful at working as at play,
He sung and whistled life away:
When rising morning glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high;
When ev'ning shades the landkip veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale.
Tho' pence came slow, and trading ill,
Yet still he laugh'd, and whistled still.
Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd, and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd, with discontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment,
With envy grudge'd, and pin'd to see,
A beggar happier than he;
And by degrees, to hate began
Th' intolerable happy man,
Who haunted him like any sprite
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd, when once in bed he lay,
When dreams are true, at break of day,
He heard the cobbler at his sport,
Amid his music, stopping short:
Whether his morning-draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,
The 'quire suspected, being threw'd,
This silence boded him no good;
And 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A *Machiavilian* plot he fear'd.
Strait, circumstances crowded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain:
Trembling in panic dread he lies,
With gaping mouth and staring eyes,

And straining wistful both his ears.
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the stairs,
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who, with a running jump he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his stall,
Last, ends, and hammer, strap, and awl:
No sooner down, than with a jerk,
He fell to music and to work.
If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outside of his door;
How sorely must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his breast!
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pains imaginary feels;
Catches and scraps of tunes he hears
For ever ringing in his ears;
Ill-favour'd smells his nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten cheefe;
He feels him when he draws his breath,
Or tugs the leather with his teeth;
Or beats the sole, or else extends
His arms to th' utmost of his ends,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The ribs of any mortal side.
Is there no method then to fly
This vile intestine enemy?

What can be done in such condition,
But sending instant for physician?

The doctor having heard the case,
Burst into laughter in his face;
Told him, he need no more than rise,
Open his windows, and his eyes,
Whistling and stitching there to see
The cobbler as he us'd to be.
Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses:
How should I rise? The heavy brute
Will hardly let me wag a foot:
Tho' feeling for belief may go,
Yet feeling is the truth you know;
I feel him in my sides I tell ye;
Had you a cobbler in your belly,
You scarce would steer as now you do,
I doubt your guts would grumble too.
Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly could I stir:
Thou quack, thou never hadst degree
In either university;
Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge;
Thou shame and scandal of the college.
I'll call my servants, if you stay,
So doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal skill, and greater fame;
Who swore him mad as a *March* hare,
(For doctors, when provok'd, will swear)
To drive such whimsies from his pate,
He dragg'd him to the window strait.
But jilting fortune can devise,
To baffle and out-wit the wife:

The

The cobbler e'er expos'd to view,
 Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
 Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
 To sit in *fresco* in his shirt.
 Ah, quoth the patient, with a sigh,
 You know him not, so well as I;
 The man who down my throat is run,
 Has got a true blue jerkin on.
 In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore;
 Told him he might believe as well
 The giant of *Pantagruel*
 Did oft, as break his fast or sup,
 For poach'd eggs swallow windmills up;
 Or that the *Holland* dame could bear,
 A child for ev'ry day o' th' year.
 The vapour'd dotard, grave and sly,
 Mistook for truth each rapping lie;
 And drew conclusions such as these,
 Resistless from the premises.

I hope, my friends, you'll grant me, all
 A windmill's bigger than a stall:
 And since the lady brought alive
 Children, three hundred sixty five,
 Why should you think there is not room
 For one poor cobbler in my womb?
 Thus ev'ry thing his friends could say
 The more confirm'd him in his way.
 Farther convinc'd by what they tell,
 'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
 Was grown, and almost desperate;
 Yet still the utmost bent to try,
 Without more help he would not die.
 An old physician sly and shrew'd,
 With management of face endow'd,
 Heard all his tale; and ask'd with care,
 How long the cobbler had been there?
 Noted distinctly what he said;
 Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,
 And grave accosts him on this fashion,
 After mature deliberation,
 With serious and important face,
 Sir, your's is an uncommon case;
 Tho' I've read *Galen's* Latin o'er,
 I never met with it before;
 Nor have I found the like disease
 In stories of *Hippocrates*.
 Then (after a convenient stay)
 Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
 My life for yours, I'll set you free
 From this same two-leg'd tympany.
 'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure
 Of fam'd worm powder of *John Moor*;
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether vent:
 But then your throat you know is wide,
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd:
 The same way he got in, 'tis plain
 There's room to fetch him out again:
 I'll bring the forked worm away
 Without a *Dysenteria*.
 Emetics strong will do the feat,
 If taken, *quantum sufficit*:

I'll see myself the proper dose,
 And then hypnoticks to compose.
 The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,
 Cries, What so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do.

The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 And not his doublet to forget.
 And first, the operator wife
 Over the sight a bandage ties;
 For vomits always strain the eyes.
 Courage! I'll make you disemogue,
 Spite of his teeth th' unlucky rogue;
 I'll drench the rascal, never fear,
 And bring him up, or drown him there.
 Warm water down he makes him pour,
 Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more;
 Which doubly swol'n, as you may think,
 Both with the cobbler and the drink,
 What they receiv'd against the grain,
 Soon paid with Int'rest back again.
 Here comes his tools, he can't be long
 Without his hammer and his thong.
 The cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
 And gravely carried on the joke;
 As he heard nam'd each single matter,
 He chuck'd it, soufe, into the water;
 And then, not to be seen as yet,
 Behind the door made his retreat.

The sick man now takes breath awhile,
 Strength to recruit for farther toil:
 Unblinded, he with joyful eyes,
 The tackle floating there espies;
 Fully convinc'd within his mind,
 The cobbler could not stay behind,
 Who to the ale-house still would go
 Whene'er he wanted work to do:
 Nor could he like his present place,
 He ne'er lov'd water in his days.

At length he takes a second bout,
 Enough to turn him inside out;
 With vehemence so sore he strains,
 As would have split another's brains.
 Ay, here the cobbler comes, I swear;
 And truth it was, for he was there,
 And like a rude ill-manner'd clown,
 Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
 The patient, now grown wondrous light,
 Whipt off the napkin from his sight,
 Briskly lift up his head, and knew
 The breeches and the jerkin's hue;
 And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
 As down the stairs he ran his way,
 He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
 And jump down open throats no more;
 No, while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
 Run, like the fox, down the red lane.

Our patient, thus his inmate gone,
 Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
 Joyful his gratitude expresses,
 With thousand thanks, & hundred pieces:
 And thus with much of pains and cost,
 Regain'd the health he never lost.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, October 13, 1764.



PLEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest Blazes of Gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected Sparks.

The Flowers which scatter their Odours from Time to Time in the Paths of Life, grow up without Culture from Seeds scattered by Chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a Scheme of Merriment; for Merriment is always the Effect of a sudden Impression. The Jest which is expected, is always destroyed. The most active Imagination will be sometimes torpid, under the frigid Influence of Melancholy; and sometimes Occasions will be wanting to tempt the Mind, however volatile, to sallies and Excursions. Nothing was ever said with uncommon Felicity, but by the Co-operation of Chance; and therefore Wit, as well as Valour, must be content to share its Honours with Fortune.

All other Pleasures are equally uncertain: The general Remedy of Uneasiness is Change of Place: Almost every one has some Journey of Pleasure in his Mind, with which he flatters his Expectation. He that travels in Theory, has no Inconveniencies; he has Shade and Sun-shine at his Disposal; and, wherever he alights, finds Tables of Plenty, and Looks of Gaiety. These Ideas are indulged till the Day of Departure arrives, the Chaise is called, and the Progress of Happiness begins.

A few Miles teach him the Fallacies of Imagination. The Road is

dusty, the Air is sultry, the Horses are sluggish, and the Postilion brutal. He longs for the Time of Dinner, that he may eat and rest. The Inn is crowded, his Orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in Haste what the Cook has spoiled, and drive on in Quest of better Entertainment. He finds at Night a more commodious House, but the best is always worse than he expected.

He at last enters his native Province, and resolves to feast his Mind with the Conversation of his old Friends, and the Recollection of juvenile Frolicks. He stops at the House of his Friend, whom he designs to overpower with Pleasure by the unexpected Interview. He is not known till he tells his Name, and revives the Memory of himself by a gradual Explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another whom his Affairs have call'd to a distant Place; and having seen the empty House, goes away disgusted, by a Disappointment which could not be intended, because it could not be foreseen. At the next House he finds every Face clouded with Misfortune, and is regarded with Malevolence as an unreasonable Intruder, who comes not to visit, but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either Men or Places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a Prospect upon his Fancy, will receive little Pleasure from his Eyes: He that has anticipated the Conversation of a Wit, will wonder to what Prejudice he owes his Reputation.

Yet it is necessary to hope, though Hope should always be deluded; for Hope itself is Happiness, and its Frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its Extinction.

From the LONDON CHRONICLE.

A true Standard for judging of the Wisdom of a Government, and of its Regard for the Welfare of the People.

THE Wisdom of every Government is easily to be estimated by the Consistence of its Laws, and its Regard for the Welfare of the People is as easily to be judged of by the Goodness of their Tendency. These are the invariable Criteria for regulating our Sentiments concerning every Administration; and by these I beg Leave to say two or three Words relative to the System of Government at present apparently adopted by our Ministers.

Our Ancestors, by a positive Act of Parliament, which I fancy was never yet repealed, ordained every Thing enacted contrary in the least to the express Sense of *Magna Charta*, to be void and ineffectual of Course. By this *Magna Charta* we all of us are sensible, no Subject is to be deprived of his Liberty, or dispossessed of his Property, without being found guilty by his Peers, or condemned by the absolute Law of the Land. This being the Case, I shall take the Liberty of asking the most jesuitical Reasoner of the Court, how we are to behave in Relation to the late Extension of the Excise. Are we to look upon it as superior to the fundamental Principles of our Constitution? And are we to suppose a Parliament invested with a Power of subverting, under any Pretence whatsoever, the very *Magna Charta* to which they are indebted for their own Existence and Authority?

The People of *Great-Britain*, by some unaccountable Infatuation, are not at all apprehensive of the Ruin with which they are encompassed: 'Tis true, they look upon the Excise Act as a very disagreeable In-

fringement on the Principles of the Constitution; but they do not seem to consider, that by the smallest Infringement that Constitution is UTTERLY destroyed.

My Lord *Coke* tells us, that it has been above thirty Times an adjudged Case, to declare an Act of Parliament void, that broke in upon the *Magna Charta*; and the Chief Justice *Holt*, in Queen *Anne's* Time, when the Affair of the *Aylesbury* Election was on the Tapis, publicly gave it as his Opinion, that a Court of Judicature ought not to pay the least Obedience to an Act, nor consider it in any Manner as Law, when it trampled upon that very Foundation upon which all our Laws were erected: That sensible Magistrate could by no Means conceive, Sir, how a Parliament should legally claim a Privilege of being illegal, or justly pervert a Power which they received from the Constitution, to the destroying of the very Constitution itself.

From the Consistency, therefore, of this extraordinary Act, which has made so great an Extension of the Excise Laws, the Wisdom of Government may be immediately estimated; and, from the Utility of its Tendency, we may likewise form an instant Opinion of their Solicitude for our Interest.

The Two UNFORTUNATE LADIES:

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 659.]

“ONE Day, alas! one terrible Day, while my Mother was reading with Indignation a Memorial published against her, some Body asked to speak with me. “Who is it?” said she; “let them come in.” The Servant, confounded, hesitates for some Time, stammers in his Answers, and ends by confessing that he was charged with a Billet to me. “For my Daughter!” and from “whom?” I was present; judge of my Situation; judge of the Indignation of my Mother, when she heard named the Son of the Person whom she called her Persecutor.

“secutor. If she had vouchsafed to read the Billet, which she sent back without opening, perhaps she had been moved by it. She would have seen, at least, that nothing in the World was purer than our Sentiments: But whether the Vexation into which this Law-Suit had plunged her, required only an Opportunity to vent itself, or that a secret Correspondence between her Daughter and her Enemies was in her Eyes a real Crime, there are no Reproaches with which I was not loaded. I fell down confounded at my Mother’s feet, and submitted to the Humiliation of her Upbraidings, as if I had deserved them. It was determined on the Spot, that I should go and conceal in a Cloister what she called my Shame and her own. Being brought here the Day after, Orders were given not to suffer me to see any Body; and I was here three whole Months, as if my Family and the World had been entirely annihilated to me. The first and only Visit I received was my Mother’s: I prefaged from her Embraces the Sentence she was going to pronounce. “I am ruined,” said she to me, as soon as we were alone: “Iniquity has prevailed; I have lost my Law-Suit, and, with it, all Means of establishing you in the World. Scarce enough remains for my Son to support himself according to his Birth. As to you, my Daughter, God has called you here; here you must live and die: To-morrow you take the Veil.” At these Words, which were strengthened by the cold and absolute Tone in which they were pronounced, my Heart was struck, and my Tongue was frozen; my Knees gave Way beneath me, and I fell senseless on the Ground. My Mother called for Assistance, and laid hold of that Opportunity to withdraw herself from my Tears. When I was come to myself again, I found myself surrounded with those pious Damsels, whose Companion I was to be, and who invited me to partake with them the sweet Tran-

quility of their Condition. But that State, so fortunate for an innocent and disengaged Soul, presented to my Eyes nothing but Struggles, Perjuries, and Remorse. A dreadful Abyss was going to be opened betwixt my Lover and me; I saw no longer any Thing around me but Silence and Vacuity; and in this immense Solitude, in this Renunciation of all Nature, I found myself in the Presence of Heaven, with my Heart full of the lovely Object, which it was necessary I should forget for its Sake. These holy Damsels told me, with the strongest Conviction, all that they knew of the Vanities of the World; but it was not to the World that I was attached: The most horrible Desert would have been to me a ravishing Abode, with the Man whom I had left in that World which to me was nothing.

I desired to see my Mother again: She pretended at first to have taken my swooning for a natural Accident. “No, Madam, it is the Effect of the violent Situation into which you have thrown me; for it is no longer Time to feign. You have given me Life, you may take it from me; but, my Mother, have you conceived me only as a Victim, devoted to the Torment of a lingering Death? And to whom is it you sacrifice me? It is not to God: I feel that he rejects me: The Almighty demands only Victims that are pure, voluntary Sacrifices; he is jealous of the Offerings that are made him, and the Heart which presents itself to him, ought from thenceforward to be his alone. If Violence brings me to the Altar, Perjury and Sacrilege attend me there.”—“What say you, wretched Girl?”—“A terrible Truth, which Despair forces from me: Yes, Madam, my Heart has given itself away without your Consent; innocent or culpable, it is no longer mine; God only can break the Band by which it is tied.”—“Go, unworthy Daughter, go and ruin yourself: I know you no more.”—

My Mother, by your own Blood,
 abandon me not; see my Tears,
 my Despair; see Hell open at my
 Feet.--- 'Is it in this Light then
 that a fatal Passion makes thee
 view the Asylum of Honour, the
 tranquil Port of Innocence?
 What is there then but the
 World in thy Eyes? Know, how-
 ever, that this World has but one
 Idol, *Interest*. All our Homages
 are for the Successful: Oblivion,
 Desertion, and Contempt, are the
 Portion of the Unfortunate.'

'Ah! Madam, separate from
 that corrupt Multitude the Man
 ---Whom I love, is it not so? I
 know all that he can have said to
 you: He is no Accomplice in the
 Iniquity of his Father; he dis-
 claims it; he complains to you
 of it; he will repair the Injury
 done you. Vain Promises, the
 fine Speeches of a young Man,
 which will be forgot To-morrow.
 But were he constant in his Pas-
 sion, and faithful in his Promises,
 his Father is young; he will
 grow old, for the Wicked grow
 old; and in the mean Time Love
 becomes extinct, *AMBITION*
 prompts, Duty commands; Rank,
 Alliance, Fortune, present them-
 selves to him; and the credu-
 lous, beguiled Maid, becomes the
 public Talk. Such is the Lot
 that awaited you: Your Mother
 has preserved you from it. I now
 cost you some Tears, but you
 will one Day bless me for it. I
 leave you, my Daughter: Pre-
 pare yourself for the Sacrifice
 which *GOD* requires of you.
 The more painful this Sacrifice is,
 the more worthy also will it be of
 him. What shall I say to you, Ma-
 dam? I was obliged to resolve. I
 took this Veil, this Bandage; I
 entered into the Path of Peni-
 tence; and during the Time of
 Probation, in which we are yet
 free, I flattered myself with the
 Hopes of subduing myself, and I
 attributed my Irresolution and
 Weakness solely to the fatal Li-
 berty of having it in my Power
 to return. I thought the Time
 long till I could bind myself by

an irrevocable Oath. I took that
 Oath: I renounced the World;
 an easy Matter. But, alas! I
 renounced also my Lover, and
 that was to me more than re-
 nouncing my Life. On pro-
 nouncing those Vows, my Soul
 fluttered on my Lips, as if ready
 to leave me. Scarce had I Strength
 enough to drag me to the Foot of
 the Altar; whence they were
 obliged to carry me away as dead.
 My Mother came to me tran-
 sported with a cruel Joy. Pardon
 me, my *GOD*: I respect, I love
 her still; I will love her to my
 last Gasps.' These Words of *Lu-
 cilia* were interrupted by Sighs, and
 two Rivulets of Tears overflowed
 her Face. The Sacrifice was completed,
 resumed she after a long Silence:
 I was the Almighty; I was no
 longer my own. All sensual Ties
 were now to be broken: I was
 become dead to the Earth; I pre-
 sumed to believe it. But what
 was my Terror, on searching into
 the Abyss of my own Soul! I
 there still found Love, but a fran-
 tic and criminal Love, Love cov-
 ered with Shame and Despair,
 Love rebelling against Heaven,
 against Nature, against myself;
 Love consumed by Regret, torn
 with Remorse, and transformed
 into Rage. 'What have I done!'
 cried I to myself a thousand Times,
 what have I done! This adored
 Man, whom I must see no more;
 presents himself to my Imagina-
 tion in all his Charms: The happy
 Knot which was to have made us
 one, all the Moments of a deli-
 cious Life, all the Emotions of two
 Hearts which Death alone would
 have separated, presented them-
 selves to my distracted Soul. Ah!
 Madam, how grievous was the
 Image! There is nothing which I
 have not done, in order to blot it
 from my Memory. For these five
 Years past have I by Turns ban-
 nished it from my Sight, and seen
 it recur again without ceasing. In
 vain do I sink myself in Sleep,
 which only revives it in my Mind;
 in vain do I abstract myself in So-
 litude where it awaits me; I find

it again at the Foot of the Altar ;
I bear it into the Bosom of GOD
Himself. Mean Time that GOD,
who abounds in Clemency, has at
length taken Pity of me. Time,
Reason, Penance, have weakened
the first Shocks of this criminal
Passion ; but a painful Languor
has taken their Place. I feel my-
self dying every Moment, and the
Thought that I am drawing near
to my Grave is the only Pleasure
I now enjoy.

Oh ! my dear *Lucilia*, cried the
MARCHIONESS, after hearing her,
which of us is the most to be pi-
tied ? Love has been the Cause
both of your Misfortunes and
mine : But you loved the tender-
est, the most faithful, the most
grateful of Men ; and I the most
perfidious, the most ungrateful,
the most cruel that ever was. You
devoted yourself to Heaven ; I
delivered myself up to a Villain :
Your Retreat was a Triumph ;
mine is a Reproach : People la-
ment you, love you, respect you ;
but me they revile and traduce.

[To be continued.]

The natural Credibility of a future
State.

[Continued from Page 668.]

AFTER appealing to the primeval
Revolutions of remote Anti-
quity, and arguing from the origi-
nal Formation of this visible World
for the Credibility of another invi-
sible, let us consult the present Ap-
pearances and Operations in Na-
ture ; and if we can find any, which
are equal or similar to a Resurrection
of the Dead, this may remove Diffi-
culties, and facilitate our Belief of
that important Doctrine.

The Rise of every successive Gen-
eration of Men upon the Earth,
may be termed, not improperly, a
continual Resurrection of Human
Nature. We believe without any
Doubt, that Multitudes of Men
shall be produced into Life, and
inhabit the Earth in Ages to come ;
though they are, at present, not only
invisible, but not in Existence. It is

but a short Period since the present
Generation came into Being ; since
the creative, omnipotent Power of
GOD, raised us from nothing, to
enjoy the present Life, and see the
Light of his glorious Works. And
is he not every Moment producing
Human Souls into Being and Life,
to replenish the Loss of those who
are removed from the Earth ?—And
certainly the continual Production
of Souls from Non-Existence into this
Life and World, is a Divine Opera-
tion, similar and equally powerful to
the raising them from Death to an-
other Life and World.

Let us observe the Revolutions
of the heavenly Bodies, when they
seem to descend into the lower
Regions, yet rise again at their ap-
pointed Period.—Let us attend to
the declining Season of the Year,
and the following Resurrection of the
Spring. The Trees of the Forest
drop their Leaves : Every Plant
languishes and sickens ; and the
cold Hand of Winter benumbs and
deadens the vegetable World, till
the appointed Period of the revol-
ving Year arrives ; and then, how is
the Face of the Earth renewed, and
all the vegetable Tribes receive
fresh Life, at the Return of the
great Fountain of vital Heat !—If
GOD hath given to the Sun such
reviving Power over the Plants of
the Earth ; how much more may his
own most glorious Power restore Life
to the decaying and dying Genera-
tions of Men.

Let us mark the diminutive Crea-
tures which at first subsist in a torpid
State, scarce half alive ; then with
active Limbs traverse the Clods of
Earth, then seem to die, yet revive,
and with new acquired Wings
mount up into the airy Regions.

Let us examine the dissolving Bo-
dies upon the Earth, and trace the
separated Parts through the several
Changes and Migrations ; and we
shall find that not an Atom perishes,
that every Particle still subsists, and
has only changed its Place and Form.
If then the minutest Parts of dead
Matter are still preserved, and ne-
ver annihilated, is not the sensitive
intelligent Soul of Man more wor-
thy of Preservation ?—And may it not

not

not subsist after Death, though in a different Manner and State, and with an Accession of new Faculties?—Or shall the *Soul alone*, that Particle of Divine Breath, that living Image of the ever-living Spirit of GOD, *perish*, whilst every Part of the Body remains in Being, though so much changed in Situation and Form?

Finally, let us consider how *Sleep*, that *Image of Death*, pervades the Human Frame; and in soft, yet strong Chains, binds up the Soul of Man, and suspends its Faculties; yet in a Moment, *in the twinkling of an Eye*, the Bands are burst, and the *Soul rises* to wakeful and active Life.—May not the Bands of Death be loosed in like Manner?—To die is but to *sleep*, the softest, soundest Repose; free from every mortal Care, Fear, Trouble, and Pain: *Then the Weary are at their full Rest*.—And when they have rested their appointed Period, shall rise with new Vigour and Activity.

From such Views of the actual Process of Divine Wisdom in Nature, may not a rational Hope arise, that Death is no other than the Birth of a Life to come; and that the Grave shall yield an immortal Offspring, born to possess a World of eternal Light?—Is there any Thing impossible or *unnatural* in this Doctrine?—On the contrary, are we not led to the Conception and Belief of it, from what we already know and experience of the Divine Operations?—If the Power of God framed the whole World, raised the Body of the first Man from the Dust, made him a *living Soul*, and gave him to possess the Earth; if the same Power is continually raising Souls from nothing to *this Life*, can it appear *incredible* that he should raise the Dead to another Life?—What can be more consistent with, and pursuant to, the main Purposes of his Wisdom and Goodness, apparent in the Formation of this World, and of Mankind?—O *slow of Heart* to understand the Power of GOD, and to trust the Designs of his all-preserving and eternal Providence!—On the Part then of the Divine Attributes, and what an all-

powerful, wise, and beneficent Providence may intend and execute, there does not appear, in the Eye of Reason, the least Incredibility in the Doctrine of a Life to come.

(To be continued.)

Men in high Office should make themselves deserving of Honour by their own Conduct.

WHEN People say, that Men in high Office should be honoured, there is this ready Answer to be given them: Men in high Office should make themselves deserving of Honour by their own Conduct; otherwise they will sacrifice, as Men, the Regards due to Office, or Station; for it is impossible for us to honour what we cannot approve: POPE says, very truly,

Honour and Shame from no Condition rise:

Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.

Fortune in Men has some small Difference made,

One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade;

The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,

The Friar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.

“What differs more (you cry) than Crown and Crowl!”

I'll tell you! Friend!--a wise Man and a Fool.

You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,

Or, Cobler like, the Parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;

The rest is all but Leather or Prunella.

If a Man is notoriously a Profligate, he can hope for no Approbation or Esteem from the serious or sober Part of the World. If he appears unworthily a Dupe, he will have no Dignity of Character; or if he is evidently imprudent, or improvident, he will be deemed unworthy of great Trusts. If he evidently wants Understanding, he must become despised, at least if he offers to obtrude himself into what is called *Figure in the State*: If he wants

wants Experience, his Abilities will insure him no Reliance; but if he evidently wants Principle, he must infallibly become detested.

It is unreasonable to suppose, that a sensible Footman will not laugh at a silly Lord, or that an honest plain-coated Mechanic will not abhor a Villain in Embroidery. Externals may exact Respect from those who are ignorant of Internals: But let the whole Man be fairly known by his Actions; and if they are despicable or hurtful, paltry or dangerous; Births, Titles, Stations, are in him at once deprived of all Influence, or only elevate his Character for Contempt or Abhorrence. It is not the Office that makes the Man respectable, but the Man that makes the Office such.

Popularity must be founded on good Opinion, and good Opinion in strong Proofs, or strong Appearances of great Wisdom and Virtue, a Dignity of Conduct, and Benevolence of Heart.

Respect must be voluntary; as there is no Possibility of forcing it, at least to any good Purpose: And whoever argues to the contrary, must be, at best, but a perverse or vain Reasoner.

A Method practised in Berkshire, of draining upland Grounds, which abound with Springs.

THE Trenches made for draining these Grounds are dug two Feet deep at least, one Foot wide at Top, and only nine Inches wide at Bottom, with a sharp Descent to a Ditch running along the Bottom of the Grounds, and made a proper Width and Depth to receive the Water, and convey it off the Premises.

Within these Trenches is formed a Channel, the Sides whereof are composed of Pieces of Chaulk cut nearly into the Size of a Brick, which they cap with other Pieces of the same Material, and the Cre-

vices are stopped with some of its Chippings. But the Mouth of the Channel, from whence the Water falls into the Ditch, is made with other Materials, either Bricks or Flints, because Chaulk will not bear the Frost, which, if put at the Mouth of the Channel, it would be exposed to.

Upon the Top of the Channel is laid a thin Coat of Wheat-Straw.* The Passage for the Water is somewhat more than three Inches. The Price of digging the Trenches, laying the Chaulk, and finishing the Drains, is Eight-pence *per Pole*.

In digging the Trenches, the Workmen always lay the best Earth on one Side by itself, in order that it may be put uppermost when the Trenches are filled up again.

None of the Drains so made, have ever yet failed, though some of them have been made many Years; and we may almost venture to say, that, if they be carefully executed, and attended to afterwards, they never will fail.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 476.

AMIDST the Variety of Altercations in our political Debates, concerning the Measures of the present Ministry, and Conduct and Abilities of those in Power, and about the *In's* and *Out's*, Majority and Minority, the Litigants would do well to lay aside all Heat and Party Zeal, and instead of being carried away in the Current of Faction, to adhere to the wholesome Advice of an unsuspected Politician, Dr. Davenant: And let the Dead, who can't be of any Party, decide *What Sort of Measures are best for great Men to take, when they lie under public Accusations; and how and in what Manner they are to be opposed and prosecuted.*

My Author, in discussing this very Point, argues after this Manner:—

* Perhaps it might be found better, in Point of Duration at least, if, in the Stead of Wheat-Straw, the small Twigs, cut from the Ends of Spray Faggots, were used, or, in Fact, almost any other small Brush Wood, or even Brambles; any of which would, we apprehend, be less liable to be damaged by Wet, or Frost, than Wheat-Straw.

"It is a foolish and desperate Thing for single Persons, let their Interest be ever so great, to think of contending with the Representatives of a People. For there is hardly any Government, that in the Revolution of a little Time, does not come to stand in Need either of the Hands or Purse of the Commons; and when this happens, those bold Men are sure to be made a Sacrifice to public Necessity. In such Cases, therefore, he who is so unfortunate as to have offended by his Conduct, is not to stand his Ground, but to withdraw till that Anger is appeased, or qualified, which increases by Opposition.

"Tis likewise vain and rash for a Man struck at, and once accused, to think of facing his Enemies by the Strength and Faction of his Friends.—For, if you are still in the Poss of Power, you know not whom to trust; because you know not who, even of your own Side, is secretly designing to supplant you.—If you are quite out, those who were the Friends of your Prosperity, when you be no longer useful to them, will soon grow cool in your Concerns, and leave you to wrestle by yourself with the Indignation you have provoked.

"But suppose a Man has a Number of Followers resolved to run all his Dangers, and so strong a Party for him, as that by their Help he has fair Hopes of surmounting all Difficulties, and to keep the Power he has, or to recover his lost Greatness:—So fortified, is HE to contest the Point?—Is HE to hold up Faction, that upholds him?—And is HE to endeavour *his own* Preservation, though at the Hazard of the Public Peace?—Or is HE to quit the Stage of Business, and to retire, rather than be the Cause or Matter of Dissension?—No doubt, an *honest Man*, and a *good Patriot*, is to take the last Course, and not involve the Public in his Troubles and Misfortunes; for we are to suffer for our Country, but our Country is not to suffer for us. And he who makes such a Retreat, and, who conscious of his own Worth and Innocence, yet consults the common Quiet more

than his own present Fame, seldom fails of being called back with a higher and more established Reputation.

"It must greatly conduce towards healing Breaches in the Commonwealth, to preserve such a Temper in the Prosecution of Offences, as may render no considerable Number of Persons desperate. Not to be implacable against any, who lye under the heavy Weight of Accusation: At the same Time, not to oppose or obstruct Justice, by openly countenancing and espousing their Cause, who are indeed criminal, or who at least are thought so, is the best and safest Course.

"A Man truly virtuous, if he finds himself obnoxious to his Country, will not work his own Safety out of that which must be a real Mischief to the rest of Mankind; but rather suffer in his Fame, Ease, and Fortune, than make a Step which may tend to weaken the Laws, and whereby the Dignity and Majesty of the Commonwealth may be lessened and impaired.

From the Museum Rusticum.

A Method of rendering putrid Water sweet.

IN a Course of Experiments which a Gentleman was making, he had an Occasion of mixing Clay with a large Quantity of Water in a Cistern.

After the Water and Clay had remained thus mixed for some Weeks, he tasted the Water before it should be thrown out, and found it sweet, and well flavoured. On this he stirred them, to find whether any putrid Stench might rise from the Bottom, but was agreeably surprized to find that the Whole was equally sweet.

He now resolved to keep it longer, in order to determine what Effects Time might have on the Mixture, and, if my Memory serves me right, repeated the Tastings and Stirrings for several Months, with equal Success, though some Part of the Time was Summer, during which he expected that the Water would have become highly putrid.

He

[illegible][illegible][illegible]



The Pike of Tenerife.

He communicated this Discovery to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. It was referred to the Committee of Chemistry, with Orders to make what Experiments should seem to them requisite, to determine a Point so necessary to the Welfare of Numbers; as many Diseases are known to take their Rise from putrid Water.-----The Whole was confirmed by the Report of the Committee.

Here is then a very easy Means, whereby every Cottager has it in his Power constantly to use sweet and wholesome Water.

It is no more than mixing with Water a Quantity of common Clay, sufficient to take off its Transparency, so far as that the Hand held just under the Surface shall not appear through it.

A Relation sent to the Royal Society of London, from some considerable Merchants, and Persons worthy of Credit, who went to the Top of the Pike of Teneriff.

HAVING furnished ourselves with a Guide, Servants, and Horses to carry our Wine and Provision, we set forth from *Oratava*, a Port-Town in the Island of *Teneriff*, situated on the North-Side, two Miles distant from the main Sea, and travelled from Twelve at Night, till Eight in the Morning, by which Time we got to the Top of the first Mountain towards the *Pike de Terraira*: There, under a very large and conspicuous Pine-Tree, we took our Breakfast, dined, and refreshed ourselves till Two in the Afternoon: Then we passed thro' many sandy Ways, over many lofty Mountains, but naked and bare, and not covered with any Pine-Trees, as our first Night's Passage was. This exposed us to excessive Heat, till we arrived at the Foot of the *Pike*, where we found many huge Stones, which seemed to have fallen from some upper Part. About Six in the Evening we began to ascend up the *Pike*; but we were scarce advanced a Mile, when the Way being no more passable for Horses, we left them with our Servants. In the Ascent

of one-Mile, some of our Company grew very faint and sick, disordered by Fluxes, Vomittings, and aguish Distempers, our Horses Hair standing upright like Bristles; and calling for some of our Wine, carried in small Barrels on a Horse, we found it so wonderfully cold, that we could not drink it till we had made a Fire to warm it, notwithstanding the Air was very calm and moderate; but when the Sun was set, it began to blow with such Violence, and grow so cold, that taking up our Lodging among the hollow Rocks, we were necessitated to keep great Fires in the Mouths of them all Night. About Four in the Morning we began to mount again, and being come another Mile up, one of our Company failed, and was able to proceed no farther: Here began the *Black Rocks*. The rest of us pursued our Journey till we came to the *Sugar-Loaf*, where we began to travel again in a white Sand, being fitted with Shoes, whose single Soles are made a Finger broader than the upper Leather, to encounter this difficult Passage: Having ascended as far as the *Black Rocks*, which lay all flat like a plain Floor, we climbed within a Mile of the very Top of the *Pike*, and at last gained the Summit; where we found no such Smoak, as appeared a little below, but a continual Perspiration of a hot and sulphurous Vapour, that made our Faces extremely sore. All this Way we found no considerable Alteration of the Air, and very little Wind; but on the Top it was so impetuous, that we had much Ado to stand against it whilst we drank the King's Health, and fired each of us a Piece. Here also we took our Dinner, but found that our strong Waters had lost their Virtue, and were almost insipid, while our Wine was more spirituous and brisk than before. The Top, on which we stood, being not above a Yard broad, is the Brink of a Pit, called *The Caldera*, which we judged to be a Mullet-shot over, and near fourscore Yards deep, in Form of a Cone, hollow within like a Kettle, and covered over with small loose Stones, mixed with Sulphur

Sand, from among which issued divers Spiracles of Smoak and Heat, which being stirred with any Thing, puffs and makes a Noise, and so offensive, that we were almost suffocated with the sudden Emanation of Vapours upon the removing of one of these Stones, which were so hot, as not easily to be handled. We descended not above four or five Yards into the *Caldera*, because of the Slipperiness under Foot, and the Difficulty; but some have ventured to the Bottom. Other Matters observable we discovered none, besides a clear Sort of Sulphur, which lay like Salt upon the Stones. From this renowned *Pike* we could see the *Grand Canaries*, fourteen Leagues distant; *Palma* eighteen, and *Gomera* seven; which Interval of Sea seemed not much wider than the *Thames* about *London*. We discerned also the *Hierro*, being distant about twenty Leagues, and so to the outmost Limits of the Sea much farther. As soon as the Sun appeared, the Shadow of the *Pike* seemed to cover, not only the whole Island, and the *Grand Canaries*, but the Sea to the very Horizon, where the Top of the *Sugar-Loaf*, or *Pike*, visibly appeared to turn up, and cast its Shade into the Air itself, at which we were much surprized: But the Sun was not far ascended, when the Clouds began to rise so fast, as that they intercepted our Prospect both of the Sea and the whole Island, except the Tops only of the subjacent Mountains, which seemed to pierce them through. Whether these Clouds do ever surmount the *Pike*, we cannot say; but to such as are far below, they seem sometimes to hang above it, or rather wrap themselves about it, constantly when the West Winds blow: This they call *The Cap*, and is an infallible Prognostic of ensuing Storms. Many excellent and exuberant Springs we found issuing from the Tops of most of the Mountains, gushing out in great Spouts, almost as far as the huge Pine-Tree, which we mentioned before. Having staid a While at the Top, we all descended the sandy Way, till we came to the Foot of the *Sugar-Loaf*, which being steep, even almost to a Perpen-

dicular, we soon passed: And here we met with a Cave, about ten Yards deep, and fifteen broad: This we descended by a Rope that our Servants held fast at the Top, while, with the other End, being fastened about our Middles, we swung ourselves, till being over a Bank of Snow, we slid down, lighting upon it. We were forced to swing thus in the Descent, because in the midst of the Bottom of this Cave, opposite to the Overture at the Top, is a round Pit of Water, like a Well, the Surface whereof is about a Yard lower, but as wide as the Mouth at Top, and about six Fathom deep. We supposed this Water not a Spring, but dissolved Snow blown in, or Water trickling through the Rocks. About the Sides of the Grot, for some Height there is Ice and Iicles hanging down to the Snow. But being quickly weary of this excessive cold Place, and drawn up again, we continued our Descent from the Mountains by the same Passage we went up the Day before, and so about Five in the Evening arrived at *Oratava*, from whence we set forth.—The whole perpendicular Height of the *Pike* is about five Miles.—It is supposed it was cast up by the Eruption of subterraneous Fire, by which the whole Island of *Teneriff* seems formerly to have been blown up all at once.

General Observations to be made in the Choice of Fruit-Trees, communicated by a very experienced Gardener.

THEY that intend to buy their Trees, should chuse such (after the Stocks and Kinds are known) as stand not too close in the Nursery; for if they do, their Shoots will be long-jointed, tender and spongy; besides, their Buds will be very weak, especially the lowest, and will be long kept back from a bearing State, by having been deprived by each other of the Sun's Rays, of which no Trees can have too much in a Nursery; for they attract and carry off a great Quantity of watery Particles from them, and the Earth about them, when planted at proper Distances; which, when they are

are not, are very prejudicial to them; and if Weeds have been suffered to grow amongst Dwarfs, their Branches will appear like the Branches of those which grew too near each other, or rather worse; in short, the Roots of all Trees are much hurt by Weeds, for they exclude the Sun's Rays, which would otherwise warm the Soil, and much encourage the Growth of the Fibres, and consequently that of the Trees.

It is not much to be regarded from what Kind of Soil you take your Trees, provided they have the following Marks of Health, *viz.* If their Shoots at the Extremities be very full of Buds, & are plump, without any Appearance of Mildew or Blight, and all their other Parts free from Canker, Gum and Moss; for all these are Symptoms of a Defect in the Roots; and though planting them in proper Soils will remove it in Time, yet it will not be prudent to chuse such Trees; for there must be Time and proper Management applied in Order to recover them from their ill State. Besides, there is a Year or more lost with Regard to their bearing, than if they are at first free from such Defect and Imperfection.

Remarkable Particulars of the LIFE of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 662.]

SOMETIME in the Month of May, of this Year, Dr. Ridley, then Bishop of Rochester, with others appointed in Commission with him, repaired to Cambridge, to hold (as he then understood it) a Visitation, for the abolishing Statutes and Ordinances which maintained Popery and Superstition; not knowing the further End proposed, which was the Suppression of *Clare Hall*. He desired to see the Instructions: But was put off by his Associates, who seemed afraid of shewing them to him, untill they had engaged him in this Action, by opening it with a Sermon, and proceeding two Days in the Business of it. Upon making the Discovery, he thought it best to

concur with the other Commissioners in persuading the Masters and Fellows, voluntarily to surrender their College into the King's Hands. This being without Effect, and the Commissioners seeming determined to proceed in the Affair with a high Hand, the Bishop modestly opposed their Measures, and with great Calmness dissented. This put a Stop to their Proceedings for the present. The Commissioners complained to the Protector: The Protector wrote a chiding Letter to the Bishop, and several Letters passed between them upon the Subject. But notwithstanding all the Persuasions and Menaces that were used, the Bishop ultimately refused to give his Countenance and Concurrence to, what he thought, unjust Measures: He was steady, and the Affair dropt.

The Visitors, especially the Bishop of Rochester, had another Commission to execute, which was to preside at a public Disputation, appointed to be held at Cambridge, relating to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The two Positions appointed were:

1st. Transubstantiation cannot be proved by the plain and manifest Words of Scripture, nor can thereof be necessarily collected, nor yet be confirmed by the Consents of the antient Fathers, for these one thousand Years past.

2d. In the Lord's Supper is none other Oblation or Sacrifice, than one only Remembrance of *Christ's* Death, and of Thanksgiving.

After the Disputations were ended, the Bishop very solidly determined against Transubstantiation; & the Oblation of *Christ* in the Supper. — This was more than a mere scholastic Exercise: For the Papists had been worsted in a public Disputation at Oxford; and it was thought proper to appoint the same at Cambridge, that the Papists there might likewise have an Opportunity of defending their Opinions, if they could. TRUTH has ever the Advantage by being fairly EXAMINED INTO. Langdale, one of the Disputants, and for his Zeal made Archdeacon of *Chichester* by Queen

Mary, drew up a pretended Refutation of Dr. Ridley's Determination: But with this Suspicion of Unfairness in his Account of managing the Dispute, that though he had the King's Licence for printing it in Paris, 1553, yet it was not printed till three Years after, when *Langdale* was very secure that *Ridley* could make no Reply. However, *Pilkington*, another of the Disputants, and afterwards Bishop of *Durham*, says, that the Bishop made all Things so clear in his Determination, and the Auditors were so convinced, that some of them would have turned Archbishop *Crammer's* Book on that Subject into *Latin*.

The Time was now drawing near, when the new reformed Book of Common - Prayer, which had received the Authority of the Council and Parliament, was appointed to be used: The Princess *Mary* absolutely refused it, and, indeed, all Obedience to King *Edward's* Laws. Encouraged by her Example, and the Connivance of some of the Bishops, and misled by papistical Priests, there where many Places where this Book, so strictly enjoined, was either not known at all, or not used, or at least very seldom, and irreverently. Whereupon the King sent Letters to the Bishops, reprimanding their Negligence, to do their Duty herein. On the 11th of *August*, *Bonner*, the Bishop of *London*, was summoned before the Council on this Account: His Remissness was complained of; and he was ordered to preach at *St. Paul's* Cross on the 1st of *September*, and once every Quarter for the future: The Points he was to handle were given him, viz. the Heinousness of Rebellion; that true Religion consisted not in Ceremonies; that yet Men were to obey the Magistrate in the Use of them, and principally, that the King was no less a King on Account of his Minority, and the People equally bound to obey him. — The Bishop did touch upon all the Points enjoined, excepting that of the King's Age, of which he said not one Word: Instead thereof, he diverted his Discourse to another

Subject, the Manner of *Christ's* Presence; which he did with many sharp Reflections on those who were of another Mind. Information was soon made against him, by *Latimer*, *Hoper*, and others, that as he had wholly omitted to speak about the King's Age, so he had but touched the other Points slightly; and advanced many Things which tended to stir up Disorder and Dissention. Upon this Information, a Commission issued to the Archbishop, the Bishop of *Rocheſter*, and others, to empower any four, three, or two of them, to call *Bonner* before them, and with due Examination and Process according to Law and Justice, to hear the said Matters summarily, and give determinate Sentence therein. Seven Sessions were held upon this Commission; *Bonner* behaved with great Insolence, abusing the Witnesses and the Audience, endeavouring to divert them to a Disputation on the Corporeal Presence; and at last appealed from them to the King. His indecent Behaviour was extraordinary, swearing at *Sir Thomas Smith*, giving him the Lie, and defying him; and his outrageous Contempt of the King's Commissioners, occasioned his being committed Prisoner to the *Marshalsea*. His continued Contumacy, and refusing to make them farther Answer, or submit to their Jurisdiction, made them proceed to Sentence of Deprivation. He appealed to the King, as a Shift, if possible, to elude the Sentence; on which Occasion the Bishop of *Rocheſter* quoted a Text of *St. John*: *He that doeth Evil hateth the Light*. The dangerous rebellious Temper he manifested, occasioned his being sent back to the *Marshalsea*.

Upon the Confirmation of the Sentence against *Bonner*, the Council were not unprovided with a proper Person to fill the important See of *London*. *Ridley*, being esteemed both the most learned and thoroughly zealous for the Reformation, was pitched upon to be the Man. It was also thought needless to have two Bishopsricks so near one another as *London* and *Westminster*;

minster; the latter therefore was now suppressed, and united to the See of London.

(To be continued.)

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 614.]

Of Luxury in eating and drinking.

THIS was carried, in the Declension of the Roman Republic, to an almost incredible Excess; and under the Emperors they still rose upon the Gluttony of their Predecessors.

Lucullus, who in other Respects was a Man of excellent Qualities, upon his Return from the War, attempted to substitute the Glory of Magnificence to that of his Arms and Battles, and turned all his Studies that Way. He laid out immense Sums upon his Houses and Gardens, and was still more expensive at his Table. He required it every Day to be served up in the same sumptuous Manner, though no Body was to dine with him. As his Steward was one Day excusing the Meanness of his Dinner, because there was no Company, 'Did you not know,' says he, 'that *Lucullus* was to eat at *Lucullus's* House To-day.' *Tully* and *Pompey* not giving Credit to the Reports of his ordinary Magnificence, were resolved one Day to surprize him, and be satisfied whether it was so or not. And meeting him in Public, they invited themselves, and would not allow him to give any Directions to his Domestics about their Entertainment. He therefore barely ordered that Dinner should be served up in the Hall of *Apollo*. The Entertainment was got ready with so much Celerity and Opulence, as surprized and astonished his Guests. They did not know that the Hall of *Apollo* was a Watch-Word, and signified that the Feast should amount to 50,000 Drachms, about 125 l.

If good Eating and Drinking were capable of procuring solid Glory, *Lucullus* was the greatest Man of his Age. But who sees not how pitiful and silly it was to place

his Honour and Reputation, in making the World believe, that he every Day squandered enormous and senseless Expences for the Gratification of his own private Appetite? It is a Question whether his Guests, who mightily commended and admired, no Doubt, such prodigious Magnificence, were much wiser than he; for it was they that supported his Folly and Distemper. And the same may be said of all that outward Magnificence, by which Men strive to make themselves considerable; large Apartments, valuable Furniture, and rich Garments. 'Tis all for Shew, and not for Ease; for the Spectators, and not for the Master. Place him in Solitude, and you make him frugal and modest, and all this Vanity is at an End.

But to give a different Instance of this Folly.---A Person, entering *Anthony's* Kitchen, was surprized to see eight wild Boars roasting at the same Time. He judged there was like to be a great deal of Company, but was mistaken, Whilst *Anthony* was at *Alexandria*, there was always a magnificent Entertainment ready to be served up about Supper-Time, that whenever *Anthony* was pleased to call for it, he might have his Table covered with the most exquisite Meats.

We forbear to mention such extravagant and wild Expences, as a Dish made up of the Tongues of the scarcest Birds in the Universe, of several Pearls of immense Price infused and dissolved in a certain Liquor, for the Pleasure of swallowing down a Million at a Draught.

To these Monsters of Luxury, who are a Disgrace to Mankind, let us oppose the Modesty and Frugality of a *Cato*, the Honour of his Age and Commonwealth, viz. the elder *Cato*, who is usually surnamed the *Censor*. He boasted that he had never drank any other Wine than such as was drank by his Workmen and Domestics, never bought a Supper which exceeded thirty Sestertia, about 4s. nor ever wore a Garment which cost above 100 Drachms of Silver, about 3l. He learnt to live thus, he said, from the Example of the famous

amous

mous *Curius*, that great Man who drove *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*, and had thrice the Honour of a Triumph. The House he had lived in, in the Country of the *Sabines*, was near to *Cato's*, and for this Reason he looked upon it as a Model the more venerable, from being in his Neighbourhood. 'Twas this *Curius* the Embassadors of the *Samnites* found in a poor little Cottage, sitting in the Chimney-Corner boiling of Roots, who rejected their Presents with Disdain, telling them that whoever could be content with such a Supper did not want Gold; and that for his Part he thought it more honourable to command over those who had Riches, than to have them himself.

These Examples may be too old perhaps to make any Impression upon the Generality of Mankind in our Age; but they had such an Effect upon several of the greatest *Roman* Emperors, that though they were in full Possession of Riches and Power, though they were to support the Majesty of a large Empire, and had the Profusion of their Predecessors in every Kind before their Eyes, they thought they could not aspire to be really great, but as they rose above that Corruption of their own Age, and resembled those venerable Models of Antiquity, form'd upon the Rules of the purest Reason and the justest Taste of solid Glory.

'Twas by studying these great Originals, that *Vespasian* declared himself an Enemy to all Pomp, Pleasures and Entertainments, and that he followed the Modesty and Frugality of the Ancients in every Thing about him. 'Twas by these Virtues he check'd the Course of public Luxury and Prodigality, especially with Respect to eating. And this Disorder, which under *Tiberius* seem'd to be past all Remedy, and had increased excessively under the succeeding bad Princes, and which the Laws armed with all the Terrors of Punishment had not been able to suppress, gave Way to the bare Example he set of Sobriety and Temperance, and the Desires others had of pleasing him by doing

Maxims for the Conduct of Life.

as he did. In the same Manner he threw a Scandal and Disgrace upon Luxury and Effeminacy, by taking away a Commission from a young Man to whom he had given it, because he was perfumed when he came to thank him for it. *I had rather*, said he, *you had sunk of Garlick.*

(*To be continued.*)

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

LET not thy Mirth be so extravagant, as to intoxicate thy Mind; nor thy Sorrow so heavy, as to depress thy Heart: This World affordeth no Good so transporting, nor inflicteth any Evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the Balance of Moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the House of *Joy*; it is painted on the Outside, and looketh gay; thou may'st know it from the continual Noise of Mirth and Exultation, that issueth from it.

The Mistress standeth at the Door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by: She singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to go in and taste the Pleasures of Life, which she telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her Roof.

But enter not thou into her Gate: Neither associate thyself with those who frequent her House.

They call themselves the Sons of *Joy*, they laugh and seem delighted; but Madness and Folly are in all their Doings.

They are linked with Mischief Hand in Hand, and their Steps lead down to Evil: Dangers beset them round about, and the Pit of Destruction yawneth beneath their Feet.

Look now on the other Side; and behold, in that Vale, overshadow'd with Trees, and hid from the Sight of Men, the Habitation of *Sorrow*.

Her Bosom heaveth with Sighs, her Mouth is filled with Lamentation, she delighteth to dwell on the Subject of Human Misery.

She

She looketh on the common Accidents of Life, and weepeth : The Weakness and Wickedness of Man is the Theme of her Lips.

All Nature to her teemeth with Evil, every Object she seeth is ting'd with the Gloom of her own Mind ; and the Voice of Complaint saddeneth her Dwelling Day and Night.

Come not near her Cell, her Breath is contagious ; she will blast the Fruits, and wither the Flowers that adorn and sweeten the Garden of Life.

In avoiding the House of Joy, let not thy Feet betray thee to the Borders of this dismal Mansion ; but pursue with Care the middle Path, which shall lead thee by a gentle

Ascent to the Bower of Contentment.

With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwell Safety and Tranquility. She is serious, but not grave : She vieweth the Joys and the Sorrows of Life with Steadiness and Serenity.

From hence, as from an Eminence, shalt thou behold the Folly and the Misery of those, who, led by the Gaiety of their Hearts, take up their Abode with the Companions of Jollity and riotous Mirth ; or, infected by Gloominess and Melancholy, spend all their Days in complaining of the Woes and Calamities of Human Life.

Thou shalt view them both with Pity, and the Error of their Ways shall keep thy Feet from straying.



SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

OCTOBER, AN ODE.

THE naked grove now shivers at the blast,

While his green mantle on the ground is cast :

Bleak are the prospects of the widow'd trees,

Mourning their faded glories in the breeze ;
Hark ! where the barns conceal their yellow stores,

Echo repeats the labour of the floors !

Like a young thresher, on the neighbouring hill,

Her mimic strokes the distant woodlands fill ;

Now in the Scorpion, *Phæbus* rules the Day,

And Summer's painted foliage fades away ;

Shorn is the verdure of the hazel-shade,
While the gale brushes o'er the auburn glade.

Now, ye autumnal beauties, mourn the time

Mispent in prudery, while you pass'd your prime !

And, 'ere the plumb is of its blue bereft,
Be frugal of the golden hour that's left ;
Yon stately pine, late triumph'd in its shade,

But mark, in autumn, how its honours fade !

The skies, prophetic of stern winter, wear

A sadder robe---and nipping is the air ;
Now to the thirsty root the sap descends,
Tho' still the bough, with golden fruitage bends.

Still the hale jess'mine boasts its white and green,
And annuals triumph o'er the withering scene ;

Now teem the cyder-vaults with apple-wine,

And emulate the nectar of the vine ;
While ripe Pomona labours to produce
A cooling beverage for the summer's use,
The fervor of the heated swain to cool,
While the proud dog-star holds his tyrant rule.

*The PANTHER, the HORSE, and other
Beasts : A FABLE.*

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear ;

Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky.

For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness, which she cannot bear.
A rudeness ? Yes ; I speak my thoughts ;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, *Cloe*, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie !
And still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend !
But shall the senseless fop impart

The

The softest passion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
Your taste for flattery I could please,
And similes in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should
shine.

What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the opening rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enrich'd by refreshing showers?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r resembles you;
Fair, fluttering, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth should
last?

'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes
known,

And decent pride, enough to know,
The worth, that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms which ne'er de-
cay,

Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
You'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a Lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majestic port,
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Assemblies every week she held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs
fill'd,

Where noise, and nonsense, and gri-
mace,
And lies and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
Encircled by the spacious ring.
Low-bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:
'Gad take me, Madam, but I swear,
'No angel ever look'd so fair:
'Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
'You were not quite divine till now;
'Those limbs! that shape! and then
'those eyes!

'O, close them, or the gazer dies!'
'Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
'I vow and swear you make me blush;
'I shall be angry at this rate;
''Tis so like flattery, which I hate.'

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and
sense,

To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burn'd for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood,

Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet the must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart dis-
dain'd

Applause, by servile flattery gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:

'When flattery Monkeys fawn and
'prate,

'They justly raise contempt or hate;
'For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
'Applauded by the grinning fool.
'The artful Fox your wit commends,
'To lure you to his selfish ends;
'From the vile flatterer turn away,
'For knaves make friendship to betray.
'Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
'And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
'Such beauties might the Lion warm,
'Did not your folly break the charm;
'For who would court that lovely shape,
'To be the rival of an ape?'
He said; and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the
plain.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, October 20, 1764.



PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from those whom he instructed in Philosophy a probationary Silence of five Years. Whether this Prohibition of Speech extended to all the Parts of this Time, as seems generally to be supposed, or was to be observed only in the School or in the Presence of their Master, as is more probable, it was sufficient to discover the Pupil's Disposition; to try whether he was willing to pay the Price of Learning, or whether he was one of those whose Ardour was rather violent than lasting, and who expected to grow wise on other Terms than those of Patience and Obedience.

Many of the Blessings universally desired, are very frequently wanted, because most Men, when they should labour, content themselves to complain, and rather linger in a State in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their Condition by Vigour and Resolution.

Providence has fixed the Limits of Human Enjoyment by immovable Boundaries, and has set different Gratifications at such a Distance from each other, that no Art or Power can bring them together. This great Law it is the Business of every rational Being to understand, that Life may not pass away in an Attempt to make Contradictions consistent, to combine opposite Qualities, and to unite Things which the Nature of their Being must always keep asunder.

Of two Objects tempting at a Distance on contrary Sides it is impossible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long Deliberation and dilatory Projects, they may be both lost, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, necessary to compare them, and when we have determined the Preference, to withdraw our Eyes and our Thoughts at once from that which Reason directs us to reject. This is more necessary, if that which we are forsaking has the Power of delighting the Senses, or firing the Fancy. He that once turns aside to the Allurements of unlawful Pleasure, can have no Security that he shall ever regain the Paths of Virtue.

The philosophick Goddess of *Boethius*, having related the Story of *Orpheus*, who, when he had recovered his Wife from the Dominions of Death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the Confines of Light, concludes, with a very elegant and forcible Application, *Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your Minds to the Illuminations of Heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this Fable; for he that is once so far overcome as to turn back his Eyes towards the infernal Caverns, loses at the first Sight all that Influence which attracted him on high.*

It may be observed in general; that the future is purchased by the present. It is not possible to secure distant or permanent Happiness but by the Forbearance of some immediate Gratification. This is so evidently true with Regard to the

whole of our Existence, that all the Precepts of Theology have no other Tendency than to enforce a Life of Faith; a Life regulated not by our Senses but our Belief; a Life in which Pleasures are to be refused for fear of invisible Punishments, and Calamities sometimes to be fought and always endured in Hope of Rewards that shall be obtained in another State.

Even if we take into our View only that Particle of our Duration which is terminated by the Grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one Part of Life beyond the common Limitations of Pleasure, but by anticipating some of the Satisfaction which should exhilarate the following Years. The Heat of Youth may spread Happiness into wild Luxuriance; but the radical Vigour requisite to make it perennial is exhausted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is Languor and Sterility.

The reigning Error of Mankind is, that we are not content with the Conditions on which the Goods of Life are granted. No Man is insensible of the Value of Knowledge, the Advantages of Health, or the Convenience of Plenty, but every Day shews us those on whom their Conviction is without Effect.

Knowledge is praised and desired by Multitudes whom her Charms could never rouse from the Couch of Sloth; to whom the faintest Invitation of Pleasure draws away from their Studies; to whom any other Method of wearing out the Day is more eligible than the Use of Books, and who are more easily engaged by any Conversation than such as may rectify their Notions, or enlarge their Comprehension.

Every Man that has felt Pain, knows how little all other Comforts can gladden him to whom Health is denied. Yet who is there does not sometimes hazard it for the Enjoyment of an Hour? All Assemblies of Jollity, all Places of public Entertainment exhibit Examples of Strength wasting in Riot, and Beauty withering in Irregularity; nor is it easy to enter a House

in which Part of the Family is not groaning in Repentance of past Intemperance, and part admitting Disease by Negligence, or soliciting it by Luxury.

There is no Pleasure which Men of every Age and Sex have more generally agreed to mention with Contempt, than the Gratifications of the Palate; an Entertainment so far removed from intellectual Happiness, that scarcely the most shameless of the sensual Herd have dared to defend it; yet even to this, the lowest of our Delights, to this, tho' neither quick nor lasting, is Health with all its Activity and Sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this are half the Miseries endured which urge Impatience to call on Death.

The whole World is put in Motion by the Wish for Riches, and the Dread of Poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that such Conduct as will inevitably destroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, must generally be avoided? That he who spends more than he receives, must in Time become indigent cannot be doubted; but how evident soever this Consequence may appear, the Spendthrift moves in the Whirl of Pleasure with too much Rapidity to keep it before his Eyes; and in the Intoxication of Gaiety grows every Day poorer, without any such Sense of approaching Ruin as is sufficient to wake him into Caution.

Many Complaints are made of the Misery of Life: and indeed it must be confessed that we are subject to Calamities by which the Good and Bad, the Diligent and Slothful, the Vigilant and Heedless, are equally afflicted. But surely, though some Indulgence may be allowed to Groans extorted by inevitable Misery, no Man has a Right to repine at Evils which, against Warning, against Experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own Head; or to consider himself as debarred from Happiness by such Obstacles as Resolution may break, or Dexterity may put aside.

Great Numbers who quarrel with their Condition, have wanted not

the Power, but the Will to obtain a better State. They have never contemplated the Difference between Good and Evil sufficiently to quicken Aversion, or invigorate Desire: They have indulged a drowsy Thoughtlessness, or giddy Levity; have committed the Balance of Choice to the Management of Caprice; and when they have long accustomed themselves to receive all that Chance offered them without Examination, lament at last that they find themselves deceived.

The natural Credibility of a future State.

[Continued from Page 678.]

BUT though no Objection or Difficulty may appear to remain, on the Part of the Divine Perfections, and while we consider the boundless Extent of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of that eternal Potentate, who is the Giver and Preserver of all Life; yet a formidable Objection may seem to arise on the Part of Human Nature, & our own Meanness and Unworthiness. For are Mankind worthy of eternal Life? Is it credible that mortal Man shall be made *Heir of Immortality*? That sinful Man shall be an Object of divine everlasting Favour?—*What is Man, that GOD should be so mindful of him?* What is the whole World of Mankind, that GOD should visit them, with so much Clemency and Goodness?—How little is the greatest of Men, how worthless the best, in the Eye of the Sovereign Lord of all Beings? Compared to superior Intelligences, Man is but as a Worm, and all the Sons of Men as short-lived Reptiles in the Dust of Earth. *All Nations of the Earth before GOD are as nothing; they are counted to him as less than nothing and Vanity.*

In this View, the Doctrine of a Resurrection to another Life might be thought incredible; if the Creator had not already discovered such Marks of paternal Goodness to his Creatures of Mankind; If he had not made Man but a Degree lower

than the Angels, crowned him with Honour, given him Dominion over the Earth, and subjected the lower Animals to his Use and Pleasure; if he did not cause his Sun to shine and his Rain to descend upon us; if he did not make the Elements of the World to co-operate in a wonderful Manner to the Preservation of Human Life; if he was not continually raising Mankind, by the Methods of his all-wise Providence in the Constitution of Nature, to their several Degrees of Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness: Without this Foundation in Nature we could have no Ground to hope for a Life to come. And notwithstanding this natural Foundation of Evidence, it might still have been thought a dark and disputable Doctrine, wanting a most desirable Confirmation; if the Father Almighty had not also sent his Son into the World, who hath brought Immortality to Light, and selected him, the most eminent and worthy of the Human Race, to be the great Leader and Example of the Resurrection of Mankind, the First-born from the Dead, the Sovereign and Judge of Men in that unseen eternal World, which is his everlasting Kingdom. His Virtue was perfected, when he voluntarily gave himself to die a most ignominious and painful Death, in Obedience to God; and was proportionably rewarded, when he was raised from the Dead, and exalted to a Throne of eternal Dominion and Glory. And the virtuous Endeavours of all Men, how weak and imperfect soever, are in due Proportion approved and accepted by the all-righteous and merciful Governor of the World, who despiseth not the poorest Offerings of a sincere and obedient Heart. Though Human Nature is infirm, and the Beginnings of Virtue but as the smallest Sparks; the bruised Reed shall not be broken, nor the smoking Flax extinguished: Where there are any sincere Efforts of Obedience, and generous Love of Goodness, they are encouraged in the Gospel, with the most animating Assurances of Acceptance and Favour, and shall in no wise lose their Reward. How little and unworthy soever

soever the Human Species may appear, compared to Beings of celestial Dignity, Wisdom, and Virtue, yet it is not the Will of your Father in Heaven, faith our SAVIOUR, that one of these little ones should perish.

If any should further object, and say, *How are the Dead raised? And with what Bodies do they come?*----- The Apostle's Answer is, *How doth the Grain that is buried and dissolved in the Earth rise again? And who giveth it its proper Body?*--- Can that Divine Wisdom which hath formed Matter with an infinite Variety, and which gives to every Body, rare or dense, solid or fluid, celestial or terrestrial, its proper Nature and Form; can such Wisdom be at a Loss to provide suitable Receptacles, and to every Spirit its proper Dwelling?--- Such Objections proceed from the Narrowness of our Conceptions; and will vanish upon a more attentive and enlarged Observation of the actual Operations of infinite Power and Wisdom.

The same beneficent and *miraculous Power*, which made the *Lame to walk*, the *Deaf to hear*, the *Blind to see*, which restored the *Dead to Life*, which *raised up Christ* from the Grave, and seated him on a Throne of celestial Power and Dignity, will also heal the Infirmities and involuntary Distempers of the Human Mind, endow the virtuous Soul with new Life and enlarged Faculties, and *raise it to that unseen State and Region*, where our *risen and exalted Saviour* holds his eternal Empire.

Thus the revealed Evidence of a Resurrection from the Dead to Life everlasting, is founded upon and connected with the *natural Credibility* of this sublime Doctrine: And thus the Gospel enhances the natural Credibility into a confirmed Assurance.--- *How then can it be thought incredible that GOD should raise the Dead?*--- The wondrous Operations of Divine Power, in all Ages and through universal Nature, serve to persuade us of its *Credibility*: The miraculous Events of Gospel-Revelation ought to convince us of its *Certainty*.

Let this sublime Faith be established in our Minds: Let it encour-

age us to overcome the World: Let us rejoice and triumph in the exalted Hope, and unbounded Prospect, of an immortal Life.----- O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?--- The all-subduing Enemy of Mankind is itself subdued.--- Let us add,--- *Thanks be to GOD, who giveth us the Victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

The Two UNFORTUNATE LADIES: A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from Page 677.]

OF all Lovers, the most passionate before Marriage was the Marquis of Clarence. Young, amiable, seducing to the highest Degree, he promised a most happy Disposition. He seemed to possess all the Virtues, as he had in Reality all the Graces. The docile Ease of his Temper received in so lively a Manner the Impression of virtuous Sentiments, that they seemed as if they could never have been effaced. It was too easy for him, alas! to inspire me with the Passion which he had himself, or at least thought he had for me. All the Conveniencies which make great Matches, conspired with this mutual Inclination; and my Parents, who had seen it rising in my Bosom, consented to crown it. Two Years passed in the tenderest Union. Oh Paris! Oh Theatre of Vices! Oh dreadful Rock of Love, of Innocence, and of Virtue! My Husband, who till then had been but little conversant with those of his own Age, and that merely to amuse himself, as he said, with their Irregularities and Follies, sucked in insensibly the Poison of their Example. The noisy Preparation for their insipid Meetings, the mysterious Confidence of their Adventures, the proud Recitals of their empty Pleasures, the Commendations lavished on their worthless Conquests, at once excited his Curiosity. The Sweetness of an innocent and peaceful Union had no longer the same Charms for him. I had myself no other

other Talents than those which a virtuous Education bestows; I perceived that he required more in me. I am undone, said I to myself; my Heart is no longer a sufficient Return for his. Indeed his Attentions from that Time were nothing more than Complaisance: He no longer preferred for Pleasure those sweet Conversations, those private Interviews so delicious to me, to the Ebb and Flow of a tumultuous Society. He himself invited me to give myself up to Dissipation, only in order to authorize him to be abandoned. I became more pressing, I restrained him. I took the Resolution of leaving him at Liberty, that he might wish for me, and see me again with Pleasure, after a Comparison which I thought must be to my Advantage; but young Corrupters seized that Soul, unfortunately too flexible; and from the instant he had steeped his Lips in the poisoned Cup, his Intoxication was without Remedy, and his Wandering without Return. I wanted to recall him; but it was too late. You destroy yourself, my Dear, said I to him; and though it be dreadful to me to see a Husband taken from me who formed all my Delight, yet it is more for your Sake than my own that I lament your Error. You seek Happiness where it is most assuredly not to be found. False Delights, shameful Pleasures, will never satisfy your Soul. The Art of seducing and deceiving is all the Art of the World that now charms you; your Wife knows it not, and you know it no better than she: That infamous School is not formed for our Hearts: Your's suffers itself to be lost in its Intoxication; but it will last only for a Time: The Illusion will dissipate like the Vapours of Sleep; you will return to me; you will find me still the same; an indulgent and faithful Love waits your Return: All will be forgotten. You will have neither Reproach nor Complaint to fear from me. Happy if I can console you, for all the Chagrins

which you may have occasioned me! But you, who know the Value of Virtue, and have tasted of her Charms; you, whom Vice shall have plunged from one Abyss into another; you, whom it shall send back perhaps with Contempt, to conceal at Home with your Wife the languishing Days of a premature old Age, your Heart withered with Sadness, your Soul a Prey to cruel Remorse, how will you reconcile yourself to yourself? How will you be able still to relish the pure Pleasure of being beloved by me? Alas! my Love itself will be your Punishment. The more lively also and tender that Love will be, the more humiliating will it be for you. It is this, my dear Marquis, it is this that grieves and overpowers me. Cease to love me, I consent to it; I can forgive you for it, since I have ceased to be agreeable to you: but never render yourself unworthy of my Tenderness, and be at least such, that you need not blush before me. Would you believe it, my dear *Lucilia*? a Piece of Raillery was all his Answer. He told me that I talked like an Angel, and that what I had said deserved to be committed to Writing. But seeing my Eyes brimful of Tears, 'Do not play the Child then,' said he to me; 'I love you, you know it; suffer me to amuse myself at large, and be assured that nothing attaches me.' However, some officious Friends failed not to inform me of every Thing that could grieve and confound me. Alas! my Husband himself in a short Time desisted from keeping himself under any Restraint, and even from flattering me.

I shall not tell you, my dear *Lucilia*, the many Marks of Humiliation and Disgust that I endured. Your Griefs, in Comparison of mine, would even appear light to you. Imagine, if it be possible, the Situation of a virtuous and warm Soul, lively and delicate to Excess, receiving every Day new Outrages from the only Person it loves; that still lives for

for him alone, when he lives no longer for her, when he is not ashamed to live for Objects devoted to Contempt. I spare your Delicacy the most horrible Part of this Picture. Rejected, abandoned, sacrificed by my Husband, I devoured my Grief in Silence; and if I was the Object of the Raillery of some Companies devoid of Morals, a more compassionate and more worthy Public consoled me with its Pity. I enjoyed the sole Good which his Vice could not take from me, a Reputation without Blemish. I have since lost it, my dear *Lucilia*. The Wickedness of the Women, whom my Example humbled, could not bear to see me irreproachable. They interpreted, as they thought proper, my Solitude, and my apparent Tranquility: They gave me for a Lover the first Man who had the Impudence to suffer himself to believe that he was well received by me. My Husband, to whom my Presence was a continual Reproach, and who found himself not yet sufficiently at Liberty, in order to rid himself of my importunate Grief, took the first Pretext that was presented to him, and banished me to one of his Country Seats. Unknown to the World, far from the Sight of my Misfortunes, I enjoyed at least in my Solitude the Liberty of shedding Tears; but the cruel Man caused it to be notified to me, that I might chuse a Convent; that his Seat of *Floriaval* was sold, and that I must retire from thence. *Floriaval*! interrupted *Lucilia* in a violent Emotion. That was the Place of my Exile, resumed the *Marchioness*. ---- Ah! Madam, what Name have you pronounced! The Name which my Husband bore before he acquired the Marquisate of *Clarence*. What do I hear! Oh, Heaven! Oh, just Heaven! is it possible? cried *Lucilia*, throwing herself upon the Bosom of her Friend. -- What is the Matter! what troubles you! what sudden Revolution! *Lucilia*, recover your Senses. -- How, Madam! Is *Floriaval* then the pernicious Wretch, the Villain,

who betrays and dishonours you! Do you know him? ---- It is the Man, Madam, whom I adored, whom I have mourned for these five Years past; the Man who would have had my last Sighs! What say you? ---- It is he, Madam; alas! what had been my Lot! At these Words, *Lucilia* bowing her Face to the Ground, Oh, my God! said she, Oh, my God! it was thou who stretchedst out thine Hand towards me. The *Marchioness* was confounded, and unable to recover from her Astonishment. Doubt it not, said she to *Lucilia*, the Designs of Heaven are visibly manifested upon us: It reunites us, it inspires us with a mutual Confidence, it opens our Hearts to each other, as two Sources of Light and Consolation. Well, my worthy and tender Friend, let us endeavour to forget at once both our Misfortunes and the Person who occasioned them. From this Time the Tenderness and Intimacy of their Friendship increased to the highest Degree: Their Solitude had for them Pleasures, which are known only to the Unfortunate. But, in a little Time after, this Calm was interrupted by the News of the Danger which threatened the Days of the Marquis. His Dissipations cost him his Life. At the Point of Death he asked for his virtuous Wife. She tear herself from the Arms of her forlorn Companion; she hastens to him, she arrives; she finds him expiring. Oh you, whom I have so greatly and so cruelly injured, said he to her, on recollecting her, see the Fruit of my Irregularities; see the dreadful Stroke which the Hand of God has inflicted upon me. If I am yet worthy of your Pity, raise up to Heaven your innocent Voice, and lay my Remorse before it. The distracted Wife would have thrown herself on his Bosom. Stand off, said he to her, I shudder at myself; my Breath is the Blast of Death. He adds, after a long Silence, Do you know me again in this State to which my Crimes have reduced me? Is this that pure Soul that used to mix it-

self

'self with thine? Is this that half of thyself? Is this that Nuptial Bed that received me when worthy of thee? Perfidious Friends, detestable Enchantresses, come, see, and shudder. Oh, my Soul! who will deliver thee from this hideous Prison? Sir,' said he to his Physician, 'have I yet long to live? My Pains are intolerable. Leave me not, my generous Friend; I should fall, but for thee, into the most dreadful Despair. . . . Cruel Death, complete, complete the Expiation of my Life. There are no Evils which I do not deserve; I have betrayed, dishonoured, basely persecuted Innocence and Virtue itself.'

The *Marchioness*, in the Agonies of her Grief, made every Moment new Efforts to throw herself on the Bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At last the unhappy Man expired, his Eyes fixed upon her, and his Voice died away in asking her Pardon.

The only Consolation the *Marchioness* was capable of, arose from that religious Confidence with which so good a Death inspired her. 'He was,' said she, 'more weak than wicked, and more frail than culpable. The World had led him astray by its Pleasures. God has brought him back again by Afflictions. He has chastised, & pardons him. Yes, my Husband, my dear *Clarence*,' cried she, 'now disencumbered of the Ties of Blood and the World, thou awaitest me in the Bosom of thy God.'

Her Soul filled with these holy Ideas, she went to reunite herself to her Friend, whom she found at the Foot of the Altars. *Lucilia's* Heart was rent within her at the Relation of this cruel and virtuous Death. They wept together for the last Time; and, some Time after, the *Marchioness* consecrated to God, with the same Vows as *Lucilia*, that Heart, those Charms, those Virtues, of which the World was not worthy.

Remarkable Particulars of the Life of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 685.]

IT has been objected to Dr. Ridley, that he flattered the Protector, and that he had a View to the Bishoprick of London for himself, in the Deprivation of *Boner*: But these Things are spoken without Proof, and contrary to Probability. For when he was put into Commission to examine *Boner*, he had so very lately offended the Protector, that it was not likely he should desire to be employed again; and if employed, and *Boner* should be found worthy of Deprivation, he could not imagine his Interest was so great with the Protector, as to succeed him in the See of London. And that he got this Bishoprick for his Reward, as if in Consequence of his Views and Schemes, is most improbable, because betwixt his Appointment to examine *Boner*, and his Promotion to the vacant See, there happened so great a Revolution at Court, that it was not likely that Ridley should be promoted by the Earl of *Warwick*, in Consequence of a Scheme concerted between Ridley and the late Protector.

It appears that Ridley's Patent to the Bishoprick of London was during Life: The Terms of the Patent are these—'For the singular Learning in the sacred Scriptures, and most approved Manners with which the said *Nicholas*, late Bishop of *Rochester*, is endued; and because, according to the Commendation of our Saviour, we judge him above all others worthy to be put over many Things, who hath been found faithful over few, we of our Grace and mere Motion, have granted to him the Bishoprick of London, to have, to hold, and occupy the same, *durante vita sua naturali*. We should like to know whether the same Form be retained in the Patents of our Bishops in these Times: It is so excellent, that we hope it is not disused.

In this high Station his Behaviour was with great Dignity; for it was benevolent, useful, and exemplary. With Respect to his Predecessor, he was very careful to do him no Injury in his Goods, taking not one Pennyworth of his Moveables, which

he found in the Palace, and gave him Leave to move whatever was his; and what he knew to be his, though not taken away according to this Leave, he carefully preserved for *Boner's* Use. *Bonner* had bought a Quantity of Lead for the Repairs of his House and Church, which *Ridley* employed to the Uses designed, but paid *Boner* for it. And that none might suffer innocently by his Promotion, he paid fifty-three or fifty-five Pounds to *Boner's* own Servants, which Sum was due to them from their Master, for Liveries and Wages. Nor did his Predecessor's Mother, or Sister, who lived near the episcopal Palace at *Fulham*, miss the Honour or the Benefit of the Bishop of *London's* Table. He always sent for them to Dinner and Supper, and placed Mrs. *Boner* at the upper End of his Table, never displacing her, though even any of the King's Council dined with him, as they often did: Not frowning upon her Misfortunes, but courteously alleviating them, with all the Honour and Tendernefs he could shew to her, saying, 'By your Lordship's Favour, this Place of Right and Custom is for my Mother *Boner*;' as if he had succeeded to the Relation, as well as to the Office of her Son.

With Respect to himself, he was mortified, and given to Prayer and Contemplation: With Respect to his Family, careful and instructive. His Mode of Life was, as soon as he rose and dressed himself, to continue in private Prayer half an Hour; then, unless other Business interrupted him, he retired to his Study, where he continued till Ten of the Clock, at which Hour he came to common Prayer with the Family, and there daily read a Lecture to them, beginning at the *Acts of the Apostles*, and so going regularly thro' *St. Paul's* Epistles, giving to every one who could read a New Testament, and hiring them to learn by Heart some chosen Chapters.—— After Prayers he went to Dinner, where he was not very forward to begin Discourse; but when Occasion was administered, he entered into it with great Wisdom and Dis-

cretion, and sometimes, if the Case required, merrily. This Conversation he would indulge for an Hour after Dinner, or else in playing at Chefs. The Hour for unbending being spent, he returned to his Study, where he continued till Five, except Suiters, or Business Abroad, required otherwise. Then he went to common Prayer, as in the Morning, after which he supped: Then diverting himself for another Hour after Supper, as he did after Dinner, he went back to his Study, and continued there till Eleven at Night, when he retired to private Prayer, and then went to Bed.

The first Affair of Consequence in which we find the Bishop of *London* engaged, was in a Commission with the Archbishop, and several others, to receive the Bishop of *Winchester's* Submission to the King, or to deprive him. The Court were inclined to treat him with Tendernefs, and to release him from his long Imprisonment; and would have done it, upon his Submission to the King, and Acknowledgement of his Errors; but this he continued to the last to refuse, and with so much Obstinacy and Rudeness, that he was at length deprived. *Winchester* appealed to the King; but the Council confirmed the Sentence of the Commissioners, and came to this Resolution, 'That sofar as much as it appeared, he had at all Times, before the Judges of his Cause, used himself unreverently to the King's Majesty, and slanderfully to his Council; and especially Yesterday, being the Day of his Judgment given against him, he called his Judges *Hereticks* and *Sacramentaries*, they being here the King's Commissioners, and of his Highness's Council; it was therefore concluded, by the whole Board, that he should be removed from the Lodging he hath now in the Tower, to a meaner Lodging, and none to wait upon him, but one by the Lieutenant's Appointment; that no one should be permitted to visit him; and that he should be deprived of the Use of Pen, Ink, or Paper.'

To this succeeded another Affair, much more troublesome, in which Dr.

Dr. Ridley was concerned, and that was his Dispute with *Hoper*, Elect of Gloucester, about Vestments.

When the Six Article Act of Henry VIII. took Place, *John Hoper*, Professor of Divinity in Oxford, was obliged to quit the University: He went Abroad, and spent the Remainder of that Reign at *Basil* and *Zurich*. Early in King Edward's Reign he came Home, became very popular for his Manners and Preaching, and was named in Council to the then vacant See of Gloucester. When he came to be consecrated, he objected to the Vestments appointed to be used at that Solemnity; and to the final Clause in the Oath, *So help me God, and all Saints!* The Archbishop told him, that these Things were enjoined by Statute, and that it was not in his Power to dispense with them, without incurring a *Premunire*. Upon this *Hoper* gets his Patron, the Earl of Warwick, to write to the Archbishop, and to tell him in the King's Name, and at the King's Request, that there should be no Danger in dispensing with these Things; and begged him, not to charge the Elect with an Oath burthen some to his Conscience. The Archbishop refused to comply. *Hoper* then addressed himself more particularly, and, as he thought, with some Prospect of Success, to the Bishop of London, who was to assist in the Consecration. Here likewise he was disappointed. Ridley was as averse from dispensing with the Laws as *Cranmer*. *Hoper*, in the next Place, made Use of his Interest at Court; and he so far succeeded, as to obtain a Letter from the King to both the Bishops, in which they were fully dispensed with, and discharged from all Manner of Damages, Penalties, and Forfeitures, which they might incur by omitting any of the Rites and Ceremonies so offensive to *Hoper's* Conscience. But all this was without Effect, and only served to displease the Bishops, who thought *Hoper's* Conduct required Correction rather than Indulgence. With Respect to the offensive Part of the Oath, the King himself struck out

with his own Hand, the Words *all Saints*: But with Respect to the Habits, the Council, who liked the Man, when their Endeavours failed of bringing over the Bishops, laboured on the other Side to persuade *Hoper* to drop his Opposition. For this Purpose Ridley was appointed to confer with him. There were long Arguings between them; the Debates kindled into some Heats; from being personal, the Controversy became general; the Pulpits and Schools engaged in the Dispute, *de re Vestiaria*, as it was called; and several learned Foreigners became Parties in it. These Contentions alarmed the Council; they sent for *Hoper*, required him to cease the Occasion of the Controversy, and conform himself to the Laws: He desired he might be permitted to write his Sentiments on the Subject, which was allowed him. The Council also wrote to the Bishop of London, to desire that he would endeavour to put an End to the Controversy. He desired that he might justify himself in writing, which was granted him; but his Reply to *Hoper* hath not been found. At length the Council began to think *Hoper* blameable, and his great Patrons to give him up. At first he was confined to his House, only with Permission to resort to some of the Bishops for Conference. This Order of Council he did not obey; they therefore removed him to a more effectual but honourable Confinement, committing him to the Care of the Archbishop, at Lambeth, to be reformed or punished. After some Time spent in vain to reduce him to a Compliance, he was reported as obstinate to the Council, who committed him to the Fleet, with an Order that he should be kept from Conference with any Person, saving the Ministers of that House. Here, after some Time, he became more tractable; and at length was consecrated at Lambeth Chapel, in his Linen Surplice and Cope, the Bishops of London and Rochester assisting in the like Habits.

[To be continued.]

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 477.

THERE is scarce a Vice, that does not, in some Measure, tend to the Injury of our Country. If, therefore, we have any Love for our Country, we ought to correct our Manners. Neither will he, who is well disposed to serve the Public, set too great a Value upon himself. For, he who rightly considers his own Insignificance, when compared to the whole Commonwealth will find no Difficulty in preferring the public Interest before his own, and so becomes a good Patriot from the Dictates of his own Conscience.

Where it has been otherwise, and Pride has got the Ascendant, there has always appeared Confusion, and every evil Work. This has laid the Foundation of civil Discord, and all the Wars that ever plagued the World. The Heroes, who would not be satisfied with less than sovereign Empire, presumed upon either their own Strength of Body, their Wisdom, their martial Abilities, or on their Eloquence and Art to move and influence great Assemblies. And as these had their Competitors or Rivals for Power, who entertained as high Ideas of their own Endowments and Perfections, their Contention became the Seed of War.

At first this Contention was between Nations only: But as Vices increased with the Human Race, we find that every Kingdom or State began to be distracted with Disputes and intestine Broils; occasioned by the high Opinion the great Men entertained of their own Merit and Abilities.—One could bear no Equal; another could not submit to a Superior. Both grasp at Power, and adopt any Measures, however ruinous to the Constitution, to obtain it.—In the End, each Party having got its Followers and Dependents, their Quarrels divide the People; who being thus made the Tools of Ambition, strike so long against one another, that Fire, at length, comes out and kindles a civil War; under the amiable Face of Virtue and public Good.—For,

whoever is conversant in the political World must know, That Vice dressed in the Robes, & adorn'd with the Attributes of Virtue, deceives the World, and has deluded many famous Persons to disturb their own, and the Peace of Mankind, whom they persuaded to follow them in their Pursuits after Greatness, and through all the Labyrinths of their Ambition.

Sometimes it has happened that the whole Constitution receives a Taint, and the Nation is divided. In such a Case, would we consult the public Good, the best Way to prevent the fatal Consequences, is for every Man to mend one, by suppressing his own vain Thoughts and his eager Pursuit after Power and Grandeur. This would be an effectual Way to heal Divisions. But, it's to be fear'd, that Human Nature is too much depraved for such a Reformation. Therefore, it is incumbent upon the Heads and Leaders of Parties, to put an End to the Distractions of their Country by their Authority and Influence: Of whose good Effects we could recite many Instances; especially in Monarchies, where a Prince cannot fail of a happy and peaceable Reign, who looks to a due Execution of the Laws; permits none of the great ones to grow too powerful; punishes Vice; rewards Virtue; attends to his own Business; makes Justice and public Good the Rule of all his Actions; and keeps a strict Hand over those, to whom he has entrusted the ministerial Part of the Government.

Such a Prince establishes a Government of the Laws, and not of Men. He removes from the Exercise of Power all such as are without Virtue or Abilities. He takes none into his Councils but such as are of known Probity, Wisdom and Experience: Men also of Weight and Figure; not such, who instead of being an Help and Honour to his Government, are seeking out for Places, Pensions and lucrative Grants from the Crown for their Support.

It is the Interest, as well as the Intention of the *English* to live in
9 Peace,

Peace, and to enjoy the Fruits of their own Labour. We have seldom had any open Breaches and Divisions, but they proceeded from some fatal Error or Weakness in their Rulers; as appears in our History from the *Norman Conquest*.

The *Monitor* then proceeds to give Instances of this from our History. He observes, that though *Elizabeth* had great Impediments to strive against, yet she ruled prosperously for 44 Years, and her People all the while enjoyed Plenty, Quiet, and a great Trade. This Prosperity he attributes to her strictly observing the Laws of her Country, being mild to her Subjects, unwilling to burthen them with Taxes, always consulting the public Good, and being surrounded by a Set of able and honest Ministers. He observes that her Successor *James* pursued quite another Conduct, and therefore did not meet with the like Happiness. That he loved Peace more than suited with the Honour of such a Prince, or consisted with the Nation's future Safety. That he discontented his old Nobility, by his partial Kindness to new Men, that followed him out of *Scotland*; That his Profusion to Favourites drove him into Wants, & those Wants and his Favourites into illegal Ways of procuring Money. From whence may be accounted for that continued Scene of domestic Troubles in the latter Part of his Life, & the Misfortunes that afterwards befel his Son.--The *Monitor* concludes with this Observation. — As many of our Princes as ruled well and wisely, were blessed with Peace at Home and Success Abroad, and that they who did otherwise, and trusted the Administration in Unsteady, furious or unskilful Hands, were never without popular Insurrections and intestine Broils; nor can any other be expected in the Nature of Things, where Ministers of State seek their own and not the public Good.

Original Letter from Sir WALTER RALEIGH to Prince HENRY, Son to King JAMES I.

May it please your Highness.

THE following Lines are address'd to your Highness, from a Man who values his Liberty, and a very small Fortuue in a remote Part of this Island, under the present Constitution, above all the Riches and Honours that he could any where enjoy under any other Establishment.

You see, Sir, the Doctrines that are lately come into the World, and how far the Phrase has obtained, of calling your Royal Father, God's Vice-gerent; which ill Men have turned both to the Dishonour of God, and the Impeachment of his Majesty's Goodness. They adjoin Vice-gerency to the Idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His Majesty's Wisdom ('tis to be hoped) will save him from the Snare that may lie under gross Adulations; but your Youth, and the Thirst of Praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these Charmers, who would conduct your noble Nature into Tyranny. Be careful, O my Prince! Hear them not, fly from their Deceits; you are in the Succession to a Throne, from whence no Evil can be imputed to you, but all Good must be conveyed from you. Your Father is called the Vice-gerent of Heaven; while he is good, he is the Vice-gerent of Heaven. Shall Man have Authority from the Fountain of Good to do Evil? No, my Prince; let mean and degenerate Spirits, which want Benevolence, suppose your Power impaired by a Disability of doing Injuries. If Want of Power to do ill, be an Incapacity in a Prince, with Reverence be it spoken, it is an Incapacity he has in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all Pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual Happiness of Prince and People, will appear as absurd to your great Understanding, as disagreeable to your noble Nature. Exert yourself, O generous Prince, against such Sycophants, in the glorious Cause of Liberty; and assume such an Ambition worthy of

you, to secure your Fellow Creatures from Slavery; from a Condition as much below that of Brutes, as to act without Reason, is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future Subjects, the Divine Right of being free Agents; and to your own Royal House, the Divine Right of being their Benefactors: Believe me, my Prince, there is no other Right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a Throne, consider the Laws as so many Common-Places in your Study of the Science of Government; when you mean nothing but Justice, they are an Ease and Help to you. This Way of thinking is what gave Men the glorious Appellations of Deliverers and Fathers of their Country; this made the Sight of them rouse their Beholders into Acclamations, and Mankind incapable of bearing their very Appearance, without applauding it as a Benefit. Consider the inexpressible Advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the Power of rendering Men happy the Measure of your Actions; while this is your Impulse, how easily will that Power be extended; the Glance of your Eye will give Gladness, and your very Sentence have a Force of Bounty. Whatever some Men would insinuate, you have lost your Subjects when you have lost their Inclinations; You are to preside over the Minds, not the Bodies of Men; the Soul is the Essence of the Man, and you can't have the true Man against his Inclinations. Chuse therefore to be the King or the Conqueror of your People; it may be Submission, but it cannot be Obedience that is passive. I am, Sir,

Your Highness's,
most faithful Servant,
WALTER RALEIGH.

LONDON, Aug. 12, 1611.

Letter from Lady M—y W—y M—e at Paris, to the Lady R—, giving her some Account of France, and the French Ladies, &c.

PARIS, O^r. 10, 1718.

I Cannot give my dear Lady R—, a better Proof of the Pleasure I have in writing to her, than chusing to do it in this Seat of various Amusements, where I am *accabled* with Visits, and those so full of Vivacity and Compliments, that 'tis full Employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French Ambassadors at *Constantinople*, has a very considerable and numerous Family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making Enquiries. The Air at *Paris* has already had a good Effect on me; for I was never in better Health, though I have been extreme ill, all the Road from *Lyons* to this Place. You may judge how agreeable the Journey has been to me; which did not want that Addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as Objects of Misery, except one had the God-like Attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the Country Villages of *France* shew nothing else. While the Post-Horses are changed, the whole Town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved Faces, and thin tattered Clothes, they need no other Eloquence to persuade one of the Wretchedness of their Condition. This is all the French Magnificence till you come to *Fontainebleau*, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred Rooms in the King's hunting Palace. The Apartments of the Royal Family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the Architecture or Painting worth remembering. The long Gallery, built by *Henry IV.* has Prospects of all the King's Houses. Its Walls are designed after the Taste of those Times, but appear now very mean. The Park is, indeed, finely wooded & watered, the Trees well grown & planted, and in the Fish-Ponds are kept tame Carp, said to be, some of them eighty Years of Age. The late King passed some Months every Year at this Seat; and all the Rocks, round it, by the pious Sentences inscribed on them, shew the Devotion in Fashion at his Court, which I believe died with him; at least I see

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no exterior Marks of it at Paris, where all Peoples Thoughts seem to be on present Diversion.

The Fair of *St. Lawrence* is now in Season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of *Bartholomew*. The Shops being all set in Rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable Spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *Groffierie* of their Harlequin, no more than with their Music at the Opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of *Italy*. Their Houie is a Booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the Play-House not so neat as that of *Lincoln's Inn Fields*; but then, it must be owned to their Praise, their Tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better Place then to be Confidante to La——. I have seen the Tragedy of *BAJAZET* so well represented, that I think our best Actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly Face and a stupid Smirk in his Countenance.—*A propos* of Countenances, I must tell you something of the *French Ladies*; I have seen all the Beauties, and such—(I can't help making Use of the coarse Word) nauseous Creatures? so fantastically absurd in their Dress! so monstrously unnatural in their Paints! their Hair cut short, and curled round their Faces, and so loaded with Powder, that it makes it look like white Wool! and on their Cheeks to their Chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red Japan, that glistens in a most flaming Manner, so that they seem to have no Resemblance to Human Faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first Hint of their Dress, from a fair Sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with Pleasure I recollect my dear pretty Country Women; and if I was writing to any Body else, I should say, that these grotesque Dawbers give me still a higher Esteem of the natural Charms of dear Lady R——'s auborne Hair, and the lively Colours of her unfullied Complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

Directions for finding and knowing of Marle, and how to use it.

MArle is a Species of Earth which has the following Properties: It is unctuous and slippery: It soon relents after Rain, slackens like Lime, and at last dissolves into the finest Powder. If a Lump of Marle, weighing three or four Pounds, be expoied to the Air, it will soon break into small Parts, and there will be a hoary Congealation on that Part of it expoied to the Sun: If, when it is dry, it is broken into small Particles, and an Handful thrown into a clear Coal Fire, it will crackle like Salt: If a Piece of dried Marle be put in a Glass, and as much Water as will cover it gently poured on, it will gradually dissolve into a Liquid Soap with an Ebullition; it will also effervesce more strongly with Vinegar.

There is a Sort of Marle called *Pigeon-Marle*, which is of a fine light brown Colour, with blue Veins; and another called *Toad-Marle*, which is dark and blackish, heavier, and without blue Veins: The latter is the strongest; and both, when first dug out of the Pit, cut like Soap. There are also blue, white, yellow, and red Marles; but the Colour makes no Difference if they be earthy, and fat or slippery as Soap, and free from Sand, Gravel, or Stone.

Marle is sometimes discovered near the Surface, by carefully observing the Ditches and Fences in which the several Strata, or Layers of the Soil appear; sometimes at the Depth of eight or nine Feet under a stiff Clay: The best Way of searching for it is by the Auger.

It is the best Manure for sandy, dry, gravelly, or light Lands; and is good for all Lands, even Clay, provided a proper Quantity be laid on, and well dissolved.

When used for Grass-Land, it frequently does not shew its Utility till the second Year; the Grass will then shoot out a dark or blackish Colour, which afterwards turns to the finest Green, and there will come up with it Quantities of white Clover-Grass, so that it will be dis-

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ficult to persuade Strangers that it has not been sown.

Lands properly marled will continue good for the Plough twelve or fourteen Years, and for Pasture much longer. The Plough should not enter the Land till the Marle is thoroughly dissolved.

As to the Quantity, if the Land is gravelly, sandy, or light, let as much be laid on as will make a good thick Coat to bind and stiffen the Soil; and let the Land be what it will, as much should be laid on as will make a thin Coat over the intire Surface. About twenty Load to an Acre, reckoning a Load as much as three strong Horses can draw, will about meet in the spreading. This Quantity succeeded on some Grass and Pasture Land of tolerable Mould and a clayey Soil, adding another Coat of fifteen Load to an Acre two Years afterwards.

This Work should be done at the End of *August*, or Beginning of *September*, and the Loads should be shot in small Heaps of two or three Bushels each, and a Man must be ready to separate it, that the Nitre, Air, Dews, and Rain coming on the large Pieces, may cause them to break into smaller Parts.

When this is effected, a Person should be ordered, when the Weather and Marle are dry, to spread the Pieces so as to compleat the Coat.

In the Beginning of *February* make Use of the first dry Weather to cause an old Gate, well bushed, with a heavy Weight on it, to be drawn by a single Horse over the whole Field.

If the Lands are for the Plough, the Plough and Harrow will sufficiently spread the Marle, and mix it with the Soil without these Expedients; which, however, if the Drill Plough is used, may be of Use.

Fish thrive more, & grow fatter in Marle-Pits, than in any other Ponds; and Horses and Cows are fonder of Hay and Grass from marled Land, than of that where Dung may be tasted and smelt.

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

AS the Whirlwind in its Fury teareth up Trees, and deform-

eth the Face of Nature, or as an Earthquake in its Convulsions overturneth whole Cities, so the Rage of an angry Man throweth Mischief around him; Danger and Destruction wait on his Hand.

But consider, and forget not, thine own Weakness; so shalt thou pardon the Failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the Passion of Anger; it is whetting a Sword to wound thine own Breast, or murder thy Friend.

If thou bearest slight Provocations with Patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for Wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy Remembrance, thy Heart shall feel Rest; thy Mind shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry Man loseth his Understanding? Whilst thou art yet in thy Senses, let the Madness of another be a Lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy Passion; why wilt thou put to Sea in the Violence of a Storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine Anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid therefore all Occasions of falling into Wrath, or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A Fool is provoked with insolent Speeches, but a wise Man laugheth them to Scorn.

Harbour not Revenge in thy Breast; it will torment thy Heart, and discolour its best Inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an Injury: He that watches for an Opportunity of Revenge, lieth in Wait against himself, and draweth down Mischief on his own Head.

A mild Answer to an angry Man, like Water cast upon the Fire, abateth his Heat; and from an Enemy he shall become thy Friend.

Consider how few Things are worthy of Anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but Fools should be wroth.

In Folly or Weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without Repentance.

On the Heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the Back of Anger standeth Remorse.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

A Description of the Manner of Life of a celebrated Writer, written by himself.

I Pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly painting grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man;)
She daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd;—the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam,
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self,
By idle passions born away
To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or fight to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a Stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth, or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This *grand specific* will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, What party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'

The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.
I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.

I'm pleas'd, when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

ELEGY by Mr. SHENSTONE, complaining how soon the pleasing Novelty of Life is over.

To Mr. J——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will
not last!
'This fairy-scene, that cheats our youth-
eyes!

The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's
past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision
flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich
perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spa-
cious dome?

Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson
plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander
home!

Vain now are books, the Sage's wisdom
vain!

What has the world to bribe our steps
astray?

Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued,
obey.

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses
roll'd,

Scarce shewn the whole that fortune
can supply:

Since, not the miser so caref'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to
figh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some spright-
ly part;

To deck my native fleece with tawdry
lace;

'Twas life, 'twas taste, and-----oh my
foolish heart!

Substantial joy was fix'd in pow'r and
place.

And

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine
eye,

The breathing picture, and the living
stone :

* Tho' gold, tho' splendor, heav'n and
fate deny,

* Yet might I call one *Titian* stroke my
own !

Smit with the charms of fame, whose
lovely spoil,

The wreath, the garland, fire the Poet's
pride,

I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight
oil---

But soon the paths of health and fame
divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the
pray'r,

To grace my native scenes, my rural
home ;

To see my trees express their planter's
care,

And gay, on Attic models, raise my
dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's
o'er !

A stagnant breezelefs air becalms my
soul :

A fond aspiring Candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the
goal.

O youth ! enchanting stage, profusely
blest !

Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic
mind ;

Of health neglectful, yet by health carest ;
Carelefs of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses
fair ;

More free, more vivid than the linnet's
wing ;

Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the
spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active
might,

Not all the craft to subtil age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear de-
light,

Which gay delusion gave the tender
mind.

Adieu soft raptures ! transports void of
care !

Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu !

And you her daughters, pining with des-
pair,

Why, why so soon her fleeting steps
pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day !
Again to trace the wint'ry tracts of
snow !

Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
The self-same hawthorns bud, and
cowslips blow !

O life ! how soon of ev'ry bliss forlorn !
We start false joys, and urge the de-
vious race :

A tender prey ; that cheers our youth-
ful morn,

Then sinks untimely and defrauds the
chace.

ON CHARITY

O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair !
Sweeter than those whom antient
poets bound

In Amity's indissoluble chain,
The graces ! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid ; and in rude
verse

Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er re-
veal ?

For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening
pride

Puff up with vain conceit—

-----When prophecies shall fail.

When tongues shall cease, when know-
ledge is no more.

And *the great* day is come ; thou by the
throne

Shall sit triumphant.

THE AMIABLE VIRGIN.

THE things that make a virgin please,
She that seeks, will find them these :

A beauty not to art in debt,
Rather agreeable, than great ;

An eye wherein at once do meet
The beams of kindness, and of wit ;

An undissembled innocence,

Apt not to give, nor take offence ;

A conversation, at once free

From passion, and from subtilty ;

A face that's modest, yet serene,

A sober, and yet lively mien ;

The virtue which does her adorn,

By honour guarded, not by scorn :

With such wise lowliness indu'd,

As never can be mean or rude ;

Whom prudent negligence does enrich,

And times her silence, and her speech ;

Whose equal mind does always move,

Neither a foe, nor slave to love ;

And whose religion's strong and plain,

Not superstitious, nor prophane.

The weekly Amusement

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, October 27, 1764.



We are taught by *Celsus*, that Health is best preserved by avoiding settled Habits of Life, and deviating sometimes into slight Aberrations from the strict Laws of Medicine by varying the Proportions of Food and Exercise, interrupting the Successions of Rest and Labour, and mingling Hardships with Indulgence. The Body, long accustomed to stated Quantities, and uniform Periods, is soon disordered by the smallest Irregularity; and since we cannot exempt ourselves wholly from the Power of Accident, nor adjust every Day by the Balance or Barometer, but must sometimes depart from rigid Accuracy in Compliance with necessary Affairs, or strong Inclinations, he that too long observes nice Punctualities, and condemns himself to voluntary Imbecillity, will not long escape the Miseries of Disease.

The same Laxity of Regimen is equally necessary to intellectual Health, to a constant Enjoyment of Gaiety, and perpetual Susceptibility of occasional Pleasure. He that by long Confinement to the same Company whom perhaps Similitude of Taste brought first together, has been accustomed to hear only the Echo of his own Sentiments, quickly contracts his Faculties, and makes a thousand Things offensive that are in themselves indifferent; he soon bars all the common Avenues of Delight, and has no Part in the general Diversions or Gratifications of Mankind.

In Things which are not immediately subject to religious or moral Consideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the Right. Sensibility may, by an incessant Attention to Elegance and Propriety, be quickened to a Tenderness inconsistent with the Condition of Humanity, irritable by the smallest Asperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest Touch. He that pleases himself too much with minute Exactness, and submits to endure nothing in Accommodations, Attendance, or Address, below the utmost Point of Perfection, will, whenever he enters the Croud of Life, be harassed with innumerable Distresses, from which those who have not in the same Manner increased their Sensations, find no Disturbance. His exotic Softness will shrink at the Coarseness of vulgar Felicity, like a Plant transplanted to northern Nurseries, from the Dews and Sunshine of the tropical Regions.

There will always be a wide Interval between practical and ideal Excellence; and he, therefore, that allows not himself to be satisfied while he can perceive any Error or Defect, must refer his Hopes of Ease to some other Period of Existence. It is well known, that, exposed to a Microscope, the smoothest Polish of the most solid Bodies discovers Cavities and Prominences; and that the softest Bloom of roseate Virginity repels the Eye with Excrescences and Discolorations. The Perceptions as well as the Senses may be improved to our own Disquiet, and we may, by diligent Cultivation of the Powers of Dislike,

raile in Time an artificial Fastidiousness, which shall fill the Imagination with Phantoms of Turpitude, shew us the naked Skeleton of every Delight, and present us only with the Pains of Pleasure, and the Deformities of Beauty.

Peevishness, indeed, would perhaps very little disturb the Peace of Mankind, were it always the Consequence of superfluous Delicacy; for it is the Priviledge only of deep Reflection, or lively Fancy, to destroy Happiness by Art and Refinement. But by a continual Indulgence of a particular Humour, or by a long Enjoyment of undisputed Superiority, the Dull and Thoughtless may likewise acquire the Power of tormenting themselves and others, and become sufficiently ridiculous or hateful, to those who are within Sight of their Conduct, or Reach of their Influence.

They that have grown old in a single State are generally found to be morose, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own Practices and Maxims; soon offended by Contradiction or Negligence; and impatient of any Association, but with such as will watch their Nod, give up all Claim to Choice and Reason, and submit themselves to unlimited Authority. Such is the Effect of having lived without the Necessity of consulting any Inclination but their own.

The Irascibility of this Class of Tyrants is generally exerted upon petty Provocations, such as are incident to Understandings not far extended beyond the Instincts of Animal Life; but unhappily he that fixes his Attention on Things always before him, will never have long Cessations of Anger. There are many Veterans of Luxury, upon whom every Noon brings a Paroxysm of Violence, Fury, and Execration; they never sit down to their Dinner without finding the Meat so injudiciously bought, or so unskillfully dressed, such Blunders in the Seasoning, or such Improprieties in the Sauce, as can scarcely be expiated without Blood; and, in the Transports of Resentment, make very little Distinctions between

Guilt and Innocence, but let fly their Menaces, or growl out their Discontent upon all whom Fortune exposes to the Storm.

It is not easy to imagine a more unhappy Condition than that of Dependence on a peevish Man. In every other State of Inferiority the Certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller Knowledge of our Duty; and Kindness and Confidence are strengthened by every new Act of Trust, and Proof of Fidelity. But Peevishness sacrifices to a momentary Offence the Obsequiousness or Usefulness of half a Life, and as more is performed encreases her Exactions.

Chrysalus gained a Fortune by Trade, and retired into the Country; and, having a Brother burdened by the Number of his Children, adopted one of his Sons. The Boy was dismissed with many prudent Admonitions; informed of his Father's Inability to maintain him in his native Rank; cautioned against all Opposition to the Opinions or Precepts of his Uncle; and animated to Perseverance by the Hopes of supporting the Honour of the Family, and over-topping his elder Brother. He had a natural Ductility of Mind, without much Warmth of Affection, or Elevation of Sentiment; and therefore readily complied with every Variety of Caprice; patiently endured contradictory Reproofs; heard false Accusations without Pain, and opprobrious Reproaches without Reply; laughed obstreperously at the ninthieth Repetition of a Joke; asked Questions about the universal Decay of Trade; admired the Strength of those Heads by which the Price of Stocks is changed and adjusted; and behaved with such Prudence and Circumspection, that after six Years the Will was made, and *Juvenculus* was declared Heir. But unhappily, a Month afterwards, retiring at Night from his Uncle's Chamber, he left the Door open behind him: The old Man tore his Will, and being then perceptibly declining, for Want of Time to deliberate, left his Money to a trading Company.

When

When female Minds are imbibed by Age or Solitude, their Malignity is generally exerted in a rigorous and spiteful Superintendence of domestic Trifles. *Eriphile* has employed her Eloquence for twenty Years upon the Degeneracy of her Servants, the Nastiness of her House, the Ruin of her Furniture, the Difficulty of preserving Tapestry from the Moths, and the Carelessness of the Sluts whom she employs in brushing it. It is her Business every Morning to visit all the Rooms, in hopes of finding a Chair without its Cover, a Window shut or open contrary to her Orders, a Spot on the Hearth, or a Feather on the Floor, that the rest of the Day may be justifiably spent in Taunts of Contempt, and Vociferations of Anger. She lives for no other Purpose but to preserve the Neatness of a House and Gardens, & feels neither Inclination to Pleasure, nor Aspiration after Virtue, while she is engrossed by the great Employment of keeping Gravel from Grass, and Wainscot from Dust. Of three amiable Nieces she has declared herself an irreconcilable Enemy to one, because she broke off a Tulip with her Hoop; to another, because she spilt her Coffee on a Turkey Carpet; and to the third, because she let a wet Dog run into the Parlour. She has broken off her Intercourse of Visits, because Company makes a House dirty; and resolves to confine herself more to her own Affairs, and to live no longer in Mire by foolish Lenity and Indulgence.

Peevishness is generally the Vice of narrow Minds, and, except when it is the Effect of Anguish and Disease, by which the Resolution is broken, and the Mind made too feeble to bear the lightest Addition to its Miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable Persuasion of the Importance of Trifles. The proper Remedy against it is, to consider the Dignity of Human Nature, and the Folly of suffering Perturbation and Uneasiness from Failures unworthy of our Notice.

He that resigns his Peace to little Casualties, and suffers the Course

of his Life to be interrupted by fortuitous Inadvertencies, or trivial Offences, delivers up himself to the Direction of the Wind, and loses all that Constancy and Equanimity which constitute the chief Praise of a wise Man.

The Province of Prudence lies between the greatest Things and the least; some surpass our Power by their Magnitude, and some escape our Notice by their Number and their Frequency. But the indispensable Business of Life will afford sufficient Exercise to every Understanding; and such is the Limitation of the Human Powers, that by Attention to Trifles we must let Things of Importance pass unobserved: When we examine a Mite with a Glass, we see nothing but a Mite.

That it is every Man's Interest to be pleased, will need little Proof: that it is his Interest to please others, Experience will inform him. It is therefore not less necessary to Happiness than to Virtue, that he rid his Mind of Passions which make him uneasy to himself, and hateful to the World, which enchain his Intellects, and obstruct his Improvement.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 478.

THE *Monitor* in this Paper, pursues the Argument of his last;—They who diligently (says he) contemplate the five last Reigns from King *James I.* downwards, will find the very Seeds from which Factions spring up and spread.

You'll find that when the Prince himself ruled amiss; when they to whom the executive Part of Power is committed, and who are called the Government, invaded the People in their civil Rights; or when the Ministers burthened them with Taxes; when their Treasure was imbezzelled; when they robbed the Public to enrich themselves; when they neglected the national Honour and Safety; and when all this began to provoke loud Murmurs; to defend such Mal-Administration,

and to be fortified against Enquiries, Courts always thought it expedient and necessary to form a Party.

Again: They, who conceived themselves hurt by any illegal Exertions of Power, coming either from the Prince, or from his Ministers; that there was any Reason to be jealous of their Liberties; or who feeling the Weight of heavy Taxes were desirous, that what was raised should be well employed, and were therefore willing to call those to an Account, whom they thought were enrich'd with the Plunder of their Country; and they who grew to fear some public Calamity, when they saw Affairs loosely, negligently or perhaps treacherously managed, and so thought it requisite to unite for their common Preservation, were always disposed to compose another Party.

Thus weak Princes and bad Ministers have frequently divided the Nation: Thus in most Places Factions have always taken their Rise: And thus it is evident, that the Spirit of Sedition does not rage more at one Time than another, but is a Disease proceeding from natural Causes, easily to be cured by a wise and good Government.

It is granted, that there are People in all States, who will find fault right or wrong, and who, to make themselves necessary, will be ever finding out some Distemper or other in the Body politic. — But let the Administration be sound and blameless, and they need not regard those factious Men, who can never subsist long under a wise King and an honest Ministry. — Give no Cause to clamour, and they will be soon silenced.

The *Monitor* then proceeds to account, Why both Princes and Ministers have thought it impossible to rule without what they called a *Party for a Court*? He says, that this was first introduced, when a bad or base Game had been playing for many Years, which only bad Men would come into as Ministers. And these bad Ministers were to endeavour to make the Prince worse than they found him, or they could not hope to keep their own Ground

long; for any Turns that he made to good Sense, and his own and People's true Interest, were fatal to them. Therefore in their Consultations, they did not so much consult what was for the public Good, as what would best ingratiate themselves, by soothing his Appetites, Passions and Affections, always giving a wrong Bent to his Nature.

And these Men introduced the Distinction of a Party; not that the Prince wanted such a Help, but they wanted his Countenance and Fellowship in what they were doing; and fomented Divisions; because, in a divided Kingdom they governed; and not their Royal Master, whose Authority stood all the While, as if it were suspended.

'Tis to be feared this was the Cause of *England* for many Years. Was it not then the Duty of a good Prince to put an End to those Disorders, which eclipse the Royal Name; deprave the Manners of inferior People; infect the Principles of the better Sort, and render Government difficult, expensive, unsafe and precarious. — The *Monitor* allows, that where there has been a long Series of Mismanagement, &c. it would be a Work of Time, the Result of Prudence, and the Effect of Courage, to mend what is so much defaced. But concludes with saying, that nothing should be despaired of, and that we have heard of Princes, even in *England*, that have recovered their Country, labouring under far more desperate Maladies. Confusion and Disorder, Discontent and Faction, is not the natural Produce of this Island. Turn over the Annals of *England*, and you will be convinced, that no People ever studied more to be quiet under a quiet Administration.

An experienced Method of guarding against smutty Crops of Wheat, by a due Preparation of the Seed.

AS the Smut in Wheat is an Evil greatly complained of, and not without Reason, among Farmers, I have no doubt but your Readers will be well pleased to be informed of a Means of preventing the Damage which

which is annually experienced in this Respect.

As I write from Experience, what I communicate may be depended on; and I have great Foundation for thinking it will be found of particular Service to such of your Readers as are practical Farmers, and who yet are unacquainted with the Method I intend to recommend.

I have, for many Years past, escaped having smutty Crops, by a proper Care of the Seed-Wheat before it is put into the Ground; and the Method I pursue, though efficacious, is in itself simple and cheap.

I take four Bushels of Pigeons Dung, which I put into a large Tub: On this I pour a sufficient Quantity of boiling Water, and, mixing them well together, let them stand six Hours, till a Kind of a strong Lye is made, which, at the End of that Time, the grosser Matter being subsided, I cause to be carefully drained off, and put into a large Keeve, or Tub, for Use.

This Quantity is sufficient for eighty Bushels of Seed-Wheat.

My next Care is to shoot into this Steep a manageable Quantity of my Seed, which is immediately to be violently agitated, with either birchen Brooms, or the Rudders that are made use of in stirring the Malt in the Mash-Tub in a Brewing-Office. As the light Grains rise, they must be diligently skimmed off; and after the Seed has been agitated in this Manner for the Space of perhaps half an Hour, it may be taken out of the Steep, and sown out of Hand, with Safety. And I can venture to say, that if the Land is in good Heart, and has been properly tilled, it will not, when sown with these Precautions, produce a smutty Crop.

An Ænigmatical Letter, sent by a young Lady to her Sister.

DEAR FANN,

I Inclosed I send you a most curious Present, which as you may see by the Directions on the Outside of

it (a), is of a very odd Nature, and though it is of little Value, yet its Properties are so singular, that I cannot forbear mentioning them. It is a little Creature that is all Belly, and we are never so happy as when we can give it as much as ever it can swallow; for there is such a strange Sympathy between it and Human Creatures, that whenever its Belly is empty, our's is generally so too.

The Food it eats, has the most contrary Qualities; it is but of four different Kinds, each of which though disguised as Fashion requires, has yet the same Effects. This Food is sometimes rank Poison, whose Venom destroys not only the Body, but even the Soul; yet it is sometimes the greatest Cordial, especially among the Poor; and may preserve both Body and Soul from Destruction. As to its Person, the Individuals of its Species differ as much from each other, as the Individuals of Mankind; that which I inclose, I think is a handsome one, though I have seen one of a better Figure, yet the Face of this which is pretty makes up the Defect of its Shape; its Beauty though more showy and glaring by Candle Light, yet loses all its delicate Bloom, by sitting up till Sun-set, and therefore like a true Beauty, it is seen to most Advantage by Day-Light. Will your Curiosity suspend itself so long as the Direction on the Outside requires, and will you not be more tempted to open it, when I tell you this wonderful Thing I made myself. However, if you cannot refrain, I give you Leave to prove the Truth of all I have said, and behold a Mountain brings forth a Mouse.

Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, describing his Situation of Mind, and Reflexions on the Loss of a valuable Friend.

DEC. 7.

THE Visits of a Friend, like those of the Sun at this Season, are extremely enlivening. I am sure at least they would both be particularly acceptable to me at

(a) On the Paper which inclosed the Present, was written, not to be opened but between the Hours of Eight and Five.

present,

present, when my Mind is as much over-cast as the Heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the Design your Letter intimates, of spending a few Days with me in your Way to * * *. Your Company will greatly contribute to dissipate those Clouds of Melancholy, which the Loss of a very valuable Friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first Moments of Separation from those, whom a daily Commerce and long Habitude of Friendship has grafted upon the Heart, that disorders our whole Frame of Thought, and discolours all one's Enjoyments. Let Philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted Strength, the Mind cannot immediately recover the Firmness of its Posture, when those amicable Props upon which it used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most indifferent Objects with which we have long been familiar, take some Kind of Root in our Hearts; and, 'I should hardly care (as a celebrated Author has, with great Good-nature, observ'd) to have an old Post pulled up, which I remembered ever since I was a Child.'

To know how to receive the full Satisfaction of a present Enjoyment, with a Disposition prepared at the same Time to yield it up without Reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to Humanity: Pain in being disunited from those we love, is a Tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the social Affections. One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly insensible to Disquietudes of this Kind; and we must renounce the most refined Relish of our Being, if we would upon all Occasions possess our Souls in a Stoical Tranquillity.

That ancient Philosopher, whose Precept it was, to converse with our Friends as if they might one Day prove our Enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very ungenerous Maxim. To remember, however, that we must one Day most certainly be divided from them, is a Reflexion, methinks, that should

enter with us into all our tender Connections of every Kind.

I am, &c.

Of the best Stocks for Apricots to yield the most palatable Fruit, according to the Experience of an eminent Gardener.

AS most Kinds of Apricots, when fully ripe, have no very agreeable Taste to a nice Palate, for they are neither truly melting nor breaking, but rather too sweet and mealy; so when they are budded upon any Kind of Plum Stocks which have that Sort of Juice, their Fruit becomes more mealy and sweet than that of those which were budded upon Stocks whose Juices were more acid.

The Stocks upon which I have found the Apricot to prosper best, and yield the most palatable Fruit, are the common red Wheat Plums; they have a tart Taste, and are Stocks tolerably free from Gum and Suckers, and may be raised from Stones or Layers.

I have sometimes thought (though I never tried it) that the Orleans Stocks would make an Improvement in the Apricot, if they were budded close to the Ground; otherwise they will be subject to Gum, as old Branches in that Kind of Tree are. I can't recommend any other Sort of Stock, be the Trees designed for Walls, Espaliers or Dwarf Standards.

Remarkable Particulars of the LIFE of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 697.]

THE Writer of the Bishop's Life makes the following Reflexion upon the Affair of the Bishop with *Hoper*. 'Here appear (says he) the distinguishing Lines of Ridley's Character, which run uniformly through his Life; meek and gentle to tender Consciences, patiently bearing with their Weakness: But where he saw the Will was in Fault, from Vanity, Malice, and Obstinacy, he set himself with great Earnest-

'ness to reduce it to Submission.' But notwithstanding this, an unprejudiced Person cannot see many Marks of Meekness and Gentleness to tender Consciences in this Part of the Bishop's Behaviour; but rather somewhat a little favouring of the contrary. *Hoper* (as before observed) had conversed much with the learned Protestants Abroad; he had learned to think, that following the Scriptures only in Matters of Religion, was his Duty; he had seen nothing but great Simplicity with Respect to the Article of Vestments; he, perhaps, suspected, or was well assured, that the Civil Magistrates had no Right to Sovereignty in Religion, and that it was foreign to his Province; he might see too, that by allowing the Magistrate a Power to enjoin the Use of Copes, Hoods, and Surplices, it was acknowledging that, upon the same Authority, he might introduce any Modes or Rites that he pleased, however trifling, insignificant, or superstitious. It was surely possible for *Hoper* to have thought very gravely in this Manner, without having his Will in Fault at all; without the least Degree of Vanity, Malice, or Obstinacy. These are Qualities which Men in Power have been always apt to charge upon their Adversaries, when they could not convince them by Reason and Argument: We shall presently see the same Charge thrown upon Dr. Ridley himself, for not submitting to the Instructions and Admonitions of the holy Gentlemen who had the Management of the Proceedings against him: It is possible he might then see Matters in a different Light. But if *Hoper* was not to be convinced in the Method of Argument and Disputation; and if the Bishops did not chuse to depart from their usual Customs, (which, however, they had done before in the Case of *Samson* and *Rogers*, who had been ordained by *Cranmer* and *Ridley*, without the customary Vestments,) if they did not chuse to dispense with the Laws, expose themselves to *Premunire*, and did not think even the King's Letter and Signet a sufficient Authority to go

upon, they certainly ought not to have imprisoned him in the Fleet, nor to have meditated those Things against him, which it is probable he only prevented by a timely Compliance. These good Men had, alas! but a very few Years after, too dreadful an Experience of the same Kind of Severity in their own Persons.

In January, 1551, the Bishop of London was joined in a special Commission with the Archbishop and twenty-nine Persons more, to review the Common-Prayer a second Time; a large Account of which our Author inserts in this Place.

In this Year the Sweating Sickness prevailed, which destroyed a great Number of Lives, especially in London; and, in the Midst of that malignant and pestilential Dis temper, did the Bishop reside at his Diocese, assiduous to discharge his Duty, and endeavouring to improve the Visitations of GOD to the Reformation of the Manners of the People, neither fearing the Pestilence that walketh in Darkeness, nor the Sickness that destroyeth in the Noon-Day.

In the Year 1552, the Bishop of London was engaged in a good and truly Christian Work, contriving Means to render the Lives of indigent Persons more comfortable, by making them more useful. The King had a wide, large, empty House in the City, called *Bridewell*, which he made Application to have employed for this Purpose. In this he succeeded; and in about a Year after the House was endowed, and granted by the Crown, for correcting and reclaiming idle, loose Vagrants, finding them Work, and training up Boys to several useful Trades.

This Year the Bishop visited his old College at Cambridge, and upon his Return called at *Handsdon*, to pay his Duty to the Princess Mary. She thanked him for his Civility, and entertained him with very pleasant Discourse for a Quarter of an Hour, telling him, that she remembered him at Court, and mentioned particularly a Sermon of his before her Father: And then leav-

ing her Chamber of Prefence, she dismissed him to dine with her Officers. After Dinner she sent for him again; when the Bishop in Conversation told her, that he did not only come to pay his Duty to her Grace, by waiting upon her, but farther to offer his Service to preach before her the next Sunday, if she would be pleased to permit him. Her Countenance changed at this; and she continued some Time silent: At last she said, As for this Matter, I pray you, my Lord, make the Answer to it yourself. The Bishop proceeding to tell her, that his Office and Duty obliged him to make this Offer, she again desired him to make the Answer to himself, for that he could not but know what it would be. Yet if the Answer must come from her, she told him the Doors of the Parish Church should be opened for him if he came, and that he might preach if he pleased; but that neither would she hear him, nor should any of her Servants. Madam, said the Bishop, I trust you will not refuse GOD's Word. I cannot tell, says she, what you call GOD's Word: That is not GOD's Word now, that was GOD's Word in my Father's Days. The Bishop observed, that GOD's Word is all one at all Times, but has been better understood and practised in some Ages than others. Upon which she could restrain her Anger no longer, but told him, You durst not for your Ears have avouched that for GOD's Word in my Father's Days, that you do now: And then to shew how able a Judge she was in that Controversy, she added, As for your new Books, I thank GOD I never read any of them; I never did, and never will. She then flew out into many bitter Expressions against the Form of Religion at present established, and parted from him with these Words, 'My Lord, for your Civility in coming to see me, I thank you; but for your offering to preach before me, I thank you not a Whit.' After this the Bishop was offered a Glass of Wine by Sir Thomas Wharton; which, when he had drank, he seemed concerned, and

said, Surely I have done amiss! and vehemently reproached himself for having drank in that Place where GOD's Word had been refused; whereas, said he, if I had remembered my Duty, I ought to have departed immediately, and to have shaken off the Dust from my Feet for a Testimony against this House. This Bigottry of the Princess gave him but a sorrowful Prospect of what was to be expected if ever she came to the Crown.

This Event, so much to be dreaded, was now near at Hand. In July 1553, the excellent King Edward died. For three Days his Death was concealed, but could be so no longer. The Council waited on Lady Jane Grey, and acquainted her with her Succession to the Throne, by the late King's Will. The Bishop of London was commanded to preach at St. Paul's, and recommended Queen Jane to the People, which Order he obeyed with great Zeal and Earnestness, pointing out the Danger the Nation would have been in, had the Lady Mary succeeded, who was a rigid Papist, and would bring back the papal Power, to enslave them, and subvert the true Religion already established. Then he related his own Experience of her Aversion to the Reformation, as has been mentioned above. But suddenly Affairs took another Turn; Lady Jane was obliged to disappear; and the Princess Mary was acknowledged and proclaimed Queen.

Queen Mary was now at Framingham; all hastened to her, to implore her Mercy; which she extended to all, but the Earl of Northampton, Dr. Ridley Bishop of London, Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards the great Earl of Leicester, and Sir Robert Corbett; who were committed to the Tower.

August 5th, Boner was released from the Marshalsea; & complaining that he had been unjustly deprived, Delegates were appointed to examine the Affair; who pronounced Sentence in his Favour, and decreed him to be restored, as well to the Possession of the said Bishoprick, as to all his Goods and Things, with their Rights and Appurtenances; allowing

lowing him to take his Course for the Expences and Incommodities of his Imprisonment.

About the Middle of September, Latimer and Cranmer were committed to the Tower; the latter for Matters of Treason against the Queen. He was afterwards attainted of high Treason; but the Queen pardoned his Treason, having mercifully determined to burn him for Heresy. Of which Mercy Ridley also partook, being never questioned for his Sermon at St. Paul's Cross, as the Queen had resolved to punish him more severely than by the Axe.

Notwithstanding this Resolution, Ridley might have redeemed himself, and recovered her Favour, if he would have brought over the Weight of his Learning and Authority to countenance her Proceedings in Religion. He was therefore treated with Respect and Indulgence: He had the Liberty of walking at large in the Tower, to see whether he would be voluntarily present at the Mass or not; which, though said by Fox, it is probable he never was.—Ridley was now desirous of a Conference with his fellow Prisoners, to sift his own Opinions, and correct or strengthen them from the Experience of those Veterans. He knew his Life was at Stake, and he verily believed the Truth of *Christ* was so likewise: He would not willingly rush on Death through Tortures, for a mistaken Question, or a Point of little Importance; nor weakly betray the Cause of Truth, either over-reached by their Sophistry, or terrified by their Cruelties. He therefore desired the sincere Advice of these true Friends, either to point out his Errors, or confirm his Resolution. For which Purpose they had several Conferences, exchanging Papers and Letters on these Subjects.

Thus did the good Bishop employ himself in his Prison; examining himself, and trying his own Spirit carefully, lest either Ignorance or Prejudice should mislead him; seeking the Advice of the elder and more experienced; proposing his Reasons, and submitting them to

the Censure of others. In short, all through his Life, he applied with great Industry to acquaint himself with the Truth, and when assured, no Man shewed more Resolution in maintaining it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A very particular Description of Mount Vesuvius, in a Letter from a Gentleman, who had just been visiting it, to his Friend.

IT would be unpardonable to have been at Naples, & not to have visited *Vesuvius*. 'Tis about four Miles South-East of the Town; and M— has been so earnest in his Application to go up to it that there was no withstanding him; At the Foot of the Mountain, is a long Inscription on a Table of Marble, giving an Account of the Eruptions of the Mountain, and at the Top of the Table, is a Figure of it. — From this Monument which is four Miles from Naples, we had four more to the Summit of the Mountain, and all was at this Time so quiet, as to tempt us greatly to the Journey. The first half we went on Horseback, the rest we were obliged to walk. From the very Bottom we saw loose Remains of the Eruptions. The first Things we met with, as Marks of it, were large and light Stones like Pumice-Stones, and Heaps of vast Cinders, or Slags such as we see thrown out of Forges. They build the Enclosures of their Vineyards with these about the Foot of the Mountain; but we soon got beyond all Plantations. We rode for some time along the Side of a strange Ridge of Matter, the Remains of one of those burning Rivers of melted Metals and Stones, that run over the Mouth in the great Eruptions. This was fifty Feet wide, and raised to some Height above the Level of the Surface, and seemed to bury itself to some Depth below it. The lower Part seemed an uniform Mass of Minerals, that had once been melted together and fluid; but all the upper Part was rough with vast Masses of Stone stuck in it.

What a Sight of Horror must this be at the Time! a River of liquid Fire, with red hot Rocks, and Masses of other solid Metals floating upon it.

As the Ascent grows steeper, the Ground grows worse. 'Tis covered a Foot deep or more with Ashes, and broken Pumice-Stones, which mixed with the natural Sand of the Place, make a strange and unpleasant Kind of walking. *M*— threw off his Clothes, and taking a large Stick in his Hand to feel before him led the Way. Nothing but a Love for Curiosity beyond the common Degree will ever carry a Man to the Top of this horrible Mountain. We followed our Leader rather through Shame of giving out, than through any real Liking to the Expedition. You would have thought he had been often there. Eagerness to get up, stood in the Place of Knowledge how to do it. Sometimes he climbed the Heap of once liquid Matter, and we followed him along its Surface, till the Stones were so vast, that we could not get over them. Sometimes we pulled ourselves up on Hands and Knees along the rough natural Rocks of the Surface; and at others, combated all the Difficulties of *Alexander* in the *Libyan* Deserts, walking in loose Matter, that every Step was up to the Knees, and scarce any Ground gained; for we slipped back almost as fast as we advanced: And, but for the rough Masses that lie scattered about, we should not have been able to get up at all. At length we arrived at the Top of the first Ascent, a Plain, that once was the Place of Eruption of the Mountain. From hence we looked down upon the Ruins of the liquid Fire that we had passed, and saw all the Roughnesses of their Surface was thrown into a Kind of Waves. This was the Plain from whence the Eruptions used to proceed; but it is now covered with Matter, thrown down from those in the upper Parts. and its Hollow filled up. At this Place it was that we entered on the Scene of Horror. All did not now appear so tranquil as at first. The Noises we had originally heard became louder and more frequent;

and what we had taken for Wind, proved the roaring of the Inside of the Mountain. The Ground sounded hollow under our Feet, and was so hot, that it burnt us. It was full of Cracks, out at which issued Smoak and a Smell of Sulphur. It was with Difficulty, and I must be allowed to think, not without Danger, that we gained the Top of the second or highest Ascent. The Way to it was among burnt Rocks and Slags, and the Sides steeper than the others by a great deal. All this Part of the Mountain, which seems a lesser Mountain placed upon the greater, has been formed of Matter, thrown out at former Eruptions; and every one adds to it, so that the Hollow within must increase vastly. The Top of this highest Ascent, *that is*, the Summit of the whole Mountain, is tolerably flat, and of some Extent: We walked upon it, among Slags and Cinders of various Size and Colour; and saw a vast Variety of half-burnt Minerals, Pieces of which *M*— pick'd up with great Care. The Scene was now very terrible, the Roaring increased; and while we were looking towards the Mouth, a Burst of pitchy Smoak rose out in a terrible Volume. Our Guides said, there was going to be an Eruption; and we were hurrying away, only *M*— intreated our Staying; and such is the Courage that attends on Curiosity; he went forwards toward the Opening. For my Part, I gave him up as lost; a Cloud of Smoak followed the first, and quite hid him as he approached the Mouth. I thought of the Fate of *Pliny*, and supposed it over with him. As the Wind blew off the Smoak we saw him again, still marching forwards. A Roaring was heard again, a second Cloud of Smoak succeeded it, and he was lost again, till the Air once more cleared up, after a few Minutes. He had the Intrepidity to march on in this Manner, till he could look down into a Part of the Hollow. Nothing can be so horrible as his Description of the Mouth. All was clear, he says, as he looked in: He saw to a considerable Depth, & a great Part of the Surface of one Side.

The

The Eye would have gone deeper ; but a Body of pitchy Smoak, disposed in Waves, prevented it. The Side of the Well was glazed with a thick Coat of various coloured Glafs, formed of the liquified Rocks within, and here and there some vast Stone stood out, or some Slag adhered to it. A Noise louder and more terrible than the first was heard as he stood there : The Hill shook under his Feet, as if in an Earthquake ; and immediately that vast Volume of Smoak, which he saw at the Depth of the Hollow, was thrown up into the Air, and some Flame after it. We were in more Pain for him now than ever ; but, after two Minutes, all cleared up again, and we saw him still in his Station. He had the Courage to see the Flame issue out ; he saw it grow fainter ; and as he continued his Observation, he now saw much deeper than before into the Well ; but still he saw only an empty Hollow : The Sides of the lower Part were more ragged than those of the upper. By Degrees now all was calm again ; he saw the Smoak gather itself at the Bottom in a Cloud ; it ascended higher and higher, and was getting toward the Top of the Opening, when a Noise was heard under Ground, vastly louder than before, and more terrible than Thunder. In a Moment an Explosion followed ; all was Smoak and Darknefs, except that the Air was full of red-hot Masses of Matter. We all got down as fast as we could ; and I must confess to my Surprize, as well as great Satisfaction, we saw *M—* following us.

We had set out on our Expedition downward in absolute Darknefs ; but the Air by Degrees cleared up about us, and there was no Harm from the Explosion ; for all the Matter that had been thrown up, had fallen back again into the Mouth. We found the Way down the second Descent very easy ; and when at the Bottom, the Guides, who had long before the worst Explosion warned us to come down, pretended not to have been at all frightened, and, like Masters of a Vessel when got on Shore, called the

Tempest only a brisk Gale. We were surprized from the Bottom to see all so quiet again ; but they told us this was a very common State of the Eruption, and had only appeared terrible to us while near it. They assured us, that what we had seen was the constant Course of the Volcano ; that immediately after every Roaring within, a Cloud of Smoak was thrown out, and now and then a little Flame, or a few small Cinders, as we had seen.

How different is the Language of Danger, and that of Security ! If this appeared terrible in so high a Degree to us, what must be the Horror of one of the great Eruptions, when neither Sun nor Sky is to be seen for Weeks together ? when the Trembling of the Earth, and the Roaring under its Surface, threaten what will certainly some Time happen, the swallowing up of the whole Country ! When Rivers of melted Metals run down the Sides, and burn and bury every Thing they meet with, overwhelming whole Buildings, and when at the same Time every particular Explosion tosses up Rocks of a vast Bigness glowing into the Air, and the whole Neighbourhood is covered with Cinders and Ashes. This is the Tax which Nature has laid upon what would be else the pleasantest Country in the World. The whole Place undoubtedly stands upon an Arch of sulphureous Matter, within which is a continued Fire ; and the Consequence must be, at one Time or other, the sinking in of the whole together.

The Vein of Sulphur here is immense : There is no Doubt of its being continued Westward as far as *Baia*, where the famous Baths at *Toroli* (*Nero's Baths*, as they are called,) are owing to it ; and where, in some Places about the Shore, the Sea-Water is hot enough to boil an Egg in two Minutes. The other Way, there is great Reason to believe that it communicates with *Ætna*, and the *Æolian* Islands, the Vein running under the Bottom of the Sea. The *Solfatara* * is also doubtless another Part of it, and seems to have been in some early

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Time

The *Solfatara* is a remarkable moaking Hill, near *Pozzuoli*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*.

Time a Volcano like *Vesuvius*, which has fallen in at once, and choaked up the whole Opening of the Fire. The vast Basin on the Top of the Mountain, seems to evince as much; and it is cracked, and burning hot, and full of Sulphur, just in the Manner of the first Plain of *Vesuvius*. The whole Vein seems to be on Fire, at a great Depth under Ground, and to burst out at one or other of these Openings; the one being always quiet when the other burns.

The *Solfatara*, abounds with Minerals, from which they at this Time extract Alum and Sulphur in great Abundance; and there is a Quantity of bubbling and boiling Bitumen, in one Part of its Surface, which rises higher as the Bay is more stormy; and therefore, evidently communicates with it. They say this Bed of fluid Matter, shifts Place; but I cannot well understand how that should be. No Bottom has ever been discovered to it. Poor *W. M.* paid dearly for his foolhardiness, in attempting to ride over it; he sunk Horse and all, and was never heard of after.

An experienced Remedy for the falling down of the Eye-Lids.

AN elderly Woman, a few Years ago, who was afflicted with a nervous Disorder in the Head, and in Consequence of that, with a falling down of the Eye-Lids, consulted an eminent Physician and several Oculists, who could give no Relief; but on the contrary, were of Opinion the constant Pressure of her Eye-Lids upon her Eye-Balls would perish her Eye-Sight: She at last happened in Company with one who advised her to procure a Quarter of a Pint of bruised Mustard Seed, to be steeped in half a Pint of the best Brandy 24 Hours, and to wash her Eye-Lids with the same several Times a Day with a Piece of Linen, rubbing them as hard as she could bear; which Advice she followed, and found Benefit the very first Time of Trial, and in a few Days constant Practice, was perfectly recovered,

and continued well without any Symptom of that Disorder to the End of her Life, which happened not long since.

A most excellent Dressing for Peaches and Nectarines, to make them bear Plenty of Fruit.

IN a Journey from *Exeter* very lately I happened to travel some Part of the Way with one Mr. *Savery* of *Slade*; when the Subject of Conversation between us being the great Scarcity of Wall-Fruit the last Season, he told me that in his Gardens he had had a very plentiful Supply; but that, when he came to *Slade* first, and set about planting Peaches and Nectarines, the People of the Neighbourhood looked upon it as a vain and useless Attempt; and that indeed it for some Time appeared so to himself; but that now by his dressing the Roots of his Trees with Wood-Ashes, he never fails of a large Quantity. This Discovery was made by the Servants accidentally throwing a Quantity of Wood-Ashes upon the Roots.

Work to be done in Gardens in the Month of NOVEMBER.

GET Stocks for Grafting. Sow Pease &c. Lay Dung about your Artichokes, and on your Asparagus Beds, having cut down all the Seed Branches, Transplant Standard Trees, placing them ever in the same Aspect. Also Gooseberries, Currans, Raspberries, &c. Murals also and Dwarfs. Begin to dig up Potatoes, Parsnips, &c. And lay up in your Conservatory, Cabbage, Carrots, Parsnips, Turneps, &c. for Seed. Sow Auricula Seed, and cover those *Ranunculus*'s that appear ordinary. Transplant Jasmine, and your choicest Tulips. House your tender Plants. Plant Roses, *Altæa Frutex*, *Syringa*'s, *Pæonies*, *Cytisus*, &c. Cleanse your Walks of Leaves, and continue turning over your Kitchen Garden Ground. You may begin to sow Beans and Pease. In dry Weather take up your Endive that is full grown, and lay it into deep Trenches, in a warm dry Place to blanch. Also earth up Celery to whiten it, being careful not to draw the Earth too high, for Fear you prejudice the leading Shoots. If you have any Pease or Beans above Ground,

List of all the Affairs in England and Wales in the Month of November. 717

Ground, earth them up. Carry Dung into the Quarters of your Kitchen Garden. Prune Gooseberries Currans and Raspberries. Turn & make up fresh Composts for the several Sorts of Flowers, laying it up in Heaps, that they may shoot off the wet. Cover your choice Ranuncula's, Anemonies, and Hyacinths. &c. if the Weather prove frosty this Month. Lay Vines in this Month. Set Filberds and Walnuts, and other Nuts, if you would raise Plants this Way, otherwise set Suckers of them.

List of all the Affairs in England and Wales in the Month of November.

1. **E**ARITH, Fordstreet, Coventry, Llanybidar, Lytcham, Newark, Preicot, Rothbury, Wadhurst, Walden, Wingham. 2. Altrincham, Bletchingley, Buckland, Chard, Downham, Farnham, Helmsley-black-moor, Hoxne, Loftwithell, Loughborough, Toddington, Wilton, Wokingham, Wye. 3. Bromfield, Campden, Swaffham, Talgarth. 5. Applethaw, Llanfechell. 6. Barwick-Hill, Helmsley-black-moor, Manchester, Middleham-moor, Mortimer, Newton-Abbott, Newcastle (Staffordsh.) Newport (Monmouthsh.) Sutton (Hants), Tregony, Witchbury. 7. Horley, Middleham-moor, Rochdale, Talfarn, Tresfriw. 8. Aberconway, Alford, Bingham, Blandford, Buckingham, Barton-under-wood, Chilham, Chipping-Norton, Cirencester, Dulverton, Dunmow, Hatherleigh, Helstone, Hertford, Hexham, Kendall, Kighley, Knotsford, Llanedy, Llanrhiader, Leeds, Leominster, Lidney, Maffingham, Pensford, Romsey, Stamford, Stratford, Stratton, Sutton (Warwickshire) Warwick, Wiston. 9. Albrighton. 10. St. Caeirwith, Fakingham, Ruthin, 11 Ashburton, Brandon, Cambron, Langport, Lenton near Nottingham, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Newburgh, Nunny, Penrith, Pwllhely. 12. Alm-wch, Bisley, Blackeney, Brumpton, Camrafs, Chelmsford, Chirk, Dunstable, Fairford, Halcheston, Kellington, Kilgarren, Kilham, Lanwnio, Lincoln, Little-Mountain, Loughborough, North-Moulton, Penmorfa, Pen-traeth-Mon, Rowlands-Castle, Sawley, Stelling, Stoney-stratford, Three-Lords, Wakefield, Woodburn. 13. Ambersbury, Biddeford, Bishops-Castle, Dinasmoudy, Huntingdon, Kingston, Leek, Mayfield, Testivg, Treacastle, Wakefield, Wotton-Basset. 14. Allentown, Carmarthen, Elefmere, Llanerillo, Montgo-

mery, Porthaethwry. 15. Ottley. 16. Andover, Beverley, Poole (Montgomeryshire). 17. Brecknock, Bridgend, Headdon, Hunmanby, Ingleton, Launceston, St. Leonard's near Bedford, St. Leonard's (Suffex) Mallings, Newport, Otterford, Warfop, Wellington, Wells, Yeovil. 18. Cuckfield, Dorstone. 19. Crofs-in-Hand, Truro. 20. Dolton, Feltwell, Llanufydd, Petworth, Ruabon, Skipton. 21. Abberwingegin, Conwydd, Llanybiddar. 22. Battle, Bawtry, Boscastle, Bow (Devon) Brigstock, Clunn, Crowle, Darlington, Deddington, Dolegelly, Dover, Fairbach, Fakingham, Fillingham, Guilford, Haltwefel, Hempton, Llangollen, Lawhaden, Marlborough, Martin's-Town, Mold, Monmouth, New-Buckenham, Newcastle (Carmarth.) Pembridge, Rippen, Rugby, Scarborough, Shaftsbury, Shiftal, Skipton, Stamford-bridge, Standish, Storrington, Warkworth, Wem, Wetherby, York, and every other Thursday in the Year at York. 23. Witney. 24. Coleford, Eglwysfach, Holt (Norfolk). 25. Chesterfield, Elftow, Frome, Gravesend, Machynleth, Thwaite. 26. Castle-Town, Landover, Llanfechel, Little-Dean. 27. Hartlepoole, Hortham. 28. Fenny-Stratford, Gloucester, Harlow, Hook-Norton, Northampton, Sheffield, Spaldick. 29. Ashborne, Enfield, Llangerniew. 30. Alfriston, Belchamp St. Paul's, Broadhembury, Bromhall, Buntingford, Cardiff, Chippenham, Cubley, Culliton, Flint, Fring, Hempnall, Llanfannan, Maidenhead, Moreton-Hampstead, Northwoud, Presteign, Warrington, Wells.

MOVEABLE FAIRS in NOVEMBER.

Tuesday before the 1st, at Perfhore. Tuesday after the 1st, at Woodstock. First Monday, at Lampeter. First Thursday, at Poole (Dorsetshire). First Friday, at Eccleshall. Friday before the 8th, at Litchfield. Thursday before the 11th, at Chappel-in-le Firth. Monday after the 11th, at Gifsbrough, Loddon. Thursday before the 12th at Porlock. Thursday after the 13th, at St. Columb. Friday se'nnight before the 22d, at Reeth. Tuesday before the 22d, at Egton. Monday after the 22d, at Bakewell, Eglewysfwrw. Thursday after the 22d, at Langtown. Monday before the 30th, at Gorfynon. Last Friday, at Chipping-Norton. Saturday after the 30th, at Pontefract.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

*Extracts from a new POEM, intitled
INDEPENDENCE, By Mr.
CHURCHILL.*

THE Author begins with setting forth
the happiness of a free and inde-
pendent BARD.

Happy the Bard (tho' few such Bards
we find)

Who 'bove controulment; dares to speak
his mind,

Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought
to fear.

Him fashion cannot tempt, him abject
need

Cannot compel, him pride cannot mis-
lead

To be the slave of greatness, to strike
fail,

When, sweeping onward with her pea-
cock's tail,

QUALITY, in full plumage, passes by ;
He views her with a fix'd contemptuous
eye,

And mocks the puppet, keeps his own
due state,

And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the
quill,

Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred
hill

Where the nine sisters pour a genuine
strain,

And sunk the mountain level with the
plain ;

Who, with mean, private views, and ser-
vile art,

No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have de-
bas'd

Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Err's sons, the altars where they

stand,

And caus'd their name to stink thro' all
the land ;

Have sloop'd to prostitute their venal
pen

For the support of great, but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile

accord,

Inferior to that thing we call a Lord.

*After some reflections concerning the in-
equality between a poet and mere man of title,
our author proceeds to determine the question in
a judicial manner :*

A Bard---A Lord---let Reason take her
scales,

And fairly weigh those words, see which
prevails,

Which in the ballance lightly kicks the
beam,

And which by sinking we the victor
deem.

'Tis done, and *Hermes*, by command of
Jove,

Summons a synod in the sacred grove . . .

. Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a ballance in her hand,

Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it
true

*Two personages are now supposed to come
in, in order to have their merits weighed,
whose figures are most humourously contrasted
to each other.*

The first was meagre, flimsy, void of
strength,

But nature kindly had made up in length,
What she in breadth denied ; erect and

proud,

A head and shoulders taller than the
croud,

He deem'd them pygmies all ; loose hung
his skin

O'er his bare bones : his face so very
thin,

So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,

Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be called a face or not ;

At end of it, howe'er, unblest'd with
beard,

Some twenty fathom length of chin ap-
pear'd ;

With legs, which we might well conceive
that fate

Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a

stride

Which shew'd at once his weakness and
his pride,

Shaking himself to-pieces, seem'd to cry,
Observe good people, how I shake the

sky.

*We shall not pretend to determine, whether
this first figure, so long, so lean, so lank,
so bony, be drawn after the life, or whether
it be only an ideal creation of our poet's
fancy.*

In his right hand a paper did he hold
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to
see,

Saint *Archibald* had wrote L, O, R, D.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into *Reason's* scales, and on that
bar,

Which from his soul he hated, yet ad-
mir'd,

Quick turn'd his back, and as he came
retir'd.

The Judge to all around his name de-
clar'd;

Each Goddess titter'd, each God laugh'd,
Jove star'd,

And the whole people cried, with one ac-
cord,

Good heaven blefs us all, is that a *Lord*!

*As to the second figure, it is manifest at first
fight, to all who personally know our author,
that he has drawn himself.*

Such was the first----the second was a
man,

Whom nature built on quite a diff'rent
plan;

A bear, whom from the moment he was
born,

His dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in
scorn. . . .

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade
to blade

A H--- might at full length have laid;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted
strong,

His face was short, but broader than 'twas
long,

His features, tho' by nature they were
large,

Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, save that we might
spy

Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his
eye;

His arms were two twin oaks, his legs so
stout

That they might bear a mansion-house a-
bout,

Nor were they, look but at his body
there,

Design'd by fate a much less weight to
bear.

O'er a brown *cassock*, which had once
been black,

Which hung in tatters on his brawny
back,

A sight most strange, and awkward to be-
hold,

He threw a covering of *blue and gold*.

Just at that time of life, when man by
rule,

The fop laid down, takes up the graver
fool,

He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another *Hercules*, turn'd beau.
A subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (envy must
allow)

E'en to the life, was *Hogarth* living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a
form,

Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd; a laugh prevail'd a-
round,

E'en *Jove* was seen to smiler; at the
found

(Nor was the cause unknown, for from
his youth)

Himself he studied by the glass of truth)

He join'd their mirth, nor shall the Gods
condemn

If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd
at them.

Judge *Reason* view'd him with an eye of
grace,

Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his
face,

And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair
regard

Plac'd in her other scale the name of
Bard.

Then (for she did as judges ought to
do,

She nothing of the case before-hand knew
Nor wish'd to know, she never stretch'd
the laws,

Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors no longer free,

To shew those briefs she had no right to
see)

Then she with equal hand her scales held
out,

Nor did the cause one moment hang in
doubt,

She held her scales out fair to publick
view;

The *Lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards
flew,

More light than air, deceitful in the
weight;

The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his state,
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose
found

Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest
ground

Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree,
Cried---Those must honour *them* who ho-
nour *me*,

They from this present day, where'er I
reign,

In their own right, precedence shall ob-
tain,

Merit rules here, be it enough that *birth*
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth.

From

From proving the sweets of Independence to Bards, our Author at length is led to break out into the following apostrophe.

Hail, Independence — by true reason taught,

How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought. . . .

After mentioning upon what accounts, he proceeds—

Hail, Independence-----tho' thy name's scarce known,

Tho' thou, alas ! art out of fashion grown,

Tho' all despise thee, I will not despise,

Nor live one moment longer than I prize

Thy presence, and enjoy ; by angry fate

Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou

cam'st, tho' late,

Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.

Hail, Independence---never may my cot,

Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot ;

Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair ;

Come, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there ;

All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er ;

Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.

O'erweening bard ! Law guard the door, what Law ?

The Law of England---To controul, and awe

Those faucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,

Behold, in state, Administration come.

He adds with a noble spirit—

Why let her come, in all her terrors too ;

I dare to suffer all she dares to do.

I know her malice well, and know her pride,

I know her strength, but will not change my side.

This melting mass of flesh she may controul

With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.

No----to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,

I'm still at large, and independent there.

This leads our Author to some strokes of personal satire, but in which --- [dashes] supply the place of names, with scarce an initial letter to direct our guess ;---a caution which our Author thought not altogether unnecessary, even after the above spirited declaration.---Our Author concludes his poem with an apostrophe to his country.

O my poor Country

With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,

And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee.

I grieve, but can't despair---for, lo, at hand

Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band

Of loyal Patriots, men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause, men fit to bear
The weight of empires ; fortune, rank, and

sense,

Virtue and knowledge ; leagu'd with eloquence,

March in their ranks ; freedom from file to file

Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down

her cheek,

As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)

One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,

And seems to say, Why is not Granby here.

He then addresses the MINORITY—

O ye brave few, in whom we still may find

A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,

Go forth---in majesty of woe array'd,

See, at your feet your country kneels for aid,

Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,

She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—

Fly then, each duteous son, each English chief,

And to your drooping parent bring relief.

Go forth---nor let the Siren voice of ease

Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas ;

Go forth---nor let hypocrisy, whose tongue

With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,

Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,

When your great errand brooks not of delay ;

Nor let vain fear, who cries to all she meets,

Trembling and pale—A lion in the streets----

Damp your free spirits ; let not threats affright,

Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.

Be as one man---Concord success ensures--

There's not an English heart but what is your's.

Go forth---and Virtue, ever in your sight,

Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night--

Go forth---the champion of your native land,

And may the battle prosper in your hand--

It may, it must----Ye cannot be withstood--

Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, November 3, 1764.



OW Evil came into the World ; for what Reason it is that Life is overspread with such boundless Varieties of Misery ; why the only thinking Being of this Globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to pass his Time from Youth to Age in fearing or in suffering Calamities, is a Question which Philosophers have long asked, and which Philosophy could never answer.

Religion informs us that Misery and Sin were produced together. The Depravation of Human Will was followed by a Disorder of the Harmony of Nature ; and by that Providence which often places Antidotes in the Neighbourhood of Poisons, Vice was checked by Misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited Dominion.

A State of Innocence and Happiness is so remote from all that we have ever seen, that though we can easily conceive it possible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our Speculations upon it must be general and confused. We can discover that where there is universal Innocence there will probably be universal Happiness ; for why should Afflictions be permitted to infest Beings who are not in Danger of Corruption from Blessings, and where there is no Use of Terror, nor Cause of Punishment ? But in a World like our's, where our Senses assault us, and our Hearts betray us, we should pass on from Crime to Crime heedless and remorseless, if Misery did not stand in our Way,

and our own Pains admonish us of our Folly.

Almost all the moral Good which is left among us, is the apparent Effect of physical Evil.

Goodness is divided by Divines into Soberness, Righteousness, and Godliness. Let it be examined how each of these Duties would be practised, if there were no physical Evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or Temperance, is nothing but the Forbearance of Pleasure ; and if Pleasure was not followed by Pain, who would forbear it ? We see every Hour those in whom the Desire of present Indulgence overpowers all Sense of past, and all Foresight of future Misery. In a Remission of the Gout, the Drunkard returns to his Wine, and the Glutton to his Feast ; and if neither Disease nor Poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would sink down in idle Sensuality, without any Care of others, or of himself. To eat and drink, and lie down to sleep, would be the whole Business of Mankind.

Righteousness, or the System of social Duty, may be subdivided into Justice and Charity. Of Justice one of the *Heathen* Sages has shewn, with great Acuteness, that it was impressed upon Mankind only by the Inconveniences which Injustice had produced. ' In the first Ages (says he) Men acted without any Rule but the Impulse of Desire, they practised Injustice upon others, and suffered it from others in their Turn ; but in Time it was discovered, that the Pain of suffering Wrong was
4 Z greater

- greater than the Pleasure of doing it ; and Mankind, by a general
- Compact, submitted to the Restraining of Laws, and resigned the
- Pleasure to escape the Pain.'

Of Charity it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no Place if there were no Want ; for of a Virtue which could not be practised, the Omission could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occasional, but the efficient Cause of Charity ; we are incited to the Relief of Misery by the Consciousness that we have the same Nature with the Sufferer, that we are in Danger of the same Distresses, and may sometime implore the same Assistance.

Godliness, or Piety, is Elevation of the Mind towards the Supreme Being, & Extension of the Thoughts to another Life. The other Life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have Recourse to an invisible Power, but that all other Subjects had eluded their Hopes. None would fix their Attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the Senses were feasted with perpetual Pleasure, they would always keep the Mind in Subjection. Reason has no Authority over us, but by its Power to warn us against Evil.

In Childhood, while our Minds are yet unoccupied, Religion is impressed upon them, and the first Years of almost all who have been well educated, are passed in a regular Discharge of the Duties of Piety. But as we advance forward into the Crowds of Life, innumerable Delights sollicit our Inclinations, and innumerable Cares distract our Attention ; the Time of Youth is passed in noisy Frolicks ; Manhood is led on from Hope to Hope, and from Project to Project ; the Dissoluteness of Pleasure, the Inebriation of Success, the Ardour of Expectation, and the Vehemence of Competition, chain down the Mind alike to the present Scene ; nor is it remembered how soon this Mist of Trifles must be scattered, and the Bubbles that float upon the Rivulet of Life be lost for ever in

the Gulph of Eternity. To this Consideration scarce any Man is awakened, but by some pressing and resistless Evil. The Death of those from whom he derived his Pleasures, or to whom he destined his Possessions, some Disease which shews him the Vanity of all external Acquisitions, or the Gloom of Age, which intercepts his Prospects of long Enjoyment, forces him to fix his Hopes upon another State, and when he has contended with the Tempests of Life till his Strength fails him, he flies at last to the Shelter of Religion.

That Misery does not make all virtuous, Experience too certainly informs us ; but it is no less certain that of what Virtue there is, Misery produces far the greater Part. Physical Evil may be therefore endured with Patience, since it is the Cause of moral Good ; and Patience itself is one Virtue by which we are prepared for that State in which Evil shall be no more.

THE WESTMINSTER JOURNAL,

By Tho. Touchit, of Spring-Gardens, E/q;

THE Advocates for the late Treaty of Peace have been reduced, through the Weakness and Insufficiency of their Cause, to a Necessity of arguing upon Principles that entirely condemn the very Measures which they would most strenuously endeavour to defend ; hence have we been told, that the prodigious Extension of Territory which has been granted us, is to the last Degree advantageous to our Commerce, though every Man of Understanding sees that the contrary is obviously evident ; and hence have we been told that our Power, as a Nation, is encreased by the very Means which must divide that Power, and consequently render it less formidable in the Defence of ourselves, as well as less respectable in the Opinion of our Enemies.

Indeed had the Acquisitions which we have obtained by the late never-to-be-forgotten Treaty of Peace, been

been peopled to our Hands, and in Possession of any tolerable Trade, there might be some Foundation for the plausible Assertions so liberally hazarded by every Pandar of Authority.

But I believe few People will be hardy enough to dispute, that until our new acquired Dominions are properly inhabited, there can be no Expectation in Nature of their turning to the least Account. If this is granted, I shall beg Leave to ask, how they are to be inhabited ? Not surely from the Mother Country ; because a Step of that Kind would demand ten thousand Times the Number which the Mother Country can possibly spare from the necessary Prosecution of its own Commerce and Manufactures. From Foreign Nations then are we to expect a sufficient Stock of Emigrants ? Absurd as a Notion so unreasonable must appear, yet, for Argument's Sake, let it be supposed that we are. Still will not the Expence of cloathing, feeding, transporting, and establishing these Emigrants, in any Thing of a tolerable Manner, run away with considerably more than the intrinsic Value of the choicest Settlement which we send them to occupy ? Will not the Expence in Fact exceed every Advantage which Posterity is likely to reap, (for we can never expect to reap any Benefit ourselves) let the Undertaking be attended with never so great a Degree of Success ? The Establishment of a Colony, easy a Matter as it may be considered at a first Glance, will upon a little Reflection be allowed very precarious and difficult ; and indeed so extremely small are our Occasions for any new Extent of unpeopled Territory, that we ought to think of some Expedient to stock our old Plantations before we dream of encumbering ourselves with any additional Loads.

And here the unaccountable Insatiation of our Peace-makers is as evident as the Sun ; instead of insisting, as they were able, upon retaining some of the Conquests already peopled and flourishing to their Hands, they generously re-

ed every Thing to the Enemy ; & as if they had not done enough, nor sufficiently prejudiced the Kingdom, kept nothing for themselves but what must prove a material Detriment, and put it to a fresh and unnecessary Expence. In Reality, if we look back upon what our Conquests in the late War cost us, we shall see that there is not a Foot of our new Territories, but what has been bought at a forty Years Purchase, not to mention a Syllable of what it stood us in, in Blood. To purchase over again at the same exorbitant Rate, which must inevitably be the Case, before we can turn it to the smallest Account, is surely a very lamentable Circumstance, and cannot but fill every Well-wisher of his Country with Mortification and Disgust. 'Tis not snug little Islands which we have now to people, but Kingdoms ; and formerly where six or seven thousand would answer our Purpose, there is now a Necessity for almost as many Millions to procure those golden Advantages which have been so pompously and repeatedly promised us by our Ministers.

One Care indeed the Administration has manifested on this Occasion ; and that is, to slip no Opportunity of loading us with Expence : Hence we have Governors before we have got Subjects, Judges before we are provided with Laws, and Custom-House Officers in Abundance before we have a Glimmer of Trade.

The Inconveniency that a Person may bring himself into by telling even but a single Lie ; and the Advantage which may arise from telling the Truth, even where a Lie seems almost necessary, exemplified in two remarkable Instances.

M R. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's Domestic Chaplains, a sprightly Man, and one of the chief Wits of the Court, was so ambitious as to make his Addressee to Oliver's youngest Daughter, the Lady Frances. The young Lady did not discourage him ; but in so religious a Court, this Gallantry

could not be carried on without being taken Notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: He ordered the Person who told him to keep a strict Look-out; promising, if he could give him any substantial Proofs, he should be well rewarded, and *White* severely punished. The Spy followed his Business so close, that in a little Time he dogged *Ferry White* (as he was generally called) to the Lady's Chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together. *Oli-ver*, in a Rage, hastened to the Chamber; and going in hastily, found *Ferry* on his Knees, either kissing the Lady's Hand, or having just kissed it. *Cromwell* in a Fury asked, what was the Meaning of that Posture before his Daughter *Frank? White*, with a great deal of Presence of Mind, said, 'May it please your Highness! I have a long Time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's Woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young Woman, cried, 'What's the Meaning of this, Hussy? Why do you refuse the Honour Mr. *White* would do you? He is my Friend, and I expect you should treat him as such.' My Lady's Woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low Courtsey, replied, 'If Mr. *White* intends me that Honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Say'st thou so, my Lass,' cried *Cromwell*? 'Call *Godwyn*; this Business shall be done presently, before I go out of the Room.' Mr. *White* was gone too far to go back; his Brother Parson came; *Ferry* and my Lady's Woman were married in the Presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred Pounds for her Portion; which, with the Money she had

saved before, made Mr. *White* easy in his Circumstances; but he was very unhappy, as he never loved his Wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty Years afterwards.

T' Ogaltimur-Can, King of *Tartary*, was one Day told, that there was in his Dominions a Man, who was so great an Enemy to Lying, that he always told Truth. The King had a Mind to have him near his Person, and made him his Master of the Horse. A Courtier of so extraordinary a Character soon found Enemies who watched all Opportunities to ruin him: But the King, who was not a Prince easy to be imposed on, made Trial of his Master of the Horse on several Occasions, and having always found him frank and sincere, gave him the Surname of *Saddyq*. (a)

Of all *Saddyq's* Enemies, the Visier *Tangribirdi* was the most inveterately bent on his Ruin: But not being able to compass his Design, he disclosed one Day to his Daughter *Hoscbendan*, (b) the Uneasiness it gave him to be still disappointed. *Hoscbendan*, who equalled her Father in Malice, said to him, 'My dear Father, cease to afflict yourself: If you are absolutely determined to bring *Saddyq* into the King's Disfavour, leave the Care of it to my Management, and I promise you I will bring him to a Necessity of telling a Lie to the King. 'Do whatever you will Daughter,' said the Visier, transported by his Hatred to *Saddyq*.

Hoscbendan clothed herself in her richest Apparel, adorned herself with all her Jewels, dy'd her Eye-Brows with *Vesme*, (c) and her Eye-Lashes with *Surme*: (d) Neither did she omit to rub her Hands with *Cna*. (e) In short, after having added

(a) *Saddyq* signifies Teller of Truth.

(b) *Hoscbendan*, in the Persian Tongue, signifies excellent Shape.

(c) *Vesme* is the Indigo of *Agra*, used without Mixture, and consequently is Black.

(d) *Surme* is a Preparation of Antimony.

(e) *Cna* in the Turkish, and *Henna* in the Arabian Language, is a Sort of *Phyllirea* of the Indies, and of *Arabia*, that produces a red Fruit, which, when dried, may be pounded into a Paste.

ded to her natural Beauty all the Advantages that Art could give her, she went from her Father's one Night to the Master of the Horse's House. When she was come thither, she told the Servants that she desired to speak with *Saddyg* about an Affair of very great Importance. They conducted her into the Master of the Horse's Apartment. She found him sitting on a Sofa, saluted him, threw off the Veil that covered her Face, and sat down on the same Sofa, without saying one single Word.

Saddyg, who had never seen so beautiful a Person, became motionless with Surprise. The Lady, who came thither only to inspire him with Love, spared not the Means to compass her Design. She caressed him with a thousand Dalliances: When she was persuaded that his Passion was become violent, and that he would be the fond Fool to risque any Thing to obtain Satisfaction of his Desires, she broke Silence in these Words: 'O, *Saddyg*, be not surprized that a Lady, who loves you, is come in the Night to see you: I will be kind; but first you must grant me one Favour.' 'Soul of my Soul,' cried the Master of the Horse, 'you need only name it.' 'I have a Mind,' replied *Hofchendan*, 'to make a little Entertainment with you: I die with longing to eat some Horse-Flesh: * You must kill me immediately the fattest of all the Horses in the King's Stable; we will take out the Heart & the Liver, get them roasted, and eat them together.' 'Charming Lady,' answered *Saddyg*, 'rather ask me my Life, and I will give it you: Let us delay this Entertainment till To-morrow; I will then buy a Horse as fat as a Bacon-Hog, and we will regale ourselves like Princes.' 'No, No,' replied *Hofchendan*, 'I must eat of one of the King's Horses: It is a Fancy I have taken.' 'I love the King my Master (said he) too well to give him Uneasiness; and should I yield to your Request, I am certain he will

not fail to punish me.' 'You need not fear that,' said *Hofchendan*, 'if the King should ask for that Horse, you need only tell him, that having found him sick, and past all Hopes of Recovery, you thought it best to kill him, lest he should have infected the other Horses. The King, who by Way of Excellence has given you the Surname of *Saddyg*, will take your Word for it, and even commend your Precaution.'

These Words made *Saddyg* begin to waver. *Hofchendan*, perceiving the Uncertainty he was in, renewed her Attack, and caressed him in so moving a Manner, that he condescended at length to her Request. They went both of them to the King's Stables. Then *Hofchendan* said to *Saddyg*, 'O my Prince! since you have granted me this Favour, let me have it entire; pray cut the Throat of this black Horse, which is here apart from the rest.' 'O my Sultane!s!' cried out the Master of the Horse, 'you put my Love to too great a Trial. This black Horse is of all others that which the King loves best. It is impossible for me to comply with your Desire.' But the Lady, throwing her Arms about his Neck, said, 'O my King! whatever Women ardently desire, they are obstinate to obtain; comply, therefore, and satisfy my Humour, I will for ever love you in Return for this Favour.'

These Words were attended with so many Marks of Tendernefs, and with such Transports, that the Master of the Horse could resist no longer. He feasted in the Bed-chamber with *Hofchendan*, who continued with him all the Night. When it was Day, the Lady returned Home to her Father, and told him all that had passed. The Visier went directly to the Palace, and told the King this Adventure; yet he took Care not to say that *Hofchendan* was the Lady in Question.

While he was making his malicious Recital to the King, the Master of the Horse was come to him-

* It is the Custom in TARTARY to eat Horse-Flesh, and to drink the Milk of Mares.

self, and made most bitter Reflections on the sweet Enjoyments of the Night. 'How void of Sense are Men,' said he, 'to give themselves up with so much Fury to their Passions! What shall I say to the King, when he asks me for his Horse? Let me suppose that I am at Court, (continued he, laying his Cap upon the Floor,) and my Cap to be *Togaltimur*: Entering into his Presence, I salute him. '*Saddyg*,' says he to me, 'let my black Horse be got ready, I mean to ride him To-day.' 'Sir, an Accident has befallen him: Yesterday in the Evening he would eat nothing, and he died at Midnight; nor can I imagine what has killed him.'--- 'How! my black Horse, that carried me so well but Yesterday, is he dead? Be gone; thou art a Liar; Thou hast either sold my Horse, or killed him.'---One of you stab that Villain to the Heart this Moment; cut him to Pieces.'

'Now let me see, if, by telling Truth, I shall be better used.'--- '*Saddyg*, let my black Horse be got ready: I will ride Abroad.' 'O King! you see your Servant in the deepest Affliction. There came to my House last Night a Lady, who asked me to have the Heart and Liver of that Horse, and I had not the Power to refuse her.' 'What! could you kill my fine Horse to gain a Lady's Favour? One of you go for the Hangman; he shall do his Office before me.'

'Thus, whether I lie or tell Truth, I am sure to lose my Life. Wretch that I am! Cursed be the Object whose Charms have thrown me into this Perplexity.'---While he was taken up with these dismal Thoughts, the King sent for him. He instantly went to that Prince, with whom he found the Visier, his Enemy.

'Master of the Horse,' says the King, 'I intend to divert myself To-day with Hunting: Go saddle my fine black Horse.' He answer'd in great Confusion, 'Last Night, as I was sitting in my Chamber, there came to me a Lady in a Veil: She sat herself down by me on a Sofa, unveiled herself, and shewed

me her Neck and Ears of a ravishing Beauty: She caressed me a thousand Times, and when she perceived she had inflamed my Desires, she promised to satisfy them, provided I would give her before-hand the Heart and Liver of your black Horse. Though I ardently desired to content the Longings of my Love, yet I refused. Then the Lady threw herself about my Neck, and besought me in Terms so moving, that I had not Power to resist her Importunity. I confess my Crime, and am so far from desiring to escape the Punishment I deserve, by telling a Lie, that I come of my own Accord to submit to it. There, Sir, is the Sabre, and here my Head.'

The King turned towards the Visier, and asked him in what Manner he thought it best to deal with *Saddyg*. 'Sir, (answered the Visier) I am of Opinion, that he ought to be burnt in a slow Fire.' 'I am not of your Opinion, Visier,' replied *Togaltimur*. Then he addressed his Discourse to the Master of the Horse. 'O *Saddyg*! I am astonished at thy Sincerity, and excuse thy Weakness. Had I been in thy Place, I should not only have given my black Horse, but rather than fail, all the Horses in my Stables. The Allurements were too mighty to be resisted: Therefore I forgive thee the Death of my Horse, and take it so well of thee, that thou hast told me the Truth on this Occasion, that I order a Robe of Honour to be brought for thee immediately.'

When the Visier *Tangribirdi* saw that the Master of the Horse was rewarded, instead of being punished; and that his Daughter had prostituted herself to no Purpose, to satisfy the Hatred he had conceived against him, he was seized with a melancholy Illness, of which he died in a few Days, and the fortunate *Saddyg* was made Choice of to succeed him in his Post of Visier.

Remarkable Particulars of the Life of Bishop RIDLEY.

[Continued from Page 713.]

IN 1554 a public Disputation was appointed at *Oxford*, in which these three principal Professors were appointed, like Criminals in the Amphitheatre, to be first baited, then sacrificed. They were conveyed to *Oxford* from the *Tower*, a little before *Easter*, which fell on the 25th of *March*. The Questions to be debated on were these three, *viz.* 1. Whether the natural Body of Christ was really in the Sacrament? 2. Whether any other Substance did remain after the Words of Consecration, than the Body and Blood of Christ? 3. Whether in the Mass there was a propitiatory Sacrifice for the Sins of the Dead and Living?—Our Author is very particular in the Preparations made for this Disputation, and in the Behaviour of *Cranmer* and *Latimer*: We confine ourselves to *Ridley*, who was brought before the Assembly immediately after the Archbishop. Upon hearing the Articles read over, he answered, without any Musing or Delay, they were all false; and that they sprung out of a bitter and four Root. The Commissioners charged him with preaching a Sermon, while he was Bishop of *Rocheſter*, in Maintenance of Transubstantiation. This he denied, defying them to produce one Witness who heard him; which they could not do. They next asked him, whether he did not, about the same Time, desire the Lord Chancellor to stick to the Mass? He answered, that the Lord Chancellor would say no such Things or Words of him; for if he did, he reported not the Truth. It was then demanded of him, whether he would dispute or no? He answered, that as long as God gave him Life, he should not only have his Heart, but also his Mouth and Pen to defend his Truth; but that he required Time and Books. They said he should dispute on Tuesday, and till that Time he should have Books, and Time to look for his Disputations. Then giving him a Copy of the Articles, they required him to write his Mind concerning them that Night; and delivered him to the Mayor.

Fox says, that in the Disputation, *Ridley's* Answers were sharp, witty, and very learned. Others are of Opinion, and we apprehend with some Justice, that *Cranmer* and *Ridley*, by not refusing the Authority of the Fathers, which their Opponents rested upon, did Injury to their Cause.-----*Dr. Ridley's* Disputation, which was had on the 17th of *April*, is preserved by *Fox*. On *Friday* the 20th, all three of them were brought to *St. Mary's*, before the Commissioners, and required, without disputing on two of the Questions, directly and peremptorily to say, whether they would subscribe or not to all the three. Upon their refusing so to do, Sentence was pronounced, that they were no more Members of the Church. While this Sentence was reading, they were asked whether they would turn or no? But they bad them read on in the Name of God, for they were not minded to turn. After Sentence of Condemnation was passed, *Ridley* answered, "Although I be not of your Company, yet I doubt not but my Name is written in another Place, whither this Sentence will send us sooner than we should by the Course of Nature have come." They were then carried separately away, the Archbishop to *Bocardo*, a Prison in *Oxford*; *Dr. Ridley* to the Sheriff's House, and *Dr. Latimer* to the Bailiff's.

In this Interim, while these three Fathers lay under Condemnation without Authority, and without Law, they were restrained by a most rigorous Confinement; their greatest Indulgence was, to dine and sup together: Our Author hath therefore been obliged to fill up his 7th Book with an epistolary Correspondence betwixt *Ridley* and others, confined in Prison on the same Account. As all these Letters are already published, and are in many Hands, we shall content ourselves with an Extract or two to shew the noble Spirit of our Martyr.

In a Letter of his to the Archbishop he writes, "I trust the Day of our Delivery out of all our Miseries, and of our Entrance into

perpetual Rest, and into perpetual Joy and Felicity, draweth nigh: The Lord strengthen us with his mighty Spirit of Grace."-----In another Letter to *Canmer* and *Latimer*, "The Cause why I do dissent from the *Romish* Religion, is not any Study of vain Glory, or of Singularity, but of Conscience, of my bounden Duty toward God and toward Christ's Church, and the Salvation of my own Soul; for the which, by God's Grace, I will willingly jeopard here to lose Life, Lands, and Goods, Name and Fame, and what else is or can be unto me pleasant in this World." To *Hoper*, the Bishop of *Gloucester*, with whom he had the warm Controversy about Vestments, but now in Prison, he writes,-----"But now, most dear Brother, so far as I understand by your Tracts, that we thoroughly agree, and wholly consent together in those Things which are the Grounds and substantial Points of our Religion, howsoever in Time past, in smaller Matters and Appendages to Religion, your Wisdom, and my Plainness (I confess) have in some Points varied, each following his several Opinion; know that even with my whole Heart, God is my Witness, in the Bowels of Christ I love you, in Truth, and for the Truth's Sake, which abideth in us, and, as I am persuaded, shall, by the Grace of God, abide in us for ever. And so far as I perceive, Brother, the World ceases not to defend its Cause, and conspires against Christ our Saviour, with all possible Force and Strength, let us join Hands together in Christ, and if we cannot overthrow, yet let us do our best to shake those Powers, not with carnal, but with spiritual Weapons." It is not improbable, that the good Doctor might now see his Difference with his Brother *Hoper*, in an opposite Light from what it formerly appeared in. The Prospect he had before him, seems to have softened his Temper.---As it is impossible for us to transcribe more of those excellent Letters, which are a Fund of most agreeable Entertainment, we must refer the Reader to our Author himself, or

to an old Collection of them, published by *Miles Coverdale*, 1564. We hasten to the last affecting, but glorious Scene of Dr. *Ridley's* Life.

After another Examination by the Bishop of *Lincoln*, in Consequence of a Commission issued for that Purpose; and after many fruitless Attempts, in the Way of Argument, and the Allurements of Safety, Greatness, and Honour, Dr. *Ridley* continuing resolute and superior to all these, had the Sentence of the greater Excommunication passed upon him, and was delivered over to the secular Arm. He then prepared himself with perfect Composure, for his approaching Death; which a sound Judgement, and a good Conscience, made him look upon as Matter of Joy and Triumph. He called it his Marriage. His Brother offered to watch with him the Night preceeding his Suffering, but he declined it, saying, "That he minded, God willing, to go to Bed, and to sleep as quietly that Night as ever he did in his Life."

And now the Day of Execution being come, Bishop *Ridley* first appeared, dressed in a handsome black Gown, furred, faced with Points, such as he used to wear in his episcopal Character. As he passed toward *Bocardo*, he looked up to the Chamber where the Archbishop lay, in hope of seeing him at the Window, and speaking to him: But *Cranmer* was engaged in Debate with a Frier. *Ridley* then looked back, to see if his Brother *Latimer* were coming; whom he spied hastening after him in a *Bristol* frieze Frock, all worn, with his Cap buttoned, an Handkerchief on his Head, and a new long Shrowd hanging down to his Feet, all ready for the Fire. O, be you there, said *Ridley*? Yes, returns *Latimer*, have after, as fast as I can follow. *Ridley* arriving first at the Stake, earnestly lifted up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, till he saw shortly after, *Latimer* arrive at the Spot; upon which, with a most cheerful Countenance, he ran to him, embraced, and kissed him, and comforted him, saying, "Be of good Heart, Brother,

Brother, for God will either assuage the Fury of the Flames, or else strengthen us to abide it." Then moving to the Stake, and kissing it, prayed earnestly, as did *Latimer* likewise. They afterward conferred together a little while.—Dr. *Smith* was appointed to preach before them; and when the Sermon was finished, *Ridley* requested of the principal Persons present, that he might be permitted to speak two or three Words: But he was rudely refused, and told, that he must not have Liberty to speak, unless he would revoke his erroneous Opinions. Not otherwise, said he? No, returned Dr. *Marshall*; therefore if you will not do so, then there is no Remedy, but you must suffer for your Defects. 'Well, replied the noble Martyr, so long as the Breath is in my Body, I will never deny my Lord *Christ*, and his known Truth. God's Will be done in me.' Immediately they were commanded to make them ready; which they with all Meekness obeyed. The Doctor being stript to his Shirt and Truss, and standing at the Stake, lifting up his Hands, prayed thus; "O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty Thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a Professor of thee, even unto Death; I beseech thee, Lord God, take Mercy upon the Realm of *England*, and deliver the same from all her Enemies." The *Smith* took an Iron Chain, and brought it round the Middle of both the Martyrs, and as he was driving in the Staple, Dr. *Ridley* shook the Chain, and said to the *Smith*, Good Fellow, knock it in hard, for the Flesh will have its Course. And now his Brother brought him some Gunpowder in a Bag, and would have tied it about his Neck. The Bishop asked what it was; and being informed, said, "I take it to be sent of God, and therefore I will receive it as sent of him: And have you any for my Brother *Latimer*?" And being answered in the Affirmative, he bade him give it to him betime, lest it should be too late; which was done accordingly.

Then Dr. *Ridley* said to the Lord *Williams*, 'My Lord, I must be a Suitor to your Lordship in the Behalf of divers poor Men, & especially in the Cause of my poor Sister: I have made a Supplication to the Queen's Majesty in their Behalf. I beseech your Lordship, for *Christ*'s Sake, to be a Mean to her Grace for them. My Brother here hath the Supplication, and will resort to your Lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the World that troubleth my Conscience; I praise God, this only excepted. Whilst I was in the See of *London*, divers poor Men took Leases of me, and agreed with me for them. Now I hear say, the Bishop, who now occupieth the same Room, will not allow my Grants unto them made, but, contrary to all Law and Conscience, hath taken from them my Livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my Lord, be a Mean for them. You shall do a good Deed, and God will reward you.'

We shall seldom, says our Author very pertinently, meet with an Instance, except in the great Exemplar, whose Steps our blessed Martyr followed, of one, who in the very Article of Death, was so regardless of his own Sufferings, and so recollected and solicitous for the Good and Happiness of others.

Then they brought a Fagot ready kindled, and laid it at Dr. *Ridley*'s Feet; to whom *Latimer* said, 'Be of good Comfort, Master *Ridley*, and play the Man. We shall this Day light such a Candle, by God's Grace, in *England*, as I trust shall never be put out.'—The Fire being given to them, when *Ridley* saw it flaming up toward him, he cried out with an exceeding loud Voice, 'Into thy Hands, O God, I commend my Spirit; O Lord receive my Spirit.' *Latimer*, on the other Side, as earnestly praying, 'O Father of Heaven, receive my Soul!' And he received the Flame as it were embracing it. After he had stroked his Face with his Hand, he

foon died, to all Appearance, with little or no Pain. — But on the other Side, the Fire was so ill managed, by piling two great a Quantity of Fagots over the Furze, that the Fire first burned beneath, being kept down by the Wood: Which when Dr. Ridley felt, he desired them, for *Christ's* Sake, to let the Fire come to him. His Brother hearing his earnest Request, but not understanding well the Reason of it, with an ill-advised Kindness, to rid him out of his Pain, heaped more Fagots upon him, quite covering him with them; which made the Fire smouldering beneath, so intense, that it burned all his nether Parts before it once touched the upper. This made him leap up and down under the Faggots, and often desire them to let the Fire come to him, saying, I cannot burn. Which, indeed, appeared too true; for after his Legs were consumed, he shewed that Side toward the Spectators, clean Shirt and all, untouched with Flame. Yet in all this Torment he forgot not to call upon God, having still in his Mouth, Lord have Mercy upon me; adding between Whiles, let the Fire come to me, I cannot burn. Thus he continued crying out without Relief, till one of the Standers by, with his Bill, pulled off the Faggots above; and where the tortured Martyr saw the Fire flame up, he wrested himself to that Side. And when the Flame touched the Gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more; but burned on the other Side; and either from the Chain loosing, or by the Overpoise of his Body, after his Legs were consumed, fell over the Chain, down at *Latimer's* Feet.

Thus died the Glory of the *English* Reformation! nor did he die in vain. The Fruit of his Prayers for this Realm we now enjoy; and as his constant Sufferings drew Tears from most Eyes, and will probably have the same Effect upon every humane Reader, so doubtless, by the Grace of God, they wrought in the Hearts of many a Persuasion of the Truth to which both these Prelates bore so noble a Testimony.

An Account of a Journey of two thousand four hundred Miles, thro' the horrible Desarts of Russia, lately performed by the French Abbe, Chappe d'Auteroche, in the Space of a Month.

THE Abbe having received Orders from the King, and Recommendations from the Academy, for a Journey to *Tobolski*, set out from *Paris* at the End of *November*, 1760. The War obliged him to take the Rout of *Vienna* and *Poland*, and he was forced to embark at *Ulm* upon the *Danube*, though he knew that the Fogs rendered the Navigation of that River very slow and inconvenient; these Fogs so much retarded him, that he did not arrive at *Vienna* till the 31st of *December*.

He proceeded however to *Petersbourg* with all convenient Speed, and arrived there the 13th of *February*; but he was then no less than eight hundred Leagues distant from *Tobolski*, and he was obliged to furnish himself with Provisions of all Kinds for the whole Journey, before he set out; being furnished also with a Sledge and an Interpreter, he left *Petersbourg* the 10th of *March*, on the 14th he arrived at *Moscow*, and proceeded forward on the 17th, travelling over the Ice with an incredible Swiftmess, especially on the Rivers, where however he found many Holes, there being several Spots where the Water had never frozen; and on the *Docka*, a Space of one hundred Fathom square, though the Ice round it was no less than three Feet thick, and the Cold so intense that Brandy could not be kept liquid.

After he left *Petersbourg*, he met with no Mountain that deserved the Name, for a long Tract of Country, but traversed a vast Plain, which in some Parts was open, and in others covered with Woods, consisting only of Pine and Birch: After crossing the *Volga*, at *Nisni-Novogorod*, he entered a Forest, which was no less than three hundred Leagues in Length; and indeed, the Whole of his Route from *Nisni-Novogorod* to *Tobolski*,

Tobolski, which was little less than 500 Leagues, might be considered as a Continuation of that Forest. The Trees were of the same Kind as in the Wood already mentioned, but the Snow was more considerable, being here at least four Feet deep, and the Thermometer always 24 or 25 Degrees below the freezing Point.

As his Course lay directly North, the Cold grew more intense, and the Snow deeper every Day; the Buildings were also more thinly scattered, so that he says he was often obliged to travel 29 or 30 Leagues with the same Horses: The Roads were so narrow, that the Sledges could scarce pass; and if two met, it was necessary to lay one down on its Side, before the other could go by: Those who travel with the Royal Post command the Way, and are known by a Bell which the first Horse carries for that Purpose. The Abbe had half his Sledge carried away by the bad Management of his Postilion, when he was giving Way to one of these Carriages, and was obliged to proceed, quite open to the Weather, till he arrived at *Solikamska*; but the Distance he leaves us to guess.

He came to this Place on the 19th of March, extremely fatigued, having taken no Nourishment but what was frozen for eleven Days before, as in all that Time he had not been able to procure the Convenience of a Stove. (a)

Solikamska is a little Town, situated upon the Borders of the *Kama*: In the Neighbourhood there are a few wretched Salt-Works, and some bad Mines of Copper. As he was obliged to wait here till he could be furnished with a new Sledge, he visited these Mines and Salt-Works; and in the Salt-Works he found several Men scourging their Bodies with Twigs, till the Skin was as red as Scarlet: Some Minutes after they had desisted from this Exercise, they ran out stark naked, dropping with Sweat, and rolled themselves in the Snow. This Sight greatly sur-

prized him; but, upon Enquiry, he found it very common in that Country.

From *Solikamska* he set out on the 2d of April, and soon reached the Mountains of *Werkhotaunie*, which form a Chain that may be considered as a Branch of Mount *Caucasus*; they commence to the Southward, and separate *Asia* from *Europe* quite to the Frozen Sea. But this Ridge is no where higher than from 50 to 80 Fathoms; but the Declivity is very steep, and the Summit is covered with Pine, Birch, and Fir. The Way over these Mountains is very frightful, and by Night extremely dangerous; for if the Sledge deviates ever so little from the beaten Track, the unfortunate Traveller will inevitably be buried in a Gulph of Snow; which, when the Abbe made his Journey, was ready to melt; yet the tallest Firs were so loaded with it, as to bend under the Weight; it was every where seven Feet thick upon the Ground, and there was no Sign of returning Spring, not so much as by the Flight of a Bird; for even the Pies and Crows, which abound through all *Russia*, abandon these horrid Defarts, where Nature herself seems benumbed, and it is only by the Traces of the Sledge that the Country is known to be inhabited. The Gloom of Desolation surrounds it on every Side, and a horrid Silence, which is never broken but by the Outcries of those that suffer from the Perils of the Way. The Inhabitants are shut up in their Hovels nine Months in the Year; the Snow appears upon the Mountains in the Beginning of September; and so great a Quantity descends in a short Time afterwards, as to leave scarce any Traces of a Habitation upon them. The Inhabitants are then obliged to break a Way thro' it, and it seldom begins to thaw there till the Middle of April, tho' it gives somewhat sooner in the Plain: It does not totally disappear till the End of May, so that the Severity of Winter is suspended

(a) A Room heated by a Contrivance called a *Stove*, common in all the North instead of a Fire in a Chimney.

only three Months in the Year; during which Time, however, they sow Rye, Oats, Barley, and Pease, which they get in by the End of August, but none of them are perfectly ripe.

[To be continued.]

Of TRUE GREATNESS.

Of Luxury in eating and drinking.

[Continued from Page 686.]

THE Emperors *Nerva*, *Trajan*, *Antoninus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Severus*, *Alexander*, *Pertinax*, *Aurelian*, *Tacitus*, *Claudius II.* and *Probus*, all Princes who have done the greatest Honour to the Throne, guided by the same Taste, and Disciples of the same Masters, always took Care to be very frugal and modest in their Tables, and banished all Expence and Delicacy from them with the utmost Severity. Most of them, whilst in the Camp, eat the common Food that was given to the Army; and *Alexander*, to satisfy the Soldiers that he fed as they did, caused his Tent to be always open, whilst he was at his Meals. When he was not in the Field, the daily Expence of his House, to our great Astonishment, was so small, that now-a-days it would scarce suffice a private Family. He had no Gold Utensils, and his Silver Plate did not amount to three hundred Marks; so that when much Company was to dine with him, he would borrow the Plate of his Friends, with their Servants to wait on them, not keeping more Officers in his Palace than he commonly stood in Need of: And this not out of any parsimonious Disposition, for never Prince was more liberal, but out of a thorough Conviction, as he would often say, that the Grandeur and Glory of the Empire did not consist in Splendor and Magnificence, but in the Strength of the State, and the Virtue of those who governed it. *Ptolemy*, King of *Egypt*, had long before set a like Example of Modesty. He had very little Plate in his Palace, no more than was requisite for his own private Use: And when he invited any of his

Friends to dine with him, he would send and borrow their's, declaring it was more worthy of a King to enrich others, than to be rich himself.

What is reported of the Emperor *Probus*, who holds one of the first Places in the Number of great Princes, and under whom the Roman Empire arrived at the highest Pitch of Happiness, is no less worthy of Admiration. During his War with *Persia*, as he was sitting at Dinner upon the bare Ground, and eating a Mess of Pork and Pease, Word was brought him that the *Persian* Ambassadors were arrived. Without changing either his Posture or Dress, which was no other than a Purple Coat, but made of Woollen, and a Cap which he wore for Want of Hair, he ordered them to be introduced, and told them that he was the Emperor, and they might go and tell their Master, that if he did not take Care, he would in a Month's Time lay all his Fields as naked of Trees and Corn, as his Head was of Hairs; and at the same Time he took off his Cap, to make them the better comprehend his Meaning. He then invited them to eat Part of his Dinner, in Case they were hungry; if not, they had nothing to do but to go back immediately. The Ambassadors made their Report to their Prince, who was in a terrible Fright, as well as his Soldiers, that they had to deal with a People who were such professed Enemies to Luxury and Pleasures. He came in Person to meet the Emperor, and granted him whatever he demanded.

Comparing all that has been hitherto mentioned concerning Pomp and Simplicity: On the one Side, whatever is most splendid, Riches, magnificent Buildings, Furniture, fine Cloaths, and a Table most sumptuously and delicately spread; and on the other, Poverty, Simplicity, Frugality and Modesty, but attended with Victories, Triumphs, Consulships, dictatorial Power, and even the Empire of the World; it may be left to the Judgment of any Man of good Sense and Reason, on which Side lies the Noble and Great, and which he thinks deserves most

most his Esteem and Admiration. The Decision will not be difficult. And 'tis this natural and unstudied Sense of Things, which we ought to look upon as the Rule of good Taste in the Point of solid Glory and real Grandeur.

In quoting these antient Examples of Modesty and Frugality, it is not designed to propose them as perfect Models for our Imitation. Our Age and Manners cannot bear so masculine and robust a Virtue. There are besides certain Rules of Decency to be observed, and in every State and Condition Things may be reduced to an honest and commendable Mediocrity, which will justify and direct the Use of them. But how much ought we to be concerned, and ashamed to observe to what a Degree our Manners have degenerated from the Virtue of the antient *Pagans*? And what Efforts ought we not to make to conform in some Measure at least to those primitive Rules, though we are not so happy to have any longer the Courage and Liberty entirely to come up to them.

The Design in these Examples, is first to teach Youth, that they ought not to look upon such as lead a poor and frugal Life, as contemptible, or even unhappy. 'Tis the Reflection which *Seneca* draws from the Examples before us. 'Do we think (says he) that our Ancestors, whose Virtues still support the Empire, which our Vices would have long ago destroyed, were much to be pitied for dressing their own Dinners, for lying on hard Couches, or for having neither Gold nor Diamonds in their Houses and Temples?

One Objection may be made to all that can be said of the antient *Greeks and Romans*. For though we may respect the Examples of Frugality, Simplicity and Poverty, in *Aristides*, *Cimon*, *Curius*, *Fabritius*, *Cato*, &c. yet 'tis natural enough to make some Abatements from the Persuasion that in poor Republicks it was scarce possible to live otherwise; and it is still doubtful with the Generality of People, whether these Examples can be of any Use

to our Age, which is richer and more plentiful, and in which it would be ridiculous to attempt to imitate them. But the Example of the Emperors seems to amount to full Proof, and sets the Matter beyond Exception. In short, if those Masters of the World, whose Riches were equal to their Power, and who succeeded to Emperors that had carried Luxury, Pleasures, Epicurism, and Extravagance, to the utmost Heights of Excess, were still fond of Frugality, Modesty, Simplicity, and Poverty, what reasonable Reply can be made to the Maxims here laid down upon this Subject?

One would ask, whether those great Princes, those Men of extraordinary Talents and superior Genius, had not the Taste of real Greatness and solid Glory? whether all Nations and Ages have been mistaken in the high Encomiums they have given them? and whether any one ever ventured to charge them with having debased either the Nobility of their Birth, the Dignity of their Station, or the Majesty of the Empire? and whether on the other Hand these were not the Qualities which raised them the higher, and have universally drawn upon them the Esteem, Love, and Admiration of Posterity? Can any private Person now imagine himself a better Judge of real Glory than they were? or should he think himself unhappy, or dishonoured, by being found in such illustrious Company, and standing by a *Trajan*, an *Antoninus*, or a *Marcus Aurelius*? Shall we pay a greater Regard to an *Apicius*, who setting up for a perfect Master in the Art of Cookery, infected and corrupted his Age by that wretched Science! Shall we prefer to the great Examples here quoted, those of *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Commodus*, or *Heliogabalus*? For, to the inestimable good Fortune of their People, all the good Emperors in general, and without Exception, have been of the Character here recommended; and all the bad Emperors in general are found in the opposite Class.

Another

Another Use of giving such Examples, is to infill into Youth a Veneration for the original Source and Principle from whence arose that generous Contempt which the great Men of Antiquity shewed for what the greatest Part of Mankind now admire and pursue. For 'tis this Principle, this Disposition of the Mind, which is really estimable. A Man may be reserved and modest in the Midst of Riches and Honours, as he may be proud and avaritious in the Obscurity of a poor and wretched Life.

The Emperor *Antoninus* is judged to be one of the greatest Princes that ever reigned. He was held in such Reverence by all Posterity, that neither the *Roman* People, nor the Soldiers, could suffer any other Emperor to be called after his Name; and *Alexander Severus* himself found it too august to venture upon assuming it. *Antoninus*, thro' an Equality of Mind, and Greatness of Soul, which rendered him independent of all without him, was usually satisfied with what was most plain and moderate. As he affected nothing particular in his Food, Lodging, Bed, Domestics or Dress, wearing only the common Stuffs, and such as were readiest to be met with; so he would make Use of the Conveniencies which offered, without rejecting them through Affectation; equally ready to use every Thing with Moderation, or lay it aside without Uneasiness.

Youth should be put upon taking Notice of such Passages as these, as nothing is more capable of forming their Taste and Judgment.

[*To be continued.*]

Remarkable Instance of Sagacity in a Dog.

PLUTARCH says, he once saw aboard a Ship, a Dog, being unable to come at some Oil at the Bottom of a Jar, which he could not reach with his Tongue, by reason of the narrow Mouth of the Vessel,

go and fetch Stones, and let them fall into the Jar, till the Oil rose so high that he could lap it. What is this but the Effect of great Subtilty? 'Tis said, the Ravens of *Barbary* do the same, when the Water they drink is too low.

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

AS Blossoms and Flowers are strewed upon the Earth by the Hand of Spring; as the Kindness of Summer produceth in Perfection the Bounties of Harvest; so the Smiles of Pity shed Blessings on the Children of Misfortune.

He who pityeth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without Compassion, deserveth it not.

The Butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the Lamb; neither is the Heart of the Cruel moved with Distress.

But the Tears of the Compassionate are sweeter than Dew-Drops falling from Roses on the Bosom of the Earth.

Shut not thine Ear therefore against the Cries of the Poor; neither harden thine Heart against the Calamities of the Innocent.

When the Fatherless call upon thee, when the Widow's Heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy Assistance with Tears of Sorrow; O pity her Affliction, and extend thy Hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou see'st the naked Wanderer of the Street, shivering with Cold, and destitute of Habitation; let Bounty open thine Heart, let the Wings of Charity shelter him from Death, that thine own Soul may live.

Whilst the poor Man groaneth on the Bed of Sickness, whilst the Unfortunate languish in the Horrors of a Dungeon, or the hoary Head of Age lifts up a feeble Eye to thee for Pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous Enjoyments, regardless of their Wants, unfeeling of their Woes?

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

NOVEMBER, an ODE.

Distant to southern climes the sloping
 sun
 Hastens to bend his rays beyond the line,
 Where *Sagittary* puts his armour on,
 Slung is the quiver, where his arrows
 shine;
 His azure bow reflects the solar beam,
 While his bright darts across th' horizon
 gleam.
 Now first, the woodcock, near the
 gelid stream,
 Seeks his known haunt, amid th' em-
 browned copse,
 Where cruel fowlers take their deadly aim,
 Inglorious triumph! see, the victim
 drops!
 Forbear your savage sport---oh! spare ye
 swains,
 The new adventurers on *Britannia's* plains!
 Now sharper bites the hyperborean blast,
 While eager morning chills us at the dawn,
 With drizzling fleet the sky is overcast,
 And the white frost bespangles o'er the
 lawn,
 The well-napp'd druggel clothes the rural
 folk,
 And homely cots display a thicker smoke.

The FATAL INQUISITOR.

THough down the bed, where *Miro*
 lay,
 He slept not to the dawn of day:
 And who could hope a moment's rest,
 While thoughts like these perplex the
 breast?
 Knowledge conceal'd beyond the sky---
 Ah! what can dim-ey'd man descry?
 Life's good or ill till felt unknown:
 To-morrow's is to-morrow's own!
 My mortal hour the next may be---
 Or heav'n may hoary age decree.
 My moments past when past, I know,
 If fraught with happiness or woe.
 The tardy knowledge comes too late,
 And unprepared we meet our fate.
 Ah! why if heav'n is wife and kind,
 Thus hood-winkt man's immortal mind!
 Why preience jealously denied,
 Of life alone the guard and guide.
 Man born to woe as sparks ascend,
 The means of bliss heav'n will not lend.
 Here slumber seal'd his weary eyes;
 A dream ensu'd to make him wise.
 (But all her sons, like *Eve*, shall know
 Knowledge that heav'n forbids, is woe!)

An angel thus bespoke him: ' Friend!
 ' I come at once thy doubts to end!
 ' Full to thy view I'll make appear
 ' The fate of thy ensuing year.'
 He ceas'd; and from the doubter's eyes
 Fell scales---a scene began to rise---
One raving in a fever iay!
 Shriek'd---and expir'd!---turn'd cold as
 clay.

Another worn to skin and bone,
 Deep! and more deep! fetch'd many a
 groan!

And now the shadow gasp'd for breath!
 And now was agoniz'd in death!
 ' Who's she, THAT fever robb'd of life?'
 The angel answer'd, ' 'Twas your wife!'
 ' The man consumption ended, who?'
 Again the angel answered, ' You.'
 That dreadful word like thunder broke!--
 The dreamer startled, and awoke!--
 ' What can this shocking dream por-
 ' tend?---

' Two deaths before the year shall end!
 ' *Mira's* the first!--nor her's alone!
 ' As much it ascertain'd my own!
 ' *Your wife*!--and *you*!---This tingling
 ' ear

' Still rings, as were the angel here!--
 ' But what's a dream? Nay, some re-
 ' hearfe

' It just denotes its own reverse---
 ' Of mine shall I presume the same?
 ' Impossible! from heav'n it came---
 ' Came to correct this wrangling heart!
 ' And what but truth can heav'n im-
 ' part?---

' Must I then die? is death so near?
 ' Good heav'n! accept this gushing
 tear!

' To ev'ry crime thy grace extend!
 ' And let that death my sorrows end!--
 ' But how to break it to my fair?
 ' For the dread secret she must share!
 ' Warn'd, she'll prepare herself to die,
 ' And shine a brighter saint on high.'

The dream was told---how struck the
 dame!

High bounds her pulse---her blood's on
 flame.

See her in bed! she pants! she turns!--
 She raves, how fell the fever burns!--
 She's gone! and, when her heart-strings
 broke,

Miro felt more than half the stroke!
 By fore-thought of that dreadful day,
 How much was *Mira* worn away!

But

But quite to lose so fond a wife,
It shrinks him to a shade of life !
Ev'n *Hope*, the waster's constant friend,
That scarce deserts him at his end ;
Hope flies the piner's heart ; nor dare
That heart importune heav'n to spare !--
But certain, that his instant doom's decreed,
He meets grim Death half-way, and dies indeed.

M O R A L.

Man at his peril through the future pries,
What best were hid, heav'n hides from human eyes.
Hence, there are seasons to be purely gay ;
And ev'n misfortunes have their proper day.
Hence hope, that helps life's heaviest loads to bear,
Hence all the humble confidence of pray'r :
Hence resignation calms the pious breast,
And all that heav'n permits, man construes best.

TRUE LIBERTY.

HAIL, LIBERTY, thou sacred pow'r,
Which ever with fair virtue shines ;
Not all the gold can purchase thee,
That blazes in bright western mines.
Not the gay guards in glitt'ring arms,
Who crowd in pomp the monarch's gate,
Can to his soul with'd freedom give,
If crimes and fears attend his state.
'Tis virtue, god-like and divine,
That makes the gen'rous hero brave :
The base will always meanly think ;
For vice was ever born a slave.
The ravager of half the globe
Will sigh at last for thee in vain,
Who, though thou scorn'st the tyrant's pride,
Spontaneous waits in virtue's train.
How is the humble cottage blest
With thy propitious, cheering smile !
While jealousies, and racking cares,
Torment the knave with all his guile.
But in the sacred laurel-shade,
While rapt'rous thoughts my bosom move,
Thou deign'st to fire my glowing soul,
With thine and heav'nly virtue's love.
Thus I, but most supremely blest,
That great, all-pitying, god-like mind,
Whose labours, utmost wishes, plan
The happiness of all mankind,

To a LADY, with a painted Fan : On one
Side an old Woman reading with Spectacles,
her Crutch standing by her ; on the Reverse,
Virtue in a rich-wrought, but loose
Robe, looking upward, and giving Alms,
in an inclining Posture, to a Beggar on the Ground.

MIRA, take this painted fan ;
Of it make the most you can.
When it rises, full display'd,
To supply the cooling shade,
Read these maxims there express'd :
Shade for man is sometimes best !
Life would yield but small delight,
Were the scene for ever bright.
When the cheering breeze it sends,
Think on whom your breath depends !
Think, that bliss and life would fail,
But for Providence's gale !
If, to mock the starrer's eyes,
And conceal a blush, it rise ;
Thus reflect behind the scene :
Will my actions need a screen,
When display'd to ev'ry eye ?
Or will heav'n a screen supply ?
In that aged face you'll see
What e're long your own may be :
Learn from ev'ry wrinkle there,
Time's a foe to all that's fair.
By those spectacles you'll read,
What your orbs may one day need.
From that crutch this hint pursue :
I may need supporting too.
Turn it then to virtue's side,
View her form (but stretch it wide !)
Virtue, if she's painted right,
Best appears when most in fight :
Rich her robe ! and this implies,
Wealth is sometimes Virtue's prize.
All with curious foliage wrought,
Hence her industry be taught ;
Loosely flowing, to express
Negligence of mode and dress.
Yet, tho' loosely flows the vest,
Clasp'd, with care across her breast !
Mira wants not to be told,
Virtue's free, but never bold.
Think that placid smile reveals
Joys which virtue only feels ;
Think that easy, open air,
Speaks the unaffected fair.
See ! the drops her alms inclin'd ;
This denotes her humble mind :
Upwards that she turns her eye.
Hints her portion in the sky.
Show by folding the machine
Virtue may exist unseen.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, November 10, 1764.

IFE,' says *Seneca*, 'is a Voyage, in the Progress of which we are perpetually changing our Scenes; we first leave Childhood behind us, then Youth, then the Years of ripened Manhood, then the better and more pleasing Part of old Age.' The Perusal of this Passage having excited in me a Train of Reflections on the State of Man, the incessant Fluctuation of his Wishes, the gradual Change of his Disposition to all external Objects, and the Thoughtlessness with which he floats along the Stream of Time, I sunk into a Slumber amidst my Meditations, and, on a sudden, found my Ears filled with the Tumult of Labour, the Shouts of Alacrity, the Shrieks of Alarm, the Whistle of Winds, and the Dash of Waters.

My Astonishment for a Time repressed my Curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the Cause of such Clamour and Confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *Ocean of Life*; that we had already passed the Straights of Infancy, in which Multitudes had perished, some by the Weakness and Fragility of their Vessels, and more by the Folly, Perverseness, or Negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main Sea, abandoned to the Winds and Billows, without any other Means of Security, than the Care of the Pilot, whom it was always in our Power to chuse among great Numbers that

offered their Direction and Assistance.

I then looked round with anxious Eagerness; and first turning my Eyes behind me, saw a Stream flowing through flowery Islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with Pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the Current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these Islands all was Darkness, nor could any of the Passengers describe the Shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and each other Side, was an Expanse of Waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a Mist, that the most perspicacious Eye could see but a little Way. It appeared to be full of Rocks and Whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the Gale with full Sails, and insulking those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the Dangers, and so thick the Darkness, that no Caution could confer Security. Yet there were many, who, by false Intelligence, betrayed their Followers into Whirlpools, or by Violence pushed those whom they found in their Way against the Rocks.

The Current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the Place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no Opportunities for Dexterity or Courage, since, though none could retreat back from Danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique Direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much Care or Prudence; for, by some universal Infatuation, every Man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his Consorts every Moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the Waves closed over them, than their Fate and their Misconduct were forgotten; the Voyage was pursued with the same jocund Confidence; every Man congratulated himself upon the Soundness of his Vessel, and believed himself able to stem the Whirlpool in which his Friend was swallowed, or glide over the Rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the Sight of a Wreck made any Man change his Course; if he turned aside for a Moment, he soon forgot the Rudder, and left himself again to the Disposal of Chance.

This Negligence did not proceed from Indifference, or from Weariness of their present Condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon Destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his Associates for that Help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last Moments in cautioning others against the Folly by which they were intercepted in the Midst of their Course. Their Benevolence was sometimes praised, but their Admonitions were unregarded.

The Vessels, in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the Turbulence of the Stream of Life, were visibly impaired in the Course of the Voyage; so that every Passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable Accidents, or by incessant Vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This Necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the Gay, and intimidate the Daring, at least to keep the Melancholy and Timorous in perpetual Torments, and hinder them from any Enjoyment of the Varieties and Gratifications which Nature offered them as the Solace of their Labours; yet in Effect none seemed less to expect Destruction than those to whom it

was most dreadful; they all had the Art of concealing their Danger from themselves; and those who knew their Inability to bear the Sight of the Terrors that embarrassed their Way, took Care never to look forward, but found some Amusement for the present Moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant Associate of the Voyage of Life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this Promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the Credulity of her Companions; for in Proportion as their Vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her Assurances of Safety; and none were more busy in making Provisions for a long Voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable Decay.

In the Midst of the Current of Life was the *Gulph of* INTemperance, a dreadful Whirlpool, interspersed with Rocks, of which the pointed Crags were concealed under Water, and the Tops covered with Herbage on which Ease spread Couches of Repose, and with Shades, where PLEASURE warbled the Song of Invitation. Within Sight of these Rocks all who sailed on the Ocean of Life must necessarily pass. REASON, indeed, was always at Hand to steer the Passengers through a narrow Outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her Intreaties or Remonstrances, be induced to put the Rudder into her Hand; without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the Rocks of PLEASURE, that they might solace themselves with a short Enjoyment of that delicious Region, after which they always determined to pursue their Course without any other Deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these Promises, as to venture her Charge within the Eddy

of

of the Gulph of *INTEMPERANCE*, where, indeed, the Circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the Course of the Vessel, and drew it, by insensible Rotations, towards the Centre. She then repented her Temerity, and with all her Force endeavoured to retreat; but the Draught of the Gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the Passenger, having danced in Circles with a pleasing and giddy Velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom *REASON* was able to extricate, generally suffered so many Shocks upon the Points which shot out from the Rocks of *PLEASURE*, that they were unable to continue their Course with the same Strength and Facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every Breeze, and shattered by every Ruffle of the Water, till they sunk, by slow Degrees, after long Struggles, and innumerable Expedients, always repining at their own Folly, and warning others against the first Approach to the Gulph of *INTEMPERANCE*.

An Account of a Journey of two thousand four hundred Miles, thro' the horrible Desarts of Russia, lately performed by the French Abbe, Chappe d'Auteroche, in the Space of a Month.

[Continued from Page 732.]

ON the 5th of *April* the Abbe had crossed the Mountains of *Werkhotaurie*, which extend forty-five Leagues from East to West; and then descended into a large Plain, where the Snow was so much diminished, that in some Places it scarce covered the Surface of the Ground.

On the 8th he arrived at a small Town called *Tumen*, where the Snow lay only in the beaten Tracks; he perceived Water also on the Ice that still covered the Rivers, which shewed the breaking up of the Frost to be at Hand; he therefore pushed forward with all possible Expedition, and on the 10th of *April* arrived at *Tobolski*, only six Hours be-

fore the Ice broke, having travelled 800 Leagues upon a Sledge in a Month. The melting of the Snow caused so considerable an Overflowing of the *Irtis*, that a fourth Part of the Town was under Water.

The Rapidity with which he traversed this vast Country, did not permit him to examine the Manners of the Inhabitants with an Attention equal to his Wishes; but the Account he has given of them is as follows:

They profess the Religion of the *Greek Church*, but with a Fanaticism that seems gradually to increase with the Distance from the Capital: They are born in the most dreadful Slavery, so that the very Idea of Liberty is not left among them. As their State and Situation do not admit the Indulgence of artificial Wants, their Desires are necessarily few; they have neither Manufacture nor Commerce; their Provision is very bad, and therefore easily procured, consisting of dry or stinking Fish, Pease, and a coarse black Kind of Bread, made of Rye; their Drink is a wretched Kind of Beer, and a Liquor they call *Quas*, which is no other than Water fermented with Bran, and then mixed with a small Quantity of Meal. They live in total Idleness and Inactivity, shut up in their Stoves, the extreme Nastiness of which is not to be conceived; they are however fond of their Condition, and hate the Thoughts of stirring out of their Dunghill, especially to bear Arms; but if they are forced into the Service, Brandy, and the Fear of Punishment, will make them tolerable Soldiers. The Unwholesomeness and Inconvenience of their Hovels are greatly increased by the Severity of the Winter, which prevents their Communication with the fresh Air; their Windows are seldom more than a Foot wide, and six Inches high; and they are also deprived of the Light of the Sun all the while he is passing through the Southern Signs; nor have they any artificial Light but by Splinters of Birch Wood, which they set on Fire, and stick up in the Chinks of the Floor. This

Practice is indeed common through all *Russia*, and frequently causes Fires, which almost immediately spread over half a Town, as the Houses are all built of Wood, except in the Cities and principal Towns. But notwithstanding all this Inactivity, Confinement, and Nastiness, they enjoy robust and uninterrupted Health; so effectually does perpetual Temperance counterbalance all that can weigh against Health and Life. There is scarce one among them that is weakly or deformed, and their Manner of Education secures to them this good Fortune. The Child, as soon as it is born, is laid upon a Heap of Straw, or old Rags, in a Basket, where it sprawls about, and stretches its Limbs, without any Restraint; it is nourished with Milk by Means of a Horn which is fitted to a Cow's Teats, but sometimes suckled by the Mother; the Basket is hung at the End of a long elastic Pole, so that it may be easily put in Motion, and the Child rocked as in a Cradle; but before it can go alone, it is placed upon the Ground, where it rolls about at Pleasure, till it learns first to stand, and then to totter along, with nothing to cover it but a Shirt, which scarce reaches to the Middle of the Thigh; by this Management their Children walk sooner than our's can stand alone: As soon as they are able, they are suffered to run about, and at the End of the Winter are playing in the Road in the Midst of the Snow, while the Weather is yet so cold, that the Traveller is afraid of going out of his Sledge, though he be covered with Furr from Head to Foot. They are of a large Stature, extremely muscular and strong, and live longer than the Inhabitants of any other known Part of the World. This, however, is not because their Situation, upon the whole, is favourable to Life in the tender Years of Infancy, but the contrary; for all the Children who are not strong by Constitution, die soon; and none are reared but those who are born with the greatest natural Advantages: More than two thirds of the Children that are born

here, die in their Infancy; and it is common to find but three or four alive, in Families that have had sixteen or eighteen. Many other Causes concur gradually to depopulate the Villages that are scattered through this vast Desert.

The Small-Pox frequently carries off half the Inhabitants of one of these Hamlets at a Time, and sometimes a greater Proportion; the Scurvy is also very fatal among them; and where they can procure spirituous Liquors, the Inroads of Disease and Mortality are in Proportion to their Want of the Advantages which make Intemperance less fatal in other Places. The Venereal Disease also makes great Havock among these unhappy Wretches, to whom the Method of Cure is wholly unknown; it prevails so much in *Siberia* and *Northern Tartary*, that there is great Reason to believe it will at length depopulate the Country.

Tobolski is the Capital of *Siberia*, and contains about fifteen thousand Inhabitants; the Clergy consists of about fifty Monks or Priests; three of whom, including the Archbishop, all Natives of *Poland*, are acquainted with the *Latin* Tongue. The Manners of the People are the same with those already described, except that they are more corrupt. The Women, of all Ranks and Ages, paint; they are in general very handsome, but have not the feminine Softness which is the principal Charm of the Sex.

This City had once a considerable Trade to *China*, by Caravans; but the mutual Knavery of the *Russian* and *Chinese* Merchants soon reduced it to a languishing State; and some Differences which arose between the two Powers, have since totally destroyed it.

These Differences arose from a Revolution which happened among the *Zungore Calmucs*, after the Death of *Galdan Tcherin*, which happened in 1746. *Galdan Tcherin* was Kan, Caun, or Sovereign of the Nation which inhabited that Part of *Northern Tartary* which is situated between *Siberia* and *China*. This Nation admitted no Sovereign but its Kan;

Kan; and upon the Death of *Galdan Tcherin*, a Civil War broke out among several Competitors to succeed him. The *Chinese* (who dreaded the Power of this Nation, which was become formidable to all its Neighbours,) contrived first to weaken it on this Occasion, by favouring each of the Competitors by Turns, and then to fall upon the Conqueror, and destroy his Power at once.

The Name of this unhappy Prince was *Amoursaman*; and the wretched Remains of this once mighty Nation, consisting of about twenty thousand Families, took Shelter under the Protection of *Russia*, upon the Banks of the *Volga*. *Amoursaman*, after having wandered from Place to Place, at last retired to the Frontiers of *Siberia*, in the Year 1757, where he died of the Small-Pox, according to the *Russian* Account, which was published about a Year or two ago.

The *Chinese*, as soon as they heard he had retired to *Siberia*, demanded that he should be delivered up, or, as the *Russians* say, that he should be confined for Life.

It is said, that he continued a long Time at *Tobolki*, though the *Russian* Account makes no Mention of it; and that when he was dead, the Body was sent to the Frontiers of *Siberia*, whither the *Chinese* sent Commissaries more than once to examine the Body.

[To be concluded in our next.]

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 734.]

Honours and Dignities.

POSTS of Preferment, and the Marks of Respect annexed to them, may flatter the Ambition and Vanity of Mankind, but in themselves include no real Glory or solid Greatness, as they are foreign to them, as they are not always the Proof and Reward of Merit, as they add nothing to the good Qualities either of Body or Mind, as they correct none of our Faults, but often on the contrary serve only to

multiply and make them more remarkable, by making them conspicuous, and exhibiting them in a stronger Light.

There is nothing really great in *Honours* and *Dignities*, but the Danger which surrounds them. True Glory consists in knowing how to look upon them with a generous Contempt, or in accepting them only for the Public Good. Solid Greatness consists in renouncing Greatness itself: A Man becomes a Slave from the Moment he is fond of it; he is superior to it only when he contemns it.

Victories.

If there be any Thing capable of exalting Man above his Nature, and giving him a Superiority that distinguishes him from the rest of Mankind, it seems to be the Glory which results from Battles and Victories. A Prince, a General, marching at the Head of a numerous Army, whose Eyes are all bent upon him; who by a single Signal actuates that vast Body, of which himself is the Soul, and sets an hundred thousand Arms in Motion; such a Man seems to be something mighty grand, and to come very near the Divinity. And yet if we coolly, rationally, and without Prejudice, examine the famous Heroes of Antiquity, those illustrious Conquerors, we shall often find that this glittering Shew of warlike Actions is but a vain Phantom, which may impose upon us at a Distance, but disappears and vanishes in Proportion as we approach it; and that all this pretended Glory has often had no other Principle and Foundation but Ambition, Avarice, Injustice and Cruelty.

This *Seneca* observes of the greatest Warriors, and such as have had the largest Share in the Admiration of all Ages. 'We find (says he) Abundance of Heroes who have carried Fire and Sword into many Nations, have stormed Towns which till their Time were held impregnable, have conquered and ravaged vast Provinces, and marched to the utmost

utmost Limits of the Earth, covered over with the Blood of all Opposers: But these Conquerors of so many Nations were themselves overcome by their Passions: They found no Body that could resist them, but were themselves unable to resist their own Ambition and Cruelty.

Can we call the furious Disposition of *Alexander*, which led him into distant and unknown Countries, only with a View to plunder them, by any other Name than Madness? Was he wise, for depriving every private Man, every Country, of what was most dear and valuable, and for spreading Desolation wherever he came, beginning with *Greece*, to which he owed his Education? How intoxicated must he have been with Glory, who thought the whole World too little for him? He one Day asked a Pirate, whom he had taken, what Right he thought he had to infest the Seas? 'The same' (answered he boldly) that you 'have to over-run the World. But 'because I do it in a small Vessel, 'I am called a Robber; and you 'are named a Conqueror, for doing 'it with a great Fleet.' A very sharp Answer; and, what is more, a true one.

Every equitable & rational Man, who shall read over attentively all the Lives of the famous Men among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, as they stand in *Plutarch*; if he examines and asks his own Heart the Question, will find that 'tis not *Alexander* or *Cæsar* he prefers before all the rest; that they were neither the greatest, nor the most accomplished, nor such as did the most Honour to Human Nature; and that he does not judge them to be the most deserving of his Esteem, Love, and Veneration, nor of the just Praises of Posterity.

Besides, Military Valour often leaves the Men, whom Conquests have made famous, very weak and mean at other Times, and with Reference to other Objects. 'Tis surprising, when we see them alone and without Arms, what a mighty Difference there is between a General and a GREAT Man.

[To be continued.]

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 479.

LET us examine (says this MONITOR) the Conduct and Faith of *France* from the Date of that Peace which restored them their Trade and Settlements in the *East-Indies*; and we shall find them rebuilding their strong Holds, and fortifying their Settlements contrary to the Letter and Spirit of the Treaty, and contriving and fomenting every Incident to interrupt and ruin our Trade beyond the Line. Follow them to *North America*; the Massacres of our Brethren, by the *Indians* in the *French* Interest, have never ceased since the signing of the Peace. An armed Power keeps the *Canadians* in Awe; but the Court of *France* has contrived Means to render that Conquest as useless as possible, by evading the Letter of the Treaty, in Regard to the Payment of the *Canadian* Bills. The *West-Indies*, from whence our Arms had almost totally driven this perfidious Enemy, and in whose Seas *British* Generosity was carried beyond all Bounds of sound Policy, in the restoring *Martinico*, *Guadeloupe*, and other Islands, (Monuments of our national Power and Strength, and of the *French* Inability to resist our Fleets and Armies) are once more become a Scene of that natural Enmity which the *French* always have for the *English*. Explore their Views and Designs in the Promotion of the Count *de Etainge*, distinguished for his Breach of Parole, his Cruelties in the Destruction of *Gambroon*, and other Settlements belonging to the *English* in the *East-Indies*; and above all, for his inveterate Hated of the *English* Nation. In all this appears a determined Resolution to keep no Measures with us, and to cramp our Trade and Navigation in those Seas first, and to come to open Blows as soon as Opportunity serves, and they are in a Condition to attack our Islands.

The *Spaniards*, so far as they had it in their Power, seconded these *French* Measures; for in grateful Return for the Complaisance which yielded

yielded them the Right, and sat down contented with no more than an uncontrouled Permission to cut Logwood in *Campeachy* and *Honduras*, this Branch of the House of *Bourbon*, agreeable to their Family Compact, denied the *British* Subjects that Permission, and compelled them to desist and to retire, as soon as they had, conformable to Treaty, disarmed themselves, and were no longer in a Capacity to maintain their Footing by Force of Arms. It is said, that both *France* and *Spain* disavow these Acts of Violence; and that Orders have been dispatched from their respective Courts to place every Thing on its proper Footing, as settled by Treaty. But who can trust to such Orders, when it is well known their Governors have never paid any Regard to the Commands which contradicted the principal Object of their private Instructions; and that they have been always supported, when such perfidious Attempts were pursued with Advantage.

The MONITOR then proceeds to observe, that these Encroachments and Violences ought not to be acquiesced in, without an ample Indemnification for the Injuries and Losses sustained; for that an open War is more desirable than a precarious and insidious Peace. He observes, that if a King of *Great-Britain* would consult his own Glory and Happiness, he should always conduct himself in Regard to Foreign States, so as to make a Figure. That the *English* are best content when the Government oppose the Growth of Foreign Power, especially when it grows upon the Ruin of her Interest: And it is the Interest of a Government to please them in what is reasonable and honest. That *France* and *Spain* being united by the Family Compact, ought to engross our Attention more and more in watching their Measures, and counteracting their Devices. We ought to turn all our Wisdom, as well as our Power, to prevent the Mischiefs threatened from this Conjunction.

The MONITOR concludes with saying, When it is seen that they

who govern us, act sincerely for their Country; when it is evident that they neither fear, nor flatter, the Power of that aspiring Family; that they equally despise its Penesions and its Arms; that all Measures possible are taken to break its Measures, and oppose its Growth; to carry on a War, or to maintain Treaties, and to form new Alliances; when the whole Conduct of a Court is this Way irreproachable, Murmurs will cease, and an End will be put to what is called a Court and Country Party.

Singular Anecdotes of CHARLES the XIIth of Sweden.

COURAGE and inflexible Constancy formed the Basis of this Monarch's Character. In his tenderest Years he gave Instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven Years old, being at Dinner with the Queen his Mother, intending to give a Bit of Bread to a great Dog he was fond of, this hungry Animal snapt too greedily at the Morsel, and bit his Hand in a terrible Manner. The Wound bled copiously; but our young Hero, without offering to cry, or to take the least Notice of his Misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his Dog should be brought into Trouble, and wrapped his bloody Hand in the Napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the Reason; he contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their Sollicitations. But all was in vain, though he was already grown pale with the Loss of Blood. An Officer who attended at Table, at last perceived it; for *Charles* would sooner have died than betrayed his Dog, who he knew intended no Injury.

At another Time, when in the Small-Pox, and his Case appeared dangerous, he grew one Day very uneasy in his Bed, and a Gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close received from the Patient a violent Box on his Ear. Some Hours after observing

ing the Prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his Displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a Blow. A Blow replied *Charles*, I do not remember any Thing of it; I remember indeed, that I thought myself in the Battle of *Arbela*, fighting for *Darius*, where I gave *Alexander* a Blow, which brought him to the Ground.

What is related of the Journeys of this Prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on Horseback for four-and-twenty Hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest Part of his Kingdom. At last none of his Officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest Part of these Journeys quite alone, without taking a Moment's Repose, and without any other Subsistence than a Bit of Bread. In one of these rapid Courses he underwent an Adventure singular enough. Riding thus Post one Day, all alone, he had the Misfortune to have his Horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary Man, but it gave *Charles* no Sort of Uneasiness. Sure of finding another Horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good Saddle and Pistols, he ungirds his Horse, claps the whole Equipage on his Back, and thus accoutered, marches on to the next Inn, which by good Fortune was not far off. Entering the Stable, he here found an Horse entirely to his Mind; so, without farther Ceremony, he clapped on his Saddle, & Housing with great Composure, and was just going to mount, when the Gentleman, who owned the Horse was apprized of a Stranger's going to steal his Property out of the Stable. Upon asking the King, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his Horse, *Charles* coolly replied, squeezing in his Lips, which was his usual Custom, that he took the Horse because he wanted one; for you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the Saddle myself. This Answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the Gentleman, who instantly

drew his Sword. In this the King was not much behind Hand with him; and to it they were going, when the Guards by this Time came up, and testified that Surprise which was natural, to see Arms in the Hand of a Subject against his King. Imagine whether the Gentleman was less surprized than they at his unpremeditated Disobedience. His Astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who taking him by the Hand, assured him he was a brave Fellow, and that he would take Care he should be provided for. This Promise was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been assured the King made him a Captain.

The Gospel Discovery of a Future State.

MANKIND born into this Life and World, are no sooner capable of looking around them, and considering the Frame of their Nature, and the Condition of their Being, than they become sensible of their Mortality, and see Death before them. The Human Frame, like that of every Animal and Plant upon the Earth, soon decays and falls to ruin. *All Flesh is Grass, and all the Glory of Man as the Flower of Grass.* While one Generation is springing up, the former is fading and passing away. The brave, the wealthy, the wise, the innocent, the good, all come to the same End, and are involved in the universal Destruction.

But is it an *absolute* Destruction? an *eternal* Period of Life and Being? Are all Men to perish *for ever* at Death? Is there *no Redemption? no Salvation?* In this most momentous Inquiry, *Revelation* comes in to our Aid, and extricates us from Doubt and Perplexity. The *Gospel* is an authentic Discovery of a Life to come: It extends our View beyond this narrow Scene of Things, to the boundless Region of an immortal Existence. It overlooks the Interests of this Life and the Wisdom of this World: It doth not instruct us in the Policy of Government, the Prudence of Laws, the

the Discipline of War, or the Arts of Peace: Nor does it unfold the Mysteries of Philosophy, or disclose the Wonders of the material and visible Creation. These inferior Subjects are left to the natural Abilities and Inquiries of Men. But it treats of something more important and interesting to Mankind, and at the same Time more unsearchable by Human Wisdom and Penetration. It discloseth to us an invisible World, brings Immortality to View, and assures us of a Resurrection from Death to a Life everlasting.——And what other Subject can be conceived so proper for a supernatural Discovery, so worthy of the Interposition of a superior Being, so equal to the Dignity of a Divine Revelation.

In regard to the visible Works of Creation, and the material Worlds present to us in Time but distant in Space, the Attempts of inquisitive Men have been in some Measure successful, have made some admirable Discoveries, and brought to View many Objects beyond the natural Sight of the Eye. But in regard to an hereafter, and all that may lie beyond the visible Boundary of Death, no Human Ability, Art, or Invention could ever make the least Discovery. It was, as Job expresses it, a Region of Darknests without any Order, and where the Light is as Darknests.

But our Blessed Saviour hath abolished Death, and brought Life and Immortality to Light: He hath revealed This Mystery of God, which laid hid in the Divine Counsels from the Beginning of the World: He hath drawn aside the dark Veil which precluded all human Foresight, and opened to the Eyes of our Understanding a Prospect into Futurity; hath established our Belief of a World to come, on the surest Evidence; and given us all the Information concerning it, that is proper to our Condition, and promotive of our Virtue and Happiness.

Mankind were wandering in the Dark, uncertain, perplexed, conscious of Guilt, rather doubting than believing a Life to come, rather fearing than hoping for the Confe-

quence of Death; when in the Fullness of Time, a Messenger from Heaven arrived, issuing the Proclamations of Divine Grace, assuring Men of the Pardon of their Sins, of a Deliverance from the Power of Death, and of a Resurrection to a Life incorruptible and eternal. He spoke not of himself, but as he was authorized and directed to speak: and did not desire to be credited upon his own Word alone, but upon the Evidence of his miraculous Works. He asserted his own Authority to forgive the Sins of Men: And to prove it, he healed instantaneously the most inveterate Distempers of Men: Arguing thus with the Pharisees, Which is easier to say, Thy Sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Rise, take up thy Bed and walk?

——But that you may know that the Son of Man hath Power to forgive Sins, he saith to the paralytic Cripple Rise, take up thy Bed and walk.

——He pretended to the mighty Power of raising all Mankind from the Dead; and said, The Time shall come, When all they that are in their Graves shall hear the Voice of the Son of GOD; and they that hear shall live. And for Proof, he raised the Dead by the Power of his Word: He said to the deceased Daughter of Jairus, arise, and she arose from the Dead: he commanded the Corpse of the Widow's Son upon the Bier to arise; and he immediately arose to Life and Health: He stood and called with a loud Voice, Lazarus come forth; and he who had been interred four Days heard the potent Voice, and came forth from his Sepulchre. He assumed a Power of conferring Immortality or an eternal Life; and for our Conviction he himself appeared alive from the Dead, never to die more, and visibly ascended to Heaven: And finally, he claimed all Power in Heaven, as well as on Earth, requisite to the eternal Salvation of Men, a Power in the invisible Regions, and over a superior Order of intelligent Beings? And what Evidence did he give to prove this high Assertion; he sent down, according to his Promise, the Holy Spirit, to illuminate his Apostles, and enable

them to work Miracles in his Name.

All the Miracles wrought by our Lord and his Apostles; the peculiar and perfect Character he invariably sustained in every Discourse and Action; his voluntary Submission to a cruel & ignominious Death; the Integrity and Disinterestedness of his Apostles; the Consistency of the Gospel-Doctrines; the Purity of all its Precepts; the Accomplishment of Predictions; furnish various Evidences to the same Effect: To prove the Truth of our Lord's *high Pretensions*, in assuming to himself an eternal Dominion over Mankind, as the immediate Author of a Life to come, and the Dispenser of the Rewards of Immortality to the Human Race.

But the *particular Fact*, on which our Lord and his Apostles seem to lay the greatest Stress, as the special Evidence of a Future State, and of his own Dominion and Authority in that State: was *his own Resurrection*: It was by *his own rising and appearing alive from the Dead to many Witnesses*, and by many infallible Proofs, that he abolished Death, and brought Life and Immortality to Light. — Thus St. Peter says, *Blessed be the GOD and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant Mercy, hath regenerated us to a lively Hope, by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead, to an Inheritance incorruptible, reserved for us.* — So the Apostle John introduces his Epistle with expressing the absolute Certainty of our Lord's Resurrection, and alledging it as the Discovery and Proof of a Life to come; — *What we have heard, what we have seen with our own Eyes, what we have viewed, what our Hands have handled of the Word of Life, we declare unto you: For the Life to come was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear Witness of it, even that eternal Life which was with the Father, and which is now discovered to us: — Plainly referring to our Lord's Resurrection, and the infallible Evidence the Apostles had of it from their own Senses. — In like Manner St. Paul connects a Future State with Christ's Resurrec-*

tion: — Now if Christ be risen, how say some among you, that there is no Resurrection of the Dead? For if the Dead rise not, then Christ is not risen, and we are found false Witnesses of GOD: — But now Christ is risen from the Dead, and become the first Fruits of them that slept. — Here he considers the particular Resurrection of our Saviour, as the Proof, Specimen, and Commencement of a future Life to Mankind in general.

[To be continued.]

The GENEROUS FRIENDS: An Antient History,

THE Character of *Mezentius*, King of *Tyrrhene*, is well known. A bad Prince and a good Father, cruel and tender by Turns. He had nothing of the Tyrant, nothing that showed Violence, as long as his Desires knew no Obstacle; but the Calm of this haughty Soul, was the Repose of a Lion.

Mezentius had a Son named *Lausus*, whose Valour and Beauty rendered him famous among the young Heroes of *Italy*. *Lausus* had attended *Mezentius* in the War against the King of *Præneste*. His Father, at the very Summit of Joy, saw him, covered with Blood, fighting and vanquishing by his Side. The King of *Præneste* driven out of his Territories, and seeking his Safety in Flight, had left in the Hands of the Conqueror a Treasure more precious than his Crown, a Princess at the Age when the Heart has only the Virtues of Nature, or Nature has all the Charms of Innocence and Beauty. Every Thing that the Graces in Tears possess, either noble or affecting, was painted in *Lydia's* Countenance. In her Grief, Courage, and Dignity, one might discover the Daughter of Kings amidst the Croud of Slaves. She received the first Compliments of her Enemies without Haughtiness, without Acknowledgment, as an Homage due to her Rank, the noble Sentiments of which were not weakened in her Soul by ill Fortune.

She heard her Father named, and

at that Name lifted up to Heaven her fine Eyes filled with Tears. All Hearts were moved. *Mezentius* himself, astonished, forgot his Pride and his Age. Prosperity, which hardens weak Souls, softens proud Hearts, and nothing is more gentle than an Hero after gaining a Victory.

If the savage Heart of old *Mezentius* was not able to resist the Charms of his Captive, what was the Impression on the virtuous Soul of young *Lausus*! He mourned over his Exploits; he reproached himself with his Victory: It cost *Lydia* Tears. 'Let her avenge herself,' said he, 'let her hate me as much as I love her; I have deserved it but too much.' But an Idea still more distressful presents itself to his Imagination: He sees *Mezentius*, astonished, softened, pass on a sudden from Rage to Clemency. He judged rightly that Humanity alone had not effected this Revolution; and the Fear of having his Father for a Rival completed his Confusion.

At the Age of *Mezentius* Jealousy follows closely upon Love. The Tyrant observed the Eyes of *Lausus* with an uneasy Attention: He saw extinguished in them all at once, that Joy and Ardour which shone at first on the Face of the young Hero, victorious for the first Time. He saw him disturbed: He caught some Looks which it was but too easy to understand. From that Instant he considered himself as betrayed; but Nature had her Turn, and suspended his Rage. A Tyrant even in his Fury forces himself to think that he is just; and before he condemned his Son, *Mezentius* wanted to convict him.

He began by dissembling his own Passion with so much Art, that the Prince looked on his former Fears as vain, and considered the Attentions of Love as nothing more than the Effects of Clemency. At first he affected to allow *Lydia* all the Appearances of Liberty: But the Tyrant's Court was full of Spies and Informers, the usual Retinue of Men of Power, who, not being able to make themselves beloved,

place their Greatness in rendering themselves feared.

His Son was no longer afraid of paying *Lydia* a respectful Homage. He mingled with his Sentiments an Interest so delicate and so tender, that *Lydia* very soon began to reproach herself for the Hatred which she thought she entertained for the Blood of her Enemy. *Lausus*, on his Side, lamented that he had contributed to *Lydia*'s Misfortunes. He took the Gods to witness that he would do all in his Power, to repair them. 'The King my Father,' says he, 'is as generous after Victory, as untractable before Battle: Satisfied with Victory, he is incapable of Oppression. It is easier than ever for the King of *Præneste* to engage him to a Peace that shall be glorious to both. That Peace will dry up your Tears, beautiful *Lydia*; but will it efface the Remembrance of their Crime who caused you to shed them! Why did I not see all my Blood flow rather than those Tears?'

Lydia's Replies, which were full of Modesty and Greatness, left no Room for *Lausus* to perceive any Thing more than an easy Gratitude; though at the Bottom of her Heart she was but too sensible of the Care he took to console her. She sometimes blushed for having listened to him with Complaisance; but her Father's Interests made it a Law to her to avail herself of such a Support,

In the mean Time their Conferences growing more frequent, became also more animated, more interesting, more intimate; and Love made its Way insensibly through Respect and Gratitude, as a Flower, which, in Order to blow, opens the slight Texture in which it is enclosed.

(To be continued.)

Of a good Kind of Fuel which may be obtained at a much cheaper Rate than what is usually made Use of.

ABOUT Bristol, Brislington, and other Places in this Part of the West

West of England, they very commonly make Coal-Balls of their Culm, or small Refuse Coal, which would not otherwise be saleable.

The Way in which these Balls are prepared, is to take a certain Quantity of the Culm, to which they add an equal Quantity of Sleet, or Mud, which the Tide leaves on the Sea Shore: After mixing them together grossly with Shovels, they blend them with their Hands more perfectly, and mould them into Balls about the Size of a small Child's Head, or about six Inches Diameter.

These Balls they burn immediately as they are made, or they may be laid up and kept as long as the Owner pleases.

In making them, they work as much Culm into the Sleet with their Hands, when they mould the Balls, as they possibly can without making them crumbly.

I have seen this Fuel burnt many Times at all Seasons of the Year, and always observed it made a pleasant, good, fierce Fire; neither does it emit any disagreeable Fumes, so as to occasion in the Room a sulphureous Smell.

Coal-Balls are made in *Wales*, particularly about *Carmarthen*, in another Way.

Instead of Sleet, they here use Clay with the Culm, allowing two Parts Culm and one of Clay, adding to the Heap a sufficient Quantity of Water, which they temper with it, in the same Manner as if they were making Mortar with Lime and Sand.

After the Culm and Clay have been sufficiently mixed, they form them into Balls.

These last-mentioned Balls, made with Clay, are not, it is true, such pleasant Fuel as those made with Sleet about *Brissol*, because the Clay is apt to send forth a stinking Smoke, especially if the Balls are burnt before they are dry; yet notwithstanding this Inconvenience, which the lower Sort of People give little Heed to, they afford a very cheap, good Fuel to the Poor.

A sure and expeditious Method of reviewing a large Flock of Sheep in

Commons, or extensive Pastures, as practised by a Clergyman.

HE has ten Marking Irons, expressing the nine simple Figures, and a Cypher. With these he marks all his Sheep in a Series, viz. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. as they come to Hand, on both Sides.

His Sheep go, at least a considerable Part of the Year, on a large and rich Common. He goes often himself to review his Flock, for Exercise and Amusement, and has a little Pocket-Book in his Hand, in which all the Numbers of his Sheep are written fairly. He holds a Pencil in his Hand; and as he sees any Sheep in his Ride, he makes a Mark over-against the corresponding Number; and thus, when he has gone through the Common, he knows whether any of his Sheep are wanting. If any one of his Sheep dies, is sold, killed, or removed, or lost beyond Hope of Recovery, he has nothing to do but to strike the Number out of his List, and when the Erasures become numerous, to make a new List.

Besides other obvious Advantages of this Method above the usual one of counting, there is one very material, viz. that a Sheep-Master, who is not willing to be a Drudge in reviewing his Sheep, may suspend his Employment as long as he pleases, and resume it without Disadvantage; he may converse with any Person whom he meets; he may attend to any other Business: Whereas the Person who counts, must keep the Sheep continually in his Eye, and go through his Work at once, or he might as well not begin it.

A Letter written from a Wife to her Husband Abroad, just before her Death.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my Physicians, I cannot live a Week longer.

longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual Work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me Leave to say to you, O best of Men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment; to be present at all the Adventures to which Human Life is exposed; to administer Slumber to thy Eye-Lids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a Guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you must be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the

more afflicted, the more the Person, for whom you lament, offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again.

Farewell for ever.

The Admiration and Envy of the Advantages others possess, often without any just Cause.

WHEN we are young, we admire and envy the Person of one Man, the Riches of another; the House, the Gardens, the Horses of another; the bodily Accomplishments, the what not, the Beauties and Advantages which result from Art, or Nature, or Fortune, wherever we find them; and we fail not to suppose that the Possessor of them enjoys the Happiness that we imagine they would give to us. How pleasing is such a Man in his Person and Accomplishments! And what Advantages must he have over such another, who is so much his Inferior in every Thing! But we then little consider what it is that the Enjoyment of these Advantages must arise from; we do not reflect how much of it depends upon others, upon their Sentiments, Opinions, and Behaviour; nor how much depends upon the Mind and Disposition of the Possessor himself. When we are grown older, and various Disappointments of what we have thought our most reasonable Expectations have made us wiser, we admire, or we may do so at least, the curious Dispensation of the Benefits of this World, which so often makes up a real Deficiency by an imaginary Advantage.

Of the best Stocks for Nectarines and Peaches to yield the finest Fruit; according to the Experience of an eminent Gardener.

THESE Kinds of Trees are originally Natives of a warmer Climate than our's; where the Juices contained in the Earth are by the Sun's Rays rendered more delicate: They are very delicate both in their Stocks and Soils, especially the best Sorts, most of which

which are first raised Abroad. The Stocks generally used to propagate them upon, are Plums, *viz.* the Muscle and Wheat Plums, on which some Kinds thrive well, and others will not, particularly the choicest Sorts: The best Method is to re-bud them upon the most vigorous and healthy Kinds, which are generally such as have been raised from Stones in *England*; but few of those are to be compared in Goodness with those raised in *France*, &c. Though if these Foreign Kinds be first budded upon the Plums before mentioned, they will not bear so well, and are more subject to Blights than those that are rebudded upon healthy Kinds of Peaches or Apricots; by which they are rendered stronger, and their Fruit abundantly better.

The best Plum Stocks for Peaches and Nectarines, that I am acquainted with, are the Green Gauge, either raised by Stones or Layers, on which most Kinds thrive well, and produce healthy long-lived Trees, with well-flavoured Fruit.

Method of making, in a very cheap and expeditious Manner, a Fence to inclose Ground.

TAKE some Sapling Oak Poles, about five or six Yards long, which will cost about 3*d.* each; cut them into Lengths of something more than a Yard, and cleave the thickest Part into four, and the middle Part into three, which will produce Stakes at about half a Farthing each.

Dig a Trench two Spade Grafts deep, and make a Bank with the Sods of two Spade Grafts high, as much as possible without breaking them: Cut the Sods sloping, not perpendicular to the Surface of the Ground, and lay them sloping in the same Direction for the Bank; so that, from the Top of the Bank to the Bottom of the Ditch, shall be one sloping Line: Let the Sods of the second Spade Graft be plac'd on the Top of the Sods of the first; but let the Joinings be like those of Bricks in a Wall; the Joining between two Sods above, over the Middle of the Sod below: Let all the Earth of the second Spade Graft

be thrown so as to back the Fence.

Drive the Stakes, well pointed, through the Sods of the upper Lay, and considerably into the Sods of the under Lay, at about the Distance of half a Yard from each other.

Then take the straggling Furze, stubbed for the Purpose, and thrust the Heads of them very forward into the Face of the Bank, contriving that the two main Branches of the Furze shall be one on each Side of the Stake: Over all this, wind the longest black Thorns, and the Fence will be sufficiently strong, without Yethers or Binders.

RULES and MAXIMS for the CONDUCT of LIFE.

BEWARE, young Man, beware the Allurements of *Wantonness*, and let not the Harlot tempt thee to riot to Excess in her Delights.

The Madness of Desire shall defeat its own Pursuits; from the Blindness of its Rage thou shalt rush upon Destruction.

Therefore give not up thy Heart to her sweet Enticements, neither suffer thy Soul to be enslaved by her enchanting Delusions.

The Fountain of Health which must supply the Stream of Pleasure shall quickly be dried up, and every Spring of Joy shall be exhausted.

In the Prime of thy Life old Age shall overtake thee; thy Sun shall decline in the Morning of thy Days.

But when Virtue and Modesty enlighten her Charms, the Lustre of a beautiful Woman is brighter than the Stars of Heaven, and the Influence of her Power it is in vain to resist.

The Whiteness of her Bosom transcendeth the Lilly; her Smile is more delicious than a Garden of Roses.

The Innocence of her Eye is like that of the Turtle; Simplicity and Truth dwell in her Heart.

The Kisses of her Mouth are sweeter than Honey; the Perfumes of *Arabia* breathe from her Lips.

Shut not thy Bosom to the Tenderness of Love; the Purity of its Flame shall ennoble thine Heart, and soften it to receive the fairest Impressions.

SELECT



SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

BEAUTY AND MODESTY: A FABLE.

BEAUTY and Modesty, I've heard
By sages oftentimes averr'd,
Were female twins begot by *Jove*,
To bless the world with joy and love.
Equally beautiful and fair,
They grew a lovely blooming pair;
And never shone with such a grace,
As when together in one place.
Some have observ'd, each when alone,
With much a fainter lustre shone;
Others that separately seen,
Modesty wore the brighter mien.
Howe'er that be, they cheer'd the plains,
The ruddy nymphs, the healthy swains;
Enliven'd even nature's force,
And gave of bliss an endless source.
But see, by fate, or fortune's sport,
They both are introduc'd to court;
Where grandeur, pomp, and glitt'ring
pride,

Which beckon innocence aside,
From early virtue, Beauty caught,
And deeply in her bosom wrought.
With sparkling fire now roll her eyes,
Her lilly breasts with ardour rise;
Quick pants her breast, high swell her
veins,

And proud o'er all the youth she reigns.
The youth with greedy eyes devour
Her charms, and feel and own her pow'r;
Each glance their longing soul inspires,
They burn, they rage with fierce desires,
But on her sister when they gaz'd,
The lovely fair, confus'd, amaz'd,
With blushing cheek, and down-cast
eyes,

Each look, and each approach denies.
Easy, tho' grave, soft, tho' severe,
She whisper'd oft in Beauty's ear:
' Sister, be wise, your charms conceal,
' O'er all your beauties throw my veil;
' Nor so believe them hid from sight.
For even then they'll blaze too bright.'
Beauty, at first, the counsel took,
And guarded every turn and look;
Scarce rose a thought within her soul,
Save what the sister could controul.
But ah! the splendid shew and form
Her little heart unpractis'd warm:
Peers, beaux, and coxcombs swell her
train,

And beauty grows excessive vain;

Vain, thus to triumph o'er her sex,
Vain her admirers to perplex.
Modesty found it now lay on her,
Stronger to guard her sister's honour;
She therefore ply'd her home and close,
With many a sharp, though wholesome
dose;

Shew'd her the projects that were brew-
ing,

To make her fall a shining ruin;
That her adorers speeches, tried
By truth, wou'd shew what ills they
hide;

And that disgrace and foul reproach
Must pay for gilded chair and coach.
On gaiety and pleasure bent,
In all retirement discontent,
Of Modesty now Beauty grew
So tir'd she knew not what to do,
Or how to shun her loath'd advice,
So very free, so over nice.

To visits Beauty oft repairs,
And in the front box shews her airs;
The tedious midnight hours to kill,
Plays piquet, ombre, and quadrille;
She forces, with her boundless pride,
Her guardian sister from her side,
Who ever since, for most part, dwells
In humble cottages and cells.

Beauty, thus lost, by passions driven
To all the follies under heav'n,
A while in pomp and pleasure reigns;
But sudden change the sickle scenes;
Of years the lovely blooming care
One moment sinks into despair;
What yesterday had idoliz'd,
Now falls unpity'd, and despis'd.

The FORTUNE gets the LOVER: A TALE.

MOST poets sing, and fain would
prove,
That beauty is the cause of love,
But *Juv'nal*, than the rest more witty,
Says, *Dote veniunt Sagittæ* *.
Experience shews as clear as light,
That what that bard asserts is right;
For I will by example prove,
That money is the cause of love:
There dwelt, no matter when or where,
A nymph most exquisitely fair;
Adorn'd with ev'ry female grace,
A winning air, a matchless face;
In short, she was so fine that nature
Scarce ever form'd a finer creature;

But

* The Darts of Love come from the Portion.

But fortune, blind and cruel power !
Had given her a scanty dower.

Full half a century had she told,
But unpossess'd of tempting gold,
She ne'er had heard a lover sigh,
Or talk of *Hymen's* silken tie.

At length her blooming charms decay,
Her jetty looks are turn'd to gray ;
Her wrinkled forehead erst as white
And smooth as iv'ry, shocks the sight ;
Old time had left no single trace
Of beauty in her ruin'd face.

In closet pent one day she sat,
Bewailing her unhappy fate ;
She tore her hair, and beat her breast,
And goddess *Fortune* thus address'd :
All-pow'rful *Fortune* lend thine ear,
And goddess deign a wretch to hear :
O would'st thou but propitious prove,
What youthful crouds would court my love ?

But, cruel Deity, if thou
Wilt still wear frowns upon thy brow,
And still refuse thy friendly aid,
I die (O horrid thought) a maid.
Fortune grown kinder heard her pray'r,
And taking *Betty's* shape and air,
Enter'd the room with curtsie low,
Her, Madam, with contracted brow,
Address'd ; say, minx ! on what occa-
sion

You interrupt my meditation ;
This instant from my sight be gone,
You know I love to be alone.
The goddess answer'd, oft have you
Declar'd that dreams come always true ;
Therefore with joy I boldly came,
T' acquaint you with my last night's
dream :

When sleep had seal'd my eyes, me-
thought

That you a lottery-ticket bought ;
Which prov'd a prize, by *Fortune* blest,
Of twenty thousand pounds at least.
Forgive me, *Betty*, the reply'd,
I'm very sorry I should chide ;
But if success thy dream attends,
Doubt not I'll make thee great amends.
She said, and flying down the stairs,
As quick as thought itself repairs,
T' a shop, where she a ticket buys,
And seems ev'n now to have gain'd the
prize.

At length arriv'd the happy day
Of drawing, when to see fair play
Fortune, repairing to *Guildhall*,
Perch'd on the wheel unseen by all :
The ticket, by her friendly aid,
Turn'd out as she had told the maid.
The trumpet of far sounding fame,
The tidings scarcely could proclaim,

E'er tempted by the golden bait,
A hundred lovers throng'd her gate ;
Some prais'd her forehead, eyes and
mouth,
Where God knows there was ne'er a
tooth.

Some vow'd that she was *Beauty's* queen,
Some swore she scarcely seem'd eighteen.
Others, their passion's strength to prove,
In well-turn'd rhyme breath'd out their
love.

Her toilet is adorn'd with rows
Of odes, acrosticks, billet-deux :
In ev'ry line the lover dies,
Scorch'd by the lightning of her eyes ;
Or, having talk'd of chains, racks, fires,
In some smooth simile expires.
E're half a month was pass'd, her hand
Was join'd in wedlock's sacred band.
Thus she, when once of gold possesst,
Tho' old was with a husband blest ;
Who when adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Could ne'er one lover's bosom warm,
'Cause *Fortune* had refus'd to give
Gold, which alone keeps love alive.

*The 23d Psalm versified, by a Youth of
thirteen.*

I.

AS shepherds tend on grassy plains
Their flocks, with watchful eyes,
Jehovah so relieves my pains,
And all my wants supplies.

II.

He shall conduct me to the vales,
With living herbage green ;
Where streams meandering through the
dales,

Adorn the verdant scene.

III.

He shall renew my mental frame,
Nor suffer me to stray,
But for the glory of his name,
Shall shew the righteous way.

IV.

Yea, tho' the paths of death I tread,
My soul shall fear no ill ;
Thy rod and staff afford me aid,
And thou art with me still.

V.

My foes shall view mine head with oil
Anointed by the Lord ;
My cup, with wine o'erflowing smile,
And plenty crown my board.

VI.

Since, Lord ! thy mercies me support,
And through my life attend,
Within Jehovah's sacred court
My soul her time shall spend.

T. A. Jun.

Finchley, Oct. 9, 1764.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, November 17, 1764.



H A T are called Misfortunes in Life, are, for the Generality, no other than the necessary Consequences of our Actions. The Want of Judgment is the Source of the greatest Part of our Miseries; and we, in Indulgence to ourselves, throw that Fault on some unlucky Planet, which is entirely owing to our own unlucky Way of thinking. We are precipitate in our Determinations, and conclude *that* the wisest Course which most flatters our Inclinations. Were Causes and their Effects well considered; would we banish for a while the natural Complaisance we have to gratify our Inclinations, and examine well the Consequences of our Procedure, we should not so preposterously lay the Blame on Fortune, of what is the necessary Result of our own Folly. Let us endeavour how we will to shuffle the Fault from ourselves, the World, which does not examine with the same Tenderness, will *clap the Saddle upon the right Horse*, and be so far from favouring us in the Examination of our Conduct, that they will take a malicious Pleasure in aggravating the Stupidity of our Proceedure, as it is a tacit Encomium on their own prudent Management. *Bijouletta* never once made a Reflection in her Life, nor thought of the Consequence of humouring the Extravagancies of her Fancy, till it was too late to ward against them; and she was in Want of Necessaries before she had the least Idea of Poverty,

though every Action was a Step towards it; like those People who never think of Death, till they are past a Possibility of living; though Reflection would make them sensible that every Day which passes they have twenty-four Hours less to survive. Had *Tom Careless* asked himself this Question, *If I can't live within the Compass of 3000*l.* a Year, how can I live upon nothing?* He would not have been in a Thread-bare Coat, shabby Wigg, and splashed Stockings, beating the Hoof to find some Place where he may dine *gratis*, or upon Credit: But the Pleasure a fine Equipage afforded, and the Honour of being seen in what the World calls the best Company, left no Room for Consideration: His gilt Chariot, great Expence, and Play, were so many Guides to conduct him to the *Fleet* Prison, where he was supported by the common Basket, till the last Insolvent Act changed his begging at a Grate to the spunging on his Acquaintance at large. Some Men are so devoid of Reason, that nothing, no Sights, no Suffering, can prevail upon them to have Pity on themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, having fooled away a plentiful Estate, was by the Charity of his Friends enabled to set up a Coffee-House in the *King's-Bench* Prison, and this Business gave him scanty Bread. Another Estate, after some Time, fell to him, and restored him to Liberty; but the Land-Tax was so high, Tenants were often so much in Arrears, and he found so much Trouble to account with his Steward, that he

5 D

turned

turned it into ready Money. Ready Money was obnoxious to Care, it was not safe in his House, it was dangerous trusting Bankers; wherefore he laid it out in Pleasures, and was soon reconducted to the same Prison, and set up a Tap-House. He was again released by the Inheritance of a third Estate, which he as prudently managed, and died in a Gaol, a poor despised Servant to an Ale-Cellar. Could any one call this Man a reasonable Creature? Certainly no; a Dog has more Sense than a Man of this Character: Beat a Dog for coming into a House, and he'll ever after fly the Door; but the most severe Suffering could not open this Person's Eyes to his own Follies, or make him avoid that Road which Experience shewed led to Want and Misery. He had an innate Meanness of Soul, and a Stupidity, which were incorrigible, and rendered him a Disgrace to Human Nature.--- When a Man has had no Pity on himself, let him not complain that the World is void of Compassion, or attribute to his Misfortunes and Poverty the Contempt he meets with, and the Slights he bears, which are the just Punishments of his Folly.---The Example of an inconsiderate Wretch, which I have already given, is a known Truth: I shall subjoin another, which is also Matter of Fact, though the Man was less blameable; for he had a Resource, and depended on it; had not had the Advantage of Education, like the former, but shewed an Ambition, which, had it been guided by Judgment, would really have been Praise-worthy.---A Journeyman Baker was the next Heir to a very considerable Estate; but his Father's Extravagance (as often the Sins of the Father fall heavy on the Son) was the Cause of his being neglected by his Relations, and brought up by the Parish. He had often talked to the Family of his Expectations, and was very generous to his Master and Fellow Servants in his Promises. One Day when he was at Home, a Gentleman enquired of his Master, if Mr. --- did not live there? And

being answered in the Affirmative, but that he was out about his Business, the Gentleman said he would wait his Return at the next Tavern, and desired he might be sent to him. Accordingly when he came back, the Master and Man went to the Place appointed; where, in a few Words, the latter was told, that by the Death of such a Relation he was become Master of 1500 l. a Year. The young Fellow was put into Possession, without Trouble. In a few Weeks after he came rattling to his Master's in a Coach and Six, and told him, he must of Necessity leave the Management of his Business for a little Time to some Friend, and, together with his Mistress, (the Baker's Wife,) go down to his Seat, and be Witnesses of his good Fortune. After he had kept him and his Spouse a Month, (as long as they durst be from their Business,) he brought them up to Town, and, in Return for former Kindness, made them a Present of a hundred Pieces. He told his old Master at taking Leave, as he had the Estate of a Gentleman, he would endeavour at the Qualifications, and make the Tour of all the Courts in *Europe*. Disuasion was to no Purpose; the Idea he had received of the Advantage accruing by Travel, made him deaf to the Remonstrances of his Friends, who saw he already was enamoured with Figure, and lived much above the Income of his Estate; of which, when he was reminded, he would answer in a jocular Way, he had a good Trade in his Belly, and could not break till he broke his Neck. His Expences Abroad, in which he observed no Medium, made a considerable Shrink in his Estate, and he soon wore it out at his Return. Having nothing left, he engaged again with his old Master; and when he was asked by his Acquaintance, what he could think when he acted so imprudently? 'Why,' said he, 'I thought of nothing but my Pleasures; my Estate gratified my Inclinations while it lasted; and now it's gone, has left me this Advantage, I have seen more of the World than any Journeyman' Baker

' Baker in Town, and I dine at my
' Master's Table, which I never
' did before.'

The Vanity of appearing greater than we are, is ever attended by fatal Consequences; in the Interim makes our Lives wretched, and never answers our Design. We have as many who calculate our Rents and Expences, as we have Acquaintance; the World sees through us; and instead of paying us a Respect which we endeavour to purchase by our Ruin, we only furnish Matter for Ridicule, and make ourselves the Jest of all who know us; so that we lavish our Estates to deceive ourselves. *Brillante*, no Doubt, when she appeared at Court in a Gold Brocade Gown & Petticoat, thought all who took Notice of her Dress, admired her Fancy, and conceived advantageous Ideas of her Fortune; when they pointed at her as an extravagant young Woman, whose Income could not support her Figure, and who was therefore in the high Road to Beggary: By the Ill-natured she was laughed at; by the Humane she was pitied.

Vergetta is another who is the standing Jest of the Quality: Her Husband is a Tradesman: yet she is ever at *Quadrille* with People of the first Rank; has her Chariot, and keeps her Chair by the Week; while her Plate, or Jewels, from Time to Time, go to the Pawnbroker's, to furnish out her Purse for Play. Those who don't know the Straights she is often in, say she has an Intrigue with some Person of Quality, who supports her Figure; those who do, despise her; so that her Character suffers on the one Hand, and her Vanity very justly forfeits all Pretensions to good Sense on the other; while *Vergetta* flatters herself that she is esteemed, respected, and admired, and that those who are condemning her Conduct, are applauding her fine Taste.

Hebes thinks his Equipage does him Honour, raises Envy, and makes him admired by the whole Town; whereas there are none who take Notice of his Finery, but immediately reflect upon him as a Fool and a Villain; and add, that

were it not for certain Reasons, instead of shining in a Glass Chariot, he would be peeping through Iron Grates.--Did People know how differently they and the World judge, they would not be at such Pains and Expence to purchase Contempt, and have their Follies made the common Table-Talk.

To those of *Hebes's* Character, may very justly be applied the following Couplet from *Dryden's Juvenal*:

*The Luxury of Rome will know no
End;
For still the less we have, the more
we spend.*

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 742.]

Nobility of Birth.

WHAT mighty Glory is it in Reality to reckon up a long Series of Ancestors illustrious by their Virtues, without bearing any Resemblance to them? Is the Merit of others transferred upon us? Or will a large Collection of Family Pictures, hung round a Hall, make a Man considerable? If the Honour of Families consists in being able to trace back their Pedigree to distant Ages, till they lose themselves in the Darkness of an obscure and unknown Antiquity, we are all equally noble in this Respect; for we had all an Original equally antient.

We must therefore return to the only Source of true Nobility, which is Virtue and Merit. Nobles have been seen to dishonour their Name by low and abject Vices, and Persons of mean Extraction have advanced and ennobled their Families by their great Qualities. 'Tis honourable to support the Glory of one's Ancestors by Actions, which correspond with their Reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a Title to one's Descendants, which is not borrowed from our Predecessors; to become the Head and Author of our own Nobility; and, to use the Expression of *Tiberius*, who was desirous of hiding the Defect of Birth

in *Curtius Rufus*, though otherwise a very great Man, *to be born to one's own self*.

'I cannot,' said formerly an illustrious Roman, who was reproached by the Nobility for his low Extraction, 'publicly produce the Statues of my Ancestors, their Triumphs, nor their Consulships; but if Need be, I can produce the Military Rewards I have been honoured with, I can shew the Wounds I have received in fighting for my Country. These are my Statues, these my Title to Nobility, which I have not borrowed from my Ancestors, but acquired by the Labours and Dangers I have undergone.'

The Nobility arising from Birth is by far inferior to that which proceeds from Merit; and to be convinced of it, we need only compare them together. Pope *Clement VIII.* made a Promotion of several Cardinals, and among the rest he advanced two Frenchmen, *M. d'Offat*, and the Count *de la Chapelle*, who afterwards took the Name of Cardinal *de Sourdis*, from the Estate of his Family; the former, a Man in whom the Pope found nothing wanting but a Descent from a better Family, he was so well supplied with every other Qualification; and the other a Person that had nothing but his Family to recommend him. Which of these two would one chuse to resemble most?

Cardinal *Granville*, speaking of Cardinal *Ximenes*, was wont to say, 'That Time had oft concealed the Original of great Men under the Veils of Oblivion; that the latter was doubtless sprung from Royal Blood, or at least he had the Heart of a King in the Person of a private Man.'

But if it shews a Greatness of Soul to overlook our own Nobility, and not suffer it to gain the Ascendant over our Actions; we may likewise observe, that it is no less great in such as have raised themselves by Merit, not to forget the Meanness of their Extraction, nor to be ashamed of it.

Vespasian did not only not seek to hide it, but would often glory in it;

and publicly made a Jest of those, who by a false Genealogy would have derived his Pedigree from *Hercules*.

The same Emperor, without being ashamed of an Object, which continually renewed the Remembrance of his Original, went constantly every Year, even after he came to the Empire, to pass his Summer in a small Country House near *Rieti*, where he was born, and to which he would never make any Addition or Embellishment. His Son *Titus* caused himself to be carried thither in his last Illness, that he might die in the Place where his Father had begun and ended his Days. *Pertinax*, the greatest Man of his Age, and soon after advanced to the Empire, during the three Years he tarried in *Liguria*, lodged in his Father's House; and raising a great Number of fine Buildings around it, he left the Cottage in the Midst, an illustrious Monument of his low Birth, and his Greatness of Soul.

Pope *Benedict XII.* was the Son of a Miller, whence he came to be called the *White Cardinal*. He never forgot his former Condition; and when he was upon marrying his Niece, he refused to give her to the great Lords who sued for her, and married her to a Tradesman. He said, the Popes should be like *Melchisedeck*, without Relations; and often used these Words of the Prophet, *If they that belong to me get not Dominion, I shall be undefiled, and innocent from the great Offence.*

John de Brogni, Cardinal *de Viviers*, who presided at the Council of *Constance* as Dean of the Cardinals, had been a Hog-Driver in his Infancy. Some Monks passing by as he was busied in that sorry Employment, and taking Notice of his Wit and Vivacity, offered to carry him to *Rome*, and bring him up to Study. The Boy accepted of their Offer, and went straight to a Shoe-maker to buy a Pair of Shoes for his Journey. The Shoe-maker trusted him with Part of the Price, and told him smiling, he should pay the rest when he was made a Cardinal. He became a Cardinal in Reality, and

was not only not unmindful of his former low Condition, but took Care to perpetuate the Memory of it. In a Chapel he built at *Geneva*, over-against the Gate of *St. Peter's* Church, he caused this Adventure to be carved in Stone, where he is represented young and without Shoes, keeping Hogs under a Tree; and all around the Wall are the Figures of Shoes, to express the Favour he had received from the Shoemaker.----This Monument is still subsisting at *Geneva*.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of a Journey of two thousand four hundred Miles, thro' the horrible Desarts of Russia, lately performed by the French Abbe, Chappe d'Auteroche, in the Space of a Month.

[*Continued from Page 741.*]

THE Abbe left at *Tobolski* two *Kalmuc* Ambassadors, who had been sent to *Petersbourg* before the Death of *Amoursaman*, and who, at their Return to this City, learnt that their Nation was no longer existing.

The Abbe collected some of their Idols, and some Principles of their Religion, which appears to be a strange Mixture of *Paganism*, *Mahometanism*, and *Christianity*.

He returned by the Way of *Katerinburg*, a City to the East of the Chain of Mountains before described; and in the Neighbourhood of this Place lie the greatest Part of the *Russian* Mines, which the Abbe, as a special Favour, was permitted to see. The Mines of Gold are in the Plains, contrary to those of all other Countries, which are in the Mountains; they are indicated by a sandy, greyish Earth, and the Vein appears at two Feet below the Surface; its Direction is generally North and South, and it seldom reaches deeper than fourteen Fathom, below which they find Water and red Oker; the Veins are parallel to each other, and the principal Galleries perpendicular to the Veins; the Extent of the Vein from North to South is from twenty to thirty Fathom, and the Width

in the upper Part, which is always the richest, from four to five Inches; it grows narrower as it descends, and contains less Metal, which is contrary to the Nature of all other Mines yet known: The Earth which divides one Vein from another is sandy, and in some Places resembles a Kind of Clay dried and reduced to Powder, so that they are generally obliged to shore the Galleries with Timber. The Vein itself is a Kind of Rock, of a blackish Colour, and mixed with Earth, but may be broken between the Fingers; many Topazes are found among it, of the same Kind with those of *Bohemia*; but the Produce of the Mines, upon the whole, scarcely defrays the Expence of working them.----The Silver Mines are not worth mentioning, and the Copper turn to very little Account.

There are, however, Mines of Iron, which abundantly atone for the Defects of the rest: They are extremely rich, and the Metal is the best of the Kind in the World.

At *Katerinburg* there are also Marble, Jasper, Porphyry, and other Stones of the like Kind, which abound in all Parts of *Siberia*, where *Cornelians* and *Sardoxenes* are also found.

The Abbe left *Katerinburg* on the 20th of September, 1761, and arrived on the 24th at *Sabarea*, a small Hamlet situated on the Southern Limits of *Russia*, and inhabited by a People called *Baskirs*, whom the *Russians* found very difficult to bring under Subjection, they considering themselves as under the Protection only of the Czar, and not his Subjects.

The Abbe proposed to proceed by *Kongour*, which is the usual Route, but the Way was then impassable; he therefore bent his Course towards the *Tartars*, who are situated more to the South, at some Distance from *Berna*. Many of the Inhabitants came out to meet him, and expressed the utmost Kindness and Cordiality by a great Variety of Signs, which they testified also by their whole Deportment and Behaviour. They conducted him

to the House of the Chief of their Hamlet, whom they hold in great Veneration and Esteem: An Entertainment was here prepared for him, consisting of Garden-Stuff, with Butter and Honey. The Cottages of these People are as neat and convenient, as those of the *Siberians* are nasty and ill contrived: Their Manner of Life, however, is nearly the same, except that they are *Mahometans*. They are of a large Stature, robust and well-shaped, and have, in every Respect, the Appearance of a martial People: They have preserved their ancient Privileges inviolate, and, in Time of War, furnish *Russia* with a certain Number of Troops, which she takes into her Pay. These *Tartars* are, by Nature, open, courteous, and liberal; and when the Abbe took his Leave of them, they doubled the Number of Horses to his Carriages, upon Account of the Mountains he was to pass, and refused the Acknowledgment he offered them not only for them, but the Expence he had put them to while he was among them.

At a little Distance from this Place the Way became very frightful, the Mountains being extremely steep, and the Rain having rendered them as slippery as Glass, so that it was with the utmost Difficulty the Carriages were dragged to the Top of the Acclivity, though the Company all ascended on Foot. The Abbe being in the lightest Carriage, pushed on before, hoping to send Assistance from the next Village to the rest, but he could get but about the fourth of a League from the Place where he left them.

He was then on the Borders of the River *Tourka*, in a Bottom, surrounded by Mountains on every Side: Here he made a great Fire, and his Company ranged themselves about it: It was then near Ten o'Clock at Night, and in about an Hour the other Carriages were discovered by the Light of his Fire. The *Tartars* who came with him then took the Lead, and set Fire to the Firs at proper Distances, which they found in the Way, in order to light their Companions behind:

These Trees, which kindled from the Bottom to the Top in a Minute, and were very lofty, did them great Service, and formed a most pleasing and romantic Scene by the wild Country which they discovered, as it were, by Torch-Light, and the Sparks they threw out to a great Distance.

From this Place he proceeded on the 25th, at Eleven in the Morning, and arrived the same Day at *Pisse*: On the 28th he reached a Village of *Wotiacks*, a People who are generally said to be *Tartars*, but in whom the Abbe found no Resemblance of that People: Neither the Men nor Women are more than four Feet high, and both are of a tender Make and Constitution; the Habit of the Men is the same with that of the *Russians*, but that of the Women is wholly different from all others, whimsical, but not unbecoming.

On the 29th, in the Evening, he arrived on the Borders of the River *Wiathka*, where he watched till the Morning, the Wind being too high to pass the River (which is full of Rocks) safely in the Dark. During the Night there fell so great a Quantity of Snow, that it was with the utmost Difficulty he got to the Ferry, though not distant more than 600 Yards: They had already begun to pass it in Sledges, and the Abbe being unwilling to part with his Carriages, hoping he should soon leave the Snow behind him, was obliged to double the Number of Horses. On the 1st of October he arrived at *Casan*, but not without great Difficulty and Labour, though he had no less than forty-two Horses to draw two Waggons and five Chariots, for the last two Days.

Casan is a large City, the Capital of a Kingdom of the same Name. It is governed by a *Tartar* Prince, from whom the Abbe received many Favours, as he did also from the Archbishop, a Prelate of great Learning, who is held in the highest Veneration through *Russia*, and was, says the Abbe, the only Ecclesiastic I met with in all these vast Dominions, who heard, without Astonishment, that I went from *France* to

to *Tobolski* to observe the Transit of *Venus*.

His Arrival at *Casan* was like an Entrance into a new World; the Frost had scarcely begun to strip the Trees of their Leaves; he saw Oaks for the first Time since his Residence in *Russia*, Orchards of Fruit-Trees, and cultivated Enclosures; instead of those boundless and desolate Plains which were scarce inhabited but by Animals unknown in *Europe*, he saw green Hills, Groves, and Gardens, where Nature was improved by Art, and where many Flowers were still in Bloom.

Casan still preserves some Remains of its ancient Opulence, and though its Commerce is inconsiderable, yet it is the Residence of many noble Families, who form an agreeable Society, and even condescend to mix with their Neighbours; the Place abounds with all the Necessaries and Conveniencies of Life, even to Game and Fish; the Inhabitants have also white Bread, which is as little known to *Siberia* as the Pine-Apple; indeed nothing is scarce at *Casan* but Wine.

He left *Casan* on the 7th, and passed the *Volga* the same Day; and as he coasted this River, he came among new Nations, the *Zeremises* and the *Spusvaschis*, of which he has recorded nothing but the Names. In Proportion as he approached *Petersbourg*, which is to the North of *Casan*, the Cold became more severe, and travelling more difficult; some Rivers were already frozen, but the Ice of others was not thick enough for the Sledge: He at length, however, arrived safely at *Petersbourg*, where he passed the Winter, and as soon as the Sea was open in the Spring, he embarked for *France*, where he arrived in August 1762, having been absent near two Years.

By astronomical Observation he fixes the Longitude of *Casan* to be 3h. 8m. 37f. East of the Meridian of *Paris*, and the Latitude to be 55d. 43m. 58f.

The Longitude of *Tobolski* he fixes by Observation also at 4h. 23m. 54f. E. of the Meridian of *Paris*. His Account of the Transit of *Ve-*

nus, the Phænomenon which he went to observe, is less the Object of general Curiosity, and less capable of Abridgement; for this, therefore, the learned, to whom alone it can be either useful or pleasing, are referred to the *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Paris* for 1761.

A curious Account of the Vatican in Rome, in a Letter from a Gentleman just after visiting it to his Friend.

I Have seen the Vatican, and I would, if it were possible, give you some Idea of the Amazement and Pleasure I had in the Sight of it. You must not imagine that I mean by this Exordium to describe the Vatican to you as the finest Building in the World: 'Tis one of the largest, but of all that I have seen the most irregular. It consists of a Heap of Buildings put together at different Times, by different Popes, and with different Taste and Judgement. What is good in it, is rendered bad by the Things near it; what is august, mean, because not regular.-----No Building was ever less calculated to strike a Person in the Approach: The Entrance is very poor; but it must be confessed that some of the Courts are very fine and noble. There are in some of them Rows of Porticos, one over another, very magnificent. What the Palace wants in Regularity, it has in Extent: The Rooms are not less than twelve thousand in Number, and the Furniture of some of them is called, and is, inestimable.-----I have met with nothing comparable to the vast Picture preserved here; the Battle of *Constantine* with *Maxentius*. All other Pictures of the Kind are poor to it; but this is saying little. Objects of this astonishing Kind admit of no Comparison from any Thing of their own Kind. The Descriptions of the Battles in *Virgil*, nay, those in *Homer*, come short of the Greatness of Action, Number of Combatants, and Variety of Incidents of this. 'Tis a Fresco of prodigious Extent; the Design is *Raphael's*, the Colouring by *Julio Romano*. *Raphael* has ransacked

ransacked the *Trajan* and *Antonine* Pillars, and every other Bass-Relief of the old *Roman* Times, for a Variety of Arms and Weapons for his Combatants; and he has added infinitely to what he found there from the Store of his own Genius. There the largest Field, and he greatest Number of Figures, that ever met in one Piece; and the Confusion is grand in the highest Degree; while the Soldier will as much admire the Disproportion of the two Armies.—The same inimitable Master has enriched other Apartments of the Vatican with Pieces containing the Story of *Constantine*, *Attila*, and *Charlemain*. The School of *Athens*, by his Hand, is another of the Prodiges of the Vatican; but, though all are fine, it is not in all that he has had Opportunities of shining in this divine and astonishing Manner.——You would hardly imagine any Thing could dispute the Prize with the Pictures of this Master; but if there be any Thing that can, the Vatican has the Honour to shew it; and it is the last Judgment in the Chapel of *Sextus IV*. This is by *Michael Angelo*. I declare to you, that while I stood before it, my Blood was chilled, and I felt as if all was real, and the very Sound of the painted Trumpet had pierced my deafened Ears. It will appear odd to mention Faults in so great a Composition as this, and yet it is not without them. The Faces express Passions of the strongest Kind, and that so strongly, that they communicate them to all who look upon 'em; but the Bodies are all of too strong and masculine an Appearance. The Strength of a *Farnesian HERCULES* is seen in the Sinews of every one of them; and for the Women, they are quite out of Nature, too robust for any Thing that is in that Sex. The Face of our Saviour carries a Dignity that Words cannot describe; only his Pencil was formed for describing it. There is a Mixture of Severity and Sweetness in it, that one would think he must have gone to Heaven to see, who painted them. The Pictures of the Vatican are number-

less; but after these, it were impertinent to praise them: Whatever can be said of Pictures, must be due to these. The Statutes and other Antiques in the Court of the Vatican, adjoining to the *Belvidere*, are a Treasure beyond all Price, and as much beyond Description. Here is preserved the *Laocoon* and his Sons, dug up at the Baths of *Titus Vespasian*, the Work of the three great *Phædian* Sculptors celebrated by *Pliny*, and the Admiration of the whole World. *Apollodorus*, one of the three who joined their whole Force in the *Laocoon*, finished alone the *Antinous* of the *Belvidere*, the Statue which disputes, among People of the first Taste, the Prize with the *Apollo*. The Means of the Comparison are open: Both the Statues stand in the same Square, and they are equally perfect: Both are of Male Figures, and both of the same Age: The Stature is much the same, and both seem to have been intended as Models of Perfection in the Human Frame. There is a Superiority in the Air of the *Apollo*; but the Subject is to be called in on that Occasion. The Sculptor, if he was able, could not wish to give the Divine Air and Majesty of the God to his Youth, who was but a Mortal.

We hear the Writers of Taste say, that there is something of an Air more than mortal in the Figures of the Deities by the old Sculptors; and indeed one sees it: In all other Respects, I think the *Antinous* is equal to the *Apollo*; but in the latter there is an Air of Majesty and Command in the Face, and a Likeness in the whole Figure, that makes you forget that it is Marble. It is the Attitude that does this; but 'tis so finely done, that you seem to see the Figure treading on the Air, or scarce weighing down some light Cloud, as he stands upon it. The *Torso*, supposed to be the Trunk of an *Hercules*, is the next Wonder in this Place. The Proportion & Muscles are here in a Perfection never to be met with elsewhere. What must this Statue have been, when entire! The

The *Cleopatra*, the two *Venus's*, the *Commodus*, that ornament this Place, how shall one say less of them than of the *Antinous*, or the *Apollo's*? 'Tis impossible to speak enough of any of them; and though there are Degrees of Perfection, Words cannot convey it, unless Words could first do Justice to those which have least of it.

Round the Court in which all these Treasures are placed, there stand in small Niches twelve very singular Pieces: They call them the *Maschere*: They are Vizards of odd Countenances: They are four or five Times as large as Life, and were dug up among a Multitude of other Curiosities in *Agrippa's* Pantheon. These were consulted of old as Oracles, and they gave Answers of the ambiguous Kind to those who applied to them; *that is*, the Priest behind gave Answers. There is something of a horrible Greatness in the Aspect of all these Figures, and the Sound conveyed from their Mouths was delivered through a Kind of speaking Trumpet; so that in a half-dark Temple, and among a People scarce less addicted to Superstition than the People of the present *Rome*, it is not a Wonder they passed for Oracles.

The Church of *St. Peter*, the Glory of the modern *Rome*, is not unlike our *St. Paul's*, but it has a prodigious Advantage in Situation: Our's stands inclosed with Buildings, and there is no Place from which you have a proper View of it; on the contrary, nothing can be more magnificent than the Approach to *St. Peter's*: It stands near the Place where was once the Circus of *Nero*; and there are some who, for that Reason, assert that the Obelisk which now stands in the Middle of the circular Theatre made by that noble Colonnade, which is continued each Way from the Church, actually now is in the same Place where *Nero* put it: But these People have not read the Inscription; it says, *Priori sede avulsus*. Besides, the Topography of the old *Rome* shews it could not be here. In this Area there are two noble Fountains; they serve for more

than Ornaments; they refresh and cool the Air in a Degree more than could be conceived by those who have not known what are the Heats of these Countries, and what the Effect of Water is, when in Motion. There are a great Number of Statues over the Colonnade, and they are continued also over the Portico, which joins it to the Church, and forms a square Court before the Access to the Building. The Colonnade itself is too massy, but a Building was intended to have been erected over it.

St. Peter's has its Irregularities, and has been built on the Designs of different Architects. *Raphael* altered the original Plan of *Bramante*, *Angelo* brought it to the Form of the Greek Cross, and *Fontana* extended it to the Length of the Latin one: The Facade and the Portico are by *Moderna*. The Portico is a noble one; it is extended the whole Breadth of the Church as a Gallery. The Pavement is Marble, the Cieling Stone gilt. There is near this an Equestrian Statue of white Marble, by *Bernini*: 'Tis a *Constantine*, his Eyes directed towards a Cross in Bass-Relief on the Portico.

There are some fine Statues in the Body of the Church; but that which gave me the greatest Satisfaction was the *St. Veronica*; it is by *Mocchi*: She has a Hankerchief in her Hand, with the Impression of our SAVIOUR's Face on it. The Hankerchief and her Robes seem moved by the Wind. *Bernini* ill-naturedly asked, *Whence came the Wind that disturbed them?* The Answer caused his Banishment: *It was from the Crack you made in the Cupola*: A Secret *Innocent X.* was not in before.

St. Peter's has no Choir; from the Entrance you see to the Top, where stands the Chair (so they call it) of *St. Peter*: It is supported by *St. Jerom*, *Austin*, *Ambrose*, and *Gregory*. The whole is of Copper, and very finely executed. The Service is performed in a Chapel on one Side; the great Altar stands under the Cupola; the Pavilion over it is the noblest Thing of its

Kind in the World ; 'tis the Work of *Benrini*. Four wreathed Pillars of *Corinthian* Brass, the Plunder of the *Pantheon*, support it : They have Festoons and Foliage of the same Metal, disposed in an extremely elegant Manner.

Near the Altar there is an Image of *St. Peter* sitting, & in the Act of Blessing. The People have worn out one of his Feet with kissing and rubbing their Beads against it. Malicious People say this was a Statue of *Jupiter* new christened ; but 'tis too bad to have been antique. It seems of the Time of *Constantine* ; and we have more Reason to believe the Accounts that say, he gave it to the old Church.

The great Cupola is all wrought in *Mosaic*, and at the Top of the Lanthorn is the Figure of the Almighty, an old Man, with his Hands extended ; 'tis finely executed, and is after the Design of one *Caracciolo*. But what Absurdity in all these Paintings ! Because the CREATOR of all Things has been from all Eternity, is he to be represented old ! Is he not also to continue to all Eternity ! Or because of the long Period, are we to suppose him under Decays from Age ! Absurd and impious ! The Statues, Paintings, *Mosaics*, and Bas-reliefs, with which every Part of this noble Fabric abounds, are almost innumerable. The Monuments of the several Popes are adorned with Sculptures equal to any Thing of modern Date ; and that of *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, I think excels most Things of its Kind. The Imagination is as much lost in the Recollection, as the Eye in the first meeting with them. I no more know at this Time what to describe first, than I did where first to fix my Eye as I entered ; but there are better Reasons why I should be silent. There is nothing for me to say, that you have not heard already, and I set out with a Resolution against every Thing of that Kind.

St. Peter's is incontestibly the noblest Piece of modern Architecture in *Italy* ; but it were well if some of its Ornaments were demolished. What think you of a *Jupi-*

ter and *Leda* on the Gate of a *Christian* Church ? There is a *Ganymede* also, and the Eagle, in the same Place ; they are intermixed with the Foliage on the brazen Gates : They have been formerly some Ornament to an antique Temple of *Jupiter* ; but they commemorate Things by no Means suitable to our Ideas of Religion. There is something very fine in the Disposition of the Illumination in this Church : There are certain Views in which it appears a Temple of Fire. The whole Decoration is so superb, that it is a strange Partiality that has led some of our Countrymen to compare *St. Paul's* with it ; yet, on the Outside, it must be confessed that both the Materials and the Workmanship appear better in our's.

The GENEROUS FRIENDS :

An Antient History,

[Continued from Page 747.]

DECEIVED more and more by the feigned Tranquillity of *Mezentius*, the credulous *Lausus* flattered himself, that he should very soon see his Duty accord with his Inclination ; and nothing in the World, in his Opinion, was easier than to reconcile them. The Treaty of Peace which he had meditated, was reduced to two Articles ; to restore to the King *Præneste* his Crown, and his Territories ; and to make his Marriage with the Princess the Band of Union between the two Powers. He communicated this Project to *Lydia*. The Confidence he put in it, the Advantages he saw accruing from it, the Transports of Joy which the Idea alone inspired him with, surprized the lovely Captive into a Smile, mingled with Tears. 'Generous Prince,' says she to him, 'may Heaven fulfill the Wishes you pour out for my Father ! I shall not be sorry that I am made the Pledge of Peace, and the Price of Gratitude.' This touching Reply was accompanied with a Look still more touching. The Tyrant was informed of all. His first Transport would have hurried him to sacrifice

his

his Rival; but this Son was the only Support of his Crown, the only Barrier between the People and him: The same Stroke would have rendered him completely odious to his Subjects, and have taken from him the only Defender, whom he could oppose to the public Hatred. Fear is the ruling Passion of Tyrants. *Mezentius* resolves to dissemble: He orders his Son to come to him, talks to him with good Humour, and bids him prepare to set out the next Day for the Frontiers of his Territories, where he had left his Army. The Prince endeavoured to conceal the Grief which wrung his Soul, and set out without having had Time to receive the Adieus of *Lydia*.

The very Day of *Lausus's* Departure, *Mezentius* had caused honourable Conditions of Peace to be proposed to the King of *Præneste*, the first of which was his Marriage with the Daughter of the vanquished Monarch. That unfortunate Monarch hesitated not to consent, and the same Ambassador that offered him Peace, brought back his Agreement for an Answer.

Lausus had at Court a Friend, who had been attached to him from his Infancy. A remarkable Resemblance to the young Prince had been the Means of making the Fortune of this young Man, who was called *Phanor*: But they resembled each other still more in their Disposition than their Figure; the same Inclinations, the same Virtues: *Lausus* and *Phanor* seemed to have but one Soul. *Lausus* at parting had confided to *Phanor* his Passion and his Despair. The latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the Marriage of *Lydia* with *Mezentius*. He thought it his Duty to acquaint the Prince with it. The Situation of the Lover at this News cannot be described; his Heart is troubled, his Reason forsakes him; and in the Distraction of a blind Sorrow he writes to *Lydia* the warmest and most imprudent Letter that Love dictated. *Phanor* was charged with the Delivery of it. He went to her at the Hazard of his Life, if he should be discovered. He was so. *Mezen-*

tius, enraged, orders him to be loaden with Irons, and dragged to a frightful Prison.

However, every Thing was prepared for the Celebration of this unhappy Marriage. We may justly conclude that the Feast was suitable to the Character of *Mezentius*. Wrestling, the Cestus, Gladiatours, Combats between Men and Animals bred up to Carnage, every Thing that Barbarity has invented for its Amusements, was to have graced the Pomp: Nothing was wanting to this bloody Spectacle, but Persons to fight against the wild Beasts; for it was customary to expose to these Fights none but Criminals condemned to die; and *Mezentius*, who on any Suspicion was always in a Hurry to put the Innocent to Death, retarded still less the Punishment of the Guilty. There remained in the Prisons none but the faithful Friend of *Lausus*. 'Let him be exposed,' said *Mezentius*; 'let him fall a Prey to devouring Lions: The Traitor deserves a more cruel Death; but this best suits his Crime and my Vengeance, and his Punishment is a Feast worthy of injured Love.'

Lausus in vain expected the Answer of his Friend: Impatience gave Way to affright. 'Should we be discovered?' says he; 'should I have lost my Friend by my fatal Imprudence! *Lydia* herself. . . Ah! I tremble. No, I cannot live any longer in this dreadful Uncertainty.' He sets out; he disguises himself carefully; he arrives; he hears the Reports spread among the People: He learns that his Friend is in Chains, and that the next Day is to unite *Lydia* with *Mezentius*: He learns that they are preparing the Feast which is to precede the Marriage Festival, and that, by Way of Show at this Festival, they are to see the unhappy *Phanor* a Prey to wild Beasts. He shrinks at this Recital; a deadly Chillness spreads through all his Veins: He comes again to himself; but lost in Distraction, he falls on his Knees, and cries out, 'Great Gods, restrain my Hand, my Despair terrifies me: Let me die to save my Friend; but let me die

'with my Virtue!' Resolved to deliver his dear *Phanor*, though he should perish in his Stead, he flies to the Gates of the Prison: But how is he to enter there? He addresses himself to the Slave, whose Office it was to carry Food to the Prisoners. 'Open your Eyes,' said he, 'and know me: I am *Lausus*, I am the Son of the King. I expect from you an important Service: *Phanor* is confined here; I will see him, I will. I have but one Way to come at him: Give me your Clothes: Fly! There are the Pledges of my Acknowledgement: Withdraw yourself from the Vengeance of my Father. If you betray me, you rush on your Ruin; if you assist me in my Undertaking, my Favours shall find you in the very Heart of the Delects.'

[To be concluded in our next.]

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 480.

THE *Monitor* consists of a Letter as from one in Exile, and is signed at the Conclusion *W*. It begins thus: Sir, Admit a Friend in Exile; a Friend to Mankind; a Friend to his native Country, to communicate his Sentiments, and to notify his Observations on the current Topicks of Conversation in *Paris*. If they produce any good Effect in my Fellow Citizens, it will give me Pleasure.

The Dependence of the *French* is upon the Divisions or Parties in *England*. Abroad, they say, our Countrymen are divided into *English* and *Scots*, Court and Country, Whig and Tory, Buttes and Pittites, and occasionally into as many more Parties, as Court Interest, and popular Disgust, are disposed to foment. But above all, they form great Expectations from the inconsistent Conduct of what they call a *Flying Squadron* in Parliament, which in some late Transactions waited for an Opportunity to join the strongest Side, and without whom there would not have been those parlia-

mentary Encomiums upon the Peace.

This made me turn my Thoughts upon these Topicks; which suggested the following Question:

What is a Man to do, who does not pretend to rule, and who has taken upon him no other Part than to join with those, who, he believed, had the better Cause?

It is not consistent with the Duty we owe our Country, to remain neuter, and idle Lookers on, while she labours under Difficulties: But the Question is, whether it is honest, and truly wise, as it has been the Practice, to incline sometimes to one Side, and sometimes to the other Side, or to trim between Parties; to endeavour to act so, as to ingratiate with both Sides; to bear one's Self evenly between both, and to declare for neither, and to be numbered with the *Flying Squadron*, which is the common Plague that blasts the Blossoms of Liberty in popular Assemblies.—The Writer then observes, that a Man, who endeavours to gain the Esteem of both, by inclining sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, generally makes himself despised by both; unless it is one of a very superior Judgment, and whose Reputation is firmly established. Therefore (says this Writer) let my Countrymen, who, the *French* say, are divided into Factions, take my Advice, that when they affect *Impartiality*, that it does not arise from being partial to themselves. For it is seldom known, that such as would thus be thought disengaged and disinterested, and who assume to be the *Flying Squadron*, whether within or without Doors, can escape the Imputation of Levity or Arrogance, and at last to be questioned for their Integrity, and suspected by both Parties.

However, I don't mean that a Man must not upon any Account whatever forsake his Party. For, if he be convinced that his Party is entirely in the Wrong: If he finds that they carry Matters beyond the Limits he intended, or they at first had proposed: If they are resolved against

against all Accommodation, by which their Country's Peace and Happiness must be visibly obstructed and suffer: If it appears that they make use of the Name of public Good to cover ill Designs: If Self-Interest appears in all their Doings, and Passion in all their Councils: If their whole Proceedings tend to subvert the State, and to undermine the Constitution; and if all this be clear beyond Contradiction, it can't be accounted Desertion or Levity in him, who withdraws from such a Party, and joins those, who are more moderate, honest, disinterested, and better Friends to their King and Country.

Neither can this be said to change an Opinion: For 'tis not the wise Man, but the Party that have altered their Opinion.

But what shall a private Man do, when both Sides shall happen to be in the Wrong, and when almost the Whole grows worse and worse in the Ways of Corruption?—A Case that has happened sometimes.—Ask my Countrymen; are the few, who remain untainted, to absent, to quit the Stage of Business, and to fly from what they cannot hinder? Are they to be silent, to assent slightly, or to withdraw when Liberty, precious Liberty, *English* Liberty, is under Consideration, and leave the chief Support of their Nation to be shaken by Corruption, and Caledonian Tories. Remember that the Memory of *Thrasea Retus* is committed to Posterity by the *Roman* Historian, with Disdain, for having left the Senate at such a Season, when the Liberty of his Country was in Danger, lest he should draw the Vengeance of the Administration upon his own Head, by his Firmness and Fidelity.

In these Occurrences good Men ought to take that Course, which they shall think will give the best Example, and make the strongest Impression; because they ought to be always ready to do or suffer any Thing for that Common-Wealth of which they are Members.

To despair of the Public, is the last Thing that should enter into the Hearts of wise and honest Men: And

though they see their Contry miserably rent asunder by Factions, in Appearance deaf to Terms of Reconciliation, and both Sides warm, high and unreasonable, blasting one another's Fame in Whispers, virulent Libels and angry Speeches, that disgrace the Senator, and degrade the Gentleman; fighting & wounding each other with invenomed Darts, and poisoned Weapons, yet good Men are not to be dishearten'd at all this. 'Tis then the proper Season for them to exercise their Zeal and Courage.

To conclude: 'As the Good of Mankind is, peradventure, the only Justification a wise Man can have for concerning himself any Way in the Management of Affairs; so the Good of Mankind ought to be his principal, if not only Aim: In pursuing which, he must suffer much, and overlook many Things; especially if he be conspicuous for any eminent Worths, he must expect to be the chief Mark, at which all the Arrows of the adverse Party shall be levelled; and at the same Time he must prepare to see himself frequently betray'd, given up, or at best to be but coldly supported by the Friends in whom he trusted.'

The Gospel Discovery of a Future State.

[Continued from Page 746.]

THE general Theory of the Gospel concerning the Nature, Design and End of a Life to come, is most just and rational; and includes in it the true *natural Evidence* of its Reality. For it represents the raising Mankind from Death to another Life, as a mighty Operation of the glorious Power of God, a Constitution of his infinite Wisdom, and an Effect of his paternal Goodness and Benevolence: And deduces the primary Evidences of our Belief, not from the Attributes or Qualities of the *Human* Soul, but from the *Divine* Perfections; not from the *Merits* of good Men, but from the *Grace* or Favour of the Father Almighty; who in Pursuance of the same Purpose

poses of Wisdom and Goodness for which he created Mankind to this Life, saves them from perishing at Death, & raises them to another Life & World. And as the Good of Mankind was evidently an Object of the Divine Intention, in the Formation of this World; so the Scheme of another Life and World, which is as it were a new Creation and Constitution of Things, hath for its End the greater Good and eternal Happiness of Mankind: And was formed in the Divine Counsel, not from a Motive of *Repentment* against the *Sins* of Men, but of *Love* and *Mercy* to Mankind, *tho' Sinners*; not to shew the Rigour of his *Justice* in punishing the Wicked, but the boundless Extent of his *Goodness* in saving to eternal Ages the Virtuous and Pious: From which Salvation none shall be excluded, but they who disqualify themselves for it, by their *Impenitence* & presumptuous *Wickedness*; and whose Punishment and Destruction are requisite to the Purposes of Goodness itself, to the Ends of Divine Government, and to the highest Virtue and Happiness of the rational Creation.

Such is the general View which our Saviour and his Apostles give us of this sublime Subject. In Support of which we may single out, among many other Passages, the following Words of our SAVIOUR: GOD so loved the World, that he hath given his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting Life:—And sent him, not to condemn the World, but that the World might be saved through him.—And those of the Apostle;—GOD, who is rich in Mercy, for the great Love wherewith he loved Mankind, hath quickened us even when dead in Sins, and raised us up together with Christ, and seated us with him in the heavenly Places; that he might shew in the Ages to come the exceeding Riches of his Grace in his Kindness towards them in Christ Jesus.

Our SAVIOUR describes the general Nature and Design of the future State, and particularly the grand Distinction and final Separation which will be made by his own Judgment and Authority, according

to the Difference of Men's Characters, in various familiar Comparisons, suited to the Capacity, Conduct, and Experience of Men.—As the Husbandman carefully separates the good Grain from the useless Chaff, and reposes the former in his Garner, but destroys the latter: As the Fisherman gathers of every Kind into his Net, but separates the Good into Vessels, and casts the Bad away: As the Master of a Feast admits those whom he judgeth to be worthy, but rejects and excludes the Unworthy: As the Prince rewards those who serve him with Fidelity, according to the Capacity in which he hath placed them, but condemns the unprofitable and treacherous Servant:—As all Men, in all Things subject to their Cognizance and Judgment, usually distinguish the Good from the Bad, the Fit from the Unfit, the Useful from the Noxious:—So shall it be at the End of this World: A Distinction and Separation will be made, by a most wise Judgment and just Appointment, between good and evil Men. The Son of Man, the appointed Judge, will send forth his Angels, and sever the Wicked from among the Just, and destroy the former, but preserve the latter in eternal Life.

[To be continued.]

Shapes most proper for Apricots, Peaches, Almonds, Nectarines, the Morels and small May Cherries, when taken from the Nursery, either for Walls or Espaliers.

IN my Opinion it is best for an Apricot-Tree to have, when planted, two strong Branches, beside collateral ones. If the Branches have been once cut down in the Nursery, and those Parts well heal'd, they are not the worse; and the more the principal Branches are expanded from each other, the better; for when they have such a Shape, there is more Probability of their having put forth collateral Shoots early in the last Summer, and at more regular Distances, than if the principal Branches are more erect.

The Peach, Nectarine, and Almond, all which blossom in the last Summer's

Summer's Shoots, require the same Shape with the Apricot, and ought to be cut down in the Nursery after the same Manner. The small May Cherry-Tree, and the Morella, should be treated the same Way.

If Almonds, Apricots, and Peaches, &c. be cut down in the Nursery, they may be helped with Respect to their Shape in April, by leaving such Buds as point most to the Shapes above directed, and by confining the Shoots that come from

them with Stakes and Bandages as they grow; but I don't mean that the Branches of these last mentioned Trees should be brought to a level Position, for if they were, they would be apt to throw out strong collateral Shoots too near those which I call the mean Stems, which would greatly retard their Progress; for the two Principal should be of as great a Length as possible in a proper Position, *i. e.* they should incline about thirty Degrees.



SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

ELEGY by Mr. SHENSTONE, on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

THIS is possibly the most affecting and pathetic Poem that ever was written. It begins with an enquiry of a friend, why he appeared so melancholy; who, in return, tells the sad cause of it.

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?

Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;

Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?

Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?

Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace

That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Diamond, said he, thy partial praise restrain;

Not *Damon's* friendship can my peace restore;

Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!

Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!

Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,

Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,

My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;

In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her Queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,

Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!

I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,

Nor dropt the chase, till *Jessy* was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,

Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;

To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,

I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;

I spoke of jealous doubts, and sickle smiles,

And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her bereave,

Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;

I bade my words the wonted softness wear,

And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my *Damon*, dare I paint the rest,
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?

Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing
shame;

Ere while to flaunt it in the face of
day;

When scorn'd by virtue, stigmatiz'd by
fame,

Low at my feet desponding *Jessy* lay.

"*Henry*, she said, by thy dear form sub-
du'd,

See the sad reliques of a nymph un-
done!

I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:

I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,

When will the morn's once pleasing
scenes return?

Yet what can morn's returning ray sup-
ply,

But foes that triumph, or but friends
that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn ap-
pears

That led the tranquil hours of spotless
fame;

For I have steep'd a father's couch in
tears,

And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek
with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin
strain,

The sportive lambs, increase my pensive
moan;

All seem to chafe me from the chearful
plain,

And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,

Where bloom the jasmins that could
once allure,

Hope not to find delight in us they say,
For we are spotless, *Jessy*, we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph
so frail,

Say, could ye with my virgin fame
compare?

The brightest bud that sends the vernal
gale,

Was not so fragrant, and was not so
fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler
young;

And all my fame's abhorr'd, contagion
flee;

Trembles each lip, and falters every
tongue,

That bids the morn propitious smile on
me.

Thus, for your sake, I shun each human
eye;

I bid the sweets of blooming youth a-
dieu;

To die I languish, but I dread to die,

Left my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs
for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want
remove,

And let me silent seek some friendly
shore;

There only, banish'd from the form I
love,

My weeping virtue shall relapse no
more.

Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;

Be such the meed of some more artful
fair;

Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my
shame,

That pity gave what love refus'd to
share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty
bread;

Nor hurl thy *Jessy* to the vulgar crew;

Not such the parent's board at which I
fed!

Not such the precept from his lips I
drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my
hair,

Malice may learn to scorn so mean a
spoil;

Envy may slight a face no longer fair;

And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke----nor was I born of savage
race;

Nor could these hands a niggard boon
assign;

Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,

And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs
for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;

I saw her breast with every passion
heave;

I left her--torn from every earthly friend;

Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear
to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;

The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was
vain;

O'er the tall mast the circling surges
close,

My *Jessy*---floats upon the wat'ry plain.

And---see my youth's impetuous fires
decay;

Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;

But warm the frolic, and instruct the
gay,

From *Jessy* floating on her wat'ry
bier!

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, November 24, 1764.



THE most happy Consideration, and what every Man should continually have in Mind, is, that he, and every Thing around him, at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Occasions, are entirely under the Guidance and Care of *Providence*. Nothing comes to pass by Accident: That *POWER* which formed the *Universe*, is present every where, and all Things are actuated by its immediate Direction. The contrary to this Supposition, is inconsistent with the *Nature* of an *Omnipotent* and *Omniscient Deity*, and with the Subordination and Dependency of created Things; which can no more subsist, than they could be at first produced, without a *Supreme Agency*.—As the *Being* which made us is *All-wise*, he must intend us for certain *Ends* and *Purposes*; as he is *All-powerful*, those *Purposes* must inevitably be fulfilled; and to this we may add, for our Comfort, that as he is *All-good*, his *Designs* must necessarily be to give us *Happiness*.

With a very little Attention, we may observe *Events* continually arising without any *Design*, or *Thought* of our's, without our *Care*, and contrary to our *Intent* and *Expectation*: While our own deep-lay'd, and, as we believe, infallible *Schemes*, miscarry and come to nought, by Means wholly unforeseen, and notwithstanding our utmost Industry.—Does not this prove us at the absolute Disposal of some superior *Power*, who, as he

pleases, governs and orders all Things, and on whom all Events intirely are dependent? And, from this Knowledge does there not result the most rational and well-grounded Satisfaction, when we consider that this *Power* is *All-good*, and that whatever we may at present suffer, or however contrary the Appearance of Things may seem, our Happiness will be the certain Consequence? Is not this sufficient to make us bear up under *Pain*, or *Poverty*, or *Disappointment*? to submit with Cheerfulness to his Dispensations, and resign our Affairs into the Hands of that beneficent and Almighty *Being*, who, we are assured, intends the Felicity of all his Creatures, and knows what is good for us, much better than we ourselves do?

How terrible must every Thing about us seem, and what continual Fears must we lie under, had we only our own *Foresight*, *Care* and *Power*, to preserve us from those innumerable Accidents which are always threatening us on every Side? But how quiet and perfectly secure may we be, from a Certainty that the same Goodness which gave us *Being*, guards us; that he loves us; that he created us to be happy; that nothing can oppose his *Will*, or happen to us but by his *Appointment*; and that he appoints every Thing in the very best Manner that is possible!

That *Being* which created, has an undoubted Power over all: We are the Creatures of his *Will*, and to resign entirely to his Dispensations is not our Duty only, but our

greatest Happiness. It is impossible for our shallow Reason to comprehend the Depths of infinite Wisdom; we scarce discern one Inch before us, much less the Connections and Relations between Times and Things, which lie widely distant from one another, and are concealed from all but his Eye who sees every Thing together, in one Point of View. It is vain Madness and Presumption for us to pretend to judge, who neither know the Antecedents, nor the Consequences of Things: But we ought to sit down, assured and satisfied, that whatever befalls us here, whatever Distresses we may endure, they are all appointed by the Will of GOD, and are so many Advances towards Perfection: For, as *Plato* somewhere says, whatever Misfortunes happen to a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, either in Life or Death, they shall conduce to his Good.

Whilst we behold the whole Brute Creation pursuing such Measures as are most perfective of their Happiness, thereto directed by a Principle in Nature, which it is a Force upon them to resist; can we believe *Man* only left at Random, to blunder on, without any other Guide but his own blind Judgment? Instinct in them is ever right, informing them truly what they ought to follow or avoid; but our Judgment scarce knows what to wish for, and oftentimes would lead us to our Ruin, did not Providence interpose. Were we our own Carvers, we should all of us be miserable, and, like those mistaken Creatures which addressed *Jupiter* for a Change in their Condition, we should repent our Choice, and pray to have our Wishes taken from us.

As for Happiness in general, Heaven seems to have been very equal in its Distribution. There are none so miserable, but they have many Blessings to be thankful for; nor any so happy, as to be wholly free from Uneasiness. The most useful Things of Life are common alike to us all. The Sun affords its benign Influence and Light, and

warms the meanest Cottage, as well as the most stately Palace; and the humble Peasant enjoys the Benefit of the refreshing Air as amply as the most exalted Monarch. The industrious Mechanic gratifies the Necessities of Nature with as good an Appetite as the most wanton and luxurious Epicure: And the ignorant Day-Labourer is indulged with the Refreshments of Sleep in as high a Degree as the deep-read Scholar, or the idlest Man of Fortune.

As for what we call *Prosperity* and *Adversity*; the invisible Chain of Causes and Effects, of Things past, present, and to come, is only known to that *Eternal Being* who is infinitely just, and good, and wise, and powerful; and who can never act in Contradiction to these his Attributes, however strange and unaccountable Things may seem to us.

*The Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors:
Our Understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.*

Then let us acquiesce in GOD's all-wise Disposal of Affairs, and with humble Reference submit to that Station and Condition of Life which he hath allotted for us; for this, & only this, can give us that happy Contentment of Mind, in which true Felicity is to be found.

What can be worth our Anxiety!—Human Life is but one short Stage in our Journey onward through the numberless Gradations of Being; and the World an Inn, where we only call in our Progress towards Perfection: One Generation passes; another comes: And its Inhabitants are always changing.—This reminds me of a *Story*, not much from the present Purpose, of a *Derwize*, who, travelling through *Tartary*, arrived at the Town of *Balk*, and by Mistake

went

Of Stocks most proper for Apples.---Remedy for the White Scour in Sheep. 771

went into the King's Palace, supposing it to be a *public Inn*, or *Caravanfary*, such as in that Country are prepared for Travellers at the Public Charge. Having looked some Time about him, he entered a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself after the Eastern Manner. He was soon discovered by the Guards, who asked him his Business in that Place. His Answer was, that he intended to take his Night's Lodging in that *Caravanfary*. The Guards replied, in a very angry Manner, that House was not a *Caravanfary*, but the King's Palace.—It happened the King passed by during the Debate; and smiling at the *Dervise's* Mistake, enquired how he could possibly be so dull, as not to distinguish a Palace from a public Inn?—Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me Leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The King replied, his Ancestors. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? My Father, said the King. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King answered, Himself. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King told him, the young Prince his Son. Then, Sir, cries the *Dervise*, I was not mistaken; for a House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a *Palace*, but a *Caravanfary*.

Of Stocks proper for Apples, according to the Experience of an eminent Gardener.

There are several Sorts made Use of; as those raised from Crabs and Apple Kernels, from Layers of the Codling, Paradise, and Creeper Apple-Tree: I don't well know what Sort of Fruit the last bears; but Trees which I have known propagated upon them are of an extream slow Growth, and may therefore very justly be called Dwarfs.—It would be tedious here to point out what Stock is proper

for each Tree that may be planted in a Garden; for which Reason I shall only lay down a few Rules with Relation thereto; which, if observed, will be a Guide upon most Occasions, *viz.* Those Trees that are designed for *Espaliers* or *Dwarfs* of any Shape, whether horizontal, concave, convex, or conical, should be propagated from *Paradise* or *Codling Stocks*, as the Nature of the Fruit requires: Such as produce Fruit of the sweetest Flavour, and are soonest apt to turn mealy and insipid, should, in order to improve their Juices, be grafted upon *Codling Stocks*; and those whose Fruit yields Juices of a more acid and rough Taste, may be improved (especially in a wet Summer) by grafting them on *Paradise Stocks*, which naturally produce sweet Apples.

Such as are designed for *Standards*, may be grafted upon *Crab Stocks*, or those raised from the Kernels of Apples, only grafting (as before directed for *Dwarfs*) the sweet and mealy Sorts upon the Crab, and the others upon Apples.

But as the Fruit of *Standards* is for the most Part made Use of in the Kitchen, for baking, &c. I recommend the Crab-Stock for most of them; because Kitchen-Fruit is not valuable without a tart Taste, either in Tarts or Pies; and, if made into Cyder, it is most agreeable to the Palates of the best Judges of that Liquor.

N. B. Graft upon *Paradise* and *Codling Stocks* as near the Ground as possible.

From the MUSEUM RUSTICUM.

A Remedy for the White Scour in Sheep, the good Effects of which have been lately experienced by a Farmer.

A Flock of my Sheep having in my Absence been turned imprudently into a fresh Bite of Turnips, were seized with the Gripes, the White Scour, and Flux, which carried off forty-two of them before my Return. I then instantly got two Pounds of Rice, which I

put into eight Gallons of Water, and adding an Ounce of Ginger grossly beat in a Mortar, a Quarter of an Ounce of Cloves, the same Quantity of Aniseed, and half an Ounce of Cinnamon, (which, by the bye, I found it hard to get, they wanting to sell me *Cassia* instead of it,) I had the whole put into a small Copper we use when we wash our Linen, and boiled it till the Quantity was reduced one half.

I then ordered my Man to strain it off; and when it was so far cooled as to be no warmer than Milk from the Cow, I threw in a Quart of good common Gin, and mixing the whole well together, I gave each of the Sheep a Dose of half a Pint, and continued giving them half that Quantity, Morning and Night, till they were recovered from their Danger, which was in a little more than a Week; for the Medicine had so good an Effect, that I lost only five more, which happened to be too far gone.

I send you this Account, that you may publish it for the Benefit of my Brother Farmers; and I hope they will meet with as much Success in the Application of the Medicine as I did.

OF TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 757.]

Talents of the Mind.

HOW splendid soever the Glory of Arms and Birth may appear, there is still something which more nearly concerns us, which we derive from Learning and the Talents of the Mind. This seems to be more immediately our own, and entirely peculiar to us. 'Tis not limited like that of Arms to certain Times and Occasions, nor depends upon a thousand foreign Assurances. It gives a Man a Superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from Riches, Birth, or Employments, as these are all external; whereas the Mind is properly our own, or rather is OURSELVES, and constitutes our VERY Essence.

Yet it is not the Mind alone in which the solid Glory of Man consists. Suppose him excellent in himself, and adorned with the Knowledge of every Thing that is most curious and exquisite in the Sciences, Philosophy, Mathematics, History, the *Belles Lettres*, Poetry and Eloquence: All these make a Man learned, but do not make him good. And if a Man be only learned, what is he very often but a vain, obstinate Creature, full of himself, and despising all others?

Can any Thing be more pitiful, or more contemptible, than such a Man, vainly puffed up with the Notion of his own Learning and Abilities, greedy and insatiable after Praise?—*Philip*, the Father of *Alexander* the Great, beautifully exposed the Ridicule of this Character in a Physician named *Menecrates*, who had the Vanity to take upon himself the Surname of *Jupiter Servator*, upon Account of some extraordinary Cures he had wrought, which he attributed wholly to his own Skill. Having invited him to Dinner, he was placed at Table by himself, on which was served up a Vessel smoaking with Incense. The Doctor at first thought himself highly honoured; but having nothing to eat during the rest of the Entertainment, he soon perceived the Meaning of the Smoke of the Incense; and thus serving for a Laughing-Stock to the rest of the Company, he went away hungry from the Feast with the Title of *Jupiter*, and the Shame he had so justly deserved, in ascribing to his own Abilities a Success derived from Heaven.

The Honour, therefore, which Science and Genius confers, does not result merely from Learning, and the Talents of the Mind, but the good Use made of them; and we may truly say, that Modesty exalts their Lustre and Value infinitely more than any Thing else.

Reputation.

This is looked upon as the dearest and most valuable Treasure belonging to Mankind, even by Persons of the

the greatest Probity, and an Indifference concerning it, and much more the despising it, seem absolutely not to be admitted. What can be expected indeed from one that is unconcerned about the Judgment which the rest of the World, and especially Men of Honesty, shall pass upon his Conduct? 'Tis not only, as *Tully* observes, the Sign of insupportable Pride and Conceitedness, but the Mark of having perfectly abandoned all Modesty.

And yet to be over-solicitous after Praise, to be greedy of it and eager in pursuing it, and to seem in some Measure to beg it, instead of being the Character of a great Soul, is the most certain Sign of a vain and light Disposition, which seeds upon Wind, and takes the Shadow for the Substance. (*To be continued.*)

Of the ill Consequences which may arise from a false Good-Nature, exemplified in a melancholy Instance, related in a Letter from Sir Harry Beaumont to a Friend.

YOU have often heard me talk of *Florio*. He is a Person that I esteem, and love very much; that I sometimes pity, and that I am always in Pain for. *Florio* has a great Fund of good Sense; yet more Good-nature; and rather too humble an Opinion of his own Parts. One would think that all these are very good Things: Yet the two latter of these good Qualities, sometimes get the better of the former; and are really the Occasion of most of the Concern that I suffer for him. 'Tis a great Pity that such good Qualities should ever be of any ill Consequence; but if they may prove so, it is more necessary to be advertis'd against them, than against our bad Qualities themselves. These are open Enemies; whilst the others perhaps are a Sort of concealed ones, which may silently sap the Foundation of a Man's Happiness, by little and little; and at last wholly overturn it, without being once suspected till the Mischief is irretrievable.

It is chiefly owing to *Florio's* Modesty, and his Good-nature, that he

has entertained this general Maxim for the Conduct of his Life---'That 'one ought always to fall in with 'the Humour of the Company, 'which one happens to meet with.' If I am with gay People, says he, I would be gay; if with grave, I would be grave. If the People about me are sober, I am very glad of it; for I don't love Drinking. If they are cheerful, & have a Mind to indulge their Genius, why should I look like a Philosopher amongst them, and break in upon their Mirth? I have a good Constitution; I can bear as much as any of them; why should I be the first to spoil good Company? If they are for Play, it is what I don't at all dislike: And if for Women, who would be against so soft, and so agreeable an Addition to any Entertainment? It is thus *Florio* reasons; and, to do him Justice, he lives up to his Text.

I know several very sensible Men, and don't know whether there are not some good Moralists, that hold the same Maxim: Yet surely, if complying with the present Humour of those about us be a good Reason for acting, there is not any one Thing in the World which we may not have a good Reason for doing.

As I always gravely maintain, that Virtue and good Sense should be the only Rule of our Actions; and as *Florio* makes Good-nature and Chance the Rule of his, we have had frequent Disputes on this Head; which always end in this, that he goes on in his easy Way, and I in my old-fashioned one. But with this Difference, that I have often the Uneasiness of seeing him brought into Inconveniences by following this Rule; whereas he could never yet find out any ill Consequence that happened to me from following mine.

About the Beginning of last Year, I had a Visit from *Florio*; his Face was overcast, and his Temper discomposed. I soon found the Occasion. He had been in Company the Night before where Play was proposed: He fell in with it at first out of mere Complaisance; was warmed

ed by Degrees; and had lost a considerable Sum before he had Time to reflect on what he was doing. How many Uneasinesses did this sudden Compliance cost him! How many Objects did he lose the Pleasure of relieving, that he would otherwise have relieved! How many Difficulties did he run through to hide it from his Father, who has a Seat in the most honourable Assembly of the Nation; and who, by his Behaviour there, did Honour to the best of Causes in the worst of Times! In how many Things was he obliged to sink below what his Rank required! In short, he was forced to live on the Foot of a mere frugal Merchant all that Year, for half an Hour's Good-nature.

When the Year was over, and this Cloud blown away, *Florio* entered on the new one with some little Resolution. But it happened that a particular Friend, the best natur'd Man in the World, came to Town; and *Florio* must be of all the Parties with him. What Harm is there in Mirth? And who would not rejoice with a Friend that he had not seen for so long a Time? For four or five Nights, it was nothing but Gaiety and Joy; which every Night grew higher than the last. The sixth, in the greatest Height of it, it was proposed that they should all go and pay their Devotions at one of the Temples of *Venus*, in a Quarter of the Town where that Goddess is worshipp'd all Night and all Day. *Florio* was not himself a Frequenter of those Temples; but by his old Rule, he would not be the only irreligious Man among them. The Effect of this Complaisance was the losing two Features out of his Face. But a good natur'd Man, you know, can do well enough without a Nose; and one Eye serves for seeing, almost as well as two.

I wish this had been the worst that had happened to poor *Florio*; but his Compliances were to cost him much dearer than this. It was but last *Thursday* Night, that he had the Misfortune to be with the same Friend, to whom he was oblig'd for the former Loss. His Friend

drank for the Sake of the Liquor; and *Florio* for the Sake of such a Friend. They sat at it deep into the Night. At last they rose by Consent, and reeled out both together. They made several Paces in the Street, Arm in Arm; till *Florio* stopped, caught by the enchanting Voice of a Chambermaid, who (like a good Housewife) was got up so early; and leant, singing, and twirling her Mop, out of the Garret-Window. His Friend went on. *Florio* was so intent, that he did not mind him; till he was interrupted all on a sudden, by the Screams of a Woman, and a Clashing of Swords. He looked where the Sound directed him, and saw his Friend at some Distance, engaged with a Man who seem'd to be a Gentleman by his Dress; and a Lady by them, who was crying out for Help. *Florio* flew to the Place, but came only Time enough to see his Friend pierced thro' the Heart. Heated as he was with Liquor, and enraged at so moving a Sight, *Florio* immediately attacked the Murderer; and after two or three Passes, laid him at his Feet. The Lady, who stood by, and had called out in vain all the while to part them, seem'd quite distracted with Grief on his Fall. She tore her Hair, flung herself on the Ground, and said she would die with him. Then kneel'd by him, and rais'd his Head, and begged him to live for the Sake of his poor Children. The Gentleman endeavour'd what he could to console her; then turning his Face (which was all pale, in a cold Sweat, and with all the Marks of approaching Death upon it) towards *Florio*, 'Whoever you are, says he, I forgive you my Death. And may Heaven forgive you! Though, let me tell you, you have drawn your Sword in a very unjust Cause. This Lady is my Wife. Your Friend there, as you call'd him, offer'd such Incivilities to her as are not to be borne. I drew my Sword in her Defence, and die for defending the Chastity of the best of Wives. Adieu, my dear Wife! thou best of Women adieu!-----

love

• love and take Care of my poor
• Children!—On how many Occa-
• sions may they want me! Young
• as they are, helpless and unform-
• ed! ---- Do the best you can for
• them.’—Here his Voice failed
him. He gave his Wife a last Fare-
well, with the most tender Look that
could be imagined, and expired in
her Arms. She was carried off some
Time after almost senseless, all drown-
ed in Tears, & covered with the Blood
of her Husband. Florio was carried
off too, to a Place of greater Safety
than some People think he deserves.
Yesterday I went to see him: I think
I never saw so melancholy a Sight.
His Eyes are fixt on the Ground;
he scarce ever lifts them up; or o-
pens his Mouth, unless it be to wish
—That he had received the Wound
he has given. If ever he should get
the better of the deep Melancholy
he is oppress’d with at present, this
must surely make him forswear all
that Sort of Good-nature, which
has betrayed him into one of the
most shocking Actions in the World;
and which, out of a Pretence only
to a Kind of Humanity in the Be-
ginning, may thus, in the End,
leave a Man stained with the inno-
cent Blood of his Fellow Creature.

The GENEROUS FRIENDS:

An Antient History.

[Continued from Page 764.]

THE weak and timorous Slave
yields to his Promises and
Threats. He assists the Prince in
disguising himself, and disappears,
after having told him the Hour
at which he was to present himself,
and the Conduct he was to observe
in order to deceive the Vigilance of
the Guards. Night approaches, the
Moment arrives, *Lausus* presents
himself: He assumes the Name of
the Slave; the Bolts of the Dun-
geon open with a dismal Sound. By
the feeble Glimmering of a Torch,
he penetrates into this Mansion of
Horror, he advances, he listens; the
Accents of a moaning Voice strike
his Ear, he knows it to be the
Voice of his Friend, he sees him
lying down in a Corner of the

Cell, covered with Rags, consumed
with Weakness, the Paleness of
Death on his Countenance, and the
Fire of Despair in his Eyes.
‘Leave me,’ said *Phanor* to him,
taking him for the Slave; ‘away
with these odious Nourishments;
suffer me to die. Alas!’ added
he, sending forth Cries interrupted
by Sighs, ‘alas! my dear *Lausus* is
still more unhappy than I. O, ye
Gods! if he knows the State to
which he has reduced his Friend!’
‘Yes,’ cried *Lausus*, throwing him-
self on his Bosom; ‘yes, my dear
Phanor, he does know it, and he
partakes of it.’ ‘What do I see!’
cried *Phanor* transported: ‘Ah,
Lausus! ah, my Prince!’ At these
Words both of them lose the Use of
their Senses, their Arms are locked
in each other, their Hearts meet,
their Sighs are intermingled. They
remain for a long Time mute and
immoveable, stretched out on the
Floor of the Dungeon; Grief sti-
flés their Voice, and they answer
each other only by embracing more
closely, and bathing one another
with their Tears. *Lausus* at last
coming to himself, ‘Let us not lose
Time,’ said he to his Friend;
‘take these Clothes, get hence, and
leave me here.’—‘What I, great
Gods! can I be so vile? Ah, *Laus-
sus*, could you believe it? Ought
you to propose it to me?’ ‘I
know you well,’ said the Prince;
‘but you should also know me.
The Sentence is pronounced, your
Punishment is prepared, you must
die or fly.’—‘Fly!’—‘Hear me;
my Father is violent, but he is sen-
sible; Nature asserts her Right o-
ver his Heart: If I deliver you
from Death, I have only Occasion
to melt him to Compassion for
myself; and his Arm, when lifted
up against a Son, will be easily
disarmed.’ ‘He would strike,’
said *Phanor*, ‘and your Death would
be my Crime; I cannot abandon
you.’ ‘Well then,’ said *Lausus*,
‘remain here; but at your Death
you shall see mine also. Depend
not on my Father’s Clemency; it
would be in vain for him to par-
don me; think not that I would
pardon myself. This Hand,
which

‘ which wrote the fatal Billet that condemns this Hand, which, even after its Crime, is still the Hand of your Friend, shall reunite us in your own Despite.’ In vain would *Phanor* have insisted upon it. ‘ Let us not talk any longer,’ interrupted *Laufus*; ‘ you can say nothing to me that can equal the Shame of surviving my Friend, after I have destroyed him. Your pressing Earnestness makes me blush, and your Prayers are an Affront. I will answer for my own Safety, if you will fly: I swear to die, if you will stay and perish. Choose; the Moments now are precious.’

Phanor knew his Friend too well to pretend to shake his Resolution. ‘ I consent,’ says he, ‘ to let you try the only Means of Safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live: Your Scaffold shall be mine.’ ‘ I readily believe it,’ said *Laufus*, ‘ and your Friend esteems you too much to desire you to survive him.’ At these Words they embraced, and *Phanor* went out of the Dungeon in the Habit of the Slave, which *Laufus* had just put off.

What a Night! what a dreadful Night for *Lydia*! Alas! how shall we paint the Emotions that arise in her Soul, that divide, that tear it, between Love and Virtue? She adores *Laufus*, she detests *Mezentius*, she sacrifices herself to her Father’s Interests, she delivers herself up to the Object of her Hatred, she tears herself for ever from the Wishes of an adored Lover. They lead her to the Altar as it were to Punishment. Barbarous *Mezentius*! it suffices thee to reign over the Heart by Violence and Fear; it suffices thee that thy Comfort trembles before thee, as a Slave before his Master. Such is Love in the Heart of a Tyrant.

Yet, alas! it is for him alone that she is going to live: It is to him that she is going to be united. If she resists, she must betray her Lover & her Father: A Refusal will discover the Secret of her Soul; and if *Laufus* is suspected to be dear to her, he is undone.

It was in this cruel Agitation that *Lydia* waited the Day. The terrible Day arrives. *Lydia*, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a Bride whom they are going to present at the Altars of Love and Hymen, but as one of those innocent Victims which a barbarous Piety crowned with Flowers before it sacrificed them.

They lead her to the Place where the Spectacle is to be exhibited, the People assemble there in Multitudes, the Sports begin. I shall not stop to describe the Engagements at the Cestus, at Wrestling, at the Sword; a more dreadful Object engages our Attention.

An enormous Lion advances. At first, with a calm Pride, he traverses the Arena, throwing his dreadful Looks round the Amphitheatre that environs him: A confused Murmur announces the Terror that he inspires. In a short Time the Sound of the Clarions animate him; he replies by his Roarings; his shaggy Mane is erected around his monstrous Head; he lashes his Loins with his Tail; and the Fire begins to issue from his sparkling Eye-Balls. The Populace affrighted with and dread to see the Wretch appear, who is to be delivered to the Rage of this Monster. Terror and Pity seize on every Breast.

The Combatant, whom *Mezentius*’s Guards themselves had taken for *Phanor*, presents himself. *Lydia* could not distinguish him. The Horror with which she is seized had obliged her to turn away her Eyes from this Spectacle, which shocks the Sensibility of her compassionate Soul. What would it be, alas! if she knew that *Phanor*, that the tender Friend of *Laufus*, is the Criminal whom they have devoted; if she knew that *Laufus* himself had taken his Friend’s Place, and that it is he that is going to fight.

Half-naked, his Hair dishevelled, he walks with an intrepid Step: A Poiniard for Attack, a Buckler for Defence, are the only Arms by which he is protected. *Mezentius*, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty *Phanor*. His own Blood is dumb,

dumb, Nature is blind; it is his own Son whom he delivers up to Death, and his Bowels are not moved; Repentment of Injury and Thirst of Vengeance stifle in him every other Sentiment. He sees with a barbarous Joy the Fury of the Lion animating by Degrees, *Lausus*, impatient, provokes the Monster, and urges him to the Combat. He advances towards him, the Lion springs forward. *Lausus* avoids him. Thrice the enraged Animal presents to him his foaming Jaws, and thrice *Lausus* escapes his murderous Fangs.

In the mean Time *Phanor* learns what is doing. He runs up: He bears down the Multitude before him, his piercing Cries make the Amphitheatre resound. 'Stop, *Mezentius*! save your Son: It is he; it is *Lausus* that is engaged.' *Mezentius* looks and knows *Phanor*, who hastens towards him: 'O ye Gods! what do I see! My People, assist me; throw yourselves on the Arena, ravish my Son from the Jaws of Death.' At the Name of *Lausus*, *Lydia* falls down dead on the Steps of the Amphitheatre; her Heart is frozen, her Eyes are covered with Darknefs. *Mezentius* sees only his Son, who is now in inevitable Danger; A thousand Hands arm in vain for his Defence; the Monster pursues him, and would have devoured him, before they could have arrived to his Assistance. But, O! Wonder incredible! O Happiness unhop'd! *Lausus*, while he eludes the Bounds of the furious Animal, strikes him a mortal Blow, and the Sword, with which he is armed, is drawn reeking from the Lion's Heart. He falls, and swims in Seas of Blood, vomited through his foaming Jaws. The universal Alarm now changes into Triumph, and the People reply to *Mezentius*'s doleful Cries only by Shouts of Admiration and Joy. These Shouts recall *Lydia* to Life; she opens her Eyes; she sees *Lausus* at *Mezentius*'s Feet, holding in one Hand the bloody Dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful *Phanor*. 'It is I,' said he to his Father, 'it is I alone who am culpable. *Phanor*'s

Crime was mine: It was for me to expiate it. I forced him to resign me his Place; I was about to kill myself, if he refused. I live, I owe that Life to him: And if your Son be dear to you still, you owe your Son to him; but if your Vengeance is not appeased, our Days are in your Hands: Strike, we will perish together; our Hearts have sworn it.' *Lydia*, trembling at this Discourse, viewed *Mezentius*, with Eyes suppliant, and overflowing with Tears. The Tyrant's Cruelty could not withstand this Trial. The Cries of Nature, and the Voice of Remorse put to Silence Jealousy and Vengeance in his Heart. He remains for a long Time immoveable, and dumb, rolling by Turns, on the Objects that surround him, Looks of Trouble and Confusion, in which Love, Hatred, Indignation and Pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the Tyrant. *Lausus*, *Phanor*, *Lydia*, a Multitude innumerable, wait with Terror the first Words that he is to pronounce. He submits at last, in spite of himself, to that Virtue whose Ascendency overpowers him; and passing of a sudden, with impetuous Violence, from Rage to Tendernefs, he throws himself into his Son's Arms. 'Yes,' says he to him, 'I pardon thee, and I pardon also thy Friend. Live, love one another: But there remains one Sacrifice more for me to make thee, and thou hast just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it then,' said he with a new Effort, 'receive this Hand, the Gift of which is dearer to thee than Life: It is thy Valour which has forced it from me: It is that alone could obtain it.

Extra from the MONITOR,
Number 481.

IT was a few Years ago the Pride of this Nation to boast of its internal Peace. The Head of the Body politic managed so agreeably, that there were no Factions, no Parties to disturb the public Tranquility, to clog the Wheels of Govern-

ment, and to favour the Intrigues and Interest of our Enemies. Every Heart united to strengthen the State, and to support the Measures of the Court: And their Councils were crowned with Victories, Conquests and Glory.

But Times are changed, and we are changed in them. We have undergone a national Metamorphosis. Deprived of that Head, to whose Wisdom and Conduct so great Things are ascribed, the Nation is degenerated into Faction, and divided into Parties. We hear no longer the Voice of Triumph and Victory. POWER, and the Means of acquiring and of keeping it, seem to be the only Study of the Great: While our natural Enemies, whom we so lately reinstated in that Power & Strength our Arms had taken from them, are contriving every Artifice to defeat our small Advantages reserved by Treaty, and have already dared to act in what they would deem an hostile Manner in us.

This Conduct of those charged with the Management of the national Interest, and the disagreeable Effects of our internal Divisions, have started a Question amongst some, whose Loyalty has never been impeached, and whose Love for their Country will never suffer them to join in any Measures dangerous to its Constitution: 'Whither a good Member of the Common-Wealth may remain neuter, when he sees his Country divided by Factions or Parties?'

Now, Mr. *Monitor*! it is intended to answer this important Question. But I will ask another Question. 'What would become of a Common-Wealth, should every good Citizen, and virtuous Man, withdraw himself in Time of Danger; quit the Business of his Country, and meddle neither Way, when civil Discord rages, and when his fellow Subjects are divided into strong and powerful Factions?' The very Idea we have of Good and Virtuous, is sufficient to resolve the Question. Such a one ought to use his utmost Endeavours to calm Tumults, to reconcile Differences, and to persuade the Peo-

ple to sacrifice some Resentments to their Country's Safety, and to remonstrate against bad Measures, that have given Occasion for universal Discontent and Dislike. But if the Passions of either Party be wound up to such a Pitch as not to listen to the Dictates of Reason, or their Minds so corrupted, as not to bear the Application of any Remedy, a good Patriot cannot justify himself upon the Principles of Duty to his King and Country, by keeping out of the Storm, and not joining himself to either of the contending Parties.

If it should happen, that the People should be discontented with the Conduct of those in Power, and grown mad with ill Usage, Where are we to seek for Peace? It is not to be expected from the Men, who, depending upon their Power, drive Matters to an Extremity, rather than give up the least Punctilio to the People. It must be effected by wise and honest Men, whose Integrity and Abilities are revered by the People.

The *Monitor* concludes with observing, that whatever Use a Ministry make think it adviseable to make of Divisions and Factions; it is not beneath their Consideration, that they themselves thereby run into great Danger. It is not in their Power always to stop the Current of Parties; the Continuance of Governors frequently encourage the designing Part of the People, to turn national Discontent and Factions to their peculiar Interest. 'Tis easy to blow the Coals of Discord: It is not difficult to enflame a Nation; and History records many Instances of Men, who had nothing but the Appearance of Worth, with false Virtue, false Parts, and false Eloquence; yet became so popular, that they were able to disturb the Peace of their Country; especially when clothed with Authority and Power, and enabled to reward their Followers with Places and Pensions. But they seldom are able to allay the Storm, which they themselves had raised, to drive their Rivals from Court. The Case of King *James II.* whose Ministry had practised the

Art of governing by Party, more than any other, and thought themselves safe under the Protection of a very strong Faction, secured by every Favour and Gratiuity in the Gift of the Crown, convinceth, that there never was any Set of Men so powerful as to say to their Party, so far you shall go, and no farther.

Therefore no Man should keep up and foment Divisions, with a Supposition that he can put an End to them when he pleases: The Business soon grows too big for him; and he will find that the Fire, which he has kindled so injudiciously, will spread in Proportion to the Fuel cast into it, and devour the very Hand that nourished it.

The Gospel Discovery of a Future State.

[Continued from Page 766.]

THE Condemnation of the Wicked to eternal Destruction in another State, does not detract from the Goodness of the Divine Intention and Operation, in raising Mankind to another Life: For as the creating all Mankind to this Life is undoubtedly an *Effect of Divine Beneficence*, though some Men make themselves wicked and miserable in it, and come to an untimely and tragical End; so much more is the Restoration of all Mankind to a Life after Death, an *Effect of infinite Goodness*, though some shall afterwards perish for ever; and instead of enjoying that eternal Life, which is the *Gift of GOD in Christ Jesus our Lord*, shall undergo the Misery and Penalty of an absolute and eternal Destruction.----This Proceedure is analogous to the experienced Constitution and Process of Nature. As the Providence of GOD produceth all Mankind into this World, according to one and the same Law and Order of Nature; so the beneficent Operation of Almighty Power, in raising Men to another Life, extends to the *whole collective Body of Mankind*: Though far greater Distinctions will arise in that Life, than any we observe in this:

Distinctions proportioned to the moral Character and Desert of every Man: And the Wicked shall be finally excluded from that Life, and condemned to perish in Death eternal. The *Redemption* which is in *Christ Jesus our Lord*, considered as a Deliverance from the Power of Death, or a Resurrection to another Life, is a *Benefit or Privilege* bestowed on *Mankind in general*; in like Manner as their Production into this Life: But the everlasting Possession of that Life is *peculiar to the Righteous*: Not to any Nation, Party, or Profession of Men; but to the Virtuous and Good of all Mankind. *For they who have done Good shall come forth to the Resurrection of Life; and they who have done Evil, to the Resurrection of Condemnation.*

How clear and rational this Account is, how consistent with the Constitution of Nature, how agreeable to our best Apprehensions of the Divine Perfections and Government, and conducive to the Satisfaction of every good Mind, will easily appear to the thoughtful and ingenuous Part of Mankind.

We shall proceed to some particular Views, which the Gospel reveals and represents to us, of the future State of Life; such as we may clearly collect from some memorable Passages of our Saviour and his Apostles.---And here it becomes us to adhere closely to the express Words of *Holy Scripture*; lest we should indulge a vain and groundless Imagination, instead of attending to those solid Truths of Revelation which are proper to influence our Practice.

Our Blessed Saviour informs us, that the future State of good Men, or their Manner of Existence and Life, shall bear a Resemblance to that of a superior Order of Beings, who are denominated the *Angels of GOD*:---*They shall be like* (for so it should be translated) *unto the Angels*, Luke xx. 36.---That there is a Rank or Order of Beings, the Creatures and Servants of GOD, of a Nature and Dignity far superior to the mortal Inhabitants of the Earth, invisible to us, yet Spectators of

Human Actions, is a Sentiment that seems natural to Mankind, as it has prevailed more or less in all Ages and Nations; and will appear, upon Examination, agreeable to the best Philosophy, and the most rational Ideas we are able to form of the immense System of the Universe. -- This Sentiment, abstracted from the fictitious and corrupt Additions made to it by the *Jews* and *Heathens*, is confirmed by our holy Religion: and those benevolent Spirits are described as *rejoicing at the Repentance of every Sinner*; as *ministering to the Heirs of Salvation*; as attending upon our Lord in the most important Emergencies; and as employed by him in the future State of Mankind, and in the Execution of the final Judgment. The Resurrection of good Men therefore will be to a State, Rank, Degree, and Manner of Existence, different from and superior to the present State of Mankind, and *similar* to that of the angelic Order, who are now conversant, though invisible, with the Actions and Characters of Mankind.

[To be concluded in our next.]

RULES for the Choice of a Wife.

TAKE unto thyself a Wife, and obey the Ordinance of God; take unto thyself a Wife, and become a faithful Member of Society.

But examine with Care, and fix not suddenly: On thy present Choice depends the future Happiness of thee any thy Posterity.

If much of her Time is destroy'd in Dress and Adornments, if she is enamour'd with her own Beauty, and delighted with her own Praise; if she laugheth much, and talketh loud; if her Foot abideth not in her Father's House, and her Eyes with Boldness rove on the Faces of Men; though her Beauty were as the Sun in the Firmament of Heaven, turn thy Face from her Charms, turn thy Feet from her Paths, and suffer not thy Soul to be ensnared by the Allurements of thy Imagination.

But when thou findest Sensibility of Heart, join'd with Softness of Manners; an accomplish'd Mind, with a Form agreeable to thy Fancy; take her Home to thy House, she is worthy to be thy Friend, thy Companion in Life, the Wife of thy Bosom.

O cherish her as a Blessing, sent thee from Heaven; let the Kindness of thy Behaviour endear thee to her Heart.

She is the Mistress of thy House; treat her therefore with Respect, that thy Servants may obey her.

Oppose not her Inclination without Cause; she is the Partner of thy Cares, make her also the Companion of thy Pleasures.

Reprove her Faults with Gentleness, exact not her Obedience with Rigour.

Trust thy Secrets in her Breast, her Counsels are sincere, thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her Bed; for she is the Mother of thy Children.

When Pain and Sickness assault her, let thy Tenderness sooth her Affliction: A Look from thee of Pity and Love, shall alleviate her Grief, or mitigate her Pain; and be of more Avail than ten Physicians.

Consider the Delicacy of her Sex, the Tenderness of her Frame; and be not severe to her Weakness, but remember thine own Imperfections.

SENTENTIOUS MAXIMS.

PLeasure is a Game for which it will be in vain to try, it must start before you, or you'll never find it.

Men often prove the Violence of their own Prejudices, even by the Violence with which they attack the Prejudices of others.

The great Fault of the Human Understanding, is not the not going well, but the not stopping well.

The Sense to conduct Sense, is worth every other Part of it.

Human Knowledge is the Parent of Doubt.





The Nephew, a People of India burying their Dead & carrying Victims to the Grave.

Account of a remarkable Sect of Der-
wises, among the *Hassanists*, in the
Empire of the Great Mogul.

THESE *Derwises* range up and down through Towns and Countries, having no settled Residence in any Place: They never lie down to sleep upon any Thing but a Sheep-skin, which, instead of an upper Garment, they wear on their Backs. They are of several Orders, each bearing the Name of their chief Saint, after the same Manner as amongst the *Persians*. No Person of whom they beg, may turn them away without giving them something. They are for the most Part ingenious, and well learned in their Books. They stand oftentimes in the Market-places, where, calling the People about them, they extol their own Religion, and despise that of the *Christians* and *Heathens*. Some of them scruple not to affirm, that by *Hassan's* Means (so much Interest they are persuaded he hath with God) the Devil may obtain Mercy, but not the *Christians*, because they believe not in *Hassan*.

Any Man may enter into this Order, as those that cannot live by their Trades commonly do. Some of them voluntarily undergo very great Hardships, either living like Hermits on the Tops of Mountains overgrown with Trees and Brambles, and remote from all People, where they spend their Lives, without ever stirring from the Place where they once seat themselves, except it be to disburden Nature, continually saying these or the like Words: *I assure you and not the World; I do all this for your Sake, therefore look upon me, O Almighty God.*

Those People that betake themselves to this Kind of Living, never shave themselves, nor pare their Nails, but let them grow like Claws: They will rather endure Hunger, than go out of their Huts; wherefore those that know their Abodes, out of Compassion send them Food and Raiment, which must be of the meanest, or else they will not eat it, and no more than they can eat at once. Some take up a Resolution to fast a certain Number of Days, and will eat no Kind of Meat during that Time, till they have in a Manner quite starved themselves. Others go stark naked, except a Cloth before their Privities, and beg for their Food.

There are some amongst them called *Mandeas*, who, as a Penance for their Sins, cut and slash their Bodies; and others wear such Chains about their Legs, that they are scarce able to stir, going bare-foot on the hot Ground, with blue

Cloaks about them, in Pilgrimage, to the Burying-places of their Saints.

The *Hassanists* eat only once a Day, viz, about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, not sitting on Stools at high Tables like us; but the Floor, covered with a Carpet, serves them not only for Stools, but a Table also, sitting on the same with their Legs under them: Being thus seated, especially at Feasts, a Servant comes with a Bason and Ewer, and going from one to the other, pours out the Water for them to wash their Hands; after which the Meat is brought in Copper Dishes, tinn'd in the Inside, and about three Yards in Circumference: They are commonly filled with Rice, boiled with Butter, Flesh, Onions, Garlick, Pepper, Almonds, Raisins, and the like. They often colour their Rice, according to the *Persian* Way. After the Meat is set before them, they fall to eating thereof, saying no other Prayer but this: *In the Name of God, gracious and merciful*, which Words stands before every Chapter in the *Alcoran*. They have no Bread, there growing only a little Wheat, and no Rye in all the Country, and therefore eat scalded Rice instead of Bread. Their Trenchers are Cakes baked thin, which many, after they have dined, also eat, or put them up in their Handkerchiefs.

Their common Drink is Water, which they drink not till after their Meals, when it is brought to every one by a Servant, in a Copper Cup. They never drink standing, but always sitting, accounting it very unwholesome to do the contrary.

After Meals they have again warm Water brought them to wash their Hands; which done, some rise up, and go away without speaking a Word; others, especially if they are Friends or intimate Acquaintance, stay and smok a Pipe of Tobacco, and drink a Dish of Coffee.

The *Hassanists* use the same Funeral Ceremonies as the *Persians*, *Turks*, and *Arabians*, viz. When a *Hassanist* dies, the Women that are nearest related to the Deceased, as also the Children, make a doleful Noise, pull the Hair from their Heads, and crying out, ask, *Oh! when did you die? what is the Cause of your Death? did you want any Thing in your Life?* and the like. The mournful Noise is augmented by the coming of the Neighbours, and continues six Hours or more; whilst others set Meat before the dead Corps, and a Feast is prepared for the Friends; after which the Body, if of a Man, is by three or four Men carried naked to the Water to be washed; which done, they cut off the Nails both of the Hands

Hands and Feet, and shave the Hair from off the Head and Face; but if it be of a Woman, then it is ordered after the same Manner by Women, only they do not shave the Hair from off her Head. The Corpse being washed, they put a clean Shift upon it, as also a Suit of Clothes, and then lay it in an open Chest, which being set on a Bier, is by four Men carried to the Grave, whither it is followed by three or four *Molla's* or Priests, who, singing or reading all the Way, are followed by the nearest Relations and Friends; the Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, or the nearest to the *Molla*, wringing their Hands, cry aloud, *Oh, wby did you die and leave me so sorrowful? I would fain have died for you, if our Prophet Hassan would have permitted me.* Coming to the Grave, the Body is taken out of the Chest and laid into the Grave, Clothes and all, and covered with Stones, Mortar, Shells, Flowers, or Moss; and whilst the Corps is laying in the Ground, and the Grave filling, the Bye-standers say several Prayers to themselves: Which done, they return all to the House of Mourning, where the Friends, staying together, keep the *Molla's* for some Time, to read and pray for the Soul of the Deceased. The Day following, two Hours before Sun-rising, a great Number of Women go to the Grave, loaded with Variety of Meats, and several Stone Cups, full of Terri and strong Waters (as represented in the Plate) all which they set down by the Grave, and proffer it to the Defunct, beginning also to cry and lament, but all in Order, *viz.* four Women begin first, who when tired, four more take their Places, and after them four more, so continuing round till Sun-set, whilst those that are weary with lamenting, refresh themselves with eating and drinking; after which, going Home, they return again in two Days, & perform the same Ceremonies: And if the Deceased was a Person of Quality, then their Mourning lasts fourteen Days. Their Mourning Habits are blue. Noblemen and Persons of great Estates make stately Tombs for themselves, which are generally of a great Circumference, and surrounded with strong Walls near a Pool of Water. The Tombs are either built round, square, or with six or eight Corners, & covered Archwise. The remaining Part of the Ground is planted with Fruit-Trees and Flowers, just as if they would make the *Elysium* Fields, wherein the Souls may delight themselves; and certainly no Place in all the Mogul's Country yields more Delight than some of these Burying-Places; neither do the *Mosses* be-

flow so much Charge or Art in any Thing as on their Tombs.

A List of all the Fairs in England and Wales in the Month of December.

1. **H**YTHE, Ingatestone, Peinrice, Rotherham, Tutbury. 2 Spouty. 3. Ashton-under-line, Bettws, Garifang, Louth, Talgarth. 4. Atherstone, Dursley, Lamborn, Sandwich, Stafford, Tenby, Wenlock. 5. Carnarvon, Penybout, Pluckley. 6. Bodmyn, Builth, Cornhill, Cranborne, Exeter, Gressingham, Launceston, St. Nicholas, Northwich, Sidland, Stoke (Norfolk) Tockington, Taddington. 7. Cerrigy-Druidion, Clithero. 8. Llaneloni, Leicester, Ludlow, Malpas. 9. Bradfield. 10. Bewdley, Bolney, Llanon, Liskeard, Newport, (Salop) Tarperley. 11. Aberfraw, Abingdon, Ampt-hill, Baldock, Bewdley, Bolney, Boston, Brackley, Chagford, Chawley, Cobham, Collingburn-Duces, East-Grinstead, Gargrave, Harlech, Kimbolton, Kirton, Langadock, Langport, Llanrwst, Narberth, Oswestry, Petersfield, Ringwood, Rochester, Rofs, Stratton, Tavistock. 12. Bettws, Gringley, Shrewsbury. 13. Knareborough. 14. Thirsk, Treacastle. 15. Nantwich. 16. Comb St. Nicholas, Dolegelly, Newn. 17. Arundel, Grantham, Higham-Ferrys, Hornsey, St. Neots, North-Tawton, Spalding, Wallingford, Woodstock. 18. Truro. 19. Beaumaris, Bedford, Cardigan, Northampton, Pains-Castle, Wotton-Basset. 20. Bradford (Yorksh.) 21. Boxford, Bradford (Yorksh.) Droitwich, Grinton, Harwarden, Highbickington, Kirkby-Lonsdale, Laycock, Penryn. 22. Bradford (Yorksh.) Newport-Pagnel. 24. Hawarden, Llanwenen. 26. St. Asaph, Bickley, Corwen. 28. Bridgwater, Cock-Hill. 29. Stonehouse. 30. Milbourn.

Movable Fairs in December.

First Monday, at Gresford. Second Friday, at Barnstaple, Leybourn. Second Saturday, at Newmarket (Flinth.) Monday before the 11th, at Newark. Saturday before the 12th, at South-Moulton. Saturday Fortnight before the 21st, at Titchfield. Monday before the 21st, at Ledbury, Thornbury. Thursday before the 21st, at Kettering. Wednesday three Week before the 25th, at Week St. Mary. Second Saturday before the 25th, at Hefstone. Tuesday se'nnight before the 25th, at Carphilly. Saturday before the 25th, at Ailwick.

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

MORAL STANZAS, in Retirement.

FAR from the busy world sequester'd,

O'er my passions here I reign ;
By no idle visits pester'd,
Visits formal, empty, vain.

Health and peace of mind possessing,
I ne'er mix in scenes of strife ;
Next to health, the greatest blessing,
Is to me a private life.

Here I never want employment ;
For the speculative mind,
Ever, in itself, enjoyment
Can, by recollection, find.

Yet I wear no gloomy features,
Nor to solitude incline ;
For I love my fellow-creatures,
And their happiness is mine.

Of with friends, by taste united,
Time steals unperceiv'd away ;
With their converse, I, delighted,
Close the sentimental day.

Those who think the day is wasted,
Which is not in public spent,
Peevish oft, and oft distast'd,
End that day with discontent.

By the world's false light deluded,
We our intellects confuse ;
But, the dazzling glare excluded,
Clear are all our mental views.

From the busy world retiring,
Nature's wonders I explore ;
And in them, by close admiring,
Beauties trace, unmark'd before.

Nature's charms in ev'ry season
Strike the philosophic eye,
And afford a feast to reason,
Constant—for they never die.

THE THRASHER.

THE summer now has spent her genial heat,
The bending scie mow'd the ripen'd wheat ;
From burthen'd fields the swelling harvest born,
The spacious barns receive the crowded corn.
Loud on the sounding floors, o'er every vale,
Is heard the sturdy thrasher's driving sail :

The lab'ring rustic plys his lonely toil,
From the full ears to fetch the golden spoil.

Stript in his coarse-spun shirt, of homely white,

He braves the winter's blasts from morn till night ;

Nor fear his hardy limbs the pains to know,

Which gouts fix frequent on the sniv'ring beau ;

The fruits of luxury, and idle state,

That rage in cities, and that vex the great.

Health-giving poverty, and simple fare,

Sound, early sleeps, & thoughts unknown to care ;

The breath of wholesome fields, & herbs, and grain,

To silver hairs his vigorous powers sustain.

Behold him circled round with piles of wheat,

And subject sheaves lie spread beneath his feet ;

With tyrant power his wooden sceptre waves,

And wrests the tribute from ten thousand slaves.

The golden wealth from every husk is drain'd,

And flows out fast to his exacting hand.

So rigid conquerors contributions draw,
And pillag'd vassals thrash to naked straw.

The lusty husbandman, with open door,
Admits all comers to his thrifty floor ;

Which oft, in observation on his way,

The loitering traveller allures to stay ;
Where instantly they join familiar prate,

Without the pains that courtly forms create :

And intervals affords the drudging swain

Refreshing pause of breathing-time to gain ;

While rudely lolling on his resting sail,
Some while he listens to the stranger's tale ;

Or asks of news ; of sieges hears, and wars ;

Then thrashes on, and thanks his happier stars.

His bloodless weapon brandishes on high,

Not life to injure, but its wants supply.

Such

Such harmless manners *Saturn's* reign supplied,
 Ere slaughter ring arts were taught by wicked pride;
 And human kind, by curst ambition's bane,
 Were made the harvest of the sanguine plain.
 O may *Britannia* ne'er such evils feel!
 Sav'd from the deadly waste of hostile steel,
 And blest in her *Augustus* sway, behold,
 Fair peace enduring, and the age of gold.

ON DIGNITY.

W Hate'er the sense, whate'er the face,
 Whate'er the beauties all combin'd;
 'Tis *DIGNITY* that gives the grace,
 And forms the fair, as first design'd.
 Through life we have a sterling rule,
 To make the noblest points our aim;
 And *DIGNITY* commands the school
 Of all that excellence we claim.
 O never yet the gift of chance,
 Or bought by wealth, or forc'd by pow'r:
 For thee the champion grasps his lance,
 For thee the flights of Fancy tow'r.
 Thine is the great and perfect praise
 Of fathers kind, and lovers true;
 Stern censure smiles thy worth to blaze,
 And owns the myrtle-wreath thy due.
 'Tis *DIGNITY* supports the song,
 By sense to choicest sounds ally'd
 The muses do thy graces wrong,
 Unless her influence preside.
 O fountain of all female worth
 That play't so sweet, and so sublime;
 To feed the flow of decent mirth,
 The pride of Place, the life of Time.
 Hail condescension, heavenly mild,
 By which no majesty is lost;
 Thee faith and truth their queen have
 Stil'd,
 And still with awful love accost.
 On thee, ten thousand blessings wait,
 In bright succession, without pause;
 If Charmer, thou hast found thy mate,
 His name is Honour and Applause.

FRIENDSHIP the greatest BLESSING.

Something, methought inspir'd my breast,
 And bid my spirits rove;
 I rang'd the scenes of earth for rest,
 And sought it first in love,

I pass'd each moment of the day
 With the bewitching fair,
 I sung, I danc'd, I talk'd as they,
 Yet found no bliss was there.
 Grandeur, ambition sure I cry'd,
 My largest hopes will fill;
 Then honour's slippery paths I try'd,
 But found it empty still.
 Perhaps the sons of *Bacchus* find,
 Amidst their jovial bowls;
 Pleasure adequate to their mind,
 The only bliss of souls.
 I join'd the brisk carousing crew,
 And took the sparkling glass,
 Yet this I found would never do,
 'Twas vanity, alas!
 Riches I said, and shining gold;
 Are more substantial joys,
 But when ten thousand pounds I'd told,
 'Twas nought but glittering toys.
 Next I with most prodigious pains,
 Trac'd learnings thorny ways;
 Try'd musick's soft enchanting strains,
 Yet found no solid peace.
 Tir'd with a search thus far in vain,
 I wish'd to give it o'er;
 Yet loath to stop embark'd again,
 And rov'd for bliss once more.
 Friendship, methought the very name
 Declar'd this was the thing;
 My spirits burst into a flame,
 My soul begun to sing.
 This is the band, the sacred tie,
 By which all beings move;
 Even kindred souls above the sky
 Are join'd by nought but love.
 Descend, celestial dove! descend,
 And teach me where to find
 Some generous, sweet good natur'd friend,
 To me and virtue kind.

The HAPPY MAN,

HOW blest the man, who free from
 care and strife,
 Leads not with luxury, but content his life;
 Who walks with health, where temperance
 leads the way,
 And joins with gratitude to praise or pray;
 From pleasure's cup, with just disdain who
 turns,
 Nor yet for Honour's glittering pageant
 burns;
 Who looks with pity, where pale avarice
 pines,
 O'er gems and gold yet rip'ning in the
 mines;
 To fretful passion leaves each childish toy,
 And aims with glorious pride, at reason's
 joy;
 Who marks the wonders of creating
 pow'r,
 From heavens bright orb to earth's un-
 cultur'd flow'r.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, December 1, 1764.



AMONG the innumerable Mortifications that way-lay Human Arrogance on every Side, may well be reckoned our Ignorance of the most common Objects and Effects, a Defect of which we become more sensible by every Attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive Minds confound Familiarity with Knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole Nature of Things when they are shewn their Form, or told their Use; but the Speculatist, who is not content with superficial Views, harrasses himself with fruitless Curiosity; and still, as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a State in which a great Part of every Life is passed. No Animal has been yet discovered, whose Existence is not varied with Intervals of Insensibility; and some late Philosophers have extended the Empire of Sleep over the Vegetable World.

Yet of this Change so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no Searcher has yet found either the efficient or final Cause; or can tell by what Power the Mind and Body are thus chained down in irresistible Stupefaction; or what Benefits the Animal receives from this alternate Suspension of its active Powers.

Whatever may be the Multiplicity or Contrariety of Opinions upon this Subject, Nature has taken sufficient Care that Theory shall have little Influence on Practice. The most diligent Enquirer is not

able long to keep his Eyes open; the most eager Disputant will begin about Midnight to desert his Argument, and once in four and twenty Hours the Gay and the Gloomy, the Witty and the Dull, the Clamorous and the Silent, the Busy and the Idle, are all overpowered by the gentle Tyrant, and all lie down in the Equality of Sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress Insolence, by asserting that all Conditions are levelled by Death; a Position which, however it may deject the Happy, will seldom afford much Comfort to the Wretched. It is far more pleasing to consider that Sleep is equally a Leveller with Death; that the Time is never at a great Distance, when the Balm of Rest shall be effused alike upon every Head, when the Diversities of Life shall stop their Operation, and the High and the Low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of *Alexander*, that in the Pride of Conquests, and Intoxication of Flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a Man by the Necessity of Sleep. Whether he considered Sleep as necessary to his Mind or Body, it was indeed a sufficient Evidence of Human Infirmary: The Body, which required such Frequency of Renovation, gave but faint Promises of Immortality; and the Mind, which from Time to Time sunk gladly into Insensibility, had made no very near Approaches to the Felicity of the Supreme and Self-sufficient Nature.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the Passions that dis-

turb the Peace of the World, than the Consideration that there is no Height of Happiness or Honour, from which Man does not eagerly descend to a State of unconscious Repose; that the best Condition of Life is such, that we contentedly quit its Good to be disentangled from its Evils; that in a few Hours Splendour fades before the Eye, and Praise itself deadens in the Ear; the Senses withdraw from their Objects, and Reason favours the Retreat.

What then are the Hopes and Prospects of Covetousness, Ambition and Rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his Desires gratified; he never shall attain a State, which he can, for a Day and a Night, contemplate with Satisfaction, or from which, if he had the Power of perpetual Vigilance, he would not long for periodical Separations.

All Envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied, and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves. There is Reason to suspect that the Distinctions of Mankind have more Shew than Value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of Pleasures and of Cares, that the Powerful and the Weak, the Celebrated and the Obscure, join in one common Wish, and implore from Nature's Hand the Nectar of Oblivion.

Such is our Desire of Abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the Quantity of Stupor which the Needs of the Body force upon the Mind. Alexander himself added Intemperance to Sleep, and solaced with the Fumes of Wine the Sovereignty of the World. And almost every Man has some Art, by which he steals his Thoughts away from his present State.

It is not much of Life that is spent in close Attention to any important Duty. Many Hours of every Day are suffered to fly away without any Traces left upon the Intellects. We suffer Phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse our-

selves with the Dance of airy Images, which after a Time we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier Moments than those that they pass in Solitude, abandoned to their own Imagination, which sometimes puts Sceptres in their Hands, or Mitres on their Heads, shifts the Scene of Pleasure with endless Variety, bids all the Forms of Beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every Change of visionary Luxury.

It is easy in these Semi-Slumbers to collect all the Possibilities of Happiness, to alter the Course of the Sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future, to unite all the Beauties of all Seasons, and all the Blessings of all Climates, to receive and bestow Felicity, and forget that Misery is the Lot of Man. All this is a voluntary Dream, a temporary Recession from the Realities of Life to airy Fictions; and habitual Subjection of Reason to Fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amuse themselves by a perpetual Succession of Companions; but the Difference is not great, in Solitude we have our Dreams to ourselves, and in Company we agree to dream in Concert. The End sought in both, is Forgetfulness of ourselves.

The Gospel Discovery of a Future State.

[Continued from Page 780.]

THE future State is a State of Society, in which all good Men, the Sons of the Resurrection, shall enjoy in common the same Rank and Condition of Being, and have a mutual Connection and Intercourse, as belonging to the same general Community. And this is so often intimated in the Writings of the *New Testament*, that it is unnecessary to produce particular Passages: And it is an Idea, which an attentive Observation of the Oeconomy of Divine Wisdom, in the Arrangement of the several Species of Creatures in this visible World, may

may lead us to conceive and approve.

It will be the *same* State in which our Saviour himself is resident. For he says to his Disciples before his Departure from this World, *I am going to prepare a Place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.* And as the Punishment of the Wicked is described by an Expulsion or Banishment from his Presence; so the Happiness of the Good is expressed by their *being admitted into his Presence and Joy, and by dwelling for ever together with him.*

It is represented as a State of Government, and in which Mankind shall be united under *one* Head and Ruler, even our Saviour himself, the Redeemer of Mankind, who underwent Sufferings and Death in this World of Mortality, that, by his inestimable Virtue, he might be found *worthy to receive Honour, Glory, and everlasting Dominion,* and become the Author of Immortality to mortal Men, and their eternal King. And *this future State* is constantly described as being the true, proper, peculiar and *everlasting Kingdom* of our Lord. And there is *no other* State, Life, or World to come for Mankind, but that over which our Lord rules, and where he hath obtained an eternal Empire, and into which all good Men shall have an *abundant Entrance administered* to them; but into which the Workers of Iniquity shall have no Admission. And the Qualifications requisite for an Admission into *this Kingdom of Heaven* are described at large, with the most express and solemn Assurances, that no Admission can be obtained without them.

It is described by our Saviour himself, as *one particular* State, Region, or World of Habitation, distinct from numberless others which are in the infinite Universe. *In my Father's House* (says he) *are many Mansions*: ---: In the Immensity of Space possessed by the infinite Being, there are various States and Worlds of Residence, fit for the various Orders and Ranks of his intelligent Creatures. *I am going to*

prepare a Place for you, an Habitation fit for the Reception of my Followers, that where I am there ye may be also.

It is represented by the Apostle Paul as a *bodily* State; in which the Human Spirit shall be invested, not with a Body like these dissolvable and mortal Bodies, nor composed of the same Materials; for *Flesh and Blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of GOD*; but with a *Fabric of GOD, incorruptible, fashioned after Christ's glorious Body, by that mighty Power by which He is able to subdue every Thing to himself.* For as there are various Kinds of Bodies subject to our Senses, so there are numberless other Kinds of which we have no Sense or Knowledge: *And GOD giveth to every Creature its own proper Body, of what Nature and Duration he pleases, according to the State of Life for which it is designed: And so shall it be,* says the Apostle, *in the Resurrection.* And comparing the Transformation which Human Nature shall receive at the Resurrection, to that which the Seeds of Plants undergo when they are sown in the Earth, he says, *It is sown in Corruption, but raised in Incorruption: It is sown in Dishonour, but raised in Glory: It is sown an Animal Body, but raised a spiritual Body:* (So greatly does the Comparison fall short here between the Resurrection of Plants from Seeds, and that of Mankind from the Dead;) He adds, *for there is an animal or mortal Body; and there is a spiritual, or a refined and immortal Body.*

As to the particular *Time*, as well as Manner, in which the Divine Wisdom directs the mighty Operation of raising Mankind to another Life; Revelation seems not to determine expressly, whether the Spirits of good Men are raised immediately after Death to another Life, or whether they continue for a *Period of Time in a State of Death*, or, as the Holy Writers term it, *Sleep*, their Faculties being suspended in total Inactivity and Insensibility. For it is not for us to know the *Times and Seasons which the Father Almighty hath reserved to his*

own Power. And where Revelation stops, it is a vain Attempt to proceed further: And all Speculations and Conjectures only serve to indulge an useless and unreasonable Curiosity, which ought to be repressed.

The Account which the Apostle gives us, is sufficient to our Satisfaction; that as in Adam (or after the Example of Adam) all die; so after the Example of Christ's Resurrection all shall be made alive: But every Man in his due Order: Christ the first Fruits; afterwards they who are Christ's at his Coming: And after that cometh the End.--From which we may collect, what is in itself the most rational Supposition, That, as in all other Divine Operations, so in the vast Transaction of raising the Dead to another Life, there will be a determinate Order and regular Process. And there is one Observation may here occur, which, as it plainly tends to the Encouragement of Virtue and Piety, should not be suppressed in Silence; which is, that as every one shall be raised in his due Order, there appears to be a Priority or Precedency allotted to good Men, and that they shall be raised before the rest of Mankind. Our Blessed Saviour, who was beyond Comparison the best of Men, was also, according to Scripture Account, the first of Mankind who arose from the Dead to die no more: Hence he is stiled the first Fruits of them that slept; the first-born from the Dead; the first-born amongst many Brethren; the first-born of every Creature: And faithful Christians are represented as raised the next in Order of Time, and prior to the general and final Resurrection of Mankind at the End of the World. The Apostle Paul strongly expresses his own Hope and Expectation of being immediately raised from Death to the same State and Life with Christ our Saviour, in the 5th Chapter of his 2d Epistle to the Corinthians.--For we know that when our earthly Dwelling (meaning his own mortal Body) is dissolved, we have a Fabric of GOD, an Habitation not made with Hands, eternal in the

Heavens; THAT is, an immortal Body. He then expresses his Desire of passing into that State, and being invested with that celestial Body, and, if it could be, without undergoing the Pain and Terror of a bodily Dissolution, that so Mortality might be swallowed up of Life: For he confesses that the Apprehensions of Death were burthensome to him. But notwithstanding this, he always supported himself with Courage against the Terror of Death, from this Consideration, That whilst he remained in this present bodily State, he was absent from Christ; and that when he quitted it, he should be present with him.---But whatever Precedency or peculiar Privileges may be conferred by Divine Favour on good Men; the End of this World is continually referred to, as the great Period of a general Resurrection of Mankind; and this with the greatest Propriety; For as the future State and Life is represented in Contrast to the whole present State and Life of Mankind in general, and the World to come, is represented as succeeding in Time to this present World; so therefore, whatever the Order and Process of the Resurrection may be, yet the End of this World is justly and with an exact Propriety referred to continually, as the great Period of Revolution, when all shall be raised, when the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour shall be fully and finally established, and all Enemies, even the last Enemy, Death, shall be totally destroyed.

These Things are revealed, not to administer Food for a vain, trifling, wandering Imagination, but to inform the Understanding, and govern the Heart, by giving Light and Force to that grand Principle of true Religion, of solid Virtue, and extensive Goodness; the Faith of a Life to come, and of the eternal Justice and Goodness of the Almighty Creator and Governor of this and all other Worlds visible and invisible.-----This is the most solemn and important Subject to which we can possibly turn our Attention, and in which every Man is interested to a Degree beyond the Power

Power of his own Conception; and of which we could no Way gain the least certain Knowledge, but by a Divine Revelation.

It becomes us then to receive, with lively Gratitude and deep Attention, the Intelligences given us by our *Saviour* and his *Apostles*, concerning this mysterious Subject, unsearchable to Human Reason. The more seriously and impartially we attend to the Gospel Account of a future State, it will appear the more convincible and satisfactory, and be the more attractive of our devout Affection, Gratitude and Hope. The Gospel points out the strongest natural Evidence of a World to come, by leading us to consider all the Effects of Divine Goodness to Mankind in this Life, as Arguments for his more extensive Goodness hereafter. It gives us also the supernatural Evidence of Miracles, and especially of *Christ's* actual Resurrection from the Dead. What do we conceive could move the Almighty to create Mankind to this Life, but his own Goodness? And to what Cause can we ascribe our future Existence, or (if we may so express it) his *re-creating* Mankind to another Life, but to the same Goodness?—Exclusive of the benevolent Purpose of infinite and eternal Goodness, all Mankind would perish for ever at Death; but it is the Mystery of GOD revealed in the Gospel, that through his inestimable Love and Mercy to Mankind dispensed by *Christ Jesus* our Lord, eternal Life shall be the Inheritance and Reward of all who by patient Continuance in well-doing seek for Glory and Immortality.

Of TRUE GREATNESS.

[Continued from Page 773.]

Wherein Solid Glory and real Greatness consist.

Whatever is external to a Man, whatever may be common to Good and Bad, does not make him truly estimable. We must judge of Men by the Heart: From thence proceed great Designs, great Ac-

tions, great Virtues. Solid Glory which cannot be imitated by Pride nor equalled by Pomp, resides in personal Qualifications and noble Sentiments. To be good, liberal, beneficent, and generous; to value Riches only for the Sake of distributing them, Places of Honour for the Service of our Country, Power and Credit to be in a Condition to suppress Vice, and reward Virtue; to be really good, without seeking to appear so; to bear Poverty nobly, to suffer Injuries and Affronts with Patience, to stifle Resentment, and do every good Office to an Enemy, when we have it in our Power to be revenged of him; to prefer the Public Good to every Thing, to sacrifice our Wealth, Repose, Life, and Fame, if necessary to it: These make a Man truly great and estimable.

Take away Probity from the most shining Actions, the most valuable Qualities, and what are they but Objects of Contempt? Are the Drunkenness of *Alexander*, the Murder of his best Friends, his insatiable Thirst of Praise and Flattery, and his Vanity in desiring to pass for the Son of *Jupiter*, though he did not believe it himself; are these consistent with the Character of a great Prince? When we see *Marius*, and after him *Sylla*, shedding Torrents of Roman Blood for the Establishment of their own Power, what Regard can we pay their Victories and Triumphs?

On the other Hand, when we hear the Emperor *Titus* utter that celebrated Expression, *My Friends, I have lost a Day*, because he had done Good to no Body; and another, upon being pressed to sign a Warrant for Execution, saying, *I wish I could not write*; or the Emperor *Theodosius*, after having set the Prisoners at Liberty on an *Easter-Day*, *Would to GOD I could also open the Graves, and give Life to the Dead*; when we see a young *Scipio* courageously surmounting a Passion, which subdues almost all Mankind; and upon another Occasion giving Lectures of Continnence and Willdom to a young Prince, who had swerved from his Duty; when we see

see a Tribune of the People, a declared Enemy of this *Scipio's*, loudly to take upon him his Defence against the unjust Accusers, who had conspired his Destruction; and lastly, when we read in History any Actions of Liberality, Generosity, Disinterestedness, Clemency, or Forgetfulness of Injuries, is it in our Power to deny them our Esteem and Admiration, and do we not still find ourselves affected, after so many Ages, with the bare Recital of them?

History supplies us with Abundance of beautiful Expressions and Actions of Kings, and many other great Men, which shew us plainly wherein true Grandeur and solid Glory consist.

If Sincerity and Truth were banished the rest of the Earth, said JOHN I. King of FRANCE, when solicited to break a Treaty, *they ought to be found in the Heart and Mouth of Kings.*

It belongs not, says LEWIS XII. to a Courtier, who pressed him to punish a Person that offended him before he came to the Throne, *it belongs not to the King of FRANCE to revenge the Injuries done to the Duke of ORLEANS.*

FRANCIS I. after the Battle of Pavia, wrote a Letter to the Regent his Mother in these few Words, *Madam, all is lost but our Honour.* This was to think and write like a King indeed; who, in Comparison of his Honour, makes light of every Thing beside. And when shameful Conditions were demanded of him for his Liberty, he ordered the Emperor's Agent to let his Master know, that he was resolved rather to spend all his Days in Prison, than dismember his Dominions. Instead of bearing Ill-Will to Francis de Mortelon, who was the only Lawyer of his Time that ventured to plead in Favour of Charles de Bourbon against Francis I. and Louisa of Savoy his Mother, he valued him the more for it, made him Attorney-General, then President au Mortier, and at last Keeper of the Seals.

As HENRY IV. was reproached with the little Power he had in Ro-

CHELLE, *I do* (says he) *in that Town whatever I please, by doing only what I ought.*

Can we sufficiently admire the extraordinary Generosity which inspired the Townsmen of Calais with Love to their Country, and a View to the Public Good? The Town, reduced by Famine to the last Extremity, offered to capitulate. The King of England, provoked at their holding out so long, refused them Quarter, except upon this sole Condition, "That six of the principal Townsmen, with their Heads uncovered, their Feet bare, and Halsters about their Necks, should bring him the Keys of the Town and Castle in their Hands; that upon these he would execute his Pleasure, and receive the rest to Mercy." When they had assembled the Town, one of the chiefest Townsmen, named Eustace de St. Pierre, began to speak; and he spoke with a Courage and Resolution, which would have done Honour to the antient Roman Citizens in the Days of the Republick; he said, that he offered himself to be the first Victim for the Safety of the rest of the People, and that rather than see his Fellow-Countrymen perish by Hunger and the Sword, he would be one of the six that should be given up to the King of England's Vengeance.—Five others, encouraged by his Discourse and Example, offered themselves with him. They were conducted in the Equipage prescribed, amidst the confused Cries and Lamentations of the People. The King of England was inclined to execute them; but the Queen, touched with Compassion, and breaking out into Tears, threw herself at his Majesty's Feet, and obtained their Pardon.

When the great Conde commanded the Spanish Army in Flanders, a Soldier being ill treated by a General Officer, and struck several Times with a Cane, for some disrespectful Words he had let fall, answered very coolly, that he should soon make him repent of it. Fifteen Days after, the same General Officer ordered the Colonel of the Trenches

Trenches to find him out a bold and intrepid Fellow in his Regiment for a notable Piece of Work he wanted to be done, for which he promised a Reward of a hundred Pistoles. The Soldier we are speaking of, who passed for the bravest of the Regiment, offered his Service; and taking with him thirty of his Comrades, of whom the Choice was left to himself, discharged his Commission, which was a very hazardous one, with incredible Courage and Success. Upon his Return, the General Officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred Pistoles he had promised. The Soldier presently distributed them among his Comrades, saying, he did not serve for Pay, and demanded only that if his late Action seemed to deserve any Recompence, they would make him an Officer. "And now, Sir," adds he to the General Officer, who did not know him, "I am the Soldier you so much abused fifteen Days ago; and I told you, I would make you repent it." The General Officer in great Admiration, and melting into Tears, threw his Arms around his Neck, begged his Pardon, and gave him a Commission that very Day.—The great Conde took a Pleasure in telling this Story, as the bravest Action in a Soldier he had ever heard of.

The same Cannon-Ball that kill'd M. Turenne, carried off an Arm from M. Sr. Hilaire, Lieutenant-General of the Artillery. His Son breaking out into Tears and Lamentations, "Hold your Tongue," "Child," says he to him, and pointing to M. de Turenne, as he lay dead, "there's a proper Subject for your Tears."

Henry de Mesmes was one of the most illustrious Magistrates of his Time. The King having offered him the Place of Advocate-General, he took the Liberty to represent to his Majesty, that the Place was not vacant. "It is," answered the King, "because I am dissatisfied with the Person that fills it." "Excuse me, Sir," answered Henry de Mesmes, after having modestly spoke in Defence

of the Person accused, "I had rather tear up the Ground with my Nails, than enter into that Post through such a Gate." The King gave Ear to his Remonstrance, and continued the Advocate-General in his Place; who coming the next Day to thank him for the Services he had done him, Henry de Mesmes would scarce accept of his Acknowledgments for doing what he said was an indispensable Duty.

When we read of such Actions, can we possibly resist the Impression they make upon our Hearts? It is this Voice and Testimony of an upright, stanch, and pure Nature, not yet corrupted by ill Examples and bad Principles, which should be the Rule of our Judgments, and is in a Manner the Basis of the Taste of solid Glory and real Greatness. And 'tis our Business to attend solely to this Voice, consult it in all Things, and conform to its Dictates.

Letter from Lady M—y W—y M—e, to the Abbot of — describing her Journey from Adrianople to Constantinople, and giving an Account of several particular Opinions of the Turks.

Constantinople, May 29.

I Have had the Advantage of very fine Weather all my Journey, and as the Summer is now in its Beauty, I enjoyed the Pleasure of fine Prospects; and the Meadows being full of all Sorts of Garden Flowers, and sweet Herbs, my Berlin perfumed the Air as it pressed them. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered Waggon for our Baggage, and five Coaches of the Country for my Women. We found the Road full of the great Spahis, and their Equipages, coming out of Asia to the War. They always travel with Tents; but I chose to lie in Houses all the Way. I will not trouble you with the Names of the Villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Ciorlei, where there was a Conac, or little Seraglio, built for the Use of the Grand Signior, when he goes this Road. I had

I had the Curiosity to view all the Apartments destined for the Ladies of his Court. They were in the midst of a thick Grove of Trees, made fresh by Fountains; but I was most surprized to see the Walls almost covered with little Distichs of *Turkish Verse*, writ with Pencils. I made my Interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their Beauty in the Translation. One was literally thus in *English*:

*We come into this World; we lodge,
and we depart;
He never goes, that's lodg'd within my
Heart.*

The rest of our Journey was through fine painted Meadows, by the Side of the Sea of *Marmora*, the antient *Propontis*. We lay the next Night at *Schoreea*, antiently a noble Town. It is now a good Sea Port, and neatly built enough, and has a Bridge of thirty-two Arches. Here is a famous antient *Greek Church*. I had given one of my Coaches to a *Greek Lady*, who desired the Conveniency of travelling with me; she designed to pay her Devotions, and I was glad of the Opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill built Edifice, set out with the same Sort of Ornaments, but less rich, as the *Roman Catholic Churches*. They shewed me a Saint's Body, where I threw a Piece of Money; and a Picture of the *Virgin Mary*, drawn by the Hand of *St. Luke*, very little to the Credit of his Painting; but, however, the finest *Madona of Italy* is not more famous for her Miracles. The *Greeks* have a monstrous Taste in their Pictures, which, for more Finery, are always drawn upon a Gold Ground. You may imagine what a good Air this has; but they have no Notion either of Shade or Proportion. They have a Bishop here, who officiated in his purple Robe, and sent me a Candle almost as big as myself for a Present, when I was at my Lodging. We lay that Night at a Town called *Bujuk Cekmege*, or *Great Bridge*;

and the Night following, at *Kujuk Cekmege*, or *Little Bridge*, in a very pleasant Lodging, formerly a Monastery of Dervises, having before it a large Court, encompassed with Marble Cloisters, with a good Fountain in the Middle. The Prospect from this Place, and the Gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen; and shews, that Monks of all Religions know how to chuse their Retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *Hogia*, or School-master, who teaches Boys here. I asked him to shew me his own Apartment, and was surprized to see him point to a tall Cypress Tree in the Garden, on the Top of which was a Place for himself, and a little lower one for his Wife and two Children, who slept there every Night. I was so much diverted with the Fancy, I resolved to examine his Nest nearer; but after going up fifty Steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from Branch to Branch, with some Hazard of my Neck. I thought it therefore the best Way to come down again.

We arrived the next Day at *Constantinople*; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my Time having been taken up with receiving Visits, which are, at least, a very good Entertainment to the Eyes, the young Women being all Beauties, and their Beauty highly improved by the high Taste of their Drefs. Our Palace is in *Pera*, which is no more a Suburb of *Constantinople*, than *Westminster* is a Suburb to *London*. All the Ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One Part of our House shews us the Port, the City, and the Seraglio, and the distant Hills of *Asia*, perhaps, all together, the most beautiful Prospect in the World.

A certain *French Author* says, *Constantinople* is twice as big as *Paris*. Mr. *W--y* is unwilling to own 'tis bigger than *London*, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe 'tis so populous. The burying Fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole City. 'Tis surprizing what a vast deal of Land is lost this Way

in

in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying Places of several Miles, belonging to very inconsiderable Villages, which were formerly great Towns, and retain no other Mark of their antient Grandeur, than this dismal one. On no Occasion do they ever remove a Stone that serves for a Monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine Marble. They set up a Pillar with a carved Turbant on the Top of it, to the Memory of a Man; and as the Turbants, by their different Shapes, shew the Quality or Profession, 'tis in a Manner putting up the Arms of the Deceased. Besides, the Pillar commonly bears an Inscription in Gold Letters. The Ladies have a simple Pillar, without other Ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a Rose on the Top of their Monument. The Sepulchres of particular Families are raised in, and planted round with Trees. Those of the *Sultans*, and some great Men, have Lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their Religion, I forgot to mention two Particularities, one of which I had read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true; that when a Man has divorced his Wife, in the most solemn Manner, he can take her again upon no other Terms, than permitting another Man to pass a Night with her; and there are some Examples of those, who have submitted to this Law, rather than not have back their Beloved. The other Point of Doctrine is very extraordinary. Any Woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a State of Reprobation. To confirm this Belief, they reason, that the End of the Creation of Woman, is to encrease and multiply, and that she is only properly employed in the Works of her Calling, when she is bringing forth Children, or taking Care of them, which are all the Virtues that God expects from her. And indeed, their Way of Life, which shuts them out of all public Commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar Notion, that they don't own Women to have any

Souls, is a Mistake. 'Tis true they say, they are not of so elevated a Kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the Paradise appointed for the Men, who are to be entertained by celestial Beauties. But there is a Place of Happiness destined for Souls of the inferior Order, where all good Women are to be in eternal Bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain Widows ten Days, for Fear of dying in the reprobate State of a useless Creature. But those, that like their Liberty, and are not Slaves to their Religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a Piece of Theology, very different from THAT, which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God, than a Vow of perpetual Virginity: Which Divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some Progress in a Collection of *Greek* Medals. Here are several professed Antiquaries, who are ready to serve any Body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my Face, when I enquire about them, as if no Body was permitted to seek after Medals, till they were grown a Piece of Antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the *Macedonian* Kings, particularly one of *PERSEUS*, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill Qualities in his Face. I have a *Porphyry* Head finely cut, of the true *Greek* Sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the Learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these Antiquaries (who are all *Greeks*) know any Thing. Their Trade is only to sell; they have Correspondents at *Aleppo*, *Grand Cairo*, in *Arabia* and *Palestine*, who send them all they can find, and very often great Heaps, that are only fit to melt into Pans and Kettles. They get the best Price they can for any of them, without knowing those that are valuable, from those that are not. Those that pretend to Skill, generally find out the Image of some Saint in the Medals of the *Greek* Cities. One of them, shewing me the Figure of a

Pallas, with a Victory in her Hand on a Reverse, assured me it was the Virgin holding a Crucifix. The same Man offered me the Head of a *Socrates*, on a *Sardonix*; and to enhance the Value, gave him the Title of *St. Augustine*. I have bespoken a Mummy, which, I hope, will come safe to my Hands, notwithstanding the Misfortune that befel a very fine one, designed for the King of *Sweden*. He gave a great Price for it, and the *Turks* took it into their Heads, that he must have some considerable Project depending upon it. They fancied it the Body of God knows who, and that the State of their Empire mystically depended on the Conservation of it. Some old Prophecies were remembered upon this Occasion, and the Mummy committed Prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close Confinement ever since. I dare not try my Interest in so considerable a Point, as the Release of it; but I hope mine will pass without Examination. I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous City. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Your's, &c. &c.

A Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, concerning Weariness of Life.

IF the Temper and Turn of *Timbres* had not long prepared me for what has happened, I should have received your Account of his Death with more Surprise: But I suspected from our earliest Acquaintance, that his Sentiments and Disposition would lead him into a Satiation of Life, much sooner than Nature would probably carry him to the End of it. When unsettled Principles fall in with a constitutional Gloominess of Mind, it is no wonder the *Weariness of Life* should gain daily Strength, till it pushes a Man to seek Relief against this most desperate of all Distempers, from the Point of a Sword, or the Bottom of a River.

But to learn to accommodate our Taste to that Portion of Happiness

which Providence has set before us, is of all the Lessons of Philosophy surely the most necessary. High and exquisite Gratifications are not consistent with the appointed Measures of Humanity: And, perhaps, if we would fully enjoy the Relish of our Being, we should rather consider the Miseries we escape, than too nicely examine the intrinsic Worth of the Happiness we possess. It is, at least, the Business of true Wisdom, to bring together every Circumstance, which may light up a Flame of Cheerfulness in the Mind: And though we must be insensible if it should perpetually burn with the same unvaried Brightness; yet Prudence should preserve it as a sacred Fire, which is never to be totally extinguished.

I am persuaded this Disgust of Life, is frequently indulged out of a Principle of mere Vanity. It is esteemed as a Mark of uncommon Refinement, and as placing a Man above the ordinary Level of his Species, to seem superior to the vulgar Feelings of Happiness. True Good-sense, however, most certainly consists, not in despising, but in managing, our Stock of Life to the best Advantage; as a cheerful Acquiescence in the Measures of Providence, is one of the strongest Symptoms of a well constituted Mind. Self-weariness is a Circumstance that ever attends Folly; and to condemn our Being, is the greatest, and indeed, the peculiar Infirmary of Human Nature. It is a noble Sentiment which *Tully* puts into the Mouth of *Cato*, in his Treatise upon old Age: 'I am not disposed (says that venerable *Roman*) to complain of Life, as many, and those learned Men have often done, nor do I regret having come into Being, because I have so lived, that I think I have not existed in vain.'

It is in the Power, indeed, of but a very small Proportion of Mankind, to act the same glorious Part that afforded such high Satisfaction to this distinguished Patriot: But the Number is yet far more considerable of those, who cannot, in any Station, secure to themselves a sufficient

sufficient Fund of Complacency to render Life justly valuable. Who is it that is placed out of the Reach of the highest of all Gratifications, those of the generous Affections, and that cannot provide for his own Happiness by contributing something to the Welfare of others? As this Disease of the Mind generally breaks out with most Violence in those, who are supposed to be endowed with a greater Delicacy of Taste and Reason, than is the usual Allotment of their fellow Creatures; one may ask them whether there is any Satiety in the Pursuits of useful Knowledge? Or, if one can ever be weary of benefiting Mankind? Will not the fine Arts supply a lasting Feast to the Mind? Or can there be wanting a pleasurable Employment, so long as there remains even one advantageous Truth to be discovered or confirmed? To complain that Life has no Joys, while there is a single Creature whom we can relieve by our Bounty, assist by our Counsels, or enliven by our Presence, is to lament the Loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of Thirst with the Cup in our Hands. But the Misfortune is, when a Man is settled into a Habit of receiving all his Pleasures from the mere selfish Indulgencies; he wears out of his Mind the Relish of every nobler Enjoyment, at the same Time that his Powers of the sensual Kind are growing more languid by each Repetition. It is no Wonder therefore he should fill up the Measure of his Gratifications, long before he has completed the Circle of his Duration; and either wretchedly sit down the Remainder of his Days in Discontent, or rashly throw them up in Despair. Farewell.

I am, &c.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 482.

IN a great Nation, as our own, which has so many and powerful Enemies always attentive to our Councils and Measures, and watching every Opportunity to weaken

our Strength, and to ruin our Trade and Commerce; and which has so many and distant Colonies, Settlements and Appendages, to support and secure from Intrigue, Surprise and Violence, there must be both **SECRECY** and **DISPATCH** observed by those in Power. Neither of which can be expected in a Country or Kingdom divided within itself.

SECRECY is the very Life and Spring of Action. It promises the greatest Success to Measures, whether they be defensive or offensive. And where Government has been so disunited in their Councils, that it could not be preserved, we never found any great Designs to take Effect; so as to annoy our Enemies, or to defeat their Enterprizes and Encroachments.

We have had most notorious Instances of this under the Administration of *Sir Robert Walpole*. The Opposition to him, and to him personally, by *William Pulteney, Esq*; deprived this Nation of many Advantages, that might have been expected from his Capacity in State Affairs, and the Wisdom of his Councils. But such was the Virulence and Penetration of his Opponents, that they dived into the most important and private Affairs transacting in the State, and made a Merit of making them known immediately Abroad. Under this Persuasion that it was their Interest, or that the only Way to remove *Sir Robert* from the Helm, was to prevent the Success of any Thing the State should take in Hand, and to use their utmost Endeavours to undermine and undo every Action and Council, of which they had no Participation.

Such Men would do well to consider, that they mistake the Remedy, which the Constitution prescribes, for delivering it from bad Ministers of State. They are to be proceeded against in a legal and parliamentary Way; and not by that unnatural, as well as illegal, Method of discovering the Secrets of the State to the Enemies of our Country, in order to ruin those at the Helm in the Opinion of the

People : A Method, which rather lays a Man under the Suspicion of being a Spy for the Enemy, than a Friend to his Country ; because it has been known, that Engagements with a Party, Revenge and Ambition are stronger Incitements to tempt Men to betray their Country, than Rewards and Pensions.

Dispatch is no less requisite than Secrecy, in every important Business of a State ; especially in the present State of the *British* Empire, which carries the Appearance of a gigantic Body, extending its Limbs over the great Ocean to every Quarter of the Globe, and therefore must be unwieldy, without a quick and vigorous Dispatch in those Councils required to govern and protect every Part thereof. For, otherwise, as may already be seen in the Ravages committed by the *American Indians*, having to do with an active Enemy, though of less Force, we may receive twenty Wounds before we can return one ; and so waste and bleed on, while our Enemy remains fresh, and without Hurt.

The MONITOR concludes with observing, that where a Government is disunited in Councils, Time is spent in vain and endless Debates, which should be employ'd in Action. They are more sollicitous to get a Domestic Advantage, than to reduce a Foreign Enemy. What one Side has well laid, the other is glad to disappoint, though at the Expence of both ; till at last, for Want of Dispatch at Home, nothing succeeds well Abroad : For where Councils languish, Action will, of Necessity, become faint and impotent, and our Ardour cools, while that of the Foe increases. You decline, and he prospers ; because he is doing, while you are in Disputes what to do ; and lose Time and Opportunity, which in War, and in all other great Affairs, is of the utmost Importance,

NOTwithstanding a Variety of scurrilous Publications have appeared against the present Administration, a Variety of sensible ones have nevertheless been brought out ; to which they have thought it either utterly inconvenient, or impossible to put in the smallest Reply. Among the latter of these, the principal have turned on the late Treaty of Peace, and the numberless Disadvantages which our scandalous Supineness in so important a Circumstance has been productive of to the Kingdom : But though these Complaints are very well founded, yet I think the unaccountable Neglect shewn by the Administration to the few trifling Acquisitions which we have retained, is still more criminal than their strange Neglect in the Conclusion of the Peace itself, and draws, if possible, a severer Stigma on their Integrity, or their Understanding.

During the Management of the Peace, it is possible that our sagacious Rulers imagined the Exigencies of the Nation required at any Rate a Conclusion to the War, and therefore they might be induced to patch up a Treaty in the most expeditious Manner they could ; but having once concluded it, the Justice which is due to the Welfare of the Nation, and the Regard which they ought to manifest for their own Reputation, should oblige them, one would suppose, to turn the paltry Acquisitions which we have so dearly purchased, to something of an Account : Instead of that however, one lifeless Air of Stupidity is the only marking Characteristic of their Conduct ; and all they seem sollicitous about, is to put the Nation to an everlasting Expence.

The Conquest of *Canada* cost this Nation a Profusion of Treasure and Blood, which will take a long Series of Years to recruit ; yet now it is in our Hands, so far from making it in the least beneficial to ourselves, all the Advantages of it are reaped by our Enemies. The Acquisition of the Fur Trade, for Instance, instead of enriching the various Dealers in that Commodity, has

The WESTMINSTER JOURNAL,

By Tho. Touchit, of Spring-Gardens, Esq;

has almost ruined the several Manufactures. Our Hatters are every Day transporting themselves to our natural Rivals and Enemies in Commerce, and we are every where excluded from the Foreign Markets; nay, those very Nations which we supplied but a Year or two ago, are now arrived at such a Perfection in this Manufacture, as to be able, not only to discontinue any further Demands, but even to undersell us through all the Nations of *Europe*. This Circumstance arises entirely from the Encouragement which we ourselves injudiciously give to the Exportation of raw Furs; by which Means, as the Price of Labour is much cheaper among them than among us, they engross the Foreign Market, to the great Prejudice of the *English* Manufacture; and hundreds of the best Artists are driven to seek for that Employment in another Country, of which we so unmercifully strip them in their own: Whereas, was the Exportation of Fur prohibited, the various Nations of *Europe* would be under a Necessity of applying to us for all their Hats, and then both the *English* Merchant and Manufacturer would flourish from the Possession of *Canada*, and the Continuation of its Staple Commodity in our Hands.

'Tis odd with what Pains we endeavour to turn the Foibles of the *French* Nation into Contempt, yet with how constant an Assiduity we endeavour to adopt them. We despise them for making Drefs an absolute Science, yet we copy them in the most glaring of their Fopperies, tho' never so much to the Prejudice of ourselves. When *France*, for Instance, was excluded from any Share in the Fur Trade of *Canada*, they were judicious enough to introduce every Fashion which rendered these Furs of no Account; for this Purpose the Feather Muffs received the greatest Encouragement, because the Price of the Fur was considerably enhanced; without ever considering their Motive, or reflecting that the Fur Muff was not only warmer, but also looked infinitely grander than the Feather, we

immediately followed the *French* Example, and rejected the Sables of *Canada*, the Moment they became our own Property, and added to the universal Opulence of the Kingdom. To check this Infatuation, what Steps have been taken by our Ministers? Why not one: Instead of suffering the Parliament to assemble for the Prevention of this, and other national Evils, they have prorogued the Meeting of that illustrious Body, and will not, in all Probability, think of applying a Remedy till it becomes utterly impossible to remove the Disease.

An humorous allegorical Letter of Dean Swift to a Friend.

S I R,

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your Friendship; so I think myself obliged to throw off all Disguise, & discover to you my real Circumstances: Which I shall here do, with all the Freedom and Openness imaginable.

You will be surprized at the Beginning of my Story; and be apt to think the Whole a Banter: But, you may depend upon it, 'tis certainly true; and, if Need were, I could bring the Parson of the Parish to testify the same.

You must know then, at this very Time, I live in a poor, little, sorry House of Clay, that stands upon the Waste, as other Cottages do; and, what is worst of all, I am liable to be turned out at a Minute's Warning.

It is a Sort of Copyhold-Tenure: The Custom of the Manor is this; For the first thirty Years of my Life I am to pay no Rent, but only to do Suit and Service, and attend at the Court once a Week, and sometimes oftener: For twenty Years after this, I am to pay a Rose every Year: And further than this, for the Remainder of my Life, I am to pay a Tooth (which you'll say is a whimsical Kind of Acknowledgment) every two or three Years, and sometimes oftener, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing left to pay with, OUT must be the

Word;

Word; and it will not be long before my Person be seized. I might have had my Tenement, such as it is, on better Terms, if it had not been for a Fault in my Great-Grandfather and his Wife, together with the Advice of an ill Neighbour, who were concerned in robbing of an Orchard belonging to the Lord of the Manor; so forfeited their grand Privilege, to my Sorrow I am sure: But, however, I must do as well as I can, and endeavour to keep my House in tolerable good Repair. My Kitchen, where I dress my Victuals, is a comical, little, round Sort of a Room, somewhat in the Figure of an Oven: It answers the Business it was designed for, and that's enough. My Garrets, or Cock-Lofts, are indeed very indifferently furnished; but they are Rooms which few regard now-a-days, unless it be to lay Lumber in: However, I make a Shift to rub on in my little Way; and, when Rent-Day comes, I must see and discharge as well as I can. Whenever I am turned out, I understand my Lodge (or what else you are pleased to call it) descends upon a low spirited, creeping Family, remarkable for nothing but be-

ing instrumental for advancing the Reputation of the Great Moor* in *Abchurch-lane*: But, be that as it will, I have one snug Apartment, which I reserve for my choicest Friends, that lies on the Left-side of my House; it is very warm; where you will always be a welcome Guest, and may depend upon a Lodge, as long as the Edifice is in the Tenure and Occupation of, &c.

SENTENTIOUS MAXIMS.

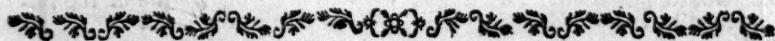
MANY Men study and practice the Economy of their Money, hardly any that of their Pleasure, without which Money is useless.

No two Things can be so contradictory, so much at Variance, as Truth and Falsehood; and yet none are so mixed and united.

Courage to think, is infinitely more rare than Courage to act; and yet the Danger in the first is generally imaginary, in the last real.

The Medium between too scrupulously returning, and too easily accepting Obligations, is the finest and most difficult Medium in the World.

* A famous Worm Doctor.



SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB:
A FABLE.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;

In that, is due obedience shewn;
To chuse, belongs to her alone.
May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace:
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,

Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife:

His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
No more found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;
When *Cupid*, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew.

Their

Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke:
"Stay, fairest, and suspend your care;
Trust me, no enemy is near:
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
Vanquish'd at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter — Sweet, forgive

A Wolf's address — In her I live:
Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
And set my marrow all on flame.
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend.
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep."

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd:
Now fearless by his side she walk'd;
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd and doubl'd her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do.
So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,
A formal Afs the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim bride;
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold:
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way:
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he
fought:
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws;
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws:

Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That leagu'd with man's destroying
race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound,
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So saying on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

ELEGY, *written at the Approach of* WINTER.

THE sun far southwards bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,
The may-flow'r'd hedges scenting ev'ry breeze;
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountains side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us & our summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where *Ind* an streams thro' green Sa-
vannah's flow ;

Where brighter suns and ever-tranquil
skies,

Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets
blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey,
There half the year descends in watry
storms ;

Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain
deforms,

There oft as toiling in the maizey fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless
way,

His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful
ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's
strife ?

Who dreams of constant happiness be-
low ?

The hope flush'd ent'rer on the stage of
life ;

The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by
woe.

For me long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a
joy ;

I find in earth's bleak clime no blest a-
bode,

No place, no season sacred from an-
noy :

For me, while winter rages round the
plains,

With his dark days I'll human life com-
pare ;

Not those more fraught with clouds and
winds and rains,

Than this with pining pain and anxious
care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind
our fate !

Whate'er the season or the place pos-
sests,

We ever murmur at our present state ;

And yet the thought of parting breaks
our rest.

Why else when heard in ev'ning's solemn
gloom,

Does the sad knell that founding on the
plain,

Tells some poor lifeless body to the
tomb,

Thus thrill my breast with melancholy
pain ?

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,
Thus thou ere long must join thy kin-
dred clay ;

No more these ' Nostrils breathe the vital
air,

No more these eyelids open on the
day.

O winter, round me spread thy joyless
reign,

Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors
drest ;

Of thy dread rage no longer I'll com-
plain,

Nor ask an *EDEN* for a transient
guest.

Enough has heav'n indulg'd of joy be-
low,

To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd re-
treat ;

Enough has heav'n ordain'd of useful
woe,

To make us languish for a happier
seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all sea-
sons fair,

There is, who knows no restless passion's
strife ;

Contentment smiling at each idle care ;

Contentment thankful for the gift of
life ;

She finds in winter many a scene to
please ;

The morning landscape fring'd with
frost-work gay,

The sun at noon seen through the leafless
trees,

The clear calm ether at the close of
day :

She marks the advantage storms & clouds
bestow,

When blust'ring *CAURUS* purifies the
air,

When moist *AQUARIUS* pours the fleecy
snow,

That makes the impregnate glebe a richer
harvest bear :

She bids for all our grateful praise a-
rise,

To him whose mandate spake the world
to form ;

Gave spring's gay bloom, and summer's
cheerful skies,

And Autumn's corn-clad field and win-
ter's founding storm.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, December 8, 1764.



IHAD the Misfortune, some Time ago, to fall into Company where a Gentleman, who has the Honour to be a principal Speaker at a disputing Society of the first Class was expected. Till this Person came in, the Conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy Negligence of sensible good Humour: But we soon discovered, that his Discourse was a perpetual Effort to betray the Company into Attempts to prove Self-evident Propositions.

His Attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a Man had no more Power over his own Actions, than a Clock; and that the Motions of the Human Machine were determined by irresistible Propensities, as a Clock is kept going by a Weight. This Proposition was answered with a loud Laugh; every one treated it as an Absurdity which it was impossible to believe: And to expose him to the Ridicule of the Company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit Punishment of his Design to engage others to prove the contrary; which, tho' for a different Reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long Harangue, in which he retailed all the Sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the Mortification to find that he had made no Profelyte, nor yet become of sufficient Consequence to provoke an Antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my Speculations on the Scene which Chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several Incidents which convinced me that most of the Persons who were present had lately professed the Opinion which they now opposed, and acted upon that very Principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The Company consisted of Mr. *Traffic*, a wealthy Merchant; Mr. *Courty*, a Commissioner of a public Office; Mr. *Gay*, a Gentleman in whose Conversation there is a higher Strain of Fantasy and Humour, than in any other Person of my Acquaintance; and *Myrilla*, the Wife of our Friend, at whose House we were assembled to dine, and who, during this Interval, was engaged by some unexpected Business in another Room.

Those Incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate; nor can any of the Persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended; because that which is declared not to be the Effect of Choice, cannot be considered as the Object of Censure.

With Mr. *Traffic* I had contracted an Intimacy in our younger Days, which, notwithstanding the Disparity of our Fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a Gentleman, who though his extensive Trade had contributed to enrich his Country, was himself, by sudden and inevitable Losses, become poor: His Credit, however, was still good;

and by the Risque of a certain Sum, it was still possible to retrieve his Fortune. With this Gentleman we had spent many a social Hour; we had habitually drank his Health when he was absent; and always expressed our Sentiments of his Merit in the highest Terms. In this Exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the Secret of his Distress; a Secret, which is always concealed by a generous Mind till it is extorted by Torture that can no longer be borne: He knew my Circumstances too well, to expect the Sum that he wanted from my Purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the Pain and Confusion of such a Conversation, communicate his Request, and a true State of his Affairs, to Mr. Traffic: For, says he, 'tho' I could raise double the Sum upon my own personal Security, yet I would no more borrow of a Man without acquainting him at what Risque he lends, than I would solicit the Insurance of a Ship at a common Premium, when I knew by private Intelligence that she could swim no longer than every Pump was at Work.

I undertook this Business with the utmost Confidence of Success. Mr. Traffic heard the Account of our Friend's Misfortunes with great Appearance of Concern: He warmly commended his Integrity, and lamented the precarious Situation of a Trader, whom Oeconomy and Diligence cannot secure from Calamities, which are brought upon others only by Profusion and Riot: But as to the Money, he said, that I could not expect him to venture it, without Security; that my Friend himself could not wonder that his Request was refused, a Request with which indeed, said he, I cannot possibly comply. — Whatever may be thought of the free Agency of myself and my Friend, which Mr. Traffic had made no Scruple to deny in a very interesting Particular, I believe every one will readily admit that Mr. Traffic was neither free in Speculation nor Fact: For

he can be little better than a Machine actuated by Avarice, who had not Power to spare one thousand Pounds from two hundred Times the Sum, to prevent the immediate Ruin of a Man, in whose Behalf he had been so often liberal of Praise, with whom his social Enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose Misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this Disappointment, my unhappy Friend became a Bankrupt, and applied to me once more to solicit Mr. Courty for a Place in his Office. By Mr. Courty I was received with great Friendship; he was much affected with the Distresses of my Friend; he generously gave me a Bank Note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate Relief in such a Manner as would least wound his Delicacy, and promised that the first Vacancy he should be provided for. But when the Vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest Intelligence, he told me with evident Compunction and Distress, that he could not possibly fulfil his Promise, for that a very great Man had recommended one of his Domestic, whose Solicitation for that Reason it was not in his Power to refuse. This Gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a Machine; and, indeed, he appears to have been no less the Instrument of Ambition, than Mr. Traffic of Avarice.

Mr. Gay the Wit, besides that he has very much the Air of a free Agent, is a Man of deep Penetration, great Delicacy, and strong Compassion: But in direct Opposition to all these great and good Qualities, he is continually entangled in Difficulties, and precipitated not only into Indecency and Unkindness, but Impiety, by his Love of Ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange Perversion of his Abilities in these Terms: Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the Character of a merry Fellow, than a wise Man, that you should mortify a Friend, whom you not only love, but esteem; wantonly man-

gle a Character which you reverence, betray a Secret, violate Truth, and sport with the Doctrines and the Practice of a Religion which you believe, merely for the Pleasure of being laughed at. I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his Shoulders, and greatly extending the longitudinal Dimensions of his Countenance, 'All this,' said he, 'is very true; but if I was to be hanged I could not help it.' Here was another Declaration in Favour of Fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a Slave rather to Vanity than to Vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous Drudgery, without one Struggle for Freedom.

Of the Lady I am unwilling to speak with equal Plainness; but I hope *Myrtilla* will allow me to plead an irresistible Impulse, when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible Impulse to Play. I remembered that I had, at the Request of my Friend, taken an Opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious Consequences of indulging so preposterous an Inclination. She perceived my Design; and immediately accused herself with an honest Sensibility that burst into Tears: But at the same Time told me, that she was no more able to refrain from Cards than to fly. And a few Nights afterwards I observed her Chairmen waiting at the Door of a great Lady, who seldom sees Company but on a Sunday, and then has always the Happiness of engaging a brilliant Assembly at Cards.

After I had recollected these Incidents, I looked with less Contempt upon our *Necessarian*; and, to confess a Truth, with less Esteem upon his present Opponents. I took for granted, that this Gentleman's Opinion proceeded from a Consciousness, that he was himself the Slave of some or all of these Vices and Pollies; and that he was prompted by something like Benevolence, to communicate to others a Discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own Mind,

and to regard himself rather as an Object of Pity than Contempt. And indeed no Man, without great Incongruity, can affirm that he has Powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest Interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the Dignity of a free Agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere Instrument of Necessity.

While I was making these Reflections, the Husband of *Myrtilla* came in; and to atone for any Dishonour, which Custom or Prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy Fatality of his Wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible Proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do Evil, and become the Bondmen of Iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the Birthright of Beings that are placed but a little lower than the Angels; and who may without Reproach deny the Doctrine of Necessity, by which they are degraded to an Equality with Brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my Friend has Motives from which he acts; but his Motives receive their Force from Reason illuminated by Revelation, and Conscience invigorated by Hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under Subjection to a Master; but let it be remembered, that it is to HIM only whose Service is perfect Freedom.

Extract from the MONITOR.

Number 483.

THE Cry of Oeconomy was spread Abroad by the Advocates of those who succeeded Mr. Pitt in the Administration. If by Oeconomy those People mean the real Thing, which we in plain English call Frugality, it is a most commendable Measure, for the Benefit of the Public in general. But we have very little Reason to commend that Oeconomy, which has been confined to the Limitation or Reduction of some Expences in the inferior Departments of the King's Household, and gives us no Expecta-

tion of that Frugality in the Management of the public Treasures, without which the national Strength, Credit and Interest, must decay and be lost.

For my own Part, I'm at a Loss to find the least Traces of Frugality in all that has been done by these oeconomic Men; except we reverse the *English* Notion of Frugality, which is to fill the public Coffers with a prudent Management of the Monies appropriated by Parliament, without oppressive Taxes, and look for it in the Dissipation or Misapplication of the national Treasure, and in an empty Exchequer.

What is Oeconomy in the Management of a King's Household? The Magnificence of a Prince can never bring him into Necessities:--- Nay---severe Regulations, that introduce a mean Frugality, is beneath the Dignity of a Sovereign. Let the supreme Governor even exceed the Limits of Discretion in his Way of living and Equipage. He can be impoverished no other Way than by a general Neglect of his Affairs: For he who does not mind what is asked, or what he gives, or on whom he bestows his Favours, becomes himself, and makes his Subjects a Prey to all the Harpies that are about him.

Thus we have seen Kings, whose Inclinations were narrow and penurious, always labouring under Debts and Difficulties, though vast Sums passed through their Hands; because wanting either Capacity or Inclination to look into the Management of the State, they suffered others to plunder them of what they had not the Heart to lay out for the Good of their Subjects, or to support the Dignity and Magnificence of the Crown: Whereas there have been Princes so truly great in Mind, that they would live like Princes, and took Care to apply the public Treasure so as to support the Interest of their People, and to reward Merit, without Oppression to their Subjects. But then their Frugality appeared in good Management, and inspecting their own Affairs, and in taking Care to

be served by Men of Parts and Integrity: They saved where Frugality was requisite and honourable: They strove to enrich Merit, and not Fraud: And though they were ready to give, they were not willing to be cheated nor surprized into an Act of Favour, that lessened the Esteem of their Wisdom and Justice in the Opinion of their Subjects.

Negligence in the Management of the public Treasure and Revenue, opens a Gate to all Sorts of Disorder. Where this Part of Government is defective, it is impossible to correct any material Error in the State.

To preserve public Credit inviolate, is the very Foundation of good Oeconomy. Here an able Statesman begins, and may build upon it what he pleases. He may buy at the best Hand; borrow at low Interest; and retrench needless Expences; in which there is a great Difference between a good and bad Management; between losing and keeping Credit. The Treasures of a Kingdom flow into the Exchequer; when it is punctual, and when to deal with it, it is found safe. Therefore in Reigns, where they who were at the Helm proposed to themselves such a frugal Scheme, as might ease the People in their future Taxes, (without which there can be very little Frugality to boast of) they began with promoting Acts for making good Deficiencies, and for preserving public Credit, by a faithful Application of Parliamentary Supplies. When Creditors are postponed, Credit must suffer, and Interest of Money must rise of Course; a Practice which has cost this Nation many Millions. And as, perhaps, some such Case as this may ere long become a Matter of public Attention, it will not be digressing to give a Passage in the *Roman* History, relating to public Credit.

The *Romans* had just got out of the *Carthaginian* Land, were entering into the *Macedonian* War. The Republic was pressed hard at this juncture for an old Debt. The Consuls, who had the Management

of the public Affairs, would have put them off to a more convenient Season; alledging Want of Money for the present Expedition, and for the Payment of the Arrears of the Army and Fleet. But this Matter coming before the Senate, they considered it in quite another Light, and came to this Resolution: 'That it was imposing a Kind of Fine and Punishment upon the good Will of the Citizens, who had lent their Money for one War, if it was not repaid, but with-held and applied to carry on another.' And not having ready Cash, they satisfied the Creditors by settling upon them certain Lands sufficient to discharge the Debt.

The Christian Evidence of a Future State.

THE most valuable Advantage we derive from the Knowledge of the Gospel, is the Belief of a Life to come, founded on the Evidence of Christ's Resurrection.

Then the Being and Perfections of God, the Maker and Governor of the Universe are discoverable, by the Light of Nature. We confess the Power of God, because we see it, in the astonishing Motions of the heavenly Orbs, and other mighty Operations in Nature: We acknowledge his Wisdom, because it appears in the Structure of the whole World, and of every Creature in it: We own his Goodness, because we experience it in every Enjoyment of Life. In these first Points of Religion, the Evidence of Nature is clear and demonstrative.—And the ample Displays of Divine Power & Goodness to Mankind in this Life and World, may lead us to form some probable Conjectures and pleasing Hopes, that the same all-wise and beneficent Power, which produces Mankind into Existence and Life in this World, and which bestows upon them so many present Felicities, may have further Designs of Goodness to Men; and may raise Mankind from the Dead to another Life, even a Life superior in Kind and Duration; and to which this Life is but an Introduction or Preparation, like the

State of Infancy, compared to mature Age; and that the Seeds of Knowledge and Virtue sown in the Human Mind, and springing up in this World, may not be utterly laid Waste and destroyed at Death; but on the contrary, survive the dreary Tempest, and rise again to an immortal Harvest.

Human Reason cultivated by a Study of Nature, and raised to high Conceptions of the Purposes of infinite Wisdom, may suggest such Sentiments as these: And Men of liberal and elevated Minds will gladly lay hold of every just Argument, to support and fortify themselves, in the sublime and pleasing Hope of rising from Death to Life and Immortality.—Now, to Men of such worthy Sentiments and Dispositions, nothing can be more welcome than the Christian Revelation, rightly understood; in which they find such a Theory of the Government of God, of the Purposes of his Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness to Mankind, and of this Life as connected with and introductory to a future & eternal Life; as the purest Reason of Mankind will most approve, corresponding to all the Evidences and Intimations of Nature, and free from those *sophistical* and partial Arguments, by which some have perplexed the Doctrine of a future State. For the Gospel derives our Hope of a Life to come, from the true original Fountain of Divine Power and Wisdom, and the Purpose of his paternal Goodness & Mercy to Mankind; and represents this World, as intended for a State of Minority, Discipline, and Education, in order to the Enjoyment of a nobler Kind of Life in a future State.

But, though this Theory or Representation of Things is both consistent with itself, and agreeable to the most refined and elevated Conceptions of the Attributes of God, and the Purposes of his Wisdom and Benevolence in the Formation of this World and of Human Nature; yet a further Evidence of another Life not only is *desirable*, but seems necessary to confirm the Truth of it, and to convert it from a *plausible* Spe-

Speculation into an established Belief, sufficient to the Support of Virtue, in every Trial of Life and Death.

For how ingeniously and plausibly soever Men may argue, from the Designs of creative Wisdom, and the Measures of governing Justice, executed in the visible Order of the Creation, and the present State of Mankind; and hence infer that God intends to raise Men from the Dead, and that this Life is introductory to another; yet it may be objected, That such Kind of Reasoning is not sufficient to give intire Satisfaction, and to deliver the Mind from all Uncertainty and Suspence:—There is a Weakness inherent in the very Nature of all such Arguments, which degrades them into mere probable Conjectures. — It may seem to us by the best Light of Nature, agreeable to the Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness of the Almighty Creator, to appoint a future State for Mankind; but does it follow of a Certainty, that God will act as we think he ought? Is it a Proof that God hath determined thus, because it appears to us a Conduct becoming his infinite Perfections? Are Men so capable of judging what is fittest and best for a Being of infinite Wisdom to design, as to conclude with any Degree of Assurance that it is his Design? *Has he Eyes of Flesh? and doth he see as Man seeth?* Doth he determine according to Human Judgment, and the Dictates of our shallow Understandings? Is not his Wisdom infinite? and is there ought infinite in Man, but his Weakness and Ignorance? — There is a wide Difference between what the Power of God may effect, and his actual Will and Purpose, to effect it. We believe the Power and Wisdom of God in the Constitution of this World, and his Goodness in this Life, because we see the evident Marks, and experience the Effects: But another Life and World are wholly *unsearched*, and beyond all our Sight, Sense, and Experience: The visible Structure of this World, and Process of Nature in it, can afford but a very imperfect Evi-

dence of an invisible World, and a State of Things out of *apparent Nature*. And though the Divine Goodness be perfect and infinite; yet, his Creatures partake of his infinite Goodness, only according to the limited Nature and Measure of Duration, which he hath assigned to them, whether sensitive or rational, human or angelic, mortal or immortal. Let it be granted, that there are innumerable Spirits in the boundless Universe, who are created of an immortal Nature, and who enjoy their Creator's Goodness in an eternal Life: But what Pretence hath Man to an eternal Existence, who is made of the Dust of the Earth, to which he must soon return? We doubt not the Power of God to rescue Mankind from the apparent Destruction of Death and the Grave; nor do we deny his infinite Goodness: But we doubt the Purpose of his Will, to bestow an immortal Life on Men, because Mankind do not appear to be the proper Objects of such Goodness: Even the best of Men have Reason to be contented with what they receive from the Divine Liberality in this Life, without vainly pretending to a Happiness beyond Death, and the Enjoyment of Immortality. — All the Arguments therefore of Reason or natural Religion for a future State, are little better than Presumptions, not Proofs, Conjectures, not Discoveries. We are therefore desirous of some further, special, and direct Proof, in order to remove our Doubts, and establish our Beliefs of the Divine Intention, to bestow so inconceivable and inestimable a Privilege on Men, as that of a Resurrection from Death & Corruption, to a Life incorruptible and eternal. Now it is our great Happiness as Christians, to find all these Doubts removed in the Gospel Revelation, and to be furnished in a most signal Manner, with that Kind of Proof, so much to be desired, and so proper to give us all reasonable Satisfaction. The more we attend in this View to the Doctrines of the Gospel, to

the Character and Actions of our Lord, and particularly to the great Event of his Resurrection and Appearance after Death; the more ample Conviction we shall receive, and be affected with Joy and Gratitude on Occasion of so clear a Discovery, and satisfactory Evidence, of a Life to come.

[To be continued]

THE WESTMINSTER JOURNAL:

By Tho. Touchit, of Spring Gardens, Esq.

THIS with much Satisfaction I find that the general Conversation of the Public begins again to turn on the Necessity of Triennial Parliaments, because every Measure, which has the greatest Tendency to leave the People possessed of the national Liberties and Rights, must naturally have the greatest Tendency to the Security and Happiness of the Kingdom. The Reason why we have periodical Elections at all, is to have an Opportunity of dismissing such from every Concern with our Affairs as have betrayed them by their Venality or injured them by their Ignorance; consequently the oftner this Opportunity reverts into our Hands, the oftner we must be enabled to redress whatever Disorders may have crept into the Constitution, and the less it will be in the Power of designing Men to tread us into Slaves.

As it cannot be denied but what the Re-establishment of Triennial Parliaments must prove materially serviceable to the Nation, it must be a just Matter of Astonishment to every honest Man, why a Bill for so salutary a Purpose should be in any Danger of being thrown out. It must surprize him to the last Degree, that any Man, who pretends to entertain the least Regard for the Emolument of his Country, should refuse to give his utmost Assistance upon so Important a Circumstance; and a Refusal of such a Nature, if it is not a direct Accusation against the Integrity of his Heart, must be considered, at least as an absolute Reflexion on his Understanding.

A Variety of Arguments, of a very plausible Kind, are made Use of by the Enemies to Triennial Parliaments; among which the Idleness & Confusion that such frequent Elections would spread thro' the whole Kingdom, and the prodigious Expence that Gentlemen would be put to in entertaining their Constituents, may be looked upon as the chief. A sensible Enquirer will however at first Glance find that these are extremely superficial; since, if our Representatives shew themselves in any wise worthy of their Trust, it cannot be supposed that there would be any Opposition to re-electing them, or that there would be the least Occasion for any great Expence. Where Boroughs or Counties are thrown into Confusion, an Opposition is always the Cause, and this Opposition is seldom or never set on Foot at a Re-election, but where the former Representative has behaved in a Manner repugnant to the general Sentiments of the People: Venal soever as the Body of the English Nation has been pictured in Regard to Elections, still for the Honour of the Kingdom it must be asserted, that there is always an honest Veneration existing in the meanest Bosoms for a worthy Character; and there is scarcely a Plebeian in fifty, but would rather give his Vote for such a Man as Sir John Barnard, could such a one be found in the present Age, without a single Six-pence, than sell it to the most Silver-tongued Sycophant of a Court for twenty Pounds. In Fact, despicable as some over-warm Writers on the Depravity of Times have laboured to represent the collective Body of the People, there is still much more public Virtue to be met with among the very lowest Order, than (the Pains taken to corrupt them considered) we could reasonably expect. I have myself, for several Years past, attended at a Variety of Elections, and have been always delighted to see with what conscientious Pride some honest-hearted Rustic came up to give his Voice for what was called the Country-Side of the Question; while a poor Fellow

of the opposite Party, who might be over-awed by a Landlord, or whose Conscience still flew in his Face, has approached the Place of Election with as much Irresolution, Shame, and Concern, as if he was actually going to be hanged.

I shall conclude the present Paper with a Question or two for the Consideration of the independent Electors of *Great Britain*, and which I hope will be looked upon as worthy their serious Attention and Regard.

First, As Triennial Parliaments are universally allowed to be greatly for the Happiness of the Public, can that Man be a Friend to his Country, who would oppose a Bill for re-establishing them in this Kingdom?

Can the Man who designs to act with Integrity as a Member of Parliament be in the least uneasy, that his Nomination should fall ever so often in the Hands of his Constituents?

Was it not for the public Good of the Kingdom, that Parliaments were originally instituted, and not for the private Benefit of Parliaments themselves?

Does it not therefore follow, that the Good of the Representatives should be always subservient to the Interest of the People?

And, can any *English* Freeman, according to the Dictates of his Conscience, give a Voice at the next general Election, to a Man for a seven Years Trust, who by refusing to take that Trust barely for three, palpably preferred his own Convenience to the Freedom of his Country.

Of the vast Importance of the Liberty of the Press; and of the few Inconveniences that can be occasioned by it under any just Government.

TH**ERE** is nothing more apt to surprize a Foreigner, than the extreme Liberty we enjoy in this Country of communicating whatever we please to the Public, and of openly censuring every Measure which is entered into by the King or his Ministers. But this Liberty of the Press is of the utmost Impor-

tance to Liberty in general. 'Tis sufficiently known, that despotic Power would steal in upon us, were we not extremely watchful to prevent its Progress, and were there not an easy Method of conveying the Alarm from one End of the Kingdom to the other. The Spirit of the People must frequently be roused to curb the Ambition of the Court; and the Dread of rousing this Spirit, must be employed to prevent that Ambition. Nothing is so effectual to this Purpose, as the Liberty of the Press, by which all the Learning, Wit, and Genius of the Nation, may be employed on the Side of Liberty, and every one be animated to its Defence. As long, therefore, as the republican Part of our Government can maintain itself against the monarchical, it must be extremely jealous of the Liberty of the Press, as of the utmost Importance to its Preservation. Such a Liberty is attended with so few Inconveniences, that it may be claimed as the common Right of Mankind, and ought to be indulged them almost in every Government. We need not dread from this Liberty, any such ill Consequences as followed from the Harangues of the popular Demagogues of *Athens*, and Tribunes of *Rome*. A Man reads a Book or Pamphlet alone, and coolly. There is none present from whom he can catch Passion by Contagion: He is not hurried away by the Force and Energy of Action. And should he be wrought up to ever so seditious a Humour, there is no violent Resolution presented to him, by which he can immediately vent his Passion. The Liberty of the Press, therefore, however abused, can scarce ever excite popular Tumults or Rebellion. And as to those Murmurs, or secret Discontents it may occasion, 'tis better they should get Vent in Words, than they may come to the Knowledge of the Magistrate before it be too late, in order to his providing a Remedy against them. Mankind, it's true, have always a greater Propension to believe what is said to the Disadvantage of their Governors, than the contrary; but this

this Inclination is inseparable from them, whether they have the Liberty of the Press or not. A Whiper may fly as quick, & be as pernicious as a Pamphlet: Nay, it will be more pernicious, where Men are not accustomed to think freely, or to distinguish betwixt Truth & Falshood.

It has also been found, as the Experience of Mankind increaseth, that the People are no such dangerous Monsters as they have been represented; and that 'tis in every Respect better to guide them, like rational Creatures, than to lead or drive them, like brute Beasts.---Before the *United Provinces* set the Example, Toleration was deemed incompatible with good Government; and 'twas thought impossible, that a Number of religious Sects could live together in Harmony and Peace, and have all of them an equal Affection to their common Country, and to each other. *England* has set a like Example of civil Liberty; and though this Liberty seems to occasion some small Ferment at present, it has not as yet produced any pernicious Effects; and it is hoped, that Men, being accustomed to the free Discussion of public Affairs, will improve in their Judgment of them, and be with greater Difficulty seduced by every idle Rumour and popular Clamour.

'Tis a very comfortable Reflexion to the Lovers of Liberty, that this peculiar Privilege of *Britain* is of a Kind that cannot easily be wrested from us, but must last as long as our Government remains, in any Degree, free and independent. 'Tis seldom that Liberty of any Kind is lost all at once. Slavery has so frightful an Aspect to Men accustomed to Freedom, that it must steal in upon them by Degrees, and must disguise itself in a thousand Shapes, in order to be received. But, if the Liberty of the Press ever be lost, it must be lost at once. The general Laws against Sedition and Libelling are at present as strong as they possibly can be made. Nothing can impose a further Restraint, but either the clapping an IMPRIMA-TURE upon the Press, or the giving very large discretionary Powers to

the Court to punish whatever displeases them. But these Concessions would be such a bare-fac'd Violation of Liberty, that they will probably be the last Efforts of a despotic Government. We may conclude, that the Liberty of *Britain* is gone for ever, when these Attempts shall succeed.

Of Shapes most proper for Pears, Apples, Plums, and the strongest growing Cherries, whether designed for Walls or Espaliers, and how they should be ordered in the Nursery; according to the Experience of a very eminent Gardiner.

'TIS requisite that all these Kinds should have three principal Branches or more; and if they be more than a Year old from the Time of grafting, it is a general Custom with Nurserymen to cut the Branches every Year, leaving only two or three Buds of each young Shoot; but I would have two Side Branches left to their full Length, both in the Apple, Cherry, Plum, and Pear-Tree, and only have the central or upright Shoots cut to a Foot in Length, if there be three of them (as generally there are upon a grafted Tree;) but if there be only two, then one of them ought to be cut to about the Length of six Inches, and the other left to its full Length, which will produce from most of the Buds, Studs for Blossoms, and that which was cut down will produce a Succession of Branches.

Whosoever has the Management of these Trees in the Nursery, ought to leave those two Shoots uncut which grow the most horizontal. Cutting such Branches as are most upright will cause fresh ones to issue; for if there be only left on each upright Branch about three plump Buds, those Buds which are nearest the Bottom of the Shoots are very flat for the most Part, and of no Value, and should be rubbed off to encourage the rest.

The last-mentioned Kinds of Fruit-Trees, in the Nursery, may with very little Trouble be brought to the desired Shape, *i. e.* the Side-Branches

Branches when a Year old may be caused to grow horizontally, by confining them in the Summer with hooked Stakes, but in confining them thus, great Care must be taken, lest the Branches, which are then very tender, be broken, and the Trees thereby rendered rather worse than better.

A Letter to a very good-natured Lady, that is married to a very ill-natured Man, by Sir Harry Beaumont.

I Have now and then observed, my dearest Cousin, (through all your Care and Endeavours to conceal it,) that there are some few Ruffings that happen between you and your Husband; and which, I fear, must make some Moments pass with more Uneasiness to you, than a Woman of so much Goodness deserves. The Friendship that has subsisted so long between our Families, and the extreme Regard I have for you, makes this give me more Pain, than it may perhaps give even to yourself; for I know the Steadiness of your Mind, and the Prudence you have in alleviating every Thing, that would disturb a less settled Temper; and make some Wives fly out into Violences, that must render them ridiculous as well as wretched. But as an indifferent Stander-by may see more than the best Gamester when engaged deep in a difficult Party, I shall venture to give you some of my Sentiments; in hopes that they may still more awaken your own, or at least be improved by your Reflections upon them.

It were to be wished, that all married People would lay this down for their first great Principle; That they can never be happy in themselves, unless they are well with their Comfort. The contrary Notion is like the odd Whim of that Man in the Play, who talks of cutting himself in two, and going to Fiftycuffs with himself. Their Connexions, Views & Interests, are naturally so united, that the one cannot be happy if the other is miserable; and it really looks, as preposterous to see them disagreeing, as the double Person who was brought from Germany, and

shewed about here for a Sight some Years ago. In so strict an Union, if you are not well with one another, what can you do to avoid being miserable? You must either be perpetually hunting after Reasons to flee from your own House; or else you must sit jarring together, like a Couple of bad Instruments, that are almost always out of Tune.

The most necessary Thing then for a married Woman to make herself happy, is to endeavour to please her Comfort; and one Comfort is, that the very endeavouring to please, goes a great Way toward obtaining its End. Complacency as naturally begets Kindness, as a disobliging Way does Aversion. There is a Sort of innocent, or rather honest Witchery, (for Witchcraft is too hard a Word for it,) in Good-nature; and an evident Desire of obliging, (diffused over such a Face as yours is,) must, I think, be irresistible, even to the dullest of Humans.

'Tis not enough to avoid doing or saying any Thing, that you know would be disagreeable to your Husband; but one should be apt to say, and do every Thing that is likely to be agreeable to him. A Woman that thoroughly considers this, and puts it honestly in Practice, can scarce ever fail of making both her Husband and herself happy.

One considerable Help and Advantage that you have towards this, is the being so thoroughly acquainted with one another's Tempers and Inclinations. There is a good deal of Opportunity for this, (if your Match was not huddled up with that Haste that some People are in, for settling the most important Step in their whole Lives,) during the Time of Courtship; and usually much more after. These two Lights are so very different, that between them you may see into the whole Character of a Man; how far he is apt to submit, and how far to domineer. With proper Observation, you may come in Time to discover every little Bent of his Temper; and to open all the more hidden Folds of his Heart. Now when one is well aware of every Thing that may displease, it is easy to avoid it; and when one

knows

knows what is pleasing, scarce any Thing can be wanting but the Will to please.

I would particularly desire you, to look on no one Thing that may displease as a Trifle. However unimportant the Thing may be in itself, the displeasing and disagreeing is a serious Evil; and married People disagree ten Times oftner about Trifles, than about Things of Weight. Let either Husbands or Wives recollect a little, and I fancy they will find what I say to be truer, than they might at first imagine it to have been.

The best Way for a married Woman to carry her Points often, is to yield sometimes. Yielding in a married Woman, is as useful as Fleeing is to an unmarried one; for both of these Methods most naturally obtain what they seem to avoid. And if a Woman has any Vanity, (as every Human Creature must have more or less of it in their Composition,) I think that Passion might be gratified this Way, as well as any other; for to get the better of one's Self, is at least as glorious as to get the better of any other Person whatever: And you wou'd besides have the inward Satisfaction of considering, that in all such Cases you do not yield out of Cowardice, but Prudence; and that you enjoyed the Superiority of knowing what you ought to do, much better than the obstinate Man who seems outwardly to have carried his Point, where you have really carried your's.

I do not mean by this, to set you on a Life all of Artifice and Dissimulation. I rather think that such Methods as these, & such a Scheme of pleasing, would in Time grow pleasing too to yourself; and that it would be the most apt of any, either to introduce, or increase, a real mutual Love and Good-will between you and your Husband.—But how, my dear Cousin, have I thus forgot myself, for a Page or two together! and while I am writing to you, have really written a Letter for the World. For you, I dare say, have no Occasion for my Rules; and have thought over every Thing that I have said, and that in a much better

Manner than I have said it, long before I set my Pen to my Paper. You will however forgive me, who wishes you as well as he does himself; and who wou'd most extremely rejoice to see that Serenity of Mind, which all the World thinks to be in you, and all those Virtues and Excellences which I know to be in you, unruffled by any Disturbances, and clear'd even from every little Cloud that may hang over them. I need not now tell you how much, and how truly, I am

*Your affectionate Kinsman,
and humble Servant.*

Soot recommended as a Manure for Clover, by a Person who has experienced the good Effect of it.

I Have by Experience found Coal-Ashes and Soot a most excellent Manure for Clover, as it secures this Crop from Drought, and brings it greatly forward.

I generally sow on my second Year's Crop of Clover as much Soot as will cover the Land very thinly over, which is about 15 Bushels on an Acre; & this I do in the Month of February, soon after which the Spring Rains wash it into the Ground, and the Plant thrives amazingly.

The same may be said of Coal-Ashes, which I lay on thicker, to the Quantity of, at least, forty Bushels on an Acre; from which I find a great Advantage.

The Farmer who attempts to sow Soot over his Clover, must take Care to do it very thin and regular; for if it falls in Lumps, it is ten to one but it gives the Hay, made that Summer, a bitter, disagreeable Taste, very unpalatable to the Cattle which eat it.

I have often found it useful, on my stiffer Loam, to sow with the Soot an equal Quantity of Sand, which helps to spread it regularly; and on light Land I often mix it with an equal Quantity of slaked Lime, both which have a very good Effect.

The noblest Virtue may be found in the lowest Condition: A PERSIAN HISTORY.

A MONG the Dancers of the Palace, in the Reign of *Abbas* the Great King of *Persia*, there was a young Maid, named *Idris*, whom the Master of the Revels, on the Report of her Charms, had sent for from *Casbin* to *Ispahan*. Her Mother being of the same Profession, she had followed the same Way of Life: But as she honourably distinguished herself from her Female Companions, she demonstrated that Virtue is practicable in every Situation of Life, however slippery or dangerous it may be.

Scarcely had *Idris* appeared on the Theatre of the Capital, but she found herself beset by the Grandees, who strove to please her by the same Means that had won many others in that Station. One exhausted all his Rhetoric in commending her Shape and Manner; another extolled the Form of her Face, her Complexion, and the Regularity of her Features. A third, to give Weight to the Encomiums he had bestowed on her Voice, repeated an Air he had heard her sing, and declared his Distraction to arrive at that Grace with which she gave Life to the Words. A fourth, boasting his Skill and Precision in Dancing, exhibited instantly some of the Attitudes he had learnt of her. A first-rate Sir, Fopling gave her a List of the pretty Women he had deferred from the Moment he first saw her. A young Iman, by Birth entitled to become a Mollah, silently displayed his Figure and his Dress. An old Fingering of the public Money dazzled her Eyes with a Diamond of the first Water, and offered it besides the Perquisites of Contracts which it was his Custom to bestow upon his Mistresses. An Officer of the Crown made a pompous Description of the Presents with which he had recompensed the Friendship of the little *Zaki*. In five, every one exerted his Faculties and Address, in order to gain a Preference over his Rivals.

But *Idris* was not to be caught by such Baits. At the Palace, at Assemblies, in the public Walks, and in all Places, the Discourse turned

upon the new Dancer: Every one talked of her Beauty, her Wit, and her engaging Behaviour; and, which was more than they had ever said of any other of her Profession, they agreed in acknowledging her to be very virtuous. It is the Property of none but the most exalted Virtue, to gain Respect and Admiration among young Courtiers. *Mahmut* conceived an high Opinion of *Idris's* Virtue, from the extraordinary Effect it produced.

Mahmut bore, among the young Lords of the Court, the same Character which *Idris* maintained among the Dancers of her Sex: Proof against the Defects of his Equals, and the Vices of his Station. As soon as he began to appear in the World, he became sensible of the Ridiculousness of that noisy, obstreperous Giddiness, which most young People of Quality affect; and being happily prejudiced against that idle Life he saw them lead, he took Care not to follow their Example, yet without seeming to condemn them. While their Days were divided between the Toilet, the Table, Visits, Ladies Bedchambers, and Gaming, he spent the Morning in his Closet among his Books, or with those whose Conversation could instruct him better. In the Afternoon he frequented the Manufactories and working Places about the Palace; talked with the ablest Hands in the several Arts; and observed with the utmost Attention how they proceeded in their Works. In the Evening he was at the Play, or other public Entertainments, which he enjoyed with that Moderation that is ever inseparable from Taste and Discernment: After which he repaired to some of the most brilliant Assemblies of *Ispahan*, as well to avoid a Singularity that would have rendered him odious, as to acquire a greater Share of the Complaisance and Politeness which reigned in them. *Mahmut's* Wit, and the Use he made of it, rendered him superior to those who were his Equals in Birth; and besides the Advantage of a good Figure, and a graceful Air, he distinguished

gushed himself no less among them by his natural & acquired Talents. *Idris* could not behold this amiable *Persian* without Emotion; she immediately shunned all her importunate Suitors: And complaisantly fancying him free from all their Faults, she secretly wished that the Beauty which they had so highly extolled might make an Impression on him. Her Wishes were met more than half-way. *Mahmut* soon let her know that he loved her passionately, and her Answer to his Declaration, on Account of its Singularity, deserves to be given entire.

‘Doubtless you give the Name of Love,’ (said she with a charming Smile) ‘to that which is only an Effect of your Taste for Novelty. I will not, my Lord, go farther at present on this Head; ’tis your Business to fix my Judgment. I will ingenuously confess, though it will give you an unfavourable Opinion of me, if you are the Man I take you to be, that I am not displeased at your liking me. But if ever I see Occasion to alter the Idea I have conceived of you, hope not that I shall in the least indulge my Inclination. I shall not take it ill, if you give your Heart to a Woman more virtuous than I; therefore do not complain of your Lot, if I dispose of mine in favour of any Man whom I may find superior to you in Virtue.’

Mahmut, struck with Admiration, and overflowing with Joy, laboured to rise to such a Pitch as might oblige *Idris* to be constant to him. He applied himself with fresh Vigour to acquire the Arts and Sciences necessary for a Man in his Station. He made it his Business to relieve indigent Merit, and unfortunate Virtue. His Humanity, Generosity, Capacity, and Modesty, were equally conspicuous, and *Idris* abundantly rewarded him for all the Pains he took to please her. Praise grounded on Truth, and coming from the Mouth of so charming a Person, filled the tender *Mahmut*’s Heart with Joy and Satisfaction. He read in the Eyes of his charming Mistress, how dear he was to her; he talked of his Pas-

sion, and described its Violence: *Idris* listened to him with Pleasure, vowed she would make him a just Return, and thus animated him to give her no Occasion to repent her Engagement: In these Overflowings of their Hearts, which none but true Lovers can know, and feel all the Sweetness of, they laid open to each other the most secret Recesses of their Souls. *Mahmut* was grieved whenever he took Leave of *Idris*; nor could she bear his Absence without a visible Concern: They always parted under the greatest Impatience to meet again.

Between two Neighbours so powerful as the Grand Signior and the King of *Persia*, there can be no long Peace; a War soon broke out, and *Mahmut* was obliged to set out for the Army. He waited upon *Idris*, to deplore with her the dire Necessity that forced them asunder: But while he lay at her Feet, he durst not disclose to her all his Grief; the Fortitude of the Fair one daunted him; he was afraid of lessening himself in her Esteem, by discovering any Weakness. *Idris* perceived the fore Conflict in his Breast, and loved him for it the more intensely.

[To be concluded in our next.]

RULES and MAXIMS for the Conduct of Life.

Consider, thou who art a Parent, the Importance of thy Trust; the Being that thou hast produced it is thy Duty to support.

Upon thee also dependeth, whether the Child of thy Bosom shall be a Blessing, or a Curse to thyself: a useful or a worthless Member to the Community.

Prepare him early with Instruction, and season his Mind with the Maxims of Truth.

Watch the Bent of his Inclination, set him right in his Youth, and let no evil Habit gain Strength with his Years.

So shall he rise like a Cedar on the Mountains; his Head shall be seen above the Trees of the Forest.

A wicked Son is a Reproach to his Father, but he that doth right is an honour to his grey Hairs.

The Soil is thine own, let it not want Cultivation; the Seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him Obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him Modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him Gratitude, and he shall receive Benefits; teach him Charity, and he shall gain Love.

Teach him Temperance, and he shall have Health; teach him Prudence, & Fortune shall attend him.

Teach him Justice, and he shall be honoured by the World; teach him Sincerity, and his own Heart shall not reproach him.

Teach him Diligence, and his Wealth shall encrease; teach him Benevolence, and his Mind shall be exalted.

Teach him Science, and his Life shall be useful: Teach him Religion, and his Death shall be happy.

From the Creatures of God let Man learn Wisdom; and apply to himself the Instruction they give.

Go to the Desert, my Son, observe the young Stork of the Wilderness, let him speak to thy Heart; he beareth on his Wings his aged Sire, he lodgeth him in Safety, and supplieth him with Food.

The Piety of a Child is sweeter than the Incense of *Persia* offered to the Sun: Yea more delicious than Odours wafted from a Field of *Arabian* Spices, by the Western Gales.

Be grateful then to thy Father, for he gave thee Life; and to thy Mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the Words of his Mouth, for they are spoken for thy Good; give Ear to his Admonition, for it proceedeth from Love.

He hath watched for thy Welfare, he hath toiled for thy Ease; do Honour therefore to his Age, and let not his grey Hairs be treated with Reverence.

Think on thy helpless Infancy, and the Frowardness of thy Youth; and indulge the Infirmities of thy

aged Parents, assist and support them in the Decline of Life.

So shall their hoary Heads go down to the Grave in Peace: And thine own Children, in Reverence of thy Example, shall repay thy Piety with filial Love.

Extraordinary Sagacity of Foxes.

THE *Thracians* when they purpose to pass over the Ice of any frozen River, turn out a Fox before them; which, when he comes to the Bank, lays his Ear down to the Ice, to listen if he can hear the Noise of the Current from a remote or nearer Distance; and according as he finds the Ice to be more or less thick, he draws back or goes forward.

Work to be done in Gardens in the Month of December.

BEGIN to plant out Cabbage and Colliflower Plants: Also set Beans and Pease. Stocks and Kernels in the Nursery yet. Dung your Kitchen Garden fill, and dig what Ground you design for Pease, Cabbage and Beans. Make Hot-beds for Salading if you please. If Frost and Snow happen, mind the Conservatory. Set Bay-berries, Laurel-berries, dropping ripe. Take care of your choice Gilliflowers, Ranunculus's, &c. and keep the Wet as much from them as may be. Continue planting of Trees, if the Weather permit. In *December* you may earth up such of your artichokes as have been neglected. Also make Hot-beds for Asparagus. Sow Cresses, Lettuce, Mustard, Radish, and other Salad-Herbs on a moderate Hot-bed. Pick Horned Snails out of their lurking Holes, and all dead & decayed Leaves from your Colly-flower Plants, which are prejudicial to them when kept close covered.

In the FLOWER GARDEN.

Cover Anemones, Ranunculus's, Carnations, Auriculas's, and other choice Flowers in very wet Weather, and frosty Weather. If the Season be mild, you may plant Anemonie Roots, Ranunculus's, Tulips, especially if you would have late flowers.

Flowers in this Month in the open Air are, single Anemones, Polyanthus's, Narcissus's, Stock Gilliflowers, Hellebore, Primroses, Cyclameas, Snow-drops, Glasenbury Thorn, Mezerion, Arbutus, and a few others.

SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I take an attentive survey
of mankind,
From their follies and vices diversion I
find;
Their humours, caprices, their whims and
odd ways,
Sensations of mirth in me constantly
raise.
Ev'ry place is with curious, choice cha-
racters stor'd,
Which from morning to night, enter-
tainment afford.

In each lane, in each alley, court, square,
row, or street,
Scenes truly Hogartian I fail not to meet;
Scenes which would not in many a muscle
provoke,
But I from the dullest can strike out a
joke:

In ev'ry man's motion I merriment trace,
And can laughter extract from the dis-
mallest face.

When I see men & women industriously
thun

Their own thoughts, and each ev'ning to
card-tables run;

When dowagers, dress'd up like girls of
fifteen,

In the front of a side-box are mad to be
seen

When a blooming young creature to
Threescore is ty'd,

That to routs and to plays she in dia-
monds may ride;

When ladies, to shew their no-learning,
talk latin,

And tradesmen their scabbards adorn with
white satin;

When a poor tallow-chandler, deceas'd lies
in state,

Who, alive, perhaps, had not five pounds
worth of plate;

When fat-headed Aldermen set up for
wit,

With laughter my sides are just ready to
split.

When a pert temple beau the fine gen-
tleman spies,

And 'prentices brag of their duels and
rapes;

When a young academic ascends with an
air

To the pulpit, and tries to attract all the
fair,

And oft, in the midst of his flow'ry dis-
course,

Looks around to observe if his eyes have
had force;

When travell'd young fops talk of nothing
but France,

When old maids learn to sing, and grown
gentlemen dance;

When pious Ned Senter at Whitefield's ap-
pears,

I laugh till my eyes are be dimm'd with my
tears.

When women neglect their domestic
affairs,

And puzzle their heads with political
cares;

When with zeal patriotic they puddings
despise,

And chatter of taxes, and loans, and sup-
plies;

When those who have nothing to lose sume
and fret

At the lowness of stocks and the national
debt,

And rail at the Court in a passionate style,

I hollow so loud, you may hear me a
mile.

HYMN, from PSALM 8th.

Almighty pow'r! amazing are thy
ways;

Above our knowledge, and above our
praise!

How all thy works thy excellence dis-
play!

How fair, how great, how wonderful are
they!

Thy hand yon wide-extended heav'n up-
rais'd;

Yon wide-extended heav'n with stars em-
blaz'd;

Where each bright orb, since time its
course begun,

Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a
sun:

Stupendous thought! how sinks all hu-
man race!

A point an atom in the field of space!

Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care ex-
tends,

Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r de-
fends;

Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of Thee,

Thou

Thou giv'st dominion over land and
 sea;
 What'er, or walks on earth, or flits in
 air;
 What'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive
 claim,
 We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
 Almighty pow'r! how wond'rous are
 thy ways!
 How far above our knowledge and our
 praise!

The BEE-HIVE.

WHAT various wonders may ob-
 servers see
 In a small insect, the sagacious bee?
 Mark how the little untaught builders
 square
 Their rooms, and in the dark their lodg-
 ings rear!
 Nature's mechanicks, they unwearied
 strive,
 And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
 See what bright strokes of architecture
 shine
 Thro' the whole frame; what beauty,
 what design!
 Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tow'r,
 The yellow pillage of the ris'd flow'r,
 Has twice three sides, the only figure
 fit,
 To which the lab'ers may their stores
 commit,
 Without the loss of matter, or of room,
 In all the wond'rous structure of the
 comb.
 Next view, spectator, with admiring
 eyes,
 In what just order all th' apartments
 rise!
 So regular their equal sides cohere,
 Th' adapted angles so each other bear;
 That by mechanic rules refin'd, & bold,
 They are at once upheld, at once up-
 hold.
 Does not this skill ev'n vie with reason's
 reach?
 Can *Euclid* more, can more *Palladis*
 teach?
 Each verdant hill th' industrious chy-
 mists climb,
 Extract the riches of the blooming
 thyme;
 And provident of winter long before,
 They stock their caves, and hoard their
 flow'ry store.
 In peace they rule their state with pru-
 dent care,
 Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.

Te a COVETOUS MAN

WHAT boots it, friend, on hidden
 pelf
 To dote so much, and starve yourself?
 To spend your time in vain pursuit?
 To see the tree, not taste the fruit?
 To tell, not use the sacred store;
 But always thirsty, wish for more?
 Your choice I would no longer blame,
 Were wealth and happiness the same;
 Did gold's great pow'r amount to this,
 "That heaps increas'd, increas'd your
 "bliss;"

I'd try all wiles, use ev'ry art,
 Speak language foreign to the heart;
 Ev'n virtue's gifts themselves resign,
 To make the gilded treasure mine.
 But while the empty gewgaw toy
 Produces anxious fear, not joy;
 While riches, crowns, or regal pow'r,
 Prove all but pageants of an hour;
 Nor sooth the soul, nor peace dispense,
 Nor mend the mind, nor furnish sense;
 Blest with a competence and health,
 I'll shun th' attendant cares of wealth;
 And free from noise, exempt from strife,
 Sail calmly o'er the sea of life.
 Then, like the knight §, renown'd of
 yore,

Nobly condemn the glitt'ring ore:
 Strive, Sir, this spirit to subdue,
 And scorn the mines of rich *Pera*:
 This droply from your mind expel,
 And know the sweets of acting well;
 Then may you greater riches boast,
 Than *Spain's* proud realms, or *Afric's*
 coast;
 And pleased with contentment's blef-
 sing,
 Not think the *Indies* worth possessing.

*Verdes by a Youth of Seventeen, on Life,
 Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.*

WHAT's life? a rough and dan-
 g'rous sea,
 Seldom calm, and never free
 From sudden gusts, and stormy gales,
 Which spoils our hopes, and splits our
 sails.

What's death? the gulph we must
 shoot through,
 E'er we can reach the port in view.
 What's judgment? It's a strict account
 Of our effects, and their amount.

What's heaven? the market of our
 gains,
 The end of all our toil and pains.
 What's hell? a desperate losing voyage.
 Expect no more from one of my age.

§ *Præcelsus.*

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, December 15, 1764.



Y which of the *Indian* Sages of Antiquity the following Story was written, or whether the People of the East have any remote Tradition upon which it is founded, is not known; but it was probably related in the first Person, to give it an Air of greater Dignity, and render its Influence more powerful: Nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to People among whom the *Metempsychosis* or *Transmigration* is an Article of Faith, and the visible Agency of superior Beings admitted without Scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the Judge of Nations, the Disciple of Adversity, records the Wonders of his Life: Let those who presumptuously question the Ways of Providence, blush in Silence and be wife; let the Proud be humble and obtain Honour; and let the Sensual reform and be happy.

The Angel of Death closed the Eyes of the Sultan *Abradin* my Father, and his Empire descended to me in the eighteenth Year of my Age. At first my Mind was awed to Humility, and softened with Grief; I was insensible to the Splendor of Dominion, I heard the Addresses of Flattery with Disgust, and received the Homage of dependent Greatness with Indifference. I had always regarded my Father not only with Love, but Reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting Instances of his Tenderness, and reviewing the solemn Scene, in which he recommended me to Heaven in imperfect

Language, and grasped my Hand in the Agonies of Death.

One Evening, after having concealed myself all Day in his Chamber, I visited his Grave: I prostrated myself on his Tomb; Sorrow overflowed my Eyes, and Devotion kindled in my Bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the Shoulder, as with a Rod; and looking up, I perceived a Man whose Eyes were piercing as Light, and his Beard whiter than Snow. 'I am,' said he, 'the Genius *Syndarac*, the Friend of thy Father *Abradin*, who was the Fear of his Enemies, and the Desire of his People; whose Smile diffused Gladness like the Lustre of the Morning, and whose Frown was dreadful as the gathering of a Tempest; resign thyself to my Influence, and thou shalt be like him.' I bowed myself to the Earth in Token of Gratitude and Obedience, and he put a Ring on the Middle Finger of my Left Hand, in which I perceived a Ruby of a deep Colour and uncommon Brightness. 'This Ring,' said he, 'shall mark out to thee the Boundaries of Good and Evil; that without weighing remote Consequences, thou mayest know the Nature and Tendency of every Action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent Admonition; and when the Circle of Gold shall by a sudden Contraction press thy Finger, and the Ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that Action in thy Memory as a Transgression of the

‘Rule of Right: Keep my Gift as
‘a Pledge of Happiness and Honour,
‘and take it not off for a
‘Moment.’ I received the Ring
with a Sense of Obligation which I
strove to express, and an Astonishment
that compelled me to be
silent. The Genius perceived my
Confusion; and turning from me
with a Smile of Complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first Moon I was so
cautious and circumspect, that
the Pleasure of reflecting that
my Ring had not once indicated a
Fault, was lessened by a Doubt of
its Virtue. I applied myself to
public Business, my Melancholy
decreased as my Mind was diverted
to other Objects; and, lest the
Youth of my Court should think
that Recreation was too long suspended,
I appointed to hunt the
Lion. But though I went out to
the Sport rather to gratify others
than myself, yet my usual Ardour
returned in the Field; I grew warm
in the Pursuit, I continued the
Chace, which was unsuccessful, too
long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was
met by a little Dog that had been
my Father’s, who expressed his Joy
at my Return by jumping round
me, and endeavouring to reach my
Hand: But as I was not disposed
to receive his Caresses, I struck him
in the Fretfulness of my Displeasure
so severe a Blow with my Foot,
that it left him scarce Power to
crawl away, and hide himself under
a Sofa in a Corner of the Apartment.
At this Moment I felt the
Ring press my Finger, and looking
upon the Ruby, I perceived the
Glow of its Colour abated.

I was at first struck with Surprise
and Regret; but Surprise and Regret
quickly gave Way to Disdain.
‘Shall not the Sultan *Amurath*,’
said I, ‘to whom a thousand Kings
‘pay Tribute, and in whose Hand
‘is the Life of Nations, shall not
‘*Amurath* strike a Dog that offends
‘him, without being reproached
‘for having transgressed the Rule
‘of Right?’ My Ring again
pressed my Finger, and the Ruby

became more pale: Immediately
the Palace shook with a Burst of
Thunder, and the Genius *Syndarac*
again stood before me.

‘*Amurath*,’ said he, ‘thou hast
‘offended against thy Brother of
‘the Dust; a Being who, like
‘thee, has received from the AL-
‘MIGHTY a Capacity of Pleasure
‘and Pain: Pleasure which Ca-
‘price is not allowed to suspend,
‘and Pain which Justice only has
‘a Right to inflict. If thou art
‘justified by Power, in afflicting in-
‘ferior Beings, I should be justified
‘in afflicting thee: But my Power
‘yet spares thee, because it is di-
‘rected by the Laws of Sovereign
‘Goodness, and because thou
‘mayest yet be reclaimed by Ad-
‘monition. But yield not to the
‘Impulse of quick Repentment,
‘nor indulge in Cruelty the Fro-
‘wardness of Disgust, lest by the
‘Laws of Goodness I be compelled
‘to afflict thee; for he that scorns
‘Reproof, must be reformed by
‘Punishment, or lost for ever.’

At the Presence of *Syndarac* I
was troubled, and his Words covered
me with Confusion: I fell
prostrate at his Feet, and heard
him pronounce with a milder Ac-
cent, ‘Expect not henceforth that
‘I should answer the Demands of
‘Arrogance, or gratify the Curio-
‘sity of Speculation; confide in
‘my Friendship, and trust impli-
‘citly to thy Ring.’

As the Chace had produced so
much Infelicity, I did not repeat it;
but invited my Nobles to a Ban-
quet, and entertained them with
Dancing and Music. I had given
Leave that all Ceremony should be
suspended, and that the Company
should treat me not as a Sovereign,
but an Equal, because the Conver-
sation would otherwise be encum-
bered or restrained; and I encour-
aged others to Pleasantry, by in-
dulging the Luxuriancy of my own
Imagination. But though I as-
serted to throw off the Trappings
of Royalty, I had not sufficient
Magnanimity to despise them. I
enjoyed the voluntary Deference
which was paid me, and was se-
cretly offended at *Alibeg* my Visier,
who

who endeavoured to prevail upon the Assembly to enjoy the Liberty that had been given them, and was himself an Example of the Conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the Subject of my Raillery, the Man who alone deserved my Approbation; he believed my Condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my Favour, by that Behaviour which had incurred my Displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his Pain, and was elated at my Success; but my Attention was suddenly called to my Ring, and I perceived the Ruby change Colour. I desisted for a Moment; but some of my Courtiers having discovered and seconded my Intention, I felt my Vanity and my Resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the Remembrance of my Ring with Wine; my Satire became more bitter, and *Alibeg* discovered yet greater Distress. My Ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: The Visier was at length roused to his Defence; probably he had discovered and despised my Weakness: His Replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from Raillery to Invective: At length, disguising the Anguish of his Mind with a Smile, '*Amurath*,' said he, 'if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your Friends to Festivity and Merriment, you had assumed his Authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the Familiarity of Friendship, you would certainly fall under his Displeasure.' The Severity of this Sarcastism, which was extorted by long Provocation from a Man warmed with Wine, stung me with intolerable Rage: I started up, and spurning him from the Table, was about to draw my Poignard; when my Attention was again called to my Ring; and I perceived, with some Degree of Regret, that the Ruby had faded almost to a perfect White.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent Reproof, I comforted myself that the Genius would no more alarm me with his Presence. The Irregularities of my Conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the Intimations of my Ring became proportionably more frequent, though less forcible; till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given, and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with Servility; Servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a Pension, and sometimes with a Place. Thus the Government of my Kingdoms was left to petty Tyrants, who oppressed the People to enrich themselves. In the mean Time I filled my Seraglio with Women, among whom I abandoned myself to Sensuality, without enjoying the pure Delight of that Love which arises from Esteem. But I had not yet stained my Hands with Blood, nor dared to ridicule the Laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My Resentment against *Alibeg*, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect Hatred: I degraded him from his Office; but I still kept him at Court, that I might imbitter his Life by perpetual Indignities, and practise against him new Schemes of Malevolence.

Selima, the Daughter of this Prince, had been intended by my Father for my Wife; and the Marriage had been delayed only by his Death: But the Pleasure and the Dignity that *Alibeg* would derive from this Alliance, had now changed my Purpose. Yet such was the Beauty of *Selima*, that I gazed with Desire; and such was her Wit, that I listened with Delight. I therefore resolved that I would, if possible, seduce her to voluntary Prostitution; and that when her Beauty should yield to the Charm of Variety, I would dismiss her with Marks of Disgrace. But in this Attempt I could not suc-

ceed : My Solicitation was rejected, sometimes with Tears, and sometimes with Reproach. I became every Day more wretched, by seeking to bring Calamity upon others ; I considered my Disappointment as the Triumph of a Slave, whom I wished, but did not dare to destroy ; and I regarded his Daughter as the Instrument of my Dishonour. Thus the Tenderness, which before had often shaken my Purpose, was weakened ; my Desire of Beauty became as selfish and as fordid an Appetite, as my Desire of Food ; and as I had no Hope of obtaining the compleat Gratification of my Lust and my Revenge, I determined to enjoy *Selima* by Force, as the only Expedient to alleviate my Torment.

She resided by my Command in an Apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her Chamber at Midnight by a private Door, of which I had a Key ; but with inexpressible Vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last Attempt, at the very Moment in which I thought I had insured Success, distracted me with Rage ; and instead of returning to my Chamber, and concealing my Design, I called for her Women. They ran in pale and trembling : I demanded the Lady ; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other, stood silent : I repeated my Demand with Fury and Execration ; and, to enforce it, called aloud for the Ministers of Death : They then fell prostrate at my Feet, and declared with one Voice that they knew not where she was ; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the Night, sitting on a Sofa pensive and alone ; and that no Person had since, to their Knowledge, passed in or out of her Apartment.

[To be continued.]

The Christian Evidence of a Future State.

[Continued from Page 807.]

THE Gospel is the Assurance of a Life and World to come. This Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven our

Blessed Saviour himself preached ; and he was the first and only Prophet of God who did preach it, and to whom the other Prophets bear Witness : He taught it in the Course of his Life : He proved it by Miracles : He confirmed it by his own Resurrection from the Dead, when he appeared openly, not indeed to all the People, but to faithful and sufficient Witnesses chosen before of GOD. The Evangelists and Apostles are the Reporters of this Gospel, and the Evidence of it, to the World : And they establish our Belief of a World to come—How ?—Not by offering to us the Dreams of Homer, the Reveries of Plato, or the Doubts of Socrates or Cicero ; but by declaring to us a Matter of Fact, and of their own Experience ; when the Life to come was indeed discovered and proved to them ; when, contrary to their Expectations and their Prejudices, to their vast Amazement and Terror, succeeded by a Joy beyond Description, They saw with their own Eyes, viewed at their Leisure, and handled with their own Hands, the Person of our Lord after his Resurrection.——This is a Fact, in which they could not possibly be deceived themselves, but must know of a Certainty, whether they had, or had not, seen and conversed with him after his Crucifixion : And a Fact, in which they could not intend to deceive others, by persisting to Death in Support of a Falsehood ; unless they were the most foolish and absurd, as well as the most insincere and impudent of all Men. And their Testimony is also accompanied by such a Train of Circumstances and Events, that no single Fact recorded in all History, is either supported by such unexceptionable Witnesses, or confirmed with such collateral and subsequent Proofs.

Here is then an experimental Evidence of a future State, more proper in itself to determine our Belief, and in all its Circumstances to govern our Practice, than the most probable Conjectures of the ablest Reasoners. For whatever Speculations and probable Conjectures Men may frame upon other Grounds,

yet

yet if ever there was an *Instance* of a Person *actually* returning from the Dead, to assure Men of a future State, *this Fact is decisive*; and is a Kind of Proof which gives the Mind more Content and Satisfaction, than the deepest Refinements of the wisest Philosophers; as it removes all Objections arising from the *unexperienced* and *unknown* Nature of a Life to come. Till our SAVIOUR'S Resurrection, all beyond Death was indeed, as the Poet expresses it, *the undiscovered Country from whence no Traveller had ever returned*. But here was an *actual Return* of a most illustrious and distinguished Person, and for *this Purpose*, among others, of ascertaining to us a general Resurrection of Mankind.

In forming and establishing our religious Belief, we are not first to frame Notions and Opinions after our own Conceit, and then deduce *Facts* from *Doctrines*; but to examine first into Matters of Fact, and then deduce our Doctrines from them.—In *natural Religion*, we are not to determine previously from our own Reason, what is fit for a Being of infinite Perfection to do, and thence *infer* the Thing done; but to observe first the actual Works of GOD, and the Appointments of his Providence; and then learn, as far as we are able, the Wisdom, Goodness, and Perfection of those Works, and build the Doctrines of Religion upon the *Facts of Nature*. So in Regard to our *Christian Faith*, it is not the Business of *Christians* to heap up Notions by their own Fancy, or the Tradition of others, concerning the Gospel in general, or the Person and Office of our SAVIOUR in particular; but to attend to the *Facts* recorded and established by the united and indubitable Doctrines of Testimony of the Evangelists and Apostles, and upon them to build our *Christian Faith*.

This is the *Method* the *Apostles* themselves use. And the *great Fact* to which they appeal, to which all other Facts recorded have a Reference and Subservience, and which is the Foundation of the whole Fa-

brick of Christianity, is the *Resurrection of our Lord from the Dead*. And what a firm Superstructure of Doctrine they build upon this Foundation of Fact, we may easily learn.—Hear the Apostle Paul deliver the Gospel, in the 15th Chapter of his 1st Epistle to the *Corinthians*: “I now declare to you the Gospel which I have before preached unto you: For I delivered unto you first of all, that CHRIST died and was buried, and that he rose again the third Day: That after his Resurrection he was seen of *Cephas*, then of the Twelve, after that of Five Hundred Brethren at once, the greater Part of whom are alive to this Day: After that he was seen of *James*, then again of all the Apostles: And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due Time.” Then the Apostle proceeds from the *Fact* to the *Doctrine*. “Now if CHRIST be preached that he rose from the Dead; how say some among you, that there is no Resurrection of the Dead?” THAT IS, no future State: For the Term *Resurrection*, in Scripture, always means a future State: And the modern Notion of two distinct Resurrections, one of the Soul and another of the Body, is a mere vulgar Error: There is no such Distinction in the *New Testament*. But, continues the Apostle, “if there be no Resurrection of the Dead, then CHRIST is not risen: And if CHRIST be not risen, then our preaching is vain, and your Faith also is vain; yea, and we are found false Witnesses of GOD; because we have testified of GOD that he raised up CHRIST, whom he did not raise up, if it be true that the Dead rise not: For if the Dead rise not, then CHRIST is not raised: And if CHRIST be not raised, your Faith is vain, you are yet in your Sins, and even they who are fallen asleep in CHRIST are perished: But now CHRIST is risen from the Dead, and become the First-Fruits of them that slept.”—It is evident here,

here, that the *Apostle* sounds the Doctrine of a future State, or a Life to come, upon the actual Resurrection of our SAVIOUR from the Dead; expressing in the strongest Terms the Dependence of the one Event upon the other; inasmuch that he seems to give up all Hope of another Life, separate from the Truth of that Fact.—In like Manner, he sounds the Doctrine of a future Judgment to be administered by our LORD, upon the same Fact, in the summary Account which he gives of the Gospel, in his Speech to the great Court of Judicature at Athens: “The Times of Ignorance GOD winketh at; but now commands all Men every where to repent: Inasmuch as he hath appointed a Time when he will judge the World in Righteousness, by that Man whom he hath ordained: Whereof he hath given an Assurance, by raising him from the Dead.”—Here the *Apostle* establishes our Belief of a future Judgment, and the judicial Authority of our Blessed SAVIOUR, upon the Fact of his Resurrection.

[To be continued.]

A humorous Letter on the Peace, proving it to be an adequate one.

SIR,

I know it has been foolishly suggested, that the Word *Adequate* implies getting something to make Amends for Loss of Money, Loss of Time, and the like, which our Enemy had unjustly forced us to expend, with a proportionable Discount on Ears, Noses, and Limbs, which are apt to be lost in Frays; and that we have not, in Fact, got enough by the Peace to compensate our Losses in these valuable Commodities. Now here is an Appearance of something to amuse, that, when examined into, must vanish. For first, we have all along taken the Word in a forced Sense: An *adequate* Peace means, being rightly understood, such a Peace as will answer to the Intentions of those who made it, equal to all they

wished for when they set about it: To take it in any other Sense were absurd; and it only remains to find out what the Peace-makers wanted and desired, in order demonstrably to prove the Point in Question. That they did not desire Honour, [I speak in the Singular, not Honours,] nor Glory, nor Popularity, with the rest of those Sorts of Things, is very plain, either if you take their own Word for it, or make your own Observations without it; that they did not desire to be thought a clever, or sensible Sort of People, by *Messieurs*, our present Friends, is also clear, as they permitted themselves to be choused, bit, and bambouzled every Foot by them; and contentedly put up with the Gibes, Scoffs, and Sneers, which the said *Messieurs* plentifully shed on them, and their Owners, in Revenge for the hard Blows we had given them. But something or other they certainly wanted, and desired; and if they accomplished their Desire, I suppose no one will doubt of their Abilities; that they got this *Something*, I believe need not be proved; and, if granted, it proves at once that the Peace is *adequate*, and that they were able Men who made it.

But let us take the Word in the vulgar Sense, and grant that *adequate* implies getting full Redress for all the Wrongs we suffered, the Blood we shed, and the Money we spent in a War, into which our Enemies dragged us unwillingly; even in this Sense, senseless as it is, I will prove we have got what is adequate and equivalent to it all.

First, we have got rid of Mr. P—, that Arch-Enemy to Peace, Quietness, Order, and Virtue, a *Boutefeu*, that had set all the World in a Flame, created Enemies to England in every Quarter of the terraqueous Globe; and had so far displeased the whole Bourbon Family, Man, Woman, and Child, that it was G—’s Mercy only, joined with the great Abilities of B—r, B—d, and R—y, that delivered us from the Hands of that tremendous Power; reconciled us to their Favour and Protection, and obtained

such a Compliment from the *Grand Monarque* to our gracious S—n, as should never be forgotten, *Je suis content du Roy d'Angleterre*. [A Message usually sent to the *French King's* Servants when he is pleased to do them Honour.]

I know it has been said, with an Air of some Confidence, "that P—t conducted the War very happily, and that common Sense required, that those who had directed the War successfully, should have had the making of the Peace:" I deny the Minor. They are different Trades, those of Peace and War; and you might as well employ a Corn-cutter to make your Shoes, as one who had served his Time to War only to make a Peace for you; he could not tell how to set about it, or make any Peace with People he had been kicking, bruising, burning, or drowning, for seven Years together, when, or wherever he met with them; one who had testified on all Occasions great Contempt for them, if not Malice and Hatred. Was this the Man to be employed in such Business? No, surely; but one who had, both from Principle and Inclination, been their ever devoted Servant; had always loved, flattered, and adored them, and they well knew it: He was, I say, in all Reason, the fittest Person to be employed in so salutary and desirable a Work. Make it your own Case, Sir,—Would you desire to treat on any Business with one who had been kicking you round *Temple-Bar*, called you Names, and the like; or not rather with one who you knew loved you in his Heart, and had been your old Well-wisher on all Occasions; and if he did not stir for you, it was only because he was then too insignificant? The Answer would be as idle as the Question is foolish.

Again,—By this Peace you have acquired Tracts of Land of a most amazing Extent; by which Acquisitions his M—y is enabled to confer very profitable *Sinecures* on very deserving Gentlemen, who could not otherwise have been employed at all. A Gentleman may

be very fit for a Governor, an Engineer, or a Collector, in those Parts ceded to us, who could not have answered, or filled his Post, were there any People, Fortifications, or Trading Ports, in the Places he should be sent to.

Another Thing, the Dominion over the Sea, always claimed by *England*, but never finally granted by other Maritime Powers, is now so evidently given up by our Enemies, that they do not presume to annoy us where we have any Force to resist them, and only that we do not chuse to insist on it, would doubtless strike the Colours to every *British* Ship of War that came up with them.

I purposely pass over some Objections made by Malecontents, relating to Trade and Taxes, which they say are not a whit relieved by this adequate Peace, because I have read in many learned Books, that *England* will be undone by too much Trade; and that nothing so much enriches a Country as your Taxes; and that supporting one, and lessening the other, might, especially at this Time, be attended with Inconveniencies, when one Part of the Nation is too wanton, and the other too angry to be complied with in any Thing.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,
CIVICUS.

Noble Behaviour of a German Prince,
a true Anecdote.

GEO. Fred. Charles, Margrave of *Culmbach*, succeeded his Cousin as Margrave of *Baireith*, in 1726. His Predecessor had left an empty Exchequer, and many Debts, (of such a Nature as not to be ranked among the Debts of the Government) and at his Accession he was obliged to pay the King of *Prussia* 460,000 Florins. To have raised this Sum on his People (overburdened by the common Taxes) was to seek their Ruin. He borrowed it of the States of *Franconia* at great Interest, and undertook to pay off the Debts of his Predecessor. To enable himself to do this,

he kept a small Number of Counsellors, disbanded 3000 of his Troops, reduced his Table, wore plain Clothes, avoided Gaming; and having established a Council of Regency, left his Dominions, and went to live incog. with the Hereditary Prince his Son, at *Geneva*, &c. He did not return till all the Debts were paid off, which was about sixteen Years. He then resided with his Son at *Bareith*, where they lived with all the Splendor of Sovereignty.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 484.

SOME late Proceedings with more than ordinary Virulence against certain Persons, while the national Affairs don't seem to be pursued with sufficient Vigour, and with Satisfaction to the Public, give Birth to the following Conceptions.

The Prosecutors pretend that they are obliged to use Severities, in Opposition to a growing Faction, that would disturb Government, and usurp a Liberty, to which they are not intitled by the Constitution of their Country.

But this is not the Way to govern, and to silence those who find Fault with ministerial Measures: For it is rarely, if ever known, that private Men have been able to raise Factions, and to interest a Nation in their Quarrel, when they, who set themselves up to correct Abuses, and to introduce Oeconomy in a State, have shewn a Disposition to mend Things, rather than to meddle with Persons: So it is notorious, that Ministers of State multiply Difficulties and Enmities, by personal Attacks upon the Opposers of their Measures, and neglecting to redress public Grievances.

There may be Instances, when great Men have ventured to do many unconstitutional Things; and, in Hopes to cover themselves from the Resentment of the Nation, have prosecuted to Destruction any one that dared to carp, murmur, or to

expose the Iniquity of their Misgovernment; and the Greatness of Names, and of Power and Interest, have for a Time obstructed Enquiries in a parliamentary Way, and been held up as Shields for inferior Criminals to fight under. But the Assemblies, which could be induced to screen bad Ministers, were always numbered amongst those Parliaments that betrayed their Trust; and such a Dependence is so precarious, that the many Miscarriages which evil Counsellors have met with in Parliament, when they depended upon the Corruption of its Members, must be an everlasting Memento, never to do any Thing that will not bear a just parliamentary Enquiry.

For a while, an overbearing Power may carry a vast Sway. But Men grow ashamed of defending what is in itself a real Crime: And tho' Friendship, Kindred, and several other Connections may, for a Time, make a vigorous Stand to bring Offenders off, yet Criminals cannot have perpetual Advocates.

It is equally as bad to overlook Measures, & to attack Ministers personally. Because, this Method of Opposition does not strike at the real Cause of Complaint, and gives the Persons accused an Opportunity to make such a Stand, that their Misgovernment, instead of being checked, gains Strength and public Sanction; and seldom fails of breeding such a Murmur, that keeps the State for a long Time divided into Parties.

When, therefore, a Nation thinks itself aggrieved by Men in Power, the best Way to restore Peace and Order in Government, is to overlook the Persons of Men, and to fall to Work in Earnest upon enquiring into and mending Things. This Method will soon discover who are the Friends of their Country, and who are to be depended upon to support the Constitution in Church and State. For, a Man may, without Imputation of Blame, profess a Friendship, and adhere strictly to this or that great Man, pretending to believe him innocent when accused, and consequently

join

join with those who join in his Defence: But can any Party be found, can any be so insolent to go along with them, who shall set the Laws of the Land in Defiance, and shall openly declare for Corruption, and unconstitutional Measures?

However, Extremities on either Side are to be avoided. Reformations of a State, carried on by vigorous Enquiries into past Miscarriages, have been unsuccessful; and, instead of mending Things, have given Rise to new Troubles and Divisions. Extreme Rigour begets new Ferments; and fresh Motions are apt to make the Body Politic bleed anew, & hinder the Wounds from healing. Lenity in Relation to what is past, and a strict Care of what is to come, may at last bring on a Coalition to promote the common Good.

Upon the whole, it seems most reasonable to think it may very much contribute towards putting an End to Divisions and Factions, not to alarm the Minds of Men with angry Prosecutions, and Enquiries into Things that are past.

Looking far back creates them, who wanted to mend Things, more Enemies; and more Opposition than they can well deal with.

A Letter to Sir Charles Easy in Town, from the Parson of his Parish in the Country.

Dear Sir CHARLES,

YOU will forgive your old Friend, who has troubled you, now-and-then, with something like Advice, if he should do so once more, [now there seems to be particular Occasion for it. You say, in your last, that you are 2000*l*. the poorer this Year, for Play. I am sorry to hear it, with all my Heart! for we People in the Country look upon 2000*l*. as a very serious Matter; and had I not known you so well, I should have been much surprized to find that you could write so gaily, on losing such a vast Sum as that is.

I know you Gentlemen of the Town look on Gaming, only as an idle and weak Thing, at the worst;

but I have long considered it as one of the greatest SINS I know of. You will forgive an old Parson for using a WORD, which they tell me is almost grown out of Fashion.

Will you give me Leave to tell you, why I look on Gaming as so very a wicked Thing? It is, because I think it may make a very bad Man, of a very good one.

I know your Temper very well; and am sure, that, naturally, you were much inclined to do Good, and very desirous of having a good Name in the World. You were of a sweet Disposition, from a Boy; and I have seen you give Six-pence to a poor old Man, when you had not Two-pence more left in your Pocket. How then can you go on to be so fond of a Thing, that may in Time render you unwise, inglorious, ungenerous, unmerciful, and unjust?

I know you will laugh, and say, I am preaching to you. Well, that you know is my Trade; and I hope, I shall never be ashamed of it. But, how does Play do all the Things I have been telling of? Why, if you please, I will tell you; and that in a few Words too, tho' I am so old a Man.

Any one's Manners must be tinged a good deal with the Company he keeps: Now the Groom-Porter's itself, as I take it, is not a Place to learn much Wisdom in. The lowest Sort of Gamesters are as weak Men, take them out of Cards and Dice, as ever I met with; and a Man who games much, will be apt, sometimes, to fall in even with these, rather than stand out; and consequently into Conversations that are far enough from being improving.

As for Reputation, the Character of a Gamester will certainly be allowed to be one of the worst in the World; and though the World is so bad, there never yet was a Man in it, generally esteemed for being a Gamester, that I know of. If there has, Things are grown worse since I was last in Town; which was at King George the First's Coronation.

I beg you to recollect (for I know your good Disposition) how often

you have been willing to relieve some worthy Person, whom you saw in Distress, and could not do it, because the Dice had a Run against you a Night or two before. In each of those Instances, it was the Dice that made you not generous, where you wanted to have been so with all your Heart.

When an Income is made too little for any Gentleman, by Play, his poor Tenants in the Country must be driven the harder, to pay in their Rents when wanted; and the Rents, in general, must be racked up as high as possible, to supply the annual Demands of the Gaming-Table: And both of these, I fear, often in a Manner, that may too fairly be called unmerciful.

Where Gaming swallows up good Part of an Income; as Gaming Debts must be paid first, most other Debts will be suffered to stand still too long. The true Value of Money in Trade consists a good deal in the Circulation of it; and if Tradesmen's Debts are of long Continuance, there must be an Injustice somewhere. Either they charge no more than they should to a quick Payer, and then you are unjust to them, in keeping them out of their Money so long; or they will charge you more than the proper Value of the Goods, and then you are the Occasion of Injustice to yourself.

So that all the Things that I said, I think, are true: But the Point I own which grieves me the most is, that so excellent a Turn of Mind, as I know to be in you, should be rendered of no Effect, by such pitiful Means. I have just been computing, what a vast deal of Good you might have done, the Year last past; all which you have let slip out of your Hands, without adding any Thing, either to your Character, or your Happiness. I will just transcribe the Account I have been making, and then be your very humble Servant.

An Account of what might have been done by Sir Charles Easy, for the Benefit and Happiness of Mankind, in the Year 1763.

To 'prenticing out the two Sons of a Soldier, that fought bravely, and lost his Life in the Battle of Minden. —	L. 40
To a poor Clergyman, that had bred up a large Family, on a Living of 15 <i>l.</i> a Year. —	105
To Portions for five young Maids, on the Day of their Marriage with honest Tradesmen. — — — —	100
To Cloathing and Schooling of ten Boys. — — — —	100
To 'prenticing out fourteen Boys, and six Girls. — —	200
To setting up four young Men, just out of their Time, in their proper Trades. —	150
Loan to poor Tradesmen, without Interest, for 3 Years each.	200
To Officers Children, left in Distress. — — — —	250
To a Gentleman of Birth and Merit, that was fallen in the World. — — — —	300
To a Gentlewoman, whose Father being a Gamester, left her without any Fortune; to buy her 30 <i>l.</i> a Year in Annuities for her Life. — —	300
To occasional Charities; to Persons known to be in Want, and to deserve Help.	255

Sum Total 2000

Instead of this, as I apprehend, in your present Account it must stand all under one Article, thus:

<i>For the Year 1763.</i> L.	
To Cards and Dice - - -	2000

Ah! Sir Charles, let me intreat you to compare these two very different Accounts together, and to weigh the one against the other!—Had you had the Happiness to follow the former, what a Pleasure must it have given you, every Time you looked it over, to consider how far you had gone in *one Year*, toward making so many worthy distressed Persons happy for *their whole Life*? What have you in the Stead of this, but the Mortification----I will say no more, but leave you to fill it up yourself.---Think of it a little,

little, if it is possible for you to sit down and think, good Sir Charles! I have always loved you, as if you were my own Son. You gave me my Living, and have been ever good to me; and I could, methinks, give it all up again, to have the World speak well of you all round, as they do in most Things already. When I hear any Thing good of you, it is the Comfort of my grey Hairs: And when I hear any Thing ill, I feel it here, at my Heart! If you should happen to send me Word, this Time Twelvemonth, that you had disposed of only the Half of the Overplus of your Income, in doing Good, instead of sacrificing it all in this wretched Way, I verily believe it would comfort me so much, that it might add two or three Years to the declining Life of,

Dear Sir CHARLES,
Your most faithful,
and most obliged
bumble Servant to command.
CHARLES THOMPSON.

*The noblest Virtue that may be found
in the lowest Condition: A PER-
SIAN HISTORY.*

[Continued from Page 813.]

MAHMUT had not been gone a Month when he gave Way to his Desire of an Interview with *Idris*. He slipped away privately from the Army, and with the Help of Relays, which he had got ready on the Road, he was at the Gates of *Ispahan* before they missed him in the Camp. Alighting at the House of one of his old Servants, he disguised himself in the Apparel of a Peasant, that he might not be known in the City; and impatient of an Interview with *Idris*, he flew to her House.

The charming Maid was sitting at her Balcony as *Mahmut* was advancing, and knew him, notwithstanding his Disguise. Grieved to see him thus neglect his Glory and his Duty, she ran directly to her Closet, charging her Slave to admit no Visitor whatever. She melted into Tears at the Weakness of her Lover; but soon recovered herself,

and wrote him the following Billet.

Idris to the Peasant.

"Friend, I know that thou art to be forthwith at the Army. Call upon *Mahmut*, and tell him from me, that I desire him to remember the Conditions on which the Heart of *Idris* is to be secured."

Mahmut was too much confounded with these few Words to ask any Questions of the Slave that delivered him the Billet. He went back to his Domestic's House, to put off his Disguise, and fluctuating between Admiration, Grief and Fear, herepaired again to the Army, with as much Haste as he had travelled up to *Ispahan*. His chief Study being to make Amends for the Fault he had committed, he behaved with so much Ardour, Bravery, and Conduct, that he was deservedly promoted to a higher Post, which the King conferred on him with the most honourable Eulogies at the Head of the Army. *Idris* wrote him a congratulatory Letter on his Promotion, in which, without mentioning his Weakness, she gave him to understand, that she had forgiven him.

Mahmut, transported with Joy, hastened back to *Ispahan*, as soon as the Army was ordered into Winter-Quarters; and listened to no other Consideration, but his Esteem for this virtuous Girl: He entreated her to complete his Happiness, by becoming his Wife. Your Wife, my Lord! answered *Idris*, with a Kind of Surprise, mixed with Indignation: What! would *Mahmut* forget himself so far! In disposing of your Heart, you may indeed consult nothing but your Inclination; but when the Question is to choose a Partner in your Dignity and Fortune, you are accountable to those of whom you hold both. I that am ready to sacrifice my Life, were it necessary, to preserve your Glory, shall not be instrumental myself in fulling it.

Sentiments like these made the passionate *Mahmut* only more pressing. What are those Things said he, which create so great a Disparity between us? An Instant may deprive me of them; but the Dowry which

828 *Sketch of a Monument for Mr. Churchill.---Regimen for the Gout.*

which you will bring me, charming *Idris*, is a Blessing that depends not on Men nor Fortune. In uttering these Words, his Countenance began to be clouded with Grief; fresh Denials drove him to Despair, he drew his Poignard, & was going to plunge it into his Breast. The tender *Idris* could hold out no longer: Ah! *Mahmut*, cried she, stop your Hand, and live; To-morrow I shall be yours; grant me this short Respite. She could not utter more; Tears put an End to her Surprise, and stopped her Breath. Ashamed of her Weakness, she broke loose from her Lover's Arms, and withdrew to her Closet, where she soon repented the Promise she had made.

In the mean while *Mahmut* was desperate enough to resolve on Death, if she denied his Request; and the Maid, wavering between tender Passion, and her Concern for the Glory of her Lover, soon hit upon a Device that would save both. While she was free, notwithstanding the Meanness of her Condition, she could not give herself to him upon any other Terms than Marriage, and considering the Distance which Fortune had put between them she was sensible she could not receive the Title of Wife, without disgracing her Admirer. She resolved then to remove those Obstacles to her *Mahmut's* Happiness, at the Expence of what was most dear to her. Wrapping herself up therefore in a long Mantle, she left her House in the Dusk of the Evening, and went to sell herself to a Dealer in Slaves; after this she wrote the following letter to *Mahmut*.

"My Lord,
"You have not thought me unworthy to be your Wife, and I have the deepest Sense of Gratitude for this single Testimony of your Esteem. I think my Heart and Sentiments would not have disgraced that honourable Quality; but what would your Relations say? What would all *Persia* say, whose Eyes are upon you, and who see nothing in me, but the mean Profession I was bred to? I allow, that in one Moment you may be deprived of every Thing that makes the Disparity between

us: But if ever you should be borne down by adverse Fortune, the whole World would be forced to acknowledge the Injustice, and to pity and admire you. You love *Idris*: you are resolved to die, if she does not make herself yours: Come then, & take her out of the House of the Master to whom she has sold herself, in order that yourself may become her Master. She is not qualified to become your Wife; take her then as your Slave.

Sketch of a Monument for Mr. CHURCHILL, proposed to be erected by Subscription.

A White Marble Tomb: On the Top of it, Liberty, weeping: In the Front, Fame, sounding her Trumpet, and pointing with a Sprig of Bay, towards two Folio Volumes; and a Scrole, with this Inscription, "Life to the last enjoy'd, HERE CHURCHILL lies."

On one Side, *Satire* scourging Vice; and on the other, Death striking *Genius*. Many other emblematical Figures may be added.

Dr. BOERHAAVE'S REGIMEN for the GOUT, never before printed.

YOU must every Morning, before you rise, rub along the Back Bone, and all the Joints of the Body where there has been the least Mark of the Gout. After getting up, you must immediately walk softly for the Space of an Hour, without taking any Thing into your Stomach, or sweating. Having thus prepared the Body by this moderate Exercise, take four of the Pills A, drinking upon it an Infusion of the Herbs B, in the same Manner made as Tea; the more you drink the better. For Dinner you should eat good Herb Soup, fresh Meat, River Fish, ripe Fruit, Sallads, Sea and Shell Fish: Beef may be eat, but in small Quantities; abstain only from what is dry, heavy, salted, or highly spiced. For your Drink it may be either fresh Small Beer, Spruce Beer, or two Parts good Beer and one French White Wine, or Cyder, or three Parts Water

ter & one Hermitage, Sack or Madeira; which last is the best of all. At Night you may sup on Milk, Broths, Eggs, Fruits, or Sallads: Your Drink as at Dinner. At Night you must again rub the Joints of the Knees and Feet. You must always be in Bed by Ten o'Clock, and up by Seven in the Winter, and Six in the Summer; and this the latest you should go to Bed or rise. Tea and Coffee, moderately drank, are not hurtful. The Exercises of the Body are very necessary; but you must take Care not to catch Cold when you are heated, or in a Sweat; and chiefly you must take Care not to heat your Feet suddenly at the Fire when you are wet; for nothing hurts gouty People more than these two last Articles. Whey in the Months of *April* and *May* for your common Drink has had surprizing Effects in these Cases, even if drank in large Quantities. In the Morning, half an Hour after you have taken the Pills and Herbs, you may breakfast. During the Pain of a Fit of the Gout, you should rub the Joints where it hurts you; and in a Fit your eating should be very light, chiefly Veal or Mutton Broth, with Rice, and drink nothing but Milk and *Bristol Water*.

Pills A.

Best Myrrh, 1 Drachm. *Venetian Soap*, 2 ditto. *Liquorice*, 1 ditto. *Turpentine*, half ditto. Make it into Pills of three Grains each.

Herbs B.

Agrimony, *Betony*, *Baum*, *Ground Pine*, and *Male Speedwell*.

Signed HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

A Method of cultivating Black Oats, whereby fifty Pounds Difference of Advantage may often be made, more than in the common Way, of a Field of twenty Acres.

HAVING been for many Years a practical Farmer in the Eastern Part of the County of *Essex*, you will not, I hope, think me impertinent in troubling you on the Culture of Black Oats, which I have very often to great Advantage sown.

Most of my Neighbours prefer the *White Poland Oat*, which may, I own, in some Circumstances of Soil and Situation, be best. I prefer the *Black Oats*, because they are hardiest, for which Reason they suit best with my Convenience; for, as a considerable Tract of the Farm I occupy is light Land, I am under a Sort of Necessity of sowing this Soil early, or, if a dry Summer followed, I should have no Return at Harvest.

Few People allow more than one ploughing for a Crop of Oats; but such as follow this Practice are very wrong-headed; for they may assure themselves, that no Crop pays better for ploughing than Oats; and it is on this Account that I generally give my Land designed for Oats three Tilths; whence I am morally certain arises the Largeness of my Crops; for I have seldom under five, oftner six, and very frequently seven Quarters from an Acre, throughout a Field.

Your Readers will not be surprised at my having such good Crops, when I observe, that I almost every Year sow some Oats on a Fallow that has been well dunged; and this I aver to be good Husbandry, as it abates the Rankness of the Soil, kills many of the Weeds, and prepares the Land in an excellent Manner for a succeeding Crop of sweet Wheat: But I always clear my Land of the stiff Oat-Stubble before I attempt to plough for the Wheat.

I have already said that I sow black Oats early on my light Land: By early, I mean as early as the first Week in *February*, by which Time I have generally an Opportunity of getting the Land in proper Order, for a light Soil is soon wet, soon dry.

Let me mention once more to your Readers, that it is on a light Soil, which is apt to burn a Crop, that I sow my black Oats so early as the Beginning of *February*; for should any of them attempt to sow them so early in a moist, cold, stiff Soil, and a hard Frost should follow, the young Blade would, in all Probability, be killed.

I must also remark, that when I sow Oats thus early, it is generally under

under Furrow; yet I sometimes sow them broadcast, and plough them in.

The Quantity of Seed I, for the most Part, use, is about three Bushels, which I find to be enough; nay, I have sometimes from only two Bushels had a good Crop; but then I have been particularly careful and attentive to the Goodness of the Seed, without which Precaution I should not, unless the Season had been very favourable indeed, have succeeded.

I have found it a very good Way to sow first half my Quantity of Seed under Furrow, and afterwards, sowing the Remainder broad-cast, harrow it in; and this is often my Practice when I sow the latter End of *February*, or the Beginning of *March*.

When I sow Oats after Wheat, which however is not very frequently, I turn up the Stubble as soon as I conveniently can after Harvest, and leave it rough through the Winter. The first fine Weather after *Christmas*, I lay it down smooth with the Harrows, and immediately give it a cross plowing.

As soon as *February* comes in, if it is not a hard Frost, I make the Land as fine as I possibly can by the Harrows, raising a fine loose Mould to the Surface, which is to be the Bed for the Oats to lie in; for I sow my Oats directly under Furrow; after which I pass a moderate-sized Roller over the Field, and then give it a slight Scratch with a Pair of light Harrows.

My chief Reason for troubling you with this Letter is, to endeavour to persuade my Brother Farmers that they do not, in general, allow their Oats a sufficient Number of Plowings, one being the stated Quantity.

If they would plow twice for this Crop, they would receive more than twenty Shillings an Acre for their Trouble; but if they would consult their own Interest, & allow three Plowings, it would often make fifty Pounds Difference to them in a Field of twenty Acres: This they will, perhaps, think wonderful; but it is no less true.

The black Oats require particularly to be sown early, especially if the Farmer wishes to have them of a fine glossy Ebon Colour, and that the Crop should corn well; for if they are sown late, and wet Weather follows soon after sowing, they will be apt to run all to Straw; and if dry Weather, and the Soil is gravelly, it is a Chance but they are burnt up.

I have found by Experience, that black Oats will yield a very large Crop after Turnips; and this I believe is simply owing to their being sown in a fine Tilth; for the Mould cannot but be reduced to very small Particles, if a Crop of Turnips has been well husbanded, especially if it is in a light Soil.

SENTENTIOUS MAXIMS.

POLITENESS is said to be the Science of Civility; yet Persons are perhaps more frequently unpolite from *too much* Civility, than *too little*.

Though Men hardly ever think themselves wrong in the Offence, yet they almost always feel themselves so in the just Reproof.

Profusion is generally nearer allied to Avarice, than Generosity.

Of all Distinctions, sure none is so little attended to as that between the necessary Care to preserve our own Right, and the Invasion of the Right of another. Men are so apt to think their own Right more than it is, and the Right of others less, that he who is equally scrupulous and vigilant to preserve both in their utmost Extent, will probably be despised as a Dupe, merely because he scorns to dupe others: Such a Chance has Honesty for Respect among the major Part of those who are pleased to value themselves for being notable and clever, for having a most sagacious Discernment, and knowing how to make the most of it.

We often act as if we fancied that Persuasion would be in Proportion to Vehemence; yet do we not observe, that the Player who over-acts his Part, affects us still less than he that under-acts?

SELECT

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

*The VULTURE, the SPARROW, and other
Birds: A FABLE. To a Friend in the
Country,*

E'ER I begin, I must premise
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray, what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts; be't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence:
What then? He knows his own pre-
tence.

I meddle with no state affairs,
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound
For *Machiavel* himself to sound:
To censure 'em I've no pretension;
I own they're past my comprehension.
You say your brother wants a place;
('Tis many a younger brother's case;)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend.
You praise his parts for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have 'em too.
I've heard of times, (pray God defend
us,

We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no int'rest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper arts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour's pimp the first.
His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;

All consciences must bend and fly,
You must vote on, and not know why;
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like these have curst a
land,

And fav'rites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be
ready,

And not have principles too steady;
For should a knave engross the pow'r,
(God shield the realm from that sad
hour)

He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?
Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise
By screening fraud and venting lies:
Give me, kind heav'n, a private sta-
tion,

A mind serene for contemplation;
Title and profit I resign,
The post of honour shall be mine.
My fable read, their merit view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes
Always except the present times)
A greedy vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to pow'r:
When at the royal eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care:
The monarch grants. With pride e-
late,

Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must
out.

Each thinks his own the best pretension;
This asks a place, and that a pension.
The nightingale was set aside;
A forward daw his room supply'd.
This bird (says he) for bus'ness fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit;
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing sticks:
Then with his neighbours one so free,
At all times will connive at me.
The hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own;

Thousand

Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.
At once the ravens were discarded,
And magpies with their posts rewarded.

Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest;
State lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

When rogues like these (a sparrow cries)

To honour and employment rise,
I court no favour, ask no place;
From such, preferment is disgrace:
Within my thatch'd retreat I find,
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind;

On Mr. CHURCHILL's Death.

FAREWELL, great bard—ye sons
Of science mourn,
And shed, with me, your tears o'er *Churchill's* Urn:

Lament his death—who, firm to freedom's cause,

Unshaken stood amidst the threat'ning laws;

Whose gen'rous, friendly, all-commanding soul

No venal views could move, nor fear controul;

Whose pen, when freedom call'd, was still prepar'd,

To vindicate her rights—his chief regard;

To lash with satire keen the tools in pow'r,

Their base degen'rate actions to explore;

Expose their follies, drag to public fight
Each dark transaction they would hide from light.

He e'er was faithful to those friends he chose,

Nor knew what malice was, e'en to his foes;

Open to all; sincere without disguise,
He boldly spoke, to censure, or despise;

Equally bold, of vice to forewarn;
Fear he detested, envy was his scorn;

Virtue he honour'd—and in all his lays

Gave to superior merit, merit's praise.
His noble soul disdain'd that wretched state,

That abject life—dependence on the great—

Much worse than bonds—to his high soaring mind,

That (free by nature) scorn'd to be confin'd;

Scorn'd to fet forth, as righteous acts, those crimes

Which stand examples to succeeding times;

Scorn'd vice to form in virtue's specious mould,

Or sell his native *Liberty* for gold.

Churchill's no more—Ye bards preserve his name,

High on the records of poetic fame,

Let that stand first, your various lays to grace,

It well deserves the most exalted place;

Equal to *Dryden*.—Thro' each nervous page,

Admir'd, he'll live, to the most distant age.

Dec. 10.

T W.

ON CENSURE.

YE wife, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure:
Or, show this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate & scorn;
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those, who want the pow'r to rise.
The world a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong.
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay

On what detracting people say?

For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs:

Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;

Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place:

Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak, or what they think;

Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, December 22, 1764.



A N Y Moralists have remarked, that Pride has of all Human Vices the widest Dominion, appears in the greatest Multiplicity of Forms, and lies hid under the greatest Variety of Disguises; of Disguises, which, like the Moon's *Veil of Brighness*, are both its *Lustre and its Shade*, and betray it to others, though they hide it from ourselves.

It is not my Intention to degrade Pride from this Pre-eminence of Mischief, yet I know not whether Idleness may not maintain a very doubtful and obstinate Competition.

There are some that profess Idleness in its full Dignity, who call themselves the *Idle*, as *Busiris* in the Play calls himself *the Proud*; who boast that they do nothing, and thank their Stars that they have nothing to do; who sleep every Night till they can sleep no longer, and rise only that Exercise may enable them to sleep again; who prolong the Reign of Darkness by double Curtains, and never see the Sun but to tell him how they hate his Beams; whose whole Labour is to vary the Postures of Indulgence, and whose Day differs from their Night but as a Couch or Chair differs from a Bed.

These are the true and open Votaries of Idleness, for whom she weaves the Garlands of Poppies, and into whose Cup she pours the Waters of Oblivion; who exist in a State of unrudded Stupidity, for-

getting and forgotten; who have long ceased to live, and at whose Death the Survivors can only say, that they have ceased to breathe.

But Idleness predominates in many Lives where it is not suspected, for being a Vice which terminates in itself, it may be enjoyed without Injury to others, and is therefore not watched like Fraud, which endangers Property; or like Pride, which naturally seeks its Gratifications in another's Inferiority. Idleness is a silent and peaceful Quality, that neither raises Envy by Ostentation, nor Hatred by Opposition; and therefore no Body is busy to censure or detect it.

As Pride sometimes is hid under Humility, Idleness is often covered by Turbulence and Hurry. He that neglects his known Duty and real Employment, naturally endeavours to croud his Mind with something that may bar out the Remembrance of his own Folly, and does any Thing but what he ought to do with eager Diligence, that he may keep himself in his own Favour.

Some are always in a State of Preparation, occupied in previous Measures, forming Plans, accumulating Materials, and providing for the main Affair. These are certainly under the secret Power of Idleness. Nothing is to be expected from the Workman whose Tools are for ever to be sought. I was once told by a great Master, that no Man ever excelled in Painting, who was eminently curious about Pencils and Colours.

There are others to whom Idleness dictates another Expedient,

by which Life may be passed unprofitably away without the Tedi-ousness of many vacant Hours. The Art is, to fill the Day with petty Business, to have always something in Hand which may raise Curiosity, but not Solicitude, and keep the Mind in a State of Action, but not of Labour.

This Art has for many Years been practised by my old Friend *Sober*, with wonderful Success. *Sober* is a Man of strong Desires and quick Imagination, so exactly balanced by the Love of Ease, that they can seldom stimulate him to any difficult Undertaking; they have, however, so much Power, that they will not suffer him to lie quite at Rest; and though they do not make him sufficiently useful to others, they make him at least not weary of himself.

Mr. *Sober's* chief Pleasure is Conversation; there is no End of his Talk, or his Attention; to speak or to hear is equally pleasing; for he still fancies that he is teaching or learning something, and is free for the Time from his own Reproaches.

But there is one Time at Night when he must go Home, that his Friends may sleep; and another Time in the Morning, when all the World agrees to shut out Interruption. These are the Moments of which poor *Sober* trembles at the Thought. But the Misery of these tiresome Intervals, he has many Means of alleviating. He has persuaded himself that the manual Arts are undeservedly overlooked; he has observed in many Trades the Effects of close Thought, and just Ratiocination. From Speculation he proceeded to Practice, and supplied himself with the Tools of a Carpenter, with which he mended his Coal-Box very successfully, and which he still continues to employ, as he finds Occasion.

He has attempted at other Times the Crafts of the Shoe-maker, Tinman, Plumber, and Potter; in all which Arts he has failed, and resolves to qualify himself for them by better Information: But his daily Amusement is Chemistry. He

has a small Furnace, which he employs in Distillation; and which has long been the Solace of his Life. He draws Oils and Waters, and Essences and Spirits, which he knows to be of no Use; sits and counts the Drops as they come from his Retort; and forgets that, while a Drop is falling, a Moment flies away.

Poor *Sober*! I have often teased him with Reproof, and he has often promised Reformation; for no Man is so much open to Conviction as the *Idler*, but there is none on whom it operates so little. What will be the Effect of what I have now said, I know not; perhaps he will read it and laugh, and light the Fire in his Furnace; but my Hope is, that he will quit his Trifles, and betake himself to rational and useful Diligence.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 485.

I N our late political Disputes, we seem to be running into the two Extremes; one in Favour of absolute Power in the Sovereign; the other, of placing all Power in the People. For so much we may infer from those Arguments, that are for allowing an unlimited Power to the Crown; and from those, which on all Occasions maintain a Right to appeal to the People.---Both these Tenets our Constitution abhors: And we have Examples of the Miseries and Ruin that were brought upon this Nation, when either one or the other prevailed.

In managing this Subject, let us distinguish between the Power of the People at large, and their representative Power delegated to those Knights and Gentlemen chosen to represent them in Parliament; by which we shall be able to arrive at, and truly understand the Nature of their original and actual Power: The Inattention to which Distinction, seems to gender so many wild Notions about Power, and lead many good Subjects into erroneous Principles.

The Excellency of the *English* Constitution consists in the Equality

ity of Power lodged in the Legislature. The Harmony of those Parts is the peculiar Blessing of this Nation; and in order to subsist and flourish, this Harmony must have its Rise from a due Respect and Obedience, to be paid by the whole People in every Degree and Station to that Authority, with which the Laws have vested this Government; namely, the Prince, who is the Head of the Commonwealth; then both Houses of Parliament, as the two great Pillars supporting the Royal Dignity.

Therefore, as all the constituent Parts, aggregately considered, ought to have their due Weight, so no one Part is to invade another's Right, much less to join with any Persons or Measures attempting such Invasion. When they respect each other, they become awful to the People, whom they ought to lead and govern, not to follow and obey. Where there happens to be this Agreement in all the Parts, the State is sound and perfect, and can act at Home or Abroad with Strength and Vigour. But when they clash, every Thing must stand still: The executive Power remains impotent and disregarded: There is a Kind of Break or Chasm in Government; and first one Wheel of the great Engine stops, and then another, till the whole is out of Order.

The Rights and Privileges of the House of Commons are the People's Rights and Privileges transferred, and passed over from the Persons electing to the Persons elected. 'Tis true, the People have a Right to instruct their Members; and trusty, wise and honest Representatives, will always pay a due Regard to the Voice of their Constituents. But certainly those Instructions cannot be presumed coercive, such as the sitting Member is obliged to submit unto implicitly. Because they may be purely local, and clash with the true Interest of the Nation.

When the Commonalty have once made their Choice, their whole Power is devolved and delegated. They lie at the Mercy of

their Members assembled in Parliament. These may be removed by a disgusted People at another Election. This is the *ne plus* of the People's Power over their Representatives.

'Tis not the Name of a House of Commons that makes a Nation free, but their Efficacy, Power and Authority, and the Respect and Reverence their Deliberations and Proceedings meet with. But where all this is taken from them, the Subjects are in a worse Condition than if they were governed by the Sword: For they can hope for nothing but Slavery, where nothing but the Shadow of Freedom is kept.

Therefore, should ever the Case happen, that a House of Commons could either be frightened by an Army, or corrupted by the Intrigues of a Court, or be influenced and over-awed by popular Clamour, to go out of their old Ways; and, in material Points, to quit their regular and antient Course of Proceedings; and that at any Time they should be brought to give up Fundamentals, the Constitution will be solost, that it will be utterly impossible to recover it: Because, upon the present Foot of Things, and all Circumstances considered, there are none who can so well protect the People in their civil Rights, as their own Representatives. If therefore the House of Commons be made contemptible; if their Authority be weakened; if their Privileges be suffered to be invaded; if at every Turn they are driven upon such a Precipice by hot and Hair-brain'd Men, that either the State must be disturbed, or they must depart from Fundamentals: And if the Fences and Out-Works be thus thrown down, it would be impossible to maintain the Citadel, the strong Hold, and last Refuge, upon which we have depended hitherto; and in a few Years we might expect to be in no better a Condition than all the neighbouring Kingdoms, whose Kings have usurped an arbitrary Power, and made their Subjects Slaves, by bringing their Parliaments into Disgrace and Contempt.

*An original Letter from Mr. Pope to
the Dutches of Hamilton **

LONDON, October the --, between
Day and Night: *The Writer
drunk.*

MADAM,

MRS. *Whitworth* (who, as her Epitaph on *Tottenham* Highway assures us, had attained to as much Perfection and Purity as any since the Apostles) is now deposited, according to her own Order, between a Fig-Tree and a Vine, there to be found out at the last Resurrection.

I am just come from seeing your Grace in much the like Situation, between a Honeyfuckle and a Rose Bush; where you are to continue as long as Canvass can last. I suppose the Painter, by these Emblems, intended to intimate, on the one Hand, your Grace's sweet Disposition to your Friends; and, on the other, to shew you are near enough related to the Thistle of *Scotland*, to deserve the same Motto with Regard to your Enemies:

Nemo me impune lacessit. †

The two foregoing Periods, methinks, are so mystical, learned, and perplexed, that if you have any Statesmen or Divines about you, they can't chuse but be pleased with them. One Divine you cannot be without, as a good *Christian*; and a Statesman you have lately had; for I hear my Lord *Selkirk* has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the Bottom of this Page) I must tell your Grace in *English*, that I have made a Painter bestow the foresaid Ornaments round about you, (for upon you there needs none,) and am, upon the whole, pleased with my Picture beyond Expression.

I may now say of your Picture, It is the Thing in the World the likest you, except yourself; as a cautious Person once said of an

Elephant; It was the biggest in the World, except itself.

You see, Madam, it is not impossible for you to be compared to an Elephant: And you must give me Leave to shew you one may carry on the Simile.

An Elephant never bends his Knees; and I am told your Grace says no Prayers. An Elephant has a most remarkable Command of his Snout, and so has your Grace, when you imitate my Lady *Orkney*. An Elephant is a great Lover of Men, and so is your Grace for all I know; though from your Partiality to myself, I should rather think you love little Children.

I beg you not to be discouraged in this Point: Remember the Text which I'll preach upon the first Day I am a Parson, *Suffer little Children to come unto me.*---And, *Despise not one of these little Ones.*

No, Madam---despise great Beasts, such as *Gay*; who now goes by the dreadful Name of, *The Beast of Blois*, where Mr. *Pulteney* and he are settled, and where he shews Tricks gratis, to all the Beasts of his own Country, (for Strangers do not yet understand the Voice of the Beast.) I have heard from him but once, Lord *Warwick* twice, Mr. *Lepell* thrice: If there be any has heard from him four Times, I suppose it is you.

I beg Mr. *Blundell* may know, Dr. *Logg* has received Ordination, and enters on his Functions this Winter at Mrs. *Blount's*. They have chosen this innocent Man for their Confessor; and I believe most *Roman Catholic* Ladies, that have Sins, will follow their Example. This good Priest will be of the Order of *Melchisedeck*, a Priest for ever, and serve a Family from Generation to Generation. He'll stand in a Corner as quietly as a Clock, and being wound up once a Week, strike up a loud Alarm on a Sunday Morning. Nay, if the *Christian* Religion should be abo-

* The Original of this may be seen at Mr. *DURHAM's* in the STRAND, in Mr. *POPE's* own Hand-Writing.

† Lord *WILLIAM* will construe this LATIN, if you send it to *ISLEWORTH*.

lished, (as indeed there is great Reason to expect it, from the Wisdom of the Legislature,) he might at worst make an excellent Bonfire; which is all that (upon a Change of Religion) can be desired from an Heretick. I do not hope your Grace should be converted; but however, I wish you would call at Mrs. B---'s out of Curiosity: To meet People one likes, is thought by some the best Reason for going to Church; and I dare promise you'll like one another: They are extremely your Servants, or else I should not think them my Friends.

I ought to keep up the Custom, and ask you to send me something. Therefore pray, Madam, send me yourself; that is, a Letter; and pray make Haste to bring up yourself, that is all I value, to Town.

I am, with the truest Respect, the least Ceremony, and the most Zeal,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, faithful,

And most humble Servant,

A. P O P E.

"Mr. Hamilton, I am your's."
There is a short Letter for you.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, an Eastern Story.

[Continued from Page 820.]

IN this Account, however incredible, they persisted without Variation; and having filled the Palace with Alarm and Confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any Intelligence by what Means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my Resentment. I reviewed the Transactions of the Night with Anguish and Regret, and bewilder'd myself among the innumerable Possibilities that might have produced my Disappointment. I remembered that the Windows of *Selima's* Apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that Way have escaped into the Gardens of the Seraglio. But why should the escape who had never been confined. If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by Day. Had

she an Assignment? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This Supposition increased my Torment; because, if it was true, *Selima* had granted to my Slave that which she had refused to me. But as all these Conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her Absence a Pretence to destroy her Father.

In the Morning I gave Orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my Accusation: "May the Sultan *Amurath*, in whose Wrath the Angel of Death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the Smile of Heaven! Let the wretched *Alibeg* perish: But let my Lord remember *Selima* with Mercy; let him dismiss the Slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a Request, to dismiss the Daughter whom thou hast stolen! Thou whose Life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one Hour, or affronted Mercy shall give thee up." "O! said he, let not the mighty Sovereign of the East sport with the Misery of the Weak: If thou hast doomed us to Death, let us die together."

Though I was now convinced that *Alibeg* believed I had confined *Selima*, and decreed her Death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his Hands; and therefore dismissed him with a Repetition of my Command, to produce her within an Hour upon Pain of Death.

My Ring, which, during this Series of Events, had given perpetual Intimations of Guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my Finger so forcibly, that it gave me great Pain, and compelled my Notice. I immediately retired, and gave Way to the Discontent that swelled my Bosom.—"How wretched a Slave is *Amurath* to an invisible Tyrant! A Being, whose Malevolence or Envy has restrained me in the Exercise of my Authority as a Prince, and whose Cunning has

has contrived perpetually to insult me, by intimating that every Action of my Life is a Crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable Oppression! This accursed Ring is the Badge, and the Instrument of my Subjection and Dishonour: He who gave it is now perhaps in some remote Region of the Air; perhaps he rolls some Planet in its Orbit, agitates the southern Ocean with a Tempest, or shakes some distant Region with an Earthquake: But wherever he is, he has surely a more important Employ than to watch my Conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this *Talisman*, only to restrain me from the Enjoyment of some Good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my Desires are controuled; and to gratify these Desires is to be happy." As I pronounced these Words, I drew off the Ring, and threw it to the Ground with Disdain and Indignation: Immediately the Air grew dark; a Cloud burst in Thunder over my Head, and the Eye of *Syndarac* was upon me: I stood before him motionless and silent; Horror thrilled in my Veins, and my Hair stood upright. I had neither Power to deprecate his Anger, nor to confess my Faults. In his Countenance there was a calm Severity; and I heard him pronounce these Words: "Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own Power, thrown off Humanity, and degraded thy Being: Thy Form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy Nature, nor thy Example render thy Vices contagious." He then touched me with his Rod; and, while the Sound of his Voice yet vibrated in my Ears, I found myself in the Midst of a Desert, not in the Form of a Man, but of a Monster, with the fore Parts of my Body like a Wolf, and the hinder Parts like a Goat. I was still conscious to every Event of my Life, and my intellectual Powers were continued, though my Passions were irritated to Frenzy. I now rolled in the Sand in an Agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the Desert, impelled only by the vain Desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with Rage, and now

howled in Despair! this Moment I breathed Execrations against the *Genius*; and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his Friendship.

By this violent Agitation of Mind and Body, the Powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a Den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a State of Insensibility. I slept; but Sleep, instead of prolonging, put an End to this Interval of Quiet. The *Genius* still terrified me with his Presence: I heard his Sentence repeated, and felt again all the Horrors of my Transformation. When I awoke, I was not refreshed; Calamity, though it is compelled to admit Slumber, can yet exclude Rest. But I was now roused by Hunger; for Hunger like Sleep is irresistible.

I went out in Search of Prey; and if I felt any Alleviation of Misery, beside the Hope of satisfying my Appetite, it was in the Thought of tearing to Pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some Part of the Evil which I endured; for tho' I regretted my Punishment, I did not repent of my Crimes: And as I imagined *Syndarac* would now neither mitigate nor increase my Sufferings, I was not restrained, either by Hope or Fear, from indulging my Disposition to Cruelty and Revenge. But while I was thus meditating the Destruction of others, I trembled, lest by some stronger Savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the Midst of this Variety of Torment, I heard the Cry of Dogs, the trampling of Horses, and the Shouts of the Hunters; and such is the Love of Life, however wretched, that my Heart sunk within me at the Sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much infeeble either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with Wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: But at Length a Slave threw a Net over me, and I was dragged to the City.

I now entered the Metropolis of my Empire, amidst the Noise and Tumult of a Rabble, who the Day before would have hid themselves at

my

my Presence. I heard the Sound of Music at a Distance: The Heralds approached, and *Alibeg* was proclaimed in my Stead. I was now deserted by the Multitude, whose Curiosity was diverted by the Pomp of the Procession; and was conducted to the Place where other Savages were kept, which Custom has considered as Part of the Regalia.

My Keeper was a black Slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal Presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me Food, and the Vigour of Nature was restored, he discovered in me such Tokens of Ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many Hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this Delay, that, forgetting my Dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me. So that he found it necessary to add Blows to Hunger, that he might gain such an Ascendency over me, as was suitable to his Office. By this Slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the Pierceness of my Disposition being suppressed by Fear and Languor, a milder Temper insensibly stole upon me; and a Demeanour that was begun by Constraint, was continued by Habit.

I was now treated with less Severity, and strove to express something like Gratitude, that might encourage my Keeper to yet greater Kindness. His Vanity was flattered by my Submission; and, to shew as well his Courage as the Success of his Discipline, he ventured sometimes to carefs me in the Presence of those whose Curiosity brought them to see me. A Kind of Friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some Degree of the Affection that I had feigned. It happened that a Tyger which had been lately taken, broke one Day into my Den, while my Keeper was giving me my Provision, and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to Pieces, if I had not seized the Savage by the Throat and dragged him to the Ground: The Slave presently dispatched him with his Dagger, and turned about to

carefs his Deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with Astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a Monster but a Dog.

I was myself conscious of the Change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my Den escaped from my Confinement. This Transformation I considered as a Reward of my Fidelity, & was perhaps never more happy than in the first Moments of my Escape; for I reflected, that as a Dog my Liberty was not only restored but insured: I was no longer suspected of Qualities which rendered me unfit for Society. But this Joy subsided in the Remembrance of that Dignity from which I had fallen, & from which I was still at an immeasurable Distance. Yet I lifted up my Heart in Gratitude, to the Power who had once more brought me within the Circle of Nature. As a Brute I was more thankful for a Mitigation of Punishment; than as a King I had been for Offers of the highest Happiness and Honour. And who that is not taught by Affliction, can justly estimate the Bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first Tumult of my Mind was past, I felt an irresistible Inclination once more to visit the Apartments of my *Seraglio*. I placed myself behind an *Emir* whom I knew to have been the Friend of *Alibeg*, and was permitted to follow him into the Presence.

The Persons & the Place, the Retrospection of my Life which they produced, and the Comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the Garden, and lay down under the Shade of an Almond Tree, that I might indulge those Reflectious, which tho' they oppressed me with Melancholy I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this Place, before a little Dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my Return from hunting, came and fawned at my Feet. My Heart now smote me and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this Disguise? is thy Fidelity to thy Lord unshaken? cut off as I am from the Converse

of

of Mankind, hast thou preserved for me an Affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with Evil? This Forgetfulness of Injury, and this steady Friendship, are they less than Human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these Reflections from returning the Caresses that I received; and *Alibeg*, who just then entered the Garden, took Notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the *Seraglio* I soon learned, that a Body which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the Chamber; & that *Alibeg* had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous Voice of the People: But I gained no Intelligence of *Selima*, whose Apartment I found in the Possession of another, and for whom I had searched every Part of the Palace in vain. I became restless; every Place was irksome; a Desire to wander prevailed; and one Evening I went out at the Garden Gate, and travelling till Midnight, I lay down at the Foot of a Sycamore-Tree and slept.

In the Morning, I beheld with Surprise a Wall of Marble that seemed to reach to Heaven, and Gates that were sculptured with every Emblem of Delight. Over the Gate was inscribed in Letters of Gold, "Within this Wall Liberty is unbounded, and Felicity compleat: Nature is not oppressed by the Tyranny of Religion, nor is Pleasure awed by the Frown of Virtue. The Gate is obedient to thy Wish, whosoever thou art; enter, therefore, and be happy."

When I read this Inscription, my Bosom throbbed with tumultuous Expectation: But my Desire to enter was repressed by the Reflection, that I had lost the Form, in which alone I could gratify the Appetites of a Man. Desire and Curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: The Door immediately opened inward; I entered and it closed after me. [To be concluded in our next.]

The Christian Evidence of a Future State.

[Continued from Page 822.]

THE same Order and Connection as of St. Paul's, may be observed in the Apostle Peter's Account of the Gospel to *Cornelius* the Roman Officer: "We are Witnesses of all Things which *Jesus* did, both in the Land of the *Jews* & in *Jerusalem*; whom they slew and hanged on a Tree; him GOD raised the third Day, and shewed him openly, not to all the People, but to Witnesses chosen before of GOD, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the Dead: And he commanded us to preach unto the People and to testify, that it is he who was ordained of GOD to be the Judge of Quick and Dead."

These Instances are sufficient to show how the Apostles appeal to the Fact of *Christ's* Resurrection for the Truth of the Doctrines which they taught of a future State, a Judgment to come, and the Dominion and Authority of our LORD and SAVIOUR. And here is evidently a solid and sufficient Foundation to support these Doctrines: If we believe that our LORD actually rose from the Dead, we cannot doubt of the Reality of a future State, or of that Power which he assumed to himself, & which his Apostles attributed to him, of raising Mankind from the Dead, & judging & disposing of them in another Life. This single Fact being admitted, our whole Christian Faith is sufficiently established. All the real and essential Doctrines of *Christianity* are built upon it. And all Objections against *Christianity*, which do not tend to disprove that Fact, are either levelled against something else in the Stead of *Christianity*, or are of little Weight and Moment. And all Arguments in Defence of the *Christian* Religion, which do not serve to evince that Fact, are unnecessary.

From the Reality of our Lord's Resurrection; it undeniably follows that he was all that he pretended to be, the SON of GOD: Meaning by that Title, not any Thing concerning his Essence or Substance (tho' it has been absurdly misapplied to that Sense) but his moral Character and Dignity and the high Honour & Favour which he had with God:

For

For by his Resurrection, says the Apostle, he was declared to be the Son of GOD with Power. It follows, that GOD hath exalted him to be an eternal Prince and Saviour, the Judge of the World, and the Giver of Immortality to Mankind: Or as our Lord himself expresses it, that GOD hath committed all Judgment to him, and hath given him Power over all Flesh, that is, all Mankind, to give eternal Life to as many as GOD hath given him.—Upon this Ground of Evidence, we receive like *Cornelius*, with a reverential Belief, the Declaration which the Apostle *Peter* made to him, “that the Man *Christ Jesus*, who was crucified, dead and buried, and who rose again, and shewed himself alive from the Dead by many infallible Proofs to Witnesses chosen by Divine Providence, is ordained of GOD (as he commanded his Apostles to declare and attest) to be the Judge of Quick and Dead,” that is, of all Mankind of all past Ages as well as present and to come.

It is of no Force to urge here by Way of Objection, that in this Divine Constitution, this Kingdom of Heaven, there is something mysterious and unaccountable; that we cannot fully understand it, or comprehend the whole Manner of it, and all the Reasons of infinite Wisdom in establishing it.—All such Objections are founded merely on Human Ignorance, and are exceedingly weak and frivolous. For what Work of infinite Wisdom, what Dispensation of eternal Providence, what Divine Constitution through universal Nature, can our Understandings thoroughly comprehend?—It implies the utmost Degree of Folly and Arrogance to imagine, that we can understand the whole Reason and Method of any Divine Procedure; much more when the Subject is nothing less than a future State, & the eternal Government and Disposal of the whole collective Body of Mankind from the Beginning to the End of the World. It is our Wisdom first to inquire into Facts, and learn as far as we are able what the Power and Wisdom of GOD hath actually ap-

pointed; and then to adore with Reverence, obey with Willingness, give Thanks with Cheerfulness, and rejoice in Hope.

Let it not be imagined, that under Colour of Human Ignorance, we are attempting to screen any Thing weak and absurd in the Doctrines of Christianity, any Thing that will not bear Examination, any Thing contradictory to the Reason of Mankind, or inconsistent with the Appearances of Nature, and the usual Order of GOD's Providence. Christianity stands in no Need of Artifice, and rejects with Contempt the subtle Evasions of Human Wit in its Defence. All the genuine Doctrines of it are perfectly, rational, and as intelligible as any Thing concerning another Life and World can possibly be made to Human Sense and Knowledge. There is a wide Difference between our not being able, through Want of Capacity, to understand fully the Whole of any Thing, and it being contrary to what we do clearly understand.—Every Work of GOD, and every Doctrine of Religion exceeds in some Respect our Capacity of Comprehension: But no Work of GOD, no Truth of Religion is or can be contrary to our clear Reason and Knowledge. And the genuine and peculiar Doctrines of Christianity are peculiarly plain and intelligible: And nothing but an obscure Multiplicity of Words and Figures, disguising instead of explaining them, can render them difficult to be understood, or bring them into Controversy and Confusion. That *Christ* rose from the Dead, that he is exalted to Glory and Dominion, that he is appointed Judge of Mankind, and empowered to bestow the Rewards of Immortality upon all virtuous and good Men, are Propositions as plain to be understood, and lie as much within the Compass of our Ideas, as the Doctrines of GOD's Immenfity and Eternity, his creating all Things out of nothing, his universal Providence, or any other Truth of natural Religion.

Men have indeed framed, adopted, and propagated many strange

and absurd Doctrines, and confounded them with the Gospel. But let those who have espoused them be alone answerable for them: Let such *blind Believers* carry on the Controversy with as *blind Unbelievers*, one imagining themselves to be *defending*, and the other *attacking* the *Christian Revelation*; when, in Reality, it is not in the least concerned, and the *Gospel itself* stands clear and firm, separate from all such false, or at best, dark and dubious Notions.——What Clouds of Vapour and Smoke have arisen from the gross Fictions and fiery Disputations of contentious Men, obscuring the native Clearness and Lustre of the *Gospel of Christ*! But as when Mists and Clouds vanish, we may lift up our Eyes and see the one grand Object, the glorious Sun shining with its own inherent Splendor;—so when the thick Fumes of Prejudice, Error, & Contention, which arise to intercept our Views, are dissipated or subsided, we may then contemplate with the clear Eye of a rational Faith the *Son of GOD*, the *Saviour* of the World, shining in Wisdom Power and Goodness above all the Sons of Men, risen from the Dead, ascended to a Throne of Dominion and Judgment in the upper Regions, and dispensing the Light of true Religion in this World; and what is more and greater, and the *sublime End of his Office*, the Rewards of eternal Life in a World to come.

THIS Gospel is perfectly rational in itself, and worthy of all Acceptance: It corresponds to our purest Sentiments, and our worthiest Desires and Hopes. And the Testimony of the Evangelists and Apostles to the Reality of our Lord's Resurrection, is a sufficient Ground of our firm Belief, and an Evidence superior to all imaginable Objections.

But as it may serve to obviate some Difficulties, may afford some Satisfaction to inquisitive Minds, and may conduce to strengthen the Influence of the *Gospel*; we shall proceed hereafter to consider it in Analogy to the Constitution of the World, and the apparent Order of Divine Providence in it.

Method of making an Incision in Cattle hoven by eating Clover; communicated by a Gentleman of Devonshire.

I Had a yearling steer hoven about a year and half since: I sent for a Farrier as soon as I perceived it; he drenched him, and drove him about for some Hours, without giving him any Relief: he still grew worse, and the Man could do no more for him; and I believe he would have died soon, having almost lost his Footing.

I then resolved to try the Experiment of giving Vent to the Wind by an Incision.

I took Notice that he was particularly swelled and puffed out between the Ribs and Pin-bone on the near Side. I gave the Farrier a thin Incision-Knife, not sharp pointed, but a little rounded at the Point, and made him cut through the Hide about an Inch long, downwards, where the Swelling was most, (having first properly secured him from moving) about three Inches from the Rib, and the same from the Bones of the Loin; then I directed him to make another Incision with the utmost Caution, that it might only enter the Cavity of the Belly, without hurting or wounding any of the Intestines, as I believed that would be fatal to the Creature.

The Orifice was not bigger than the Top of a little Finger would enter, but immediately on making it the Wind rushed out, with as much Force as if it came from a Belows, and was very fetid; it continued so for some time, and the Swelling lessened by Degrees.

We afterwards run a Needle with Thread through the Wound in the Hide, tied it together, putting a Plaister on it to keep the Air from it, put him into a warm House, and next Day he eat some Oats and Hay, and in a Week's Time we healed up the Wound and turned him out with the other Cattle; and though he did not recover himself in some Weeks, he is now as a fine Steer as any of his Fellows.

I made use of no Tube to keep the Orifice open.

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The PARTY-COLOUR'D SHIELD, a Fable, by Sir Harry Beaumont,

IN the Days of Knight-Errantry and Paganism, one of our old *British* Princes set up a Statue to the Goddess of *Victory*, in a Point where four Roads met together. In her right Hand she held a Spear; and rested with her left upon a Shield. The Outside of this Shield was of Gold, and the Inside of Silver. On the former was inscrib'd, in the old *British* Language, "To the Goddesses ever favourable:" and on the other, "For four Victories obtain'd successively over the *Picts*, and other Inhabitants of the Northern Islands."

It happen'd one Day, that two Knights completely arm'd, the one in black Armour, and the other in white, arriv'd from opposite Parts of the Country, at this Statue, just about the same Time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopp'd to read the Inscriptions, and observe the Excellence of its Workmanship. After contemplating it for some Time, "This Golden Shield, (says the Black Knight,)

"Golden Shield! cry'd the White Knight, (who was as strictly observing the opposite Side,) why if I have any Eyes, 'tis Silver"---"I know nothing of your Eyes, reply'd the Black Knight; but if ever I saw a Golden Shield in my Life, this is one."---"Yes, return'd the white Knight smiling, 'tis very probable indeed, that they shou'd expose a Shield of Gold in so public a Place as this is! For my Part, I wonder that even a Silver one is not too strong a Temptation for the Devotion of some of the People that pass this Way; and it appears by the Date, that this has been here above three Years." the Black Knight could not bear the Smile with which this was deliver'd, and grew so warm in the Dispute, that it soon ended in a Challenge. They both therefore turn'd their Horses, and rode back so far, as to have sufficient Space for their Career; then fix'd their Spears in their Rests, and flew at each other with the greatest Fury and Impetuosity. Their Shock

was so rude, and the Blow on each Side so effectual, that they both fell to the Ground so much wounded and bruise'd, that they lay there for some Time, as in a Trance. A good *Druid*, who was travelling that Way, found them in this Condition. The *Druids* were the Physicians of those Times, as well as the Priests. He had a sovereign Balsam about him, which he had compos'd himself; (for he was very knowing in all the Plants, that grew in the Fields, or in the Forests.) He staunch'd their Blood, apply'd his Balm to their Wounds, and brought them, as it were, from Death to Life again. As soon as he found them sufficiently recover'd, he began to enquire into the Occasion of the Quarrel. "Why this Man, cry'd the Black Knight, will have it, that that Shield yonder is Silver."---"And he will have it, reply'd the White Knight, that it is Gold;" and then told him all the Particulars of the Affair. "Ah, says the *Druid* with a Sigh, you are both of you, my Brethren, in the right; and both of you in the wrong! Had either of you given himself Time to look upon the opposite Part of the Shield, as well as that which first presented itself to his View, all this Passion and Bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good Lesson to be learn'd from the Evils that have befallen you on this Occasion. Permit me therefore to entreat you, by all our Gods! and by this Goddess of *Victory* in particular! never to enter into any Dispute for the future, till you have fairly consider'd each Side of the Question.

Letter from Lady M---y W---y M---t, to the Countess of---, describing her Journey to Lepsic, &c. and giving an Account of the Countess of Cozelle, kept Prisoner by the King of Poland, for refusing to deliver up a Contract of Marriage he had given her.

LEIPSIG, Nov. 21.

I BELIEVE, dear Sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from *Dresden*, as I promised when

I tell you, that I never went out of my Chaise from *Prague* to that Place. You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four Hours Post-travelling, without Sleep or Refreshment (for I can never sleep in a Coach however fatigued.) We passed by Moon-shine, the frightful Precipices that divide *Bohemia* from *Saxony*, at the Bottom of which runs the river *Elbe*; but I cannot say, that I had Reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced, that in Case of a Tumble it was utterly impossible to come alive to the Bottom. In many Places the Road is so narrow, that I could not discern an Inch of Space between the Wheels and the Precipice. Yet I was so good a Wife not to wake Mr. W-----, who was fast asleep by my Side, to make him share in my Fears, since the Danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright Light of the Moon, our Postilions nodding on Horseback, while the Horses were on a full Gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. W-----, and he was much more surprized than myself at the Situation we were in, and assured me, that he had passed the *Alps* five Times in different Places, without ever having gone a Road so dangerous. I have been told since, that 'tis common to find the Bodies of Travellers in the *Elbe*, but thank God that was not our Destiny, and we came safe to *Dresden*, so much tired with Fear and Fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing these dreadful Rocks, *Dresden* appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable Situation, in a fine large Place on the Banks of the *Elbe*. I was very glad to stay there a Day to rest myself. The Town is the neatest I have seen in *Germany*; most of the Houses are new built; the Elector's Palace is very handsome, and his Repository full of Curiosities of different Kinds, with a Collection of Medals very much esteemed. Sir---, our King's Envoy, came to see me here, and Madam de L-----, whom I knew

in *London*, when her Husband was Minister to the King of *Poland* there. She offered me all Things in her Power to entertain me, and brought some Ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The *Saxon* Ladies resemble the *Austrian* no more than the *Chinese* do those of *London*; they are very genteely dressed, after the *English* and *French* Modes, and have, generally, pretty Faces, but they are the most determined *Minaudieres* in the whole World. They would think it a mortal Sin against good Breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural Manner. They all affect a little soft Lisp, and a pretty pitty pat Step; which female Frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them in Favour of their Civility and Good-Nature to Strangers, which I have a great deal of Reason to praise.

The Countess of *Coxelle* is kept Prisoner in a melancholy Castle some Leagues from hence, & I cannot forbear telling you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my Letter to the Size of a Pacquet.---She was Mistress to the King of *Poland* (Elector of *Saxony*) with so absolute a Dominion over him, that never any Lady had so much Power in that Court. They tell a pleasant Story of his Majesty's first Declaration of Love, which he made in a Visit to her, bringing in one Hand a Bag of a hundred thousand Crowns, and in the other a Horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her Face, leaving her to draw the Consequences of such remarkable Proofs of *Strength* and *Liberality*. I know not which charmed her most, but she consented to leave her Husband and to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly, in such a manner as by their Laws, permits either Party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this Time, or in some other fond Fit, but 'tis certain the King had the Weakness to make her a formal Contract of Marriage; which, though it could signify nothing, during the Life of the Queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented, without telling

telling it to all the People she saw, and giving herself the Airs of a Queen. Men endure every Thing while they are in Love; but when the Excess of Passion was cooled by long Possession, his Majesty begun to reflect on the ill Consequences of leaving such a Paper in her Hands, and desired to have it restored to him. But she rather chose to endure all the most violent Effects of his Anger than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious Ladies of her Country, she has refused the Offer of the Continuation of a large Pension, and the Security of a vast Sum of Money she has amassed, and has at last, provoked the King to confine her Person to a Castle, where she endures all the Terrors of a strait Imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to Threats or Promises. Her violent Passions have brought her indeed into Fits, which 'tis supposed will soon put an End to her Life. I cannot forbear having some Compassion for a Woman, that suffers for a Point of Honour, however mistaken, especially in a Country where Points of Honour are not over scrupulously observed among Ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W---y's Business had permitted him a longer Stay at *Dresden*.

Perhaps I am partial to a Town where they profess the *Protestant* Religion, but every thing seemed to me with quite another Air of Politeness, than I have found in other Places. *Leipsic*, where I am at present, is a Town very considerable for it's Trade, and I take this Opportunity of buying Page's Liveries, Gold Stuffs for myself, &c. all Things of that Kind being at least double the Price at *Vienna*, partly because of the excessive Customs, and partly through Want of Genius and Industry in the People, who make no one Sort of Thing there, so that the Ladies are obliged to send, even for their Shoes, out of *Saxony*. The Fair here is one of the most considerable in *Germany*, and the Resort of all the People of Quality, as well as of the Merchants. This

is also a fortified Town, but I avoid ever mentioning Fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my Ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you'll willingly forgive the Omission; for if I made you the most exact Description of all the Ravelins and Bastions I see in my Travels, I dare swear you would ask me what is a Ravelin? and what is a Bastion?

Adieu, my dear Sister,

Rules and Maxims for the Conduct of Life.

THE Gifts of the Understanding are the Treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his Portion, in what Measure seemeth Good unto himself.

Hath he endow'd thee with Wisdom? hath he enlightened thy Mind with the Knowledge of Truth? communicate it to the Ignorant, for their Instruction; communicate it to the Wise, for thine own Improvement.

True Wisdom is less presuming than Folly: The wise Man doubteth often, and changeth his Mind; the Fool is obstinate and doubteth not; he knoweth all Things, but his own Ignorance.

The Pride of Emptiness is an Abomination, and to talk much is the Foolishness of Folly: Nevertheless, it is the Part of Wisdom to bear the Impertinence of Fools, to hear their Absurdities with Patience, and pity their Calamity.

Yet be not puffed up in thine own Conceit, neither boast of superior Understanding: The clearest Human Knowledge is but Blindness and Folly.

The wise Man feeleth his Imperfections, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own Approbation; but the Fool peepeth in the shallow Stream of his own Mind, and is pleased with the Pebbles which he seeth at the Bottom: He bringeth them up, and sheweth them as Pearls; and with the Applause of his Brethren delighteth he himself.

He

He boasteth of Attainments in Things of no Worth; but where it is a Shame to be ignorant, there he hath no Understanding.

Even in the Paths of Wisdom he toileth after Folly; and Shame and Disappointment are the Reward of his Labour.

But the wise Man cultivates his Mind with Knowledge; the Improvement of Arts is his Delight, and their Utility to the Public crowneth him with Honour.

Nevertheless, the Attainment of Virtue he accounteth as the highest Learning; and the Science of Happiness is the Study of his Life.

Letter on the Argument made Use of by the Ministry in Support of their Proceedings.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

"WELL, and if I am a Wh—e, I am not the first," said a fair Nymph in your Neighbourhood, Mr. Printer, the other Morning, to one who upbraided her with a little Want of that precious Gift, stiled Chastity. The Argument struck me, and I could not help seeing in it pretty nearly what is urged by the present Ministry, whenever they are upbraided with Proceedings as little compatible with the Welfare of their Country, as poor Moll's was with the Purity of a Virgin. If you tell them of the Cyder-Tax, they instantly put you in Mind of that upon Beer; if of the late Prorogation of Parliament, they recount, with a malignant Joy, how often the same Thing was done under the Administration of the Duke of Newcastle. Now admitting all this to be true, the *English*, thank Heaven! are not such Dolt's as to be unable to perceive the Difference between a general Tax, levied indiscriminately upon the whole Nation, and a partial one confined to a few manufacturing Counties only, but which particularly exempts the great Dictator's own Country.—

They must feel, if they have the least Portion of the Spirit of their Ancestors left in them, the wide, very wide Difference, with Regard to the Liberties of a free People, in an Imposit which subjects the Houses even of private Persons to a Visitation from Crown-Officers, and one which leaves Things on the old constitutional Footing.—They will also doubtless consider the little Resemblance there is between a Taxation laid through Necessity, in the Heat of a dangerous War, and one wantonly and cruelly devised, to add to the already almost insupportable Burthens of an impoverished People. All this I hope they will bear in Mind, and never quit Sight of till the Abomination be removed from among them.

With Respect to the Prorogations said to have taken Place under the Administration of his Grace of Newcastle, supposing them all even to have been as represented, yet what is proper at one Period may surely be highly improper at another; consequently the Prorogations then made can be no sufficient Precedent for that now. Besides, whoever will give himself the Trouble of looking back to the the Times when these were made, will find that most if not all the Prorogations since the Year 1728, the Period referred to, were occasioned by the King's being over at Hanover, or, in other Words, when the Parliament could not sit. But admitting for once, that the whole Charge is true, and that in its utmost Extent, what does this Method of arguing amount to, but that there is nothing so bad, for which a Precedent may not be produced? And if Precedents are allowed to be a sufficient Justification for bad Actions, there is not a Felon that has ever yet been hanged at Tyburn, but, let his Guilt have been ever so evident, has been hanged unjustly.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.
W. RALEIGH.
SELECT

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

The Duty of a King ; by the late Mr. Churchill.

Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,
Are all engros'd, each private view withstood,
And talk'd to labour for the public good ;
Be this my study, to this one great end,
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of history turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote,
Of former kings ; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame, and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly,

Quick as a post which travels day and night.

Nor let me dwell there lur'd, by false delight,

And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.

When am'rous SPRING, repairing all his charms,

Calls nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,

Where, like a virgin to some letcher sold,

Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and cold ;

When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath

Of the rude north, and, timorous of death,

To its kind mother earth for shelter fled,

And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,

Bids in full splendor all her beauties rise ;

The hive is up in arms-----expert to teach,

Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each

Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch ;

Strength in her limbs and on her wings dispatch,

The BEE goes forth ; from herb to herb she flies,

From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her labouring thighs

With treasur'd sweets, robbing those flow'rs, which left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,

Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,

As if the pillage had not been there.

Ne'er doth she sit on Pleasure's silken wing,

Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of spring

Unrist pass, and on the downy breast

Of some fair Flow'r indulge untimely rest.

Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews

Which chymist night prepar'd, that faith abuse

Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,

To her own private use convert the spoils.

Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,

And to the stock she brings her booty home.

Be this my pattern----as becomes a king,

Let me fly all abroad on reason's wing,

Let mine eye, like the light'ning, thro' the earth

Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,

In any place and time, nor let one man

Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,

Escape my note ; be all from the first day

Of nature to this hour, be all my prey.

From those, whom time at the desire of fame

Hath spar'd, let virtue catch an equal flame ;

From

From those, who not in mercy, but in
rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to
age,

Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating heav'n, draw good from
ill.

Nor let these great researches in my
breast

A monument of useless labour rest,

Let me, Impartial, with unweary'd
thought,

Try men and things; let me, as monarchs
ought,

Examine well on what my pow'r de-
pends,

What are the gen'ral principles, and ends
Of government, how empire first began,
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign
o'er man.

Let me consider, as from one great
source

We see a thousand rivers take their
course,

Dispers'd, and into different channels led,
Yet by their parent still supply'd and
fed,

That government, (tho' branch'd out far
and wide,

In various modes to various lands ap-
ply'd)

Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main ground-work's every where
the same;

The same her view, tho' different her
plan,

Her grand and gen'ral view, the good of
man.

CARE & GENEROSITY: A FABLE.

OLD *Care*, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his
part,

He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:

Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold:

The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded gran'ries groan.

In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:

With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.

Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;

Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was *Generosity*.

T'was her's the largesse to bestow

On rich and poor, on friend and foe;

Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;

There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed.—

Each hour, with an all bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land:

Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.

At length pale pen'ry seiz'd the dame,
And fortune fled, and ruin came;

She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.—

All blam'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before.

She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair;
When lo! to comfort her came *Care*—

And cry'd, 'My dear, if you will join
'Your hand in nuptial bonds with
mine,

'All will be well—you shall have
'store,

'And I be plagu'd with wealth no
'more.—

'Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
'You still shall act the gen'rous part.—

The bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.

The bride in nine months brought him
forth

A little maid of matchless worth:

Her face was mix'd of care and glee,
They christen'd her *Oeconomy*;

And stil'd her fair *Discretion's* queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.

Now *Generosity* confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;

She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from *Care*.

ON LOVE.

LOVE's no irregular desire,

No sudden start of raging pain,
Which in a moment grows on fire,

And in a moment cools again:
Not found in the sad sonneteer,

That sings of darts, despair, and chains;
And by whose dismal verse 'tis clear,

He wants not heart alone, but brains.
Nor does it centre in the beau,

Who sighs by rule, in order dies;
Whose ALL consists in outward shew,

And want of wit by dress supplies.
No; LOVE is something so divine,

Description would but make it less:
'Tis what we feel, but can't define;

'Tis what we know, but can't ex-
press.

The Weekly Amusement:

Saturday, December 29, 1764.



SHOULD one of the antient Law-givers hear a young Fellow complain of his Time lying heavy on his Hands, and see him fly to a Bottle, or the Arms of a Strumpet, to kill Time; or a fine Lady, for the same Reason, take her Coach, and divert the tedious Hours by being troublesome and impertinent to the industrious Shopkeeper, by tumbling his Goods, without the least Design of purchasing any; or else (which is more pardonable) throw herself on her Bed, if she's not in a Humour for Company, or there proves a Dearth of Scandal, and hope by Sleep to be eased of the intolerable Burthen of Time; would he not be apt to condemn both the *Beau* and the *Belle* to some very severe Punishment, which should awake them into a Sense of their being designed reasonable Creatures?

What an Alteration should we find for the better, how would Trade flourish, how would the Number of Poor diminish, how many noble Families would be preserved in their antient Splendor, how few Robberies would be heard of, how would the thoughtless Heir be protected against the Wiles of hungry Sharpers, and how great a Number would be saved from, who are travelling apace to the Gallows, did we follow the Wisdom of the Antients in enacting Laws against Idleness, which should make every Man give an Account of his Time,

and be answerable for his Way of Life?

One of the *Athenian* Law-givers punished Idleness with Death; others, have made it infamous to be idle. The *Egyptians*, by a Law in the Reign of *Amasis*, made Sloth a capital Crime. It was from them that *Solon* borrowed and introduced this Law into his Commonwealth; and the *Areopagites*, or Judges in criminal Cases, were very vigilant in enquiring into the Life and Manners of every particular Subject, and in seeing this Law put in Execution, as may be inferred from the following Instance:

There were at *Athen*s two poor young Men, *Mendemus* and *Asclepiades*, who were greatly addicted to the Study of Philosophy: They had no visible Means of Support, yet kept up their Flesh and Colour, looked hale, well, and in good Case. The Judges had Information given them of the retired Life of these two, and of their neither having any Thing to live on, nor apparently doing any Thing to maintain them; consequently, as they could not live without Sustenance, they must have some clandestine Means of subsisting. On this information the young Men were summoned before the Judges, and ordered to answer to the Charge. One of the Accused saying little Credit was given to what a Man could urge in his own Defence, it being natural to believe every Criminal will either deny or extenuate the Crimes he is charged with, and as the Testimony of a

disinterested Person was not liable to Suspicion, he desired a certain Baker (whom he named) might be summoned, and answer for them. The Baker being come, he declar'd that the young Men under Examination took it by Turns to grind his Corn every Night, and that for the Night's Work he every Morning paid the young Man who ground at the Hand-Mill, a Drachma, (about a Groat :) The Judges, surprized with their Abstinence and Industry, ordered (as a Reward of their Virtue) two hundred Drachmas to be paid them out of the public Money.

Had we these *Arctopagites* among us, how many idle Fellows who now live by Plunder, and sharpening young Gentlemen at Play, by setting and drawing in Apprentices to rob their Masters, would be oblig'd to lay by the Sword they have impudently assumed, together with the Title of *Gentlemen*, and return to the honest Trades they were brought up to, or be some other Ways made useful to the Public !

Idleness is the Ground of all Evil, whether public or private; for the Mind of Man will be employed, and rather than do nothing, it will work Mischief.

It is not by effeminate Prayers (says *Caio*) the Gods grant their Assistance; they have their Ears open to the Industrious, who begs their Assistance at the same Time that he employs his Industry. They hate Idleness, and the Prayers of the Slothful are more likely to draw down their Indignation than their Assistance. Labour and Industry are the Price the Gods have set upon the Blessings of this World, and those who will enjoy them, must purchase them at that Rate.

The *Parthians* were such Enemies to Idleness, that they did not suffer their Children to eat till they had sweated at their Exercises.

Scipio Africanus used to say, he never was less alone than when alone; for he was always well employed, and had no Time to be idle: And the other *Scipio*, called *Nasica*, fearing Peace should introduce this Bane (Idleness) into the

Commonwealth, said, that he look'd upon the *Romans* (after the Destruction of *Carthage*) to be in greater Danger than ever they had yet been; for they had no Enemies. Idleness he esteem'd a more terrible Enemy to the State than *Carthage* had been; though that Commonwealth had reduced the *Romans* to the greatest Extremity. *Cicero* says, that our Make alone will inform us that we are not placed in the World for our Diversion, to follow our Pleasures, and be idle Spectators.

Every Member of the Society is under a tacit Obligation to contribute to the general Good; he's unjust if he does not, and ought to be looked upon as an useless, nay, a burthenfome Member; and as he will do nothing for the Public, ought to receive neither Advantage nor Protection from it, but be driven out as a destructive Drone.

AMURATH, *Sultan of the East,*
an Eastern Story.

[Continued from Page 840.]

BUT my Ears were now stunned with the Dissonance of Riot, and my Eye sickened at the Contortions of Misery: Disease was visible in every Countenance, however otherwise impressed with the Character of Rage, of Drunkenness, or of Lust. Rape and Murder, Revelling and Strife, filled every Street and every Dwelling.

As my Retreat was cut off, I went forward with Timidity and Circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape Injury, than by eluding the Notice of Wretches, whose Propensity to Ill was restrained by no Law; and I perceived too late, that to punish Vice, is to promote Happiness.

It was now Evening; and that I might pass the Night in greater Security, I quitted the public Way, and perceiving a House that was incircled by a Mote, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure Corner of the Area for my Asylum. I heard from within the Sound of dancing and Music: But after a short Interval, was alarmed with the Menaces of Rage, the Shrieks of

Terror,

Terror, and the Wailings of Distress. The Window of the banqueting Room flew open, and some Venison was thrown out which fell just at my Feet. As I had eaten nothing since my Departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate Accident; and after the Pleasure of an unexpected Repast, I again lay down in Expectation of the Morning, with Hope and Fear; but in a short Time, many Persons rushed from the House with Lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the Venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the House; but as I could not discover, that I was the Object either of Malignity or Kindness, I was in Doubt what would be the Issue of the Event. It was not long before this Doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the Discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten Poison which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the Effect might either remove or confirm the Suspicion. As it was not expected that the Poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a Room by myself, where I reflected upon the Cause and the Event of my Confinement, with inexpressible Anguish, Anxiety, and Terror.

In this gloomy Interval, a sudden Light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the Presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without Hope. "Yet a few Moments," said he, "and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the Wants of Nature cannot be supplied with Safety, where the inordinate Appetites of Vice are not restrained. Thy Hunger required Food; but the Lust and Revenge of others have given thee Poison." My Blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my Folly: But while I wished to express my Contrition, I fell down in an Agony; my Eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired,

That Spark of immaterial Fire which no Violence can quench, rose up from the Dust which had thus been restored to the Earth, and now animated the Form of a Dove. On this new State of Existence I entered with inexpressible Delight: I imagined that my Wings, were not only a Pledge of Safety, but of the Favour of *Syndarac*, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the Window, and, turning towards the Wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever, a Place in which Guilt and Wretchedness were complicated in every Object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this Region a sulphureous Vapour hovered like a thick Cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for Breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my Fall. It was now Midnight, and I alighted near the Mouth of a Cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint Glimmerings of Light. Into this Place I entered without Apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the Retreat of Penitence, than the Retreat of Luxury; but lest the Noise of my Wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous Inhabitant of this gloomy Solitude, I entered in Silence and upon my Feet. As I went forward, the Cave grew wider; and by the Light of a Lamp, which was suspended from the Roof, I discovered a Hermit listening to a young Lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the Events which she was relating. Of the Hermit I had no Knowledge; but the Lady I discerned to be *Selima*. I was struck with Amazement at this Discovery; I remembered with the deepest Contrition my Attempts upon her Virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her Lips with the utmost Impatience of Curiosity, and she continued her Narrative.

"I was sitting on a Sofa one Evening after I had been caressed by *Amurath*, and my Imagination kindled

led as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the Delights of Love with the Splendor of Royalty? Since the Presumption of my Father has prevented my Marriage, why should I not accept the Blessings that are still offered? Why is Desire restrained by the Dread of Shame? and why is the Pride of Virtue offended by the Softness of Nature? Immediately a thick Cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up, and conveyed through the Air with incredible Rapidity. I descended, the Cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an Alcove, by the Side of a Canal that incircled a stately Edifice & a spacious Garden. I saw many Persons pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my Fears, or excited my Pity. I suddenly perceived many Men with their Swords drawn, contending for a Woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the Crowd, which moved directly towards the Place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with Eagerness, to see where I could retreat for Safety. A Person richly dressed perceived my Distress, and invited me into the House which the Canal surrounded. Of this Invitation I hastily accepted with Gratitude and Joy: but I soon remarked several Incidents, which filled me with new Perplexity and Apprehension. I was welcomed to a Place, in which Infamy and Honour were equally unknown; where every Wish was indulged without the Violation of any Law, and where the Will was therefore determined only by Appetite. I was presently surrounded by Women, whose Behaviour covered me with Blushes; and though I rejected the Caresses of the Person into whose Power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the Distinction with which he treated me; my Expostulations were not heard, and my Tears were treated with Merriment: Preparations were made for revelling and Jollity: I was invited to join the Dance, and upon my Refusal was entertained with Music. In this dreadful Situation, I sighed

thus to myself: How severe is that Justice, which transports those who form licentious Wishes, to a Society in which they are indulged without Restraint! Who shall deliver me from the Effects of my own Folly? who shall defend me against the Vices of others? At this Moment I was thus encouraged by the Voice of some invisible Being: *The Friends of Virtue are mighty; reject not their Protection, and thou art safe.* As I renounced the presumptuous Wish which had once polluted my Mind, I exulted in this Intimation with an Assurance of Relief; and when Supper was set before me, I suffered the principal Lady to serve me with some Venison: but the friendly Voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my Seat and turned pale: The Lady enquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a Reply, I threw the Venison from the Window, and declared that she had intended my Death. The Master of the Table, who perceived the Lady to whom I spoke change Countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that Interest which as a Rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a Rage, and commanded the Venison to be produced; a Dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the Event could be known, the Tumult was become general, and my Rival, after having suddenly stabbed her Patron, plunged the same Poignard in her own Bosom.

"In the midst of this Confusion I found Means to escape, and wandered through the City in Search of some obscure Recess, where, if I received not the Assistance which I hoped, Death at last might secure my Person from Violation, and close my Eyes on those Scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with Disgust, but with Horror. By that *benevolent Power*, who, as a Preservative from Misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible Disapprobation of Vice, my Feet have been directed to thee, whose

whose Virtue has participated in my Distress, and whose Wisdom may effect my Deliverance."

I gazed upon *Selima*, while I thus learned the Ardour of that Affection which I had abused, with Sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter Remorse, for having produced one Wish that could stain so amiable a Mind; and abhorred myself for having used the Power which I derived from her Tenderness, to effect her Destruction. My Fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; Desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in Esteem. I felt a Passion, to which, till now, I had been a Stranger: And the Moment Love was kindled in my Breast, I resumed the Form proper to the Nature in which alone it can subsist; and *Selima* beheld *Amurath* at her Feet. At my sudden and unexpected Appearance, the Colour faded from her Cheeks, the Powers of Life were suspended, and she sunk into my Arms. I clasped her to my Breast, and looking towards the Hermit for his Assistance, I beheld in his Stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me Happiness by Affliction. At the same Instant *Selima* recovered. "Arise," said *Syndarac*, "and look round." We looked round; the Darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the Road to *Golconda*, and the Spires of the City sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "*Amurath*, henceforth the Husband of *Selima*, and the Father of thy People! I have revealed thy Story to *Alibeg* in a Vision; he expects thy Return, and the Chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, *Amurath*, the Sultan of the East, the Judge of Nations, the Taught of Heaven; *Amurath*, whose Ring is equal to the Ring of *Solomon*, returns to reign with Wisdom, and diffuse Felicity." I now lifted up my Eyes, and beheld the Chariots coming forward. We were received by *Alibeg* with Sentiments which could not be uttered, and

by the People with the loudest Acclamations: *Syndarac* proclaimed our Return in Thunder that was heard through all the Nations of my Empire; and has prolonged my Reign in Prosperity and Peace.

For the World I have written, and by the World let what I write be remembered: For to none who hear of the Ring of *Amurath*, shall its Influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy Heart a Witness, thou, whose Eye drinks Instruction from my Pen? hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy Foot deviates from the Path of Virtue? Neglect not the first Whispers of this Friend to thy Soul; it is the Voice of a GREATER than *Syndarac*, to resist whose Influence is to invite Destruction.

Account of the *Capricious Lovers*, a new Comic Opera, by Mrs. Lloyd.

ASTOLPHO, a Sovereign Prince, engaged to a Princess called *Emily*, falls in Love with *Phæbe*, a Country Girl betrothed to *Colin*; and employs *Lisetta*, an intriguing Court Lady, to win *Phæbe* to Court, who displays all the Pomp and Parade *Phæbe* might shine in at Court, and is answered by *Phæbe* with great Innocence. The Prince then enters as a Gentleman belonging to the Prince, and makes Love to *Phæbe*, who candidly owns her Love to *Colin*. The Prince taking her by the Hand, *Colin* runs in abruptly, and catches her from him; and, on the Prince's Departure, *Phæbe* shewing an Inclination to go to Court, *Colin* would force her to go Home to her own Cottage; when the Prince returns, and owns his Rank; and *Phæbe*, to punish her Lover's Jealousy, goes with the Prince.

The second Act opens with *Phæbe* at a Toilet, in an Apartment in the Palace, dressed *a-la-mode*; where the following Dialogue passes between her, *Lisetta*, and *Clara*, another Lady of the Court.

Clara.

Clara. All the World will feel the Force of your Charms.

Phæbe. Charms! Are these your Charms? I hardly know myself; and yet after all, a Peacock, a Jay, or a Butterfly, is dressed ten Times finer; here are Gold and Silver, and Jewels, and Ribbands of all the Colours in the Rainbow.---A great Hoop that hides my real Figure, Washes that take away my natural Complexion: Shoes that will cripple me, and Stays that make me crooked. I wish I was in my own Clothes again.

When late a simple rustic Lads,
I rov'd without Constraint,
A Stream was all my Looking-Glass,

And Health my only Paint.
The Charms I boast (alashow few!)
I gave to Nature's Care,
As Vicene'er spoil't their native Hue,
They could not want Repair.

Lisetta. Your Ladyship will excuse me; but, upon my Word, your Notions are quite antiquated, and have not the least Relish of the *Bon Ton*.

Phæbe. *Bon Ton*! What's that?

Lisetta. Every Thing in the World, Ma'am, in the polite World at least. It is impossible to look, or walk, or talk without it, Ma'am.

Phæbe. What, will you persuade me out of my Senses! D'ye think to make me believe that I have not the Use of my Eyes, my Tongue, or my Feet? Don't I speak plainly? Don't you understand me? Don't you call this *speaking*?

Lisetta. Not quite according to the *Bon Ton*, Madam; there is no Occasion for your speaking plainly, it is the worst Thing you can do, nor for my understanding you; nay, indeed, that's still worse than t'other, you should never speak to be understood. As to your Manner, d-r-a-w-l out your Words in a faint weak Voice, as if you did not know how to get them off your Tongue. Your Ladyship, *entre nous*, speaks too much in the Country Tone. You seem all Health and Spirits. Put a little sickly Delicacy into your Accents; languish with your Eyes, and totter in your

Gait, and then you'll be quite in the *Bon Ton*, Madam.

Phæbe. How strange and ridiculous! Surely this Place is the Region of Absurdities.

How strange the Mode which Truth neglects,
And rests all Beauty in Defects!
But we by homely Nature taught,
Tho' rude in Speech, are plain in Thought.

Lisetta. Why there again! in your singing now! Your Ladyship has a fine Pipe, but not a Note according to the *Bon Ton*. No *Italian* Expression, which is the Life and Soul of all Music, the very Essence of Harmony; your Singers of Taste will run up and down the Ladder of Sounds from the Cellar up to the Garret, now rumbling along in the grand *Spirituoso*, till they make your Ears crack again, and then in the *Piano* they expire like a Swan to their own Melody. In our favourite Compositions we are not contented with making the Sound an Echo to the Sense, but by a happy jumbling of both together, create the most agreeable Confusion of Harmony in the Universe. Please your Ladyship, I'll give you a Specimen.

Tho' Thunder in thy Accents roll,
No Fear shall shake my daring Soul,

O, Tyrant, grumble, rant and rave,
My Spirit scorns to be thy Slave.
But Pity lends her soothing Aid,
Can I forsake my tender Maid?
O, Tyrant, vain is thy Decree,
Her mournful Looks are Death to me.

There, Ma'am, that's your true Taste.

Phæbe. It's very fine, but I don't like it. This Taste, as you call it, seems to have declared War against Nature, and turned all her Works topsy-turvy. Pray shall I meet with all these Fopperies at Court?

Lisetta. The Court, Madam, abounds with Curiosities; there you will meet a thousand Objects to entertain you. There are your pretty little Creatures with high Heels to their Shoes, and Solitaires round their

their Necks, that look so Lady-like, you would think they were Women with Swords by their Sides. Then there are your precise Puppets trotting along with formal Bands under their Chins, and plaistered Wigs upon their Heads, whispering strange Nothings in your Ear, and exhibiting at one View the most whimsical Combination of Pride and Servility.

Phæbe. Come then! I long to be there; let's to Court.

Clara. A Fan, a Fan for her Ladyship.

Phæbe. Dear me! What Use can I make of this?

Lisetta. This is a wonderful Instrument: Its Exercise is various and elegant. You shall hear it, Madam; and then, if you please, I'll attend you to Court.

Lisetta then sings the following Song:

For various Purpose serves the Fan;
As thus—a decent Blind,—
Between the Sticks to look at
Man,

Nor yet betray your Mind.

Each Action has a Meaning plain;
Resentment's in a Snap;
A Flirt, expresses strong Disdain;
Consent, a gentle Tap.

All Passions will the Fan disclose,
All Modes of Female Art,
And to Advantage sweetly shews
The Hand, if not the Heart.

'Tis Folly's Sceptre, first design'd
By Love's capricious Boy,
Who knows how lightly all
Mankind

Are govern'd by a Toy.

In another Scene we are informed that *Colin* had been sent for to Court by the Prince, in order to quiet the Suspicions of the Princess *Emily*. We soon after find *Phæbe* disgusted with the Court; in which she says, she sees nothing engaging to her, and *Colin* enters finely dressed. She covers herself with her Veil, and he not guessing it is *Phæbe*, is half persuaded by her Behaviour, that she is some great Lady who has fallen in Love with

him. She then discovers herself, upbraids him, and departs.

The third Act begins with the two Fathers, who have trudged to Town after their Children, and express their Fears for *Phæbe*. *Phæbe* is discovered with *Lisetta*, and desires that *Colin* may be placed where unseen he may hear their Discourse at a Meeting she has promised to the Prince; the Princess entering, is alarmed that *Phæbe* is not yet gone from Court; but she assures the Princess she will never be the Cause of adding to her Uneasiness.

The next Scene is an Antichamber, where *Colin* appears in great Agonies for his *Phæbe's* Inconstancy, and goes out to over-hear the Prince's Discourse with her. *Phæbe* intreats the Prince to find some Object more worthy of his Love, and then brings in the Princess, and presents her to him. The Prince is struck with her Behaviour, and his Affection for the Princess revives. *Hobbinol* and *Damon* force their Way into the Presence in Search of their Children, and do not know them at first, on Account of their Dress; and when they discover themselves, *Hobbinol* suspects *Phæbe's* Virtue, till assured the contrary by the Prince and Princess, they join in the general Joy; and so the Piece concludes.

Mr. *Lloyd* hath interspersed throughout the whole, a Number of fine moral Sentiments. The Songs are very delicate, harmonious, and well adapted to the several Characters. The Dialogue in general is spirited, and perfectly decent.

The proper Methods to relieve the Distresses of the common People.

THE Inconveniences we daily find increasing from the exorbitant Price of Provisions of every Kind, and the justly repeated Complaints from every Part of the Kingdom, must have affected every one who has the least feeling for the Distresses of the lower Class of People, who are in many Places driven into Corners, without having any Means

Means of Redress, and loaded with an Advance in the Price of every Necessary. The Reason appears plain; the Number of Excesses amongst the first and middling People are of late so much increased, and increasing, that it is no Difficulty to foresee the Consequences; being quite the Reverse from that Pattern of Industry amongst the well governed Bees, who take Care to expel, at the proper Season, the dronish and useless Part of their Community; on the contrary, we at this Time are driving out the Industrious and Useful, and where? why to *America*, where all our Attention seems to be placed, and where these Inconveniencies do not exist. The Papers have lately repeatedly informed us, how many of our different Manufacturers are transplanting themselves to our several Colonies; and where they are to be encouraged by us in the several Articles that may be there wanted for our Navy, &c. The Consequence of this to the Nation may be easily foreseen. Would it not therefore be acting wisely, to think of every Expedient for relieving the present distressed Situation of our own Country, previous to our being so very assiduous for the Independence of its Children; and this perhaps might be most effectually done.

1st, By multiplying our own People at Home, rather than transplanting them to a Distance.

2dly, Make them as happy as possible, by easing them of those Taxes that must retort upon the State with increased Inconveniencies. And,

Lastly, Make Use of those Blessings Providence has put into our Hands, and which our Ignorance or Inattention has hitherto prevented our making the proper Use of: Namely, by cultivating those waste Lands, which are now generally unenclosed, & which make more than one third Part of the Kingdom. The Result of which would be, an Increase of the Necessaries of Life, so much wanted; an Increase of the People, and their Happiness, which is the Wealth of the State; an In-

crease of Manufactures, which is the Preservation of Trade, and must also be of this Country. On the contrary, we shall find the Opposite, by and by, with Regret, and see our Children (transplanted to *America*) reaping all the Benefits we now have in our Power to preserve; if proper Care is not taken in Time to prevent it.

Extract from the MONITOR,
Number 486.

MANY Things, which in their own Nature seem almost impossible, have and may be effected by a skilful Hand and wise Counsel. Nothing, perhaps, has ever been found more difficult, than to restore Order in a State where all has been in Confusion; to rouse the Attention of the Public, where Business and their true Interest have been neglected: Or to restore Frugality, where Dissipation of the national Treasure has been thought most politic, and Probity amongst those, who have been long accustomed to Corruption: Or, to guide such into the plain Ways of Honesty, Justice and Truth, whose Experience and Dexterity have been more employed in wrong than in right Measures: Or, to suppress Faction in a Country, where most of the great Men have known no other Road to Honour and Preferments for many Years: Or, to reconcile Parties, when perhaps the active Men of both Sides think it their Interest to widen the Breach. Under such Circumstances, it is certainly very difficult to bring Affairs into a better Posture: But who shall pretend to say, this is a Work out of the Reach of Human Wisdom? For there are Examples to prove, that as much as all this has been effected by a virtuous and wise Prince, assisted with good and faithful Counsellors.

The deep Reaches of Policy, so much applauded in some Kings, have not always tended to the Good of their Subjects; and in those dark Caverns and Recesses of the Brain are often forged the Chains of Bon-

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dage. So that as Honesty is accounted the best Policy in private Life, we should reckon true Honesty the sublimest Part of Wisdom in a Prince. This occasioned the Observation of *Machiavel*, who says, it is an infallible Rule, That a Prince, who has no Wisdom of his own, can never be well advised; and that good Councils proceed rather from the Wisdom of the Prince, than the Prince's Wisdom from the Goodness of his Councils. This Rule holds good in a special Manner amongst us. For in *England* there can't be produced one Instance of a good Administration, when the Sovereign has been defective in those Abilities of the Mind which are requisite for Empire.

Neither is this accidental; for it ariseth from the very Nature of our Government, and of the People of this Nation.

A free Country, and Subjects jealous of their Liberties, can never brook that their Prince should be engrossed by any one Person; and whoever pretended to engross the Prince, and to act without Associates in Authority, have always been unfortunate.

No more Skill, no more Politics, are required for the good Government of a free Country, such as our's is, than what may be comprehended by a Woman; as may be exemplified in our glorious Queen *Elizabeth*; who, by making the Honour and Welfare of her Dominions the chief Object of her Councils, and by placing her chief Confidence in the Affections of her People, reigned more happily, both for herself and Subjects, than any of her cotemporary neighbouring Princes, that pretended to more Skill in Politics.

Queen *Elizabeth*, by convincing her Subjects in the first Step she took, and by keeping her Royal Word and Promise, that her chief Glory should consist in their Welfare and Prosperity, got such Credit and Power, as enabled her to accomplish one of the greatest Works that had ever been performed by any Prince; which was, to recon-

cile a Kingdom divided about religious Matters, and where the Strength in Numbers was of both Sides in a Manner equal. So a Sovereign in whose Royal Mind and Thoughts the Love of *England* is deeply rooted, and whose Heart is entirely *English*, will, without Doubt, be able, by Degrees, to put an End to Factions and Divisions, and to heal all Breaches.

The WESTMINSTER JOURNAL,
By Tho. Touchit, of Spring Gardens, Esq.

IT has been often observed, during the present political Contentions, that the Writers on the popular Side of the Question are extremely fond of recurring to the Days of Queen *Elizabeth* as if that was the only Period in which the Prince upon the Throne ever manifested a real Solicitude for the Welfare of the People. Though I am not so weak as to confine all Merit to the Reign of that celebrated Princess, yet when I consider the Happiness which the Kingdom enjoyed during the long Time the Sceptre continued in her Hands, and recollect that without any one Alliance of Consequence, the Nation made a most formidable Head against the principal Potentates of *Europe*, I am inclined to think that she either understood the Art of governing better than any of her Predecessors, or had the Happiness of being served by the best and wisest Ministry that ever undertook the Affairs of any Country.

Accurate, a Knowledge however, as we may suppose *Elizabeth* possessed in the Mysteries of Government, yet when we come to examine the general Run of her Actions, we find there is nothing in her whole Conduct but what may be easily performed by any other Potentate of common Honesty and Understanding.

The *Machiavellian* Principle, upon which the whole political System of her Reign was founded, appeared upon every Occasion to be the Welfare of her People; hence she

never demanded more Money than what was necessary, nor ever applied a Six-pence of any national Aids to any Thing but the Benefit of the Nation. Very frequently where Grants exceeded the Expence, she returned the Overplus to the Exchequer of the Kingdom, instead of retaining it for servile Sycophants, or applying it to any private Purposes: Hence she entirely possessed the Confidence of her Subjects, who gave liberally because they were sensible their Money would be disposed of to the best Advantage, and that nothing would be demanded but what was maturely considered to be for the immediate Emolument and Security of the Kingdom.

In the Choice of Servants *Elizabeth* was not directed by the Warmth of Friendship or the Length of Acquaintance, or the Attachment of Families. She judiciously considered that a Man might be very amiable in private Life, who was no Way qualified for the Management of a whole Kingdom; and that many might be very valuable Friends, who were utterly improper to be chosen for her Ministers.

As this was her fixed Opinion, she was always circumspect, and of Course most commonly fortunate in the Nomination of her Officers. Places were not hunted out for particular Men, but particular Men were diligently sought after for the Places, and such only employed as had given incontestible Evidences of their Probity, as well as undeniable Proofs of their Understanding. By this Means the various Offices of Government were always properly filled; the Consequence of which was, that the Queen was universally adored, and the People universally happy. This Harmony more than answered for the Want of Alliances. Surrounded as the Nation then was with Enemies, it baffled the united Efforts of *France, Spain, Italy, Scotland*, and the *Empire*, and left this important Lesson for all succeeding Generations, That the best Security of every Kingdom is a Spirit of reciprocal Confidence and

Affection between the Prince and the People.

Succeeding Princes imagined the Happiness of the Nation was totally repugnant to their own, and made it an invariable Rule to exercise every possible Oppression on the People. Hence all Methods were contrived to raise Taxes equally unpopular and unnecessary; and the Kingdom, instead of seeing the immense Sums which they subscribed directed to any salutary Uses, had frequently the Mortification of finding them squandered upon undeserved Favourites, or expended in Elections, to sap the Constitution, and pack their Parliaments with the most notorious Enemies of their Liberties and Laws. Let it therefore be esteemed a Matter of no Surprise that the Name of *Elizabeth* should be always dear to Posterity, or that those should stink in the Nostrils of every future Generation who have deviated from her glorious Example, and gratified their Avarice or their Pride, at the Expence of the People.

A remarkable Speech of Queen Elizabeth.

THE following Speech of Queen *Elizabeth* is a better Lesson to succeeding Generations, both with Regard to what our Sovereigns ought to do, and what the People have a Right to expect, than any Thing which the most able Politician could possibly say for a Twelvemonth. This celebrated Speech was delivered in Answer to a Remonstrance made by the House of Commons on the Subject of Monopolies; and we are the more pleased at introducing it now, because Monopolies were never more complained of than at present, and possibly never with more Justice said to be prejudicial to the Public.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I owe you hearty Thanks and Commendations for your Good-Will towards me, not only in your Hearts and Thoughts, but which you have openly expressed & declared, whereby you have recalled me from an

Error

Error, proceeding from my Ignorance, not my Will. These Things had undeservedly turned to my Disgrace (to whom nothing is more dear than the Safety and Love of my People) had not such Harpies and Horse-leaches as these been made known and discovered to me by you. I had rather my Heart or Hand should perish, than that either my Heart or Hand should allow such Privileges to Monopolists as may be prejudicial to my People. The Splendor of regal Majesty hath not so blinded mine Eyes, that licentious Power should prevail with me more than Justice. The Glory of the Name of a King may deceive Princes that know not how to rule, as gilded Pills may deceive a sick Patient: But I am none of those Princes: For I know that the Commonwealth is to be governed for the Good and Advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself to whom it is intrusted; and that an Account is one Day to be given before another Judgment Seat. I think myself most happy that by God's Assistance I have hitherto so prosperously governed the Commonwealth in all Respects; and that I have such Subjects, as for their good, I would willingly leave both Kingdom and Life also. I beseech you that whatever Misdemeanors or Miscarriages others are guilty of by their false Suggestions, may not be imputed to me: Let the Testimony of a clear Conscience entirely in all Respects excuse me: *You are not ignorant that Princes Servants are oftentimes too much set upon their own private Advantage; that the Truth is frequently concealed from Princes, and they cannot themselves look narrowly into all Things, upon whose Shoulders lieth continually the heavy Weight of the greatest and most important Affairs.*

Letter from the London Evening-Post.

HA! Mr. Printer, is it come to this at last! And is there really nothing in all we have been lately told, of some great Doings upon the

Carpet?—*Portugal dreads a Spanish Invasion; Spain opens all British Letters; the Dock-Yards, Men of War, and Magazines, are strictly guarded; the King's Troop of Horse Attendants doubled; Dispatches upon Dispatches received, and sent off; Men of War fitting out; the Workmen at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham increased; important secret Machinations at Versailles; extraordinary Cabinet Councils; Boards of Trade and Treasury at Home; and all for nothing! This is such a bare-faced political Humbug, that—but I have done; for we are positively told, there is nothing at all in it; and, on my Conscience, I am of Opinion that, were another Army of Rebels at Derby, and the French actually landed in Sussex, we should be told the same Tale.* THOMAS DYDIMUS.

Shapes most proper for Standard Fruit-Trees, according to the Experience of an eminent Gardener.

THE Fruit-Trees commonly planted in Orchards, are the Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Medlar, Walnut, Mulberry, & Quince-Trees; the last of which is upon its own Root; from which a strait Stem ought to be trained to the Height of six Feet at least; if lower, their Heads will be injured by Cattle, when they are put in to pasture amongst them, as they often are when the Trees have been planted a few Years: All the above-mentioned Trees should have strait Stems, of the same Height with that of the Quince, and ought each of them to have five Branches or more at the Head, putting out at equal Distances from the Ground, and from each other, as near as possible; none but one of the Branches should stand erect, and if the Heads be above a Year old, they are not the worse. Note, the Almond, sweet Chestnut, and Filbert, must have Shapes like the former.

Some Niceties in Malting, the Observation of which will increase the Profits of the Malster near ten per Cent.

IN malting Barley, the Water should be changed ofteneft in Spring and Autumn, when the Weather is warm; if Barley is left to steep too long at these Seasons in the same Water, the Water will grow slimy, & sometimes sour; the Malster, therefore, should watch the Change of the Water, and when he finds it smooth or oily to the Touch, or inclining to smell or to taste sour, it must be changed immediately.

The common Method of changing it is, first to draw off that in which the Barley was steeping, and then, by Pail-fulls, or pumping, fill the Cistern again: But this is a bad Way, for when the Water is drawn off, the Barley lies closer, and is apt to heat, which causes great Damage. It is therefore recommended to get a Hoghead of Water in Readiness near the Cistern, which should be thrown on the Barley the Instant the first Water is drawn off; and as a Hoghead of Water is sufficient to wet 8 Bushels of Barley, as many Hogheads, save one, must be afterwards added, as the Cistern will wet Quarters.

River Water is the best, and hard Spring Water is the worst; in general the Water that soonest lathers should be preferred.

A thin skinned fine-coated Barley is the best for making Malt, it need not be very full bodied, but should be quite ripe.

Barley that has grown on Land highly manured, is not so good as that produced on a Land moderately rich without Manure; and if the Soil is very luxuriant, either by Nature or Art, the Barley will not be fit for the Malster.

It is a good Practice to give Malt as much drying as possible on the Floor; it does not shrink so much as on the Kiln, and acquires no foreign Taste: When it comes to the Kiln, the Fire in the Furnace should be moderate, but equal.

Brown Malt used in the same Proportion as pale, will not make the strongest Beer; but the pale Malts that are slack dried make a raw unwholesome Liquor that will not keep.

Malsters should never buy Barley grown on various Soils, or even dif-

ferent Fields, because the Kerns will spire at different Times; they should therefore never buy Tythe Barley. A Malster having bought one hundred Quarters of Tythe Barley without knowing it, soon discovered it in the Malting, and sold it to a Hog-feeder for Eighteen-pence a Quarter less than he gave, as the least Loss he could incur by his Bargain.

To discover whether Malt has been made of mixed or unripe Barley, throw a couple of Handfulls of it into a Bowl of Water, stir it gently, and the Grains that have not been malted will sink, the half malted Grains will have one End sunk, and so swim in a perpendicular Position, and those that are perfectly malted will swim.

The best Barley will not malt equally well at all Times: As soon as housed, before it is in Sweat, and after the sweating is over, it will malt well, but not well while it is in Sweat.

Barley that has been got in early in a very dry Season, malts but indifferently; but if the same Barley is left Abroad till Rain falls on it to loosen the Husk from the Kernel, it will malt well, and yield a large Increase.

By observing these Niceties, a Malster may increase his Profit ten per Cent.

Letter from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to a Friend, complaining of Visitors by Profession.

I Have had Occasion a thousand Times since I saw you, to wish myself in the Land where all Things are forgotten; at least, that I did not live in the Memory of certain restless Mortals of your Acquaintance, who are Visitors by Profession. The Misfortune is, no Retirement is so remote, nor Sanctuary so sacred, as to afford a Protection from their Impertinence; and tho' one were to fly to the Desert, and take Refuge in the Cells of Saints and Hermits, one should be alarmed with their unmeaning Voice, crying even in the Wilderness. They spread themselves, in Truth, over the whole Face of the Land, and lay Waste the fairest Hours of Conversation.

versation. For my own Part (to speak of them in a Style suitable to their Taste and Talents) I look upon them, not as paying Visits, but *Visitations*; and am never obliged to give Audience to one of this Species, that I do not consider myself as under a Judgment for those numberless Hours which I have spent in vain. If these Sons and Daughters of Idleness and Folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive Society among themselves, the rest of the World might possess their Moments unmolested: But nothing less will satisfy them than opening a general Commerce, and sailing into every Port where Choice or Chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, to the Years of the *Antediluvians*, one might afford to resign some Part of one's own Time, in charitable Relief of the insufferable Weight of theirs; but since the Days of Man are shrunk into a few hasty Revolutions of the Sun, whole Afternoons are much too considerable a Sacrifice to be offered up to tame Civility. What heightens the Contempt of this Character, is, that they who have so much of the Form, have always least of the Power of Friendship: And tho' they will craze their *Chariot Wheels* (as *Milton* expresses it) to destroy your Repose; they would not drive half the Length of a Street to assist your Distress.

It was owing to an Interruption from one of these obsequious Intruders, that I was prevented keeping my Engagement with you Yesterday; and you must indulge me in this Discharge of my Invective against the ridiculous Occasion of so mortifying a Disappointment.

Adieu. I am, &c.

A remarkable and true Story of a Dog finding out the Murderer of his Master.

THERE is at *Nemours*, in *France*, a Castle of very antient Structure: It was built by *Charles the Fifth*. On one of the Chimnies in this Building there is a remarkable Piece of Sculpture: It represents a Battle between an unarmed Man and a Mastiff, before a Multitude of Spectators. The Story is pre-

served on Record; and is as old as the Time of *Charles the Fifth*: It is as follows:—"A Person of some Distinction was found early in the Morning by some Peasants, dead, in the midst of an unfrequented Wood, and with Marks of Violence on him; by his Side stood a Mastiff Dog, that used to attend him in his Walks. The Monarch was on the Spot when the Accident happened; he enquired with the utmost Rigour after all that could be supposed guilty. An antient Animosity between the Deceased, and a Man of Fortune in the Neighbourhood, had rendered him suspected. His Servants had sworn to his being in Bed early; himself gave Affirmations of his having made up the Dispute; but the King suspected. *Charles the Fifth* was a Man of Discernment; he thought Guilt was in his Face, in Spight of all his Assertions of Innocence: He ordered the suspected Person, and twenty others, to be set before him the next Day: He produced the faithful Dog, that had been found near his Master's Body; the Creature singled out the Murderer, who was the very Person suspected, and would have torn him to Pieces on the Spot, if he had not confessed the Fact, and changed the Punishment.

Account of Organs, and other Instruments of Music, played by Water, in a Letter from a Gentleman at Rome to his Friend in England.

I Have been vastly pleased with the Water-Organs at *Frescati*. They have great Advantage for it there: There is Abundance of Water at a vast Height above the Town, and therefore they can play a thousand Tricks with it. These Organs are of the Number: The Water performs the Office of the Bellows-Blower, and also of the Organist. There is another of these also at the *Villa Belvidere* of the Prince *Pamphilio*. *APOLLO*, and the Muses, are sounding their Instruments in Concert with an Organ; and the Whole is performed by Water. A *Polypheme*, a vast Marble Statue, sounds his Pipe by the same Means, and a Centaur his Horn.

The Palace of Pleasure : A Vision.

MEthought I was transported to a wide Plain, in the Middle of which was an Inclosure, consisting of an high Wall, in the Centre of which was a magnificent Building. Like the antient Temples. At the Entrance stood a Figure covered with Eyes & Ears, which I learned was Curiosity herself, who offered to be my Guide, and to lead me into the fair Mansion before me, where I had the most enchanting Prospect that ever the Eye beheld. A long & ample Vista, illuminated with 10,000 Tapers, opened at once; in the Middle of which all the young and vain of Mankind frolick'd along to a sumptuous Building at the End, which closed the View. This was the *Palace of Pleasure*, in the Middle of which sat the Goddess herself, on a Throne, so situate, as to have the four Gates open on every Side. Round about her a numberless Multitude worshipp'd at her Shrine, to whom she said, "Come, my Children, take Possession of the Joys I have prepared for you; Arise, the different Paths are before you; chuse where you please, and what you wish shall be your own. 'Tis Virtue only that frowns on her Admirers; but mine are always in my Smile, and my Smiles are a sure Reward. Having ended her licentious Summons, the Croud separated, and issuing out of the four Portals, took their Way to the Temples at the End of the Vistas, as their different Inclinations led them. I was as much inclined to the soft Invitation as any, & all my Difficulty was where to chuse. I turned to my Guide for Advice, but had lost her; and a grave, sober, lovely Matron had taken her Place. Her Name was *Virtue*, and she bid me follow her, and be wise. The first of the four Fabricks she led me to was situate in a most delicious Garden, where, as well as at the Windows were Multitudes of laughing, toying People of both Sexes, who seemed only made for themselves, and one another: Nothing but Joy seemed to reside amongst them; and Pleasure was the Business of their Lives. I longed to mingle with

them; but my Guide told me this was the House of Lust; and that Pain, Sorrow, and Repentance harboured in the gloomy Recesses behind it: She led me round, and I saw that those who seemed so happy without, were most miserable within: Here was Jealousy, Revenge, Disease, and Want; the whole Scene was that of a Lazar-House, and the Groans of the Tortur'd, the only Music of the Place. She next led me to a rural Scene, sacred to the God of Wine, where were collected the boon Companions of the World, the Noise of whose Mirth and Riot ascended to the Stars. I was again like to be captivated, but *Virtue* reproved me, and bid me once more tremble at the Consequence; and so leading me away, shewed me the dire Effects of Intemperance in Wine as well as Love. Here lay the dying Drunkard, here languished the enervated Reveller, here pined the prodigal Spendthrift, and here the sottish Murderer wept over his Friend that the Madness of Wine had causelessly slain. I was next led to a majestic Structure, the Abode of Ambition, where the Clouds that throng'd in and out, were most sumptuously array'd: I prepared to join myself with the craving Crew; but my Guide earnestly witheld me, adding, that Ambition also was Vanity; and leading me behind the vaunted Idol's Throne, I saw the Assassin's Dagger, the venom'd Present, the Engines of Death and Infamy, and all the Tools of Oppression. Nothing appeared easy; all was Vexation, Pain, and Misery, & all own'd their Expectations, Dependencies and Acquirements vain. My Guide, for the last Time, led me through a horrid, lonely Passage, into a large Hall full of Cobwebs and Dust, where, by a dim Light, through a painted Window, we discovered a wrinkled hoary old Man, sitting on an immense Heap of Riches, and counting it over with a Look of Suspicion and Fear. This was the God *Plutus*, attended by a Number of Votaries with the lowest Prostrations; but even while they worshipp'd, they cheated their God. The Evils of Avarice put on no Gloss. Doubt and Fear

are the covetous Man's constant Companions; Oppression and Dishonesty his Slaves, & Ignominy & Curfes his Reward. Yet I could hardly resist the Temptation: but *Virtue* reclaimed me once more to herself; and after having again bid me *beware*, left me in the midst of the visionary Scene to make the Application of her Precepts.

To the Printer of the WEEKLY AMUSEMENT.

S I R,

I Was in Hopes of seeing from some of your Readers an Explanation of the ingenious Enigmatical Letter from a young Lady to her Sister, in your 45th Number. I imagine the Present she describes was a Purse of a blossom coloured Silk.

I am,

Your humble Servant, F. H.

SELECT PIECES of POETRY.

AN ELEGY.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.
When young DELIGHT, of HOPE and FANCY born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd.
"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of TIME,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!
High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.
Blows not a blossom on the breast of SPRING,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.
O let me still with simple NATURE live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!
No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So HEALTH and PEACE be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave,

So may the sweet EUTERPE not disdain
At eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The muse of Pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.
Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale
While floating shades of dusky night descend:
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend,
To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind!
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!
Then to explore whatever ancient sage
Studious from nature's early volume drew,
To chase sweet FICTION thro' her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, science, blew!
Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
HESPERIAN fancy, or AONIAN ease;
Some melting note from SAPPHO's tender lyre,
Some strain that LOVE and PROEBA taught to please.
When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
Then let me meet the morn's first beautiful ray;
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.
Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness bore;
Or listen to the labour-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er,
Slow let me climb the mountain's sun-trod brow,
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie,
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on NATURE with a Lover's eye,

Delightful hours ! O, thus for ever flow ;
Led by fair FANCY round the varied
year :

So shall my breast with native raptures
glow,

Nor feel one pang from folly, pride,
or fear.

Firm be my heart to NATURE and to
TRUTH,

Nor vainly wander from their dictates
fage ;

So Joy shall triumph on the brows of
youth,

So HOPE shall smoothe the dreary
paths of age."

MONODY, on the Death of Mr.
Charles Churchill.

YE verdant laurels, and ye gloomy
pines,

Ye fragrant myrtles & the mournful yew ;
Your leafy honours to resign prepare,

That I, with friendly care,
May deck our Churchill's tomb ; to him
they're due.

Occasion sad, sad office ever dear,
For 'tis the last we ever can bestow :

Since thy harmonious soul has taken
flight,

Receive from us the tribute of our woe.
Fatal Boulogne, there Churchill met his
fate,

There Churchill dy'd, and has not left
his peer :

But shall we bear him silent on the bier,
While the loud laments stun the adverse
shore ;

Shall they still weep, and shall not we do
more,

Than barely give him the last parting
tear ?

Him, our dear country's boast, her fav'-
rite son,

Fair freedom's patron, and the muse's
flame,

Who to his aid, in haste, together came,
Hoping to save, but nothing could be
done :

Loudly they shriek'd, as they approach'd
the Bed :

And Nature echo'd, the great CHUR-
CHILL's dead.

Begin *Melpomene*, the fun'ral song,
Touch, with bold hand, the loudly found-
ing string,

Raise thy sweet voice, but let it still be
strong,

Equal to him to whom it does belong :
For thou of all the nine the dirge must
sing.

Apollo hear, and grant my just desire,
Since thy own son, the genius of our isle,
Is gone—for ever gone—and never more,
Must he return, to bless this weeping
shore :

Some other mortal with his soul inspire,

Left Vice should triumph and get head
the while,

For he in virtue's cause did still engage,
And lovely freedom all his soul inspir'd ;

Vice felt the force of his poetic rage,
Unable to withstand his pen, retir'd,

Form'd was his head, and ready was his
hand,

Nor venal L—ds, nor M—rs, would
spare ;

To last the highly Vicious was his care,
And to expose the harpies of the land.

Freedom he sung, in such enchanting
strains,

Freedom, the hills re-echo'd to the
plains.

Apollo heard, and inward grieving
sigh'd,

He greatly mourn'd the loss of one so
dear ;

'Till quite o'ercome, he threw his harp
aside

And down his cheek stole the ambro-
sial tear :

Then sought BRITANNIA, but long
sought in vain

Among her cliffs, and on her rocky shore,
'Gainst which the waves, in headlong
fury, drove,

And the loud winds assaulted from a-
bove,

There she had often sat and told her
pain :

But now her Grievs were greater than
before,

And she at DOVER wasted all her store
Of Tears ; while o'er her fav'-rite's tomb,

In melancholy posture long the flood
Quite motionless and dumb.

At length her grief found vent, and she
began,

In words like these—the verse alter-
nate ran.

Now will the good and virtuous greatly
mourn,

The fate of him, so lov'd, and so ad-
mir'd ;

Now will they pour their sorrows o'er
his urn,

And weep the bosom quench'd, that
freedom fir'd.

Why should we blush to weep for one so
dear,

For one already in the list of fame ?
Why should we shame to drop the tender
tear,

For one whose works will eternize his
name ?

Here must he rest, and here will I remain,
And be the constant guardian of his
grave ;

Here will I vent my sorrows to the
main,

And wail the fate of him I could not
save,

Bristol. S. SH.--RS.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
June 29, to Friday July 13, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

DENMARK. *Copenhagen, June 23.* AN Ordonnance, dated the 4th of June, is lately published, prohibiting the Importation of Gunpowder, upon Pain of Confiscation, and the farther Punishment appointed by the Custom-house Laws, *London, Gaz.*

NETHERLANDS. *Douay, June 24.* Yesterday about ten in the Morning there was a terrible Storm in the Neighbourhood of this City, attended with Hail, of which several Stones were as large as a Hen's Egg, and so hard that several were seen in the Fields this Morning as large as Pigeons Eggs, although the remaining Part of the Day, from two in the Afternoon, was a clear Sunshine. The Corn, the Hemp, the Rye, and other Productions, are cut in Pieces; and the Windows and Roofs of Houses are destroyed.

POLAND. They write from Poland, that Major Maerowski, who was taken Prisoner in a late Skirmish, with 60,000 Polish Florins in Cash, was set at large on his Parole of Honour; and that Prince Charles of Saxony had protested against the Resolution of the Diet, for investing Duke de Biron Duke of Courland. — The Polish Dyet hath resolved to lay an annual Poll-tax of two Polish Guilders (about 1s. Sterl.) on every Jew in that Kingdom; which, it's imagined, will raise a considerable Sum yearly. — Private Letters from Warsaw assure us, that the Prussian Ambassador there has made to the Dyet, in the Name of the King his Master, some friendly Representations in favour of the Protestants. — *Warsaw, June 11.* General Count de Poniatowski, and Prince Daszkow, the Russian General, who were lately sent against the Troops of the Crown Army which sided with Count Branicki, are returned

here; and a Scheme is talked of for uniting the Dyet and the Party that opposes them. Some Advices likewise say, that the last-mentioned General is retired towards Hungary. — *Warsaw, June 11.* The Russian and Prussian Ministers continue to have frequent Interviews with the Primate and the principal Senators. Many of the Grandees and Nuncios assemble daily at the Hotels of Czartoriski and Poniatowski. It's generally thought that the Election will not only be answerable to the Views of the Dyet, but that it will be supported. The new King, supposing the economical Arrangements, which that Assembly has already taken, should be put in Execution, will enjoy larger Revenues than any of his Predecessors have done. — *Warsaw, June 15.* The 7th Inst. the Marquis d'Argenson Paulmy, the French Ambassador here, took leave of the Prince Primate, and declared to him, that the King his Master did not think proper he should reside in a divided Republic, and in the Presence of Foreign Troops. The Marquis set out the next Day. — *From the Confines of Poland, June 19.* We have received from Warsaw the following Particulars of the Audience, which the French Ambassador had of the Primate the 7th Inst. in presence of many Senators. According to this Account, his Excellency declared to his Highness, "That the King his Master did not look upon the present Dyet as valid, nor the States assembled as a complete Republic, and therefore that his (the Ambassador's) Presence was no longer needful at Warsaw." To which the Primate answered, That in Consequence, the States representing the Republic, no longer acknowledged him as Ambassador: and his Highness took leave of him in these Words, *Adieu, Monf. le Marquis;* to which the Ambassador replied, *Arch-*
bischop,

An Historical Detail of Publick Occurrences, &c.

bishop, Adieu. The Guard of the Primate's Palace was ordered not to pay the Marquis the usual Honours on his going out; and he left Warsaw with his own Horses, the Posts being forbidden to furnish him with any. We are assured that the Court of Vienna's Ambassador is likely to depart soon, and will depute the Resident of his Court to take leave of the Primate in his Name.—By an Extract of a Letter from Comte de Tresan, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, to M. Morand of the same Academy, we are informed of the Death of Bebe, the King of Poland's famous Dwarf. Bebe was the Issue of two healthy, well-made labouring People. His Mother reared him with great Difficulty, his Mouth being so small, that he could only take in part of the Nipple. A Wooden Shoe served him for a long Time by way of Cradle; and his Growth, to the Age of Twelve, was in Proportion to his original Littleness. At that Age, Nature seemed to make an Effort; but this Effort was not uniform, his Growth being unequal in many Parts; his Nose in particular being disproportioned to the rest of his Features. Bebe gave very imperfect Marks of Understanding, and had no Notion of the supreme Being, or the Immortality of the Soul. He seemed to be fond of Music, and beat Time with tolerable Exactness. He was susceptible of all the Passions incident to human Nature, such as Anger, Jealousy, &c. At the Age of 18, the Signs of Puberty were very visible, and Bebe was so amourosly inclined, that he is said to have anticipated old Age by the Indulgence of this Propensity, for he actually died of old Age before he was thirty, and began to decline from two and twenty. The King of Poland gave leave to have him dissected, and the Anatomists discover'd many Obstructions, to which they attribute the Stoppage of his Growth.

GERMANY. *Hamburg, June 26.* A Report being current, that a Treaty of Marriage was on the Point of being concluded between Prince Xavier of Saxony and a Princess of Prussia, the Court of Berlin has thought fit publicly to declare, that it is without Foundation. The whole Court of Brunswick are expected some time this Month, or the next, at Berlin. A Marriage between his Royal Highness the Hereditary Prince

of Prussia, born the 25th of September 1744, and the Princess Elizabeth Christina-Louisa of Brunswick, born the 8th of November 1746, will soon take Place. — Part of the Palace belonging to the Elector Palatine, at the Capital of Heydelburg, was consumed on the 24th Ult. by Lightning. The Storm began at three in the Morning. At five one of the Wings was in Flames, which afterwards extended to the Front and the other Wing, and the Fire continued burning till next Morning. The two Wings, the Church, the Saloon des Chevaliers, and part of the Offices were then entirely consumed.

FRANCE. *Aix, in Provence, June 10.* A mortal Distemper reigns here, and throughout the Province, amongst the Horses, Mules, &c. The Body of one of those Animals was opened a few Days ago, and in the Intestines were found several long hairy Worms, strong and lively, though the Animal had been dead several Hours. We have the Prospect of a very abundant Corn-harvest; and that of Forage is no less promising. — *Versailles, June 20.* The King's Council quashed two Arrets this Morning, one of the Parliament of Grenoble, and the other of that of Rouen; by virtue of which two Persons have been broke on the Wheel, who since have been found to be innocent, by the Confession of the real Criminals. It is astonishing that so many cruel Errors have not abolished the Use of the Torture. The grand Affair of the Exportation of Corn was decided last Sunday in Council, his Majesty being present. The Exportation is permitted when Corn is below thirty Livres the Septies at the Port where it shall be laden, paying an export Duty of one per Cent. of the Value; and French Vessels only are to be employed in this Trade. The Fate of the East India Company is likewise decided. It is to be kept up. The King makes them a Gift of 12,000 Actions which belong to him; but withdraws the Isles of France and Bourbon, which are henceforth to belong to the Department of the Marine, in regard to Administration and Commerce, like all the other Colonies. The Company is to enjoy an exclusive Trade to India, and is to be authorized to make a Call of 400 Livres per Action; the Dividend is to be raised to 80 Livres for those who furnish

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400 Livres; and such Proprietors as do not answer this Call, will forfeit their right. — On the 22d Ult. they had the most violent Tempest at Paris ever remembered, which did great Damage in the Royal Gardens of the Thuilleries and Luxembourg, in the Bulwarks. and throughout the City of Paris and its Neighbourhood.

PORTUGAL. *Oporto, May 26.* Count la Lippe arrived in this City the 24th Inst. from Viana. Lieut. Gen. Joao d'Almada e Mello, Governor of this City, went out the Night before to meet him. The two Regiments of Regulars, with the three Regiments of Auxiliaries, together with the other Militia called the Ordonnances, were all under Arms to receive him. His most Faithful Majesty's Orders were, that he should be received as if he came himself in Person: and accordingly all possible Demonstrations of Joy have been shewn. The Count set forward this Morning, lies to night at Aveiro, and, after visiting Coimbra, his Rout is by the Sea-side to Lisbon; where, it is supposed, he will arrive before the King of Portugal's Birth-day. *Lond. Gaz.—Lisbon, June 3.* On Holy Thursday the 31st of May, between eleven and twelve o'Clock, the Custom House was perceived to be on Fire, and, a very short Space of Time, the whole Building, which was of Wood, together with the Goods in the Warehouses, was reduced to Ashes. As it was a Holiday, it was a long Time before Assistance could be had; and the Flames were immediately so intense, that nothing could be saved except the Custom-house Books, and a very trifling Quantity of Goods, which happened to be near the Door. The Government has allotted Warehouses in the Marine Arsenal, for the Reception and Dispatch of Goods. *Lond. Gaz.—Lisbon, June 16.* In searching among the Rubbish of the Custom-house, there have been found a large Parcel of Whalebone, several Hides, some damaged, others not, some few Chests of Sugars, and a great deal of melted Sugar, and several Remnants of Woolens: the whole amounting in Value to about 7 or 8000l. The Warehouses under the Marine Arsenal are preparing in all haste for the Reception of Goods; and Orders are given for building the new Custom-house forthwith. His most Faithful Majesty has

been pleased to remit the Duties of Export upon the Whalebone saved after the Fire. *Lond. Gaz.*

ITALY. A new Porcelaine Manufactory is set up at Rome, and meets with great Encouragement. The Apostolic Chamber has made the Undertaker a Present of 3000 Roman Crowns. — *Naples, May 29.* Several English Cornvessels arrived last Week at this Port. As there was already, before the Arrival of those Ships, a large Supply for the Use of this Capital, the Government has ordered, that none of the Cargoes of the said Vessels shall be sold to the City Granaries, but only to those Persons that are commissioned to buy Corn for the several Provinces, where the Want is still very great. *Lond. Gaz.* — Letters from Naples dated the 8th Ult. bring a very melancholy Account of the Sickness which has followed the late Famine: an incredible Number of People having died there, and in the Neighbourhood, in the Space of four Months. — *Genoa, June 2.* By Letters of the 28th past from Corsica, De Paoli was at Corte, where he had convened all the Chiefs of the Malecontents. They continued to fortify themselves at Erbalonga, as likewise to batter the Castle, or rather the Convent at Brandi: they made another Attempt to take it by Assault in the Night, but they were repulsed with some small Loss. De Paoli has recalled all the Vessels depending on those Places within his Jurisdiction, under the Penalty of confiscating the Estates and Effects of those who disobeyed his Orders. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Venice, June 15,* Saturday the 9th Inst. his Royal Highness the Duke of York was entertained at an Assembly in the Palace fitted up on purpose by the noble Deputies. Sunday some of the Nobles and the foreign Residents had the Honour to dine with his Royal Highness in his Palace. In the Evening his Royal Highness was at a Concert of vocal and instrumental Music, performed by the Girls at the Hospital of the Mendicanti. Monday the noble Deputies gave a very magnificent Ball to his Royal Highness in the great Opera Theatre at St. John Chrysostom's, preceded by a Cantata. The Theatre was illuminated and decorated in a very superb and elegant Manner. The Company which was very numerous and brilliant, was served

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with all Sorts of Refreshments in great Profusion, during the whole Night; besides which an elegant Supper was served up to his Royal Highness, at a Table of about 24 Covers, in a Room adjoining to the Theatre. The Spectators in the Boxes, and round the Circle, were innumerable. His Royal Highness retired about three o'Clock in the Morning, and the Ball continued till seven. To-morrow Morning his Royal Highness leaves Venice, and proposes stopping a few Days at Padua. This Morning the noble Deputies waited upon his Royal Highness to take their leave. The eldest of them made his Royal Highness a very handsome Compliment praying his Royal Highness, in the Name of the Senate, to assure his Majesty of their great Happiness in having an Opportunity of testifying their inviolable Attachment to the King and his Royal Family. His Royal Highness in return assured them, how sensible he was of their great Attention towards him, and that he would make a Report of it to the King. *Lond. Gaz.*

AMERICA.

Charles Town, South Carolina, May 9. The General Assembly of the Province of New-York, in consideration of the low Price of Flour, their Staple, have passed a Law for encouraging the Culture of Hemp in that Colony, by giving a Bounty of twenty Shillings (about 12s. Sterling) on every Hundred Weight, to the extent of 3000l. to be raised by a Lottery. We hear several Planters in this Province have gone this Year upon raising Hemp; and as Experience has shewn that no Place in the World is more proper for it, there is good Reason to hope it will soon become a valuable and important Article in our Exports.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Since our last we have the following Accounts of Damages done by the late Storms of Thunder, Hail, &c. The House of Mr. Rumby at Spexhall, near Halefworth in Suffolk, was greatly damaged by the Lightning. A Ball of Fire beat down the Top of a Chimney, split it to the Bottom, and penetrated into the Cellar. Part of the Walls, and the Win-

dows on both Sides the House where the Fire entered, were forced into the Yard. The Family received no personal Hurt, no one being in the damaged Part of the House. A poor Woman at Layham, near Hadleigh in the same County, was struck blind by the Lightning, as she was stooping to lay her Child into the Cradle. She has entirely lost the Sight of one Eye, and it is doubtful whether the other can be recovered. Three Shepherds at Fakenham, in Norfolk, were struck down by the Lightning, two of whom with great Difficulty were recovered, but the third never moved after. A Wheat-mow belonging to William Salmon, Farmer, at Chilcompton, near Mendip, Somerset, containing near ten Loads, was set on Fire, and the whole consumed. At Ashton-Raynes in Wilts, there fell a violent Storm of Hail, which broke many Windows, threw down two Windmills, and cut a Field of Beans to-pieces, which were in full bloom, in such a Manner that there is not so much as one Stalk to be seen standing. At Westerley in Gloucestershire, during a Storm of Thunder and Lightning, a young Woman was struck dead under a Tree; and Mr. Hathway of that Place had four Beasts killed. The Rev. Mr. Bliss, of Tarmarton, in the said County, had eight Sheep killed. And at a Village near Sudbury, in this County, a young Woman and four Cows were struck instantly dead by a most awful Flash of Lightning, in sight of several People making Hay in an adjoining Field. Letters from Yorkshire and Durham likewise give melancholy Accounts of the Damage done in those Parts; particularly, that in a Field near Bawtreay, a Man was struck dead, and a large Oak tree almost shivered to pieces by the Lightning. And we hear from Reading, that the Hail was so violent in that Part of Berkshire, that in the Parishes of Mortimer, Whitley, Shinfield, Burghfield, and a few other neighbouring Places near 20,000l. Damage has been done to the Fruits of the Earth. — *Brit. Sol.* June 23. Our Corporation have this Day unanimously voted the Freedom of this City to the Right Hon. George Grenville, as an Acknowledgment of his Services in general; and in particular of his Attention to the Commercial Interests of the Nation.

L O N.

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L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, June 29th.

Tuesday in the Afternoon as two Lads, Sons of Mr. Molloy, Taylor, in Shire-lane, Temple-Bar, were bathing in the Thames off Somerset-house, one of them went out of his Depth and was drowned. The other was so much terrified at the Accident, that it is doubtful whether he will long survive.—Wednesday last Henry Culver and Thomas Walker, Watermen, coming thro' London-bridge, with a Woman Passenger, were all unfortunately drowned.—Two desperate Footpads were apprehended by Sir John Fielding's Patrole near Paddington, on Wednesday Night last, viz. James Lacey, late a recruiting Serjeant, and Thomas Edwards, by Trade a Sadler. Lacy was much wounded, particularly in his right Hand; so that two of his Fingers have since been obliged to be taken off, and is now attended by an eminent Surgeon in the Gatehouse, Westminster. Edwards is confined in New Prison, Clerkenwell.

Saturday 30. Thursday came on before Mr. Long, Judge of the Sheriffs Court at Guildhall, an Action on the Case brought by a Teacher of Music against a young Gentleman, Apprentice to a Silk broker, for non-payment of a Contract made for teaching him the German flute: upon hearing the several Evidences, and the learned Arguments by the Council on each Side, particularly respecting the Point of Law, whether, as the young Man was proved to be an Infant, born only in the Year 1743, Music was such a Necessary as entitled the Plaintiff to recover on this Action, the Judge having candidly given his Charge to the Jury, after a Consultation they brought in a Verdict for the Plaintiff, with two Guineas Damages.

Monday, July 2. Saturday, about twelve o'Clock, a Stag was inclosed by Toils in his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's Paddock at Windsor, and one of his Tigers let loose at him; the Tiger attempted to seize the Stag by the Haunch, but was beat off by his Horns; a second Time he offered at his Throat, and the Stag tossed him off again; a third Time the Tiger offered to seize him, but the Stag threw him a considerable Distance, and then followed him, on which the Tiger turn'd Tail, and ran under the Toil into the Forest,

among a Herd of Deer, one of which he seized, and killed in a Moment. Two Indians pursued him, and whilst sucking the Blood, they threw over his Head a sort of Hood, which blinded him; they then put a Collar round his Neck, with Chains, and, after feeding him with part of the Deer, led him away.—On Saturday Evening, about five o'Clock, a Fire broke out in the Distil-house of Mr. Rickards, facing Air-street, in Piccadilly, supposed to be occasioned by the Head of a Still flying off; which in a short Time consumed the same, and also the Houses of Mr. Barnett, a Smith, the Crown Ale-house, Mr. Pearson a Peruke-maker, and Mr. Dufston, a Corn-chandler; a House inhabited by a Stationer the Corner of Derby-court, was also much damaged, besides several Houses backwards. The Maid-servant went up Stairs to fetch some Money out of her Box, but before she could get down again the House was all in Flames, and she perished in the midst of them.—Saturday Night, about nine o'Clock, Thomas Warner, a poor old Man, who sells Packthread about the Country, was stopped near Lewisham-wash, by New-Crofs Turnpike, by a Villain, who, after robbing him of 2s. 3d. Halfpenny and a Tobacco Box, beat him very cruelly on the Head with a large Stick, insomuch that 'tis feared the poor Man will lose the Sight of his right Eye.

Tuesday 3. This Day at a Court of Aldermen, Mr. Eastwick, who was chosen Sheriff of this City on Midsummer-day, disqualified himself by swearing off.

Wednesday 4. Sunday last a young Man, Apprentice to a Hatter in the City, aged 27, after paying a Visit to his Brother, Mate of an Indianman at Black-wall, went into Bow River, near the Orchard-house to bathe, when he was seized with the Cramp, and unfortunately drowned.—Sunday Afternoon last Philip Russell, Apprentice to a Shoemaker at Westminster, bathing in the Thames at Lambeth, was drowned; and a few Minutes after two more Persons were drowned in the same Place.

Thursday 5. Tuesday two Men went into a Pond in the Brick-fields, in the Road leading to Hackney, in order to bathe, but getting out their Depth were both

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both drowned. — Tuesday Night, about half an Hour past Nine, several of the Houses opposite the Royal Exchange received a very violent Shock, which greatly alarmed the Inhabitants, as no one could account for it until Yesterday Morning, when it appeared that the great Weight belonging to the Chimes at the 'Change, which, it's said, weighs upwards of 5 Cwt. fell down from its Place, but luckily did not break thro' the Arch, otherwise might have been of very bad Consequence. — His Majesty has been pleased to appropriate his House at Kew, for the Use of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Friday 6. Wednesday Morning early, a Waggon going from Edmonton to Hertford, was stopped by two Foot-pads near Houndsfield, Endfield, one of whom, without any Ceremony, fired his Pistol, and shot the Waggoner thro' the Arm, and the Ball grazed the Rim of his Belly; the Villains then took his Money, and the Bread and Cheese he had in his Sack, and made off: the wounded Man is under the Care of Mr. Hammond, Surgeon, in Church-street, Edmonton.

Saturday 7. Their Royal Highnesses Prince William and Prince Henry went Yesterday to their Apartments, called the Pavillions, in Hampton-Court, for the Summer Season.

Monday 9. Friday Afternoon, by the great Storm, several large Trees were shivered to-pieces in Takely Forest in Essex, and appeared as if burnt with Fire: great Damage was also done to the Houses on one Side of the said Forest, called Takely-street, and likewise to the Corn in the adjacent Fields. — The same Afternoon several Trees were destroyed by the Storm at Kentish-Town. The Tiles at the Ipswich Arms Inn, in Cullum-street were stripped from the Tops of the Stables. — Yesterday the Right Hon. the Lord Warkworth and his new married Lady were introduced to their Majesties at St. James's, and were most graciously received.

Tuesday 10. Last Friday Night as the Guard was attending the Stourbridge Machine he was shot through the Head by a Man on Horseback, supposed to be a Highwayman; who, on seeing

him drop, rode off without robbing the Passengers. — Yesterday at Noon came on before Lord Mansfield, at the King's Bench Bar, Westminster, the Trial of M. d'Eon, for a Libel on his Excellency the Count de Guerchy, the French Ambassador; a special Jury was impanelled on the Occasion; but no Evidence appearing on M. d'Eon's Behalf, he was found Guilty; and Sentence is to be pronounced To-morrow, being the last Day of Term. — This Day at a Court of Aldermen, Mr. Lloyd, who was elected Sheriff of this City, disqualified himself by swearing off; and a Common-hall is appointed for the Election of two proper Persons to serve the Office of Sheriff, in the Room of him, and Mr. Eastwich, who swore off last Tuesday.

Wednesday 11. Yesterday the Committee agreed, that the following Inscription shall be put at the Bottom of the Frame of the Picture of the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice PRATT, which is soon to be put up in Guildhall.

HANC ICONEM

CAROLI PRATT, Esq;

SUMMI JUDICIS C. B.

IN HONOREM TANTI VIRI

ANGLICÆ LIBERTATIS LEGE ASSERTORIS FIDI

S. P. Q. L.

IN CURIA MUNICIPALI

PONI JUSSERUNT

NONO KAL. MAR. A. D. MDCCCLXIV.
GULIELMO BRIDGEN ARM. PRÆ URE.

Thursday 12. Sunday last a Man upon the Kentish Road, leading some Horses to Town, with the Rope fastened to his Wrist, two of the Hedge Girls suddenly jumped out of a Ditch, which so frightened the Horses, that they ran away, dragging the Man after them, by which means his Brains were beat out. — We are informed that a few Days since died at his Farm in Devonshire, Mr. Henry Walton, an eminent Farmer and Cyder-maker: Among the many Legacies which he bequeathed, having no Relations, is the following remarkable one: "I give and bequeath unto JOHN WILKES, Esq; late Member for Aylesbury in Bucks, the Sum of Five Thousand Pounds, as an Acknowledgment to him, who bravely defended the Constitutional Liberties of his Country, and checked the dangerous Progress of arbitrary Power

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. "THE Dearthness of every Thing increases here daily, inasmuch that many People can scarcely subsist. Those who are in the Service of the Court feel it the more, as they are paid on the same Footing which was settled in 1696. The Difference between that Time and the present is very considerable. The Price of Provisions is four Times what it was at the End of the last Century. We expect to see a Number of Petitions on this Subject presented at the approaching Dyet."—Letters from Lithuania bring an Account, that some Russian Troops, and those of the Confederacy, had attacked Nieswien, a Castle belonging to Prince Radzivil, the Evening before Whitsunday, which was obliged to capitulate, for want of Provisions and Warlike Stores, three Days after; and that the Russians have raised Contributions from Prince Radzivil's Estate.—They write from Poland, of the 25th Ult. that the Prince Palatine of Wilda had taken the Castle of Tereſpol, belonging to the Grand Treasurer of Lithuania, had seized all the Treasure there, and made 300 Men Prisoners.—*Extract of a Letter from Warsaw, June 15.* "The Country where the Great General is at present, is very fertile, and in a Situation to draw Subsistence a great Way off. We learn that the Count Malakowski, Great Cup Bearer of the Crown, the same who, in quality of Marshal of the Dyet, declared it null the first Day of its Assembly, has made a Confederacy in the Duchy of Ofwiezhim and in a Part of the Palatine of Cracow. The Palatine of Cujavia is also doing the same in his Palatine. These private Confederacies and several others, which are forming as well in Polish Russia as in Little Poland, and even in Lithuania, are to join the general Confederacy, which, according to all Appearance, will be signed at Sambor."—From Dresden we have an Account of the Lightning entering a House in that City, and melting all the Pewter therein. A Woman who was passing by the House was terribly burnt in the Face, and the Bones of one of

her Legs was shivered.—*Vienna, June 23.* The Dyet of Hungary was opened Yesterday at Presbourg. Many of the Nobility are setting out for that Place, and the City will be the more brilliant, as the Hungarian Noblesse are likewise all repairing thither. Lodgings are at an excessive Price. A Building is erecting near the Castle, on which 2000 People are employed. The Bridge over the Danube in the Neighbourhood of Presbourg is finished.—They write from Ratisbon, that the Price of Provisions there, as well as in several other Parts of Germany, is more than double what it was before the late War.—Great Damage was done at Francfort on the Main by a Tempest on the 23d of last Month.—When the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin met lately to celebrate the Anniversary of the King's Accession to the Throne, M. Formey, the Perpetual Secretary, opened the Assembly with the following Speech:

"Gentlemen, We are met to celebrate a Solemnity, the Return of which is a certain Proof of our Felicity. Whilst we can say *Frederick reigns*, we shall have a right to add, *We are happy*. If it pleases Providence to preserve this august Monarch, which we shall ever pray for with the greatest Fervency, those who shall be assembled here this Day Twelve-month, will see the first Jubilee of the glorious Reign, into the 25th Year of which we are just now entering. In an uninterrupted Prosperity may glide away the twenty five following Years, which will lead to the second and grand Jubilee, at the End of which the Prussian Monarchy will have no less Foundation to extol the Age of Frederick, than all the other Monarchies ancient and modern, have had to glorify the Ages of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Louis."—Letters from France, of the 30th Ult. assert, that they have as fine a Prospect of a plentiful Crop of all Sorts of Grain, and other Fruits of the Earth, as ever was known; which occasioned the Prices in general to fall, and had reduced that of Bread upwards of one Sol per Pound.

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Ireland. Londonderry, June 28. Yesterday we had wonderful Thunder and Lightning in this City and Neighbourhood, by which a Man and three Horses were killed at about two Miles distance from this Place.

Country News. At Walsingham in Norfolk, on Thursday the 28th of June, during a Thunder Storm, a Ball of Fire struck the upper Part of a Chamber Window in Mr. Edmund Rix the Merchant's House, and drove the Casings of the Sash Frames a considerable Distance into the Yard, and the Window Shutters down into the Room; it made its Progress down the Sash Frames wherein the Weights work, and shattered them to-pieces, with the Glass; it proceeded through the Brick work to the lower Windows, and there terminated, leaving a strong sulphurous Smell, and the Room filled with Smoke. — *Oxford, July 7.* Her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia having this Week visited the Right Hon. the Earl Temple at Stow, on Tuesday Night, the Gardens there were most superbly illuminated in Honour of her Royal Highness's Presence. — *Salisbury, July 9.* There has lately been found in Warminster Common, by a poor labouring Man digging in the Road, an Earthen Pot of Roman Silver Coins, to the Amount of some Hundreds in Number, consisting chiefly of the middle Emperors, and are in general finely preserved.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Lord George Sackville, of a Daughter. — The Wife of Mr. King, of Chertsey in Surry, of a fine Boy; it is remarkable the Mother of this Child is upwards of 60 Years old, and the Father near 72, and she has had a Child every Year for these three Years last past.

MARRIAGES.

Christopher Hudson, Esq; of the Middle Temple, to Miss Sally Davenport, of Red Lion Square. — The Right Hon. Lord Warkworth, eldest Son of the Earl of Northumberland, to Lady Anne Stuart, third Daughter to the Earl of Bute. — Mr. Richard Hayes, Merchant, to Mrs. Judson, of May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane. — Mr.

Abraham Haigh of Winchester street, to Miss Ennis, Daughter of Mr. Deputy Ennis, in Walbrook. — Mr. Aston, of Friday-street, Linen Draper, to Miss Maria Dickerfon, of College Hill.

DEATHS.

At Hampstead Mr. Combrune, Brother to Mr. Matth. Combrune, Brewer, of the same Place. — Mr. Barker, Book-feller to Westminster School. At Yarmouth, Mr. La Grys, one of the most considerable Maltsters in England. — At his Seat at Prior Park, near Bath, Ralph Allen, Esq; — Mr. Benj. Smith, an eminent Distiller, in Whitecross-street. — Mr. James Dunford, an eminent Wholesale Linen Draper in Newgate-street. — The Right Hon. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, Viscount Pulteney, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Salop, F. R. S. and one of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. John Wright, M. A. to the Living of Colston Bassett, in Nottinghamshire. — The Rev. Robert Snelling, B. A. to the Vicarage of Hameworth, in the County of Devon and Diocese of Exeter.

PROMOTIONS.

— Newton, Esq; to be one of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, in the Room of Mr. Deacle, deceased. — Frederick Smith, Esq; to be Chief Justice of the Province of New Jersey in America. — William Popplewell, Esq; late an Officer on board the Rippon Man of War, to be Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs in West Florida.

B—KR—TS.

June 30. James Leyburn, of Lotherbury, Merchant.

July 3. Thomas Cheslyn, of Coventry, Mercer. — John Fleming, of Liverpool, Merchant. — Edward White, of Liverpool, Merchant.

7. Josiah Muspratt, of Winchester, Grocer. — Oliver Dixon, of Dudley, Worcester-shire, Dealer. — William Howells, of Bristol, Watchmaker.

10. James Sims, the Younger, late of Whitechapel Road, Middlesex, Merchant.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
July 13, to Friday July 27, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA. *Peterburg, June. 9.*

Yesterday the Vice-chancellor of the Empire declared to the Foreign Ministers, in a Conference which is held weekly at his Excellency's House, that tho' the Empress is responsible to nobody for the Part she acts, she is nevertheless desirous to acquaint them, in order that they may inform their respective Courts, that her Imperial Majesty sent her Troops into Poland only upon the Solicitations of the Grandees of that Republick; that her Troops had no other Orders but to maintain the Liberty of the Poles in the Election of their King; and that they were not to commit any Acts of Hostility, unless they were attacked.—We have received Advice, that the River Occa rose lately eight Feet above its usual Height, and overflowed the Town of Orol, in which the greatest Part of the Corn of Russia is laid up. Many Men and great Numbers of Cattle were lost, but happily the Magazines were empty.—Adm. Galitzin, Father of the Vice-Chancellor of that Name, died lately at Moscow, in the 80th Year of his Age.

SWEDEN. They write from Stockholm, that a prodigious Quantity of Snow fell the 31st of May last at Garvenberg, near the City of Edmora, in Dalecarlia. Fifty of the Noblesse of that Neighbourhood, who were assembled at a Gentleman's House to celebrate the Nuptials of his Daughter, were confined there five Days before it was possible to clear a Way through the Snow, with which the House was covered, and which laid so deep on the Roads, that not the least Vestige could be perceived. When the Snow melted, the Bridges were all carried away by the Violence of the Waters.—*Stockholm, June 22.* The 20th the Burghers of this City

passed in Review before his Majesty, which is only done once in each Reign. The Cavalry consisted of 500, the Infantry of 1500; the former extremely well mounted; and both Corps went through their Evolutions with great Credit to their Military Genius. After which his Majesty was elegantly entertained by the Burghers.

POLAND. The Confederate States of Poland are come to a Resolution, that a Pension of about 80,000 Polish Florins (about 2000l. Sterling) out of the Treasury of Lithuania, should be granted to Prince Czartorinski during his natural Life; and the Marshal of the Lithuanian Confederacy is also to have a handsome Sum.—*Warsaw, June 25.* The Dyet of Convocation is quite broke up. Some of the Resolutions taken in it were changed while they were reading them, and some others were not read at all. The Troops commanded by Count Branicki have been attacked again, on which Occasion several Companies slipped away from him, and went over to the Dyet's Party.—*Warsaw, June 27.* At the closing of the Dyet of Convocation, the Prince Primate caused a Proposal to be read for a general Confederacy, for the Maintenance of the Resolutions that had been agreed on, touching the Rights of the Church, the Repose of the Kingdom, and the Election of a King. This was approved, and Prince Czartorinski, Waywode of Polish Prussia, was unanimously chosen Marshal. This Confederacy will soon be joined by that of Lithuania; and all the Cities, even those of Royal Prussia, will be invited to accede to it.—The Dyet of Warsaw have ordered the Crown and Scepter, and all the Regalia, which are kept at Cracow, to be removed to Warsaw on the 1st of August. The Dyet for electing a King, which

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was fixed for the 20th of August, is deferred for a Week. The Reason of the Dyet's resolving that the new King shall be crowned at Warsaw, is; that the Castle of Cracow is in such a ruinous Condition, that the Solemnity cannot be performed there with safety: but to make the Citizens of Cracow some amends for what they may lose thereby, the new King is to be prayed to convene at Cracow, the first Dyet after his Coronation. — *Warsaw, June 23.* The Confederacy of Lithuania has detached a Body of 1000 Men, among whom there are 300 Russians, in order to besiege Nischwitz, a Town belonging to the Prince Radzivil, Palatine of Wilna: the Town surrendered the 9th of this Month; but the Garrison, consisting of 300 Men, retired into the Castle, which is surrounded with Marshes, and well provided with Necessaries, and accessible only upon one Side, where the Russians made an Attempt, but were saluted with Cannon charged with Cartridge Shot, which made them retreat a Quarter of a League, and it is supposed they are waiting for a Reinforcement. In the mean Time Prince Radzivil is set out from Biala where he has published a Manifesto against those that attack him with the Assistance of Foreign Troops, and is marching at the Head of 8000 Men to raise the Siege of Nischwitz, where he reckons to arrive the 26th of this Month. In his way thither he carried off a Regiment at Theresopol, the Residence of Count Flemming, High-Treasurer of Lithuania, with four Pieces of Cannon, new Uniforms, and Arms for 12000 Men, six Barrels of Powder, some Horses and Money. Upon an Estate belonging to M. Chodkiewski, Colonel of the Confederacy, he also took 100 Men and the Equipages of this Officer, who is actually a Nuncio at the Dyet. It's expected that Prince Radzivil's Party will increase as he advances into Lithuania, for he has many Friends that have invited him to come. The Palatine of Brack has made a counter Confederacy in his Favour. A Detachment of 1000 Russians are going from hence against him; but he is informed of it, and makes Preparations to give them a proper Reception. He has wrote a Letter to the King of Prussia, wherein he claims the Guaranty of his Estates, which that Monarch is charged

with since the Convention with the House of Newburgh. Prince Radzivil has intercepted a Russian Officer with Dispatches, the Contents of which we don't yet know.

GERMANY. *Vienna, June 27.* The Day before Yesterday arrived here a grand Deputation from the Dyet of Presbourg, to pray their Imperial Majesties and the King of the Romans to honour it with their Presence. Yesterday Morning these Deputies, to the Number of 56, chosen from amongst the Clergy, Noblesse, &c. of the Kingdom of Hungary, repaired to Schonbrun, where they were conducted to an Audience of their Imperial Majesties; and after all the Ceremonies were over, the Deputies were magnificently entertained at Dinner in the great Hall. Their Majesties propose to set out for Presbourg the 3d of July; but the Chancery and the Officers of the Court will set out to-morrow. — Letters from Vienna, of the 28th Ult. insinuate, that the Jealousy of that Court, on account of the new Treaty of Alliance between the Russians and Prussians, seems to increase; and that a Treaty is on the Arrival to counterbalance that lately made between the Emperors of Russia and the King of Prussia. — They advise from Frankfort of the 30th Ult. that the Minister from the King of Prussia had published there a Manifesto of six Articles, offering very great Encouragement to all Sorts of People who will go and settle in his Royal Master's Dominions. — By Letters from Berlin of the 7th Inst. there is Advice, that as the Company of Haberdashers in small Wares keep up the Price of their Goods at the same Rate as formerly, tho' the Coin was then of a baser Alloy, the Jews, having offered to sell the same Ten per Cent. cheaper, have obtained leave of his Prussian Majesty to trade wholesale and retail between Hamburg and Stettin. — A Letter from Berlin says, "The Dispatches of Prince Schonaich, the King's Ambassador at Warsaw, and divers private Letters from good Hands, shew that the Affairs of Poland, with respect to the Election of a King, go on according to the Wishes of our Court, and that of Petersburg." — *Berlin, June 7.* The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, the Hereditary Prince and Princess, and the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, are

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expected at Potsdam To-morrow or next Day, where Preparations have been making for their Reception and Amusement, *Lond. Gaz.*

FRANCE. Letters from Paris inform us, that there is actually trying, before the Parliament, a Cause concerning the Validity of Marriages contracted by Protestants. This Case, so interesting to Mankind in general, as well as to the Reformed of France in particular, is defended by M. Elie de Beaumont, a Counsellor eminent for several Tracts, which have been well received by the Publick; and more so for the generous Defence he made in favour of the unfortunate Widow and Children of Calas. — *Paris, June 29.* The Court continues to take the Diversions of the Chace in hunting large Game, of which the vast Forests and Environs of Compeigne are full. There has been, among others, on the 26th a Royal Hunt, in which two Stags of a monstrous Size were run down. The 27th there was another Party, and in this Hunt it was that his Majesty had a Fall, though happily attended only with a Contusion in one of his Legs. Some of your Countrymen have distinguished themselves greatly on these Occasions. Mounted on Horses of the right English Breed, which they have brought over along with them, away they drive without fear of either Hedge or Ditch, and are generally sure to be the first at the Death of the Game. Sometimes indeed, their Ardour leads them to transgress a little upon the Ceremonials observed, where the King is present in Person. But when this is known to happen through Ignorance of our Customs, it is always very readily overlooked; and instead of furnishing a Handle of Resentment, I can assure you that it seldom fails to give the Court great Pleasure to be able to contemplate thus in Person the Manners of your ruff Country Squires. — *Paris, July 6.* A Polish Gentleman, from Warsaw, is arrived at Compeigne, charged to deliver to the King a Letter from the Prince Primate of Poland, tending, as supposed, to justify the Conduct of that Prelate towards the Marquis de Paulmy-d'Argenson, late Ambassador of France to the Republic; but he has not yet been able to obtain an Audience of his Majesty, nor to present the Letter with which he is charged. — *M. de*

Lavardi the Comptroller-General, labours incessantly, with a surprising Assiduity, to put our Finances upon a good Footing. Never before have we seen in Paris so many Sorts of Lotteries, there having been one drawn every Week for some Months past. — *Paris, July 7.* Several Persons were maimed by the Fall of Chimnies, &c. in the terrible Hurricane of the 22d Ult. and an incredible Number of Hats and Wigs were lost by Persons who happened to be passing over the Bridges and Quays. — *Paris, July 9.* Some Accounts have already been published of the Success of the Discovery of Monsieur Poissonnier to render Sea-Water fresh; but the great Advantages which accrue from that Discovery have lately been better determined on board the Brilliant, which carried the Count d'Estaing to St. Domingo. By the Journal which the Minister of the Marine Department has received of the Operations of the distilling Machine on board that Ship, we are assured not only of the Facility and Cheapness of the Operation, but also of the perfect wholesomeness of the Water so freshened. Besides the many Experiments made by the Count d'Estaing during the Voyage, great Numbers of Officers and others on board drank of it for several Weeks; and some two Months successively, all which Time they enjoyed a perfect State of Health; which is the strongest Proof of the great Benefit of the Discovery. The Sea Water so freshened is more agreeable than the Water that Ships carry out with them in Casks is, in a Fortnight's Time, and was eagerly desired by all the Crew, who regretted that there was no more of it; tho' the Quantity freshened amounted to 600 Pints a Day. Monsieur Poissonnier has found out, that by enlarging the Vessel in which it is distilled, and some little Alteration in the Performance, the Quantity produced will be doubled, without any additional Expence or Trouble on board the Ship. These Considerations have induced his Majesty to give Orders for fixing a Machine for this Purpose on board all the Men of War, and other Ships that go long Voyages; in order to provide against the dreadful Calamities which have so often arisen from the Want of fresh Water. — *Marseilles, June 20.* In the Month of April, a Slave on board

the Hardie Galley, originally a Turk, but who had embraced Christianity, murdered the Sieur Varage, Commander, with his Knife. His Process being made out, he was Yesterday condemned to make the *amende honorable*, to be broke alive and expire on the Wheel; which was accordingly executed that Afternoon, on a Bridge in the Middle of the Port. He died a Christian, and acknowledged his Sentence to be just. — *Compeigne, June 30.* Within these few Days the Nuns of the Abbey of Mouchy, near this City, being at Complines, (the Conclusion of the Evening Prayers) perceived that the Church was on Fire. It was soon found, that it was not accidental; and by Questions and Menances one of the Order, who was suspected, at last confessed the Crime. She has since been conducted to Paris by Virtue of a Lettre de Cachet.

ITALY. *Padua, June 29.* On Saturday the 16th Instant his Royal Highness the Duke of York left Venice, and went up the Brenta to Padua in a large Burchillo. When his Royal Highness arrived at the Gates of the Town, he was received by his Excellency M. Vendramin, Provéditor, who presented four Nobles of Padua to attend his Royal Highness during his stay in the Town; Chevalier Papafava, Knight of Malta, M. Claudio, Mofciato, Count Orfato, and Count Panego. From the Gate his Royal Highness was conducted by the Provéditor in his Coach to the House where he lodges. The Provéditor had engaged a House for his Royal Highness, but he was pleased to take up with that which Mr. Murray, his Britannick Majesty's Resident here, usually hires for the Season. The same Evening his Royal Highness went to the Opera, where a large Box, very elegantly furnished, was prepared for him; the four Deputies attending always, and Refreshments were served every Night of the Opera. On Sunday the Provéditor gave a most elegant Ball. Within the Circle there were a great Number of Nobility and Foreigners, and round the Hall a great Number of Masks to see the Dancers. At Midnight his Royal Highness was conducted through a Suite of Apartments, elegantly furnished upon the Occasion, to a Supper of forty Covers. On Tuesday the Provéditor invited his Royal High-

ness to a Dinner of forty Covers, which was very magnificent; and after Dinner there was a Concert of Musick, and great Services of Refreshments. On the 21st his Royal Highness went to Vicenza to see the Feast of the Corpus Domini; his Excellency M. Parura, the Podesta, waited upon his Royal Highness at his Arrival, and presented to him Count Volpi, and three other Nobles of Vicenza, to attend his Royal Highness during his short stay there. The Solemnity consisted of a Church Procession, and a Machine called Roue, carried about the Town, made from a Design of Palladio, which contains a Number of People, with Musick, and Children placed all around it, and upon the Top of it. It is higher than the Tops of the Houses, and is carried about by fourscore Men. In the Afternoon there was a Horse-race; from which all the Nobility went to the Campo Martio, a large and pleasant Meadow, surrounded by beautiful Hills covered with Wood and Houses, in the Middle of which there is a large Palace built expressly by Count Volpi, to entertain one of his Royal Highness's illustrious Ancestors. There were 150 Equipages extremely rich, which altogether formed one of the most beautiful Scenes that can be perceived. After this the Company retired to walk in a large Garden, from whence his Royal Highness returned the same Evening to the Opera at Padua. His Excellency the Provéditor has made several Proposals to his Royal Highness of other Entertainments; but, as the Weather is extremely hot, his Royal Highness has declined accepting of them. His Royal Highness proposes leaving Padua the latter End of the next Week, and takes Milan and Turin in his Way to Genoa. Mr. Murray, his Britannick Majesty's Resident, is to have the Honour of attending his Royal Highness to Venice this Evening, as his Royal Highness is desirous of seeing the Arsenal privately to-morrow Morning. *London Gazette. — Naples, June 16.* Dis-eases, particularly malignant Fevers, continue to make great Havock here, and carry off abundance of People. As this Mortality is attributed to the Use that has been made of the Meal and Flour imported from England, the Physicians have been ordered to examine what remained of the same, and on their

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Report the greatest Part of this Remainder has been condemned to be thrown into the Sea.—The last Advices from Dalmatia, concerning the Plague, are so very favourable, as to afford reason to hope, that it will soon entirely cease.

A M E R I C A.

Boston, in New England, May 2. We hear from New-Haven, that about 80 of the Scholars at the College have been poisoned; several of them to a great Degree. It is suspected to be done by some of the French Neutrals there, who had been offended by some of the Scholars; and it's thought one of them conveyed the Poison privately into the Dough that was mixing for the Biscuit for Breakfast.—*New York, May 30.* The Indian War still continues, and we have a Report in Town of 2000 Indians besieging Fort Detroit. Sir William Johnson has raised a considerable Army of friendly Indians; about 500 of them are very hearty in our Cause, and have already killed and taken Prisoners a great Number of the Enemy; we have seven of them in New-York Goal. Most of the Northern Provinces are raising Men to go against the Enemy; and a Regiment of Canadians is raising for the same Purpose.—By a Letter from Kingston in Jamaica we learn, that the Spaniards lately contracted there for the Purchase of 11000 Negroes, to be employed in repairing and strengthening the Fortifications of the Havannah, which Place is intended to be rendered as impregnable as it is in the Power of Art to make it.—The Margäret and Harriot, Capt. Cordiner, from Plymouth to Quebec, was lost on the Rocks near the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulph of St. Laurence, on the 3d of Nov. last. One of the Crew perished in attempting to swim to shore, the others got on shore the Day following, being in Number 26, five of whom perished on the desert Island, the rest remained six Months reduced to the greatest Extremities; and had it not been for two Sea Cows, or Horses, which the Captain shot, they must all have suffered the same Fate. The Captain, and 20 of his Men, arrived at Quebec the 3d of May.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, July 7. Monday next his Excellency John Ponsonby, the Right the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c. are to lay the Foundation Stone for the Queen's Bridge over the Liffey, between King-street and Dirty-lane.—About six o'Clock on Tuesday Morning a Fire broke out in the Laboratory in the Lower-Castle-Yard, which communicating to some Barrels of Powder, the whole Building was blown up: the Explosion was so great that most of the Windows in the Neighbourhood were broke, and other Damage done; but happily no Lives were lost.—*Dublin, July 10.* The Patriotic Society here, called the Dublin Society, among a Number of other Premiums for promoting Designs beneficial to the Community, has proposed to give a Reward of 20l. to the Person who shall employ the greatest Number of Children, under 13 Years of Age, in any Manufacture; and another Sum of 20l. to such Person as shall employ the greatest Number of Children, under 15 Years of Age, in Agriculture, and a Premium of 22l. 15s. to any Weaver or Manufacturer who shall invent or make, before Lady Day next, a new Kind of Summer Wear for Ladies or Gentlemen. Likewise a Gold Medal, or 50l. to the Person who shall form the best Plan for maintaining the Orphans, or other Poor of Country Parishes, in a public Workhouse, or separately, and employing them in such Branches of Industry as suit their Age and Strength.—*Belfast, July 3.* We hear from Londonderry, that on Thursday last they had great Thunder and Lightning, which continued for several Hours; during which Time, one Cannon, a Yarn Merchant from the Neighbourhood of Ballycastle, going to Derry with Yarn, was killed by the Lightning, together with three Horses, two other Men in Company were struck down, but soon recovered.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

At Waddington, near Lincoln, on the 13th Inst. a Boy and a Dog were struck by Lightning; the Boy's Hair was burnt off his Head, and it was some Time before he recovered his Senses; but the Dog never stirred after.—*Liverpool, July 13.* Sunday last died Mr.

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Mr. James Barton, an eminent Beer Brewer of this Town, after a very short Indisposition, occasioned by a Blow from a small Whip, with which he intended to have struck his Horse; the Blow was received on his Watch, which broke its Chrysal, but the Injury done to the Parts under were apparently so little as not to discolour, or scarcely to cause any Swelling, tho' he died in 24 Hours. — *Newcastle, July 14.* A Farmer in going to Stagshaw-Bank, at the late Fair, having alighted just before he came to the Hill, and driving his Horse, with Saddle and Bridle on, before him, was passed by a Man on Foot, who walked pretty smartly by him; and when he came up with the Horse, he jumped upon its Back, and rode directly into the Fair; and tho' the poor Countryman looked upon it only as a Joke at first, he now finds it a true one, as he can hear no Account of either his Horse or the Rider ever since. This is a new Species of Roguery, and may be termed *Sherping introduced in the North.* — *Bristol, July 14.* Friday Night between eleven and twelve, the Bristol one-day Machine (with seventeen Passengers within and without) coming over Hounslow-heath, was stopped by some Persons in a Post-Chaise; who informed the Passengers that they had been robbed a few Minutes before by two Highwaymen, who they imagined would soon pay them a Visit likewise. On this Information one of the Passengers (who had two Horse Pistols with him) resolutely declared the Machine should not be robbed; and at the same Time desired some Sailors, who were on the Outside, to assist him: The jolly Tars readily consented, filled their Pockets with Stones, and, on ordering the Coachman to drive on, gave three Cheers. The Highwaymen soon after appeared; but finding they were likely to meet with a warm Reception, thought it most prudent to ride off full speed, with the Booty they had collected from a Machine and two Post-Chaises, which they had just before robbed.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, *July 13th.*

Saturday last some Foot Soldiers, who were lately landed at Portsmouth from South Carolina, coming thro' Guildford,

brought a Monkey with them; and while the Soldiers were regaling themselves in a public House, the Monkey slipped away from them, and going into the Cellar turned the Cocks of all the Bats, by which as much Beer ran about as was worth upwards of 7 l. — Last Monday was imported by Mr. William Owen, at Temple bar, 1950 Flasks of Spa Water, filled at the Pouhon Spring. — Wednesday Morning, about nine o'Clock, John Henry Hairman, for a Robbery near Lincoln inn-fields, and John Adams for personating a Seaman in order to receive his Wages, were carried in a Cart from Newgate, and executed at Tyburn. They behaved suitable to their unhappy Situation. — Yesterday was held a Common hall, for the Election of two fit and able Persons to be Sheriffs of this City and the County of Middlesex for the Year ensuing, in the Room of John Lloyd and Charles Eastwick, Esqrs. discharged from the said Office for insufficiency of Wealth; when Thomas Harris, Esq; Citizen and Apothecary, and William Lethicullier, Esq; Citizen and Clothworker, had the Majority of Hands, and were declared duly elected.

Saturday 14. A few Days ago a Bull and Cow very beautiful of their Kind, and also a Bird of extraordinary Size, brought over in one of the last Ships arrived from India, were presented to her Majesty. They are placed among the rest of the curious Animals behind the Queen's Palace.

Monday 16. Last Week a curious Picture representing his Majesty with Lord Ligonier by his Side, reviewing a Regiment of Horse in Hyde Park; as also a Picture of the reigning Prince of Mecklenbourg, her Majesty's eldest Brother, were fixed up in the Queen's Palace, and are each allowed to be extremely well executed. — Part of the celebrated Collection of Paintings from Kensington is removed to Hampton-Court. — An Apprentice to an eminent House in Cheap-side has been detected within these few Days, in a Kind of frugal Knavery very uncommon among other Rogues of the same Class, having within the six Years that he had served of his Apprenticeship, by making free with his Master's Till, and other Means, accumulated no less than 1000 l. which he lodged safely in the

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the Funds, till he was at Liberty, when he thought he might turn it to some better Account.

Tuesday 17. Yesterday an over-drove Bullock tossed a Woman in Cow-crofs, and gored her in such a Manner that she expired immediately. — Yesterday Afternoon, as a Shoemaker, in Newport-market, was going to bathe in a Pond, in Marybon-fields, by plunging too hastily in, he struck his Head against a Bone in the Pond, which stunned him; and notwithstanding there were several others in Company, before they could get him out he was dead. — This Day at a Court of Aldermen, Thomas Harris, Esq; gave Bond to serve the Office of Sheriff.

Thursday 19. The Drivers of a String of Waggon's coming to Town were robbed on Finchley Common on Tuesday Morning. Never before were Robberies of all Kinds so frequent at this Season of the Year. — Early Yesterday Morning the Passengers in several Stage-Coaches, &c. were robbed near Acton by two Highwaymen, who made a large Collection from the Passengers. — About eleven o'Clock last Night, a Stage-coach going out of Town, was attacked at the Foot of Highgate-hill by two Highwaymen, one of whom was shot at by a Person behind with a Blunderbuss, and it was supposed was dangerously wounded, tho' they both rode off. A Pistol and a riding Cane was found near the Place this Morning; and the Turnpike Man, gives an Account, that a Person on Foot passed by between Eleven and Twelve, who appeared to be very dangerously wounded, and said he had been attacked by Footpads, and was going to Town for Assistance. — This Day came on at Guildhall the Election of a Sheriff for this City, &c. in the Room of William Lethieullier, Esq; who hath paid his Fine to be excused serving that Office; when James Adams, Esq; Citizen and Mercer, was chosen.

Friday 20. Wednesday an Estate belonging to John Wilkes, Esq; situated in Buckinghamshire, was sold by Auction at Mr. Langford's, for the Sum of 4,800 l.

Saturday 21. Monday a poor Woman in Newton's Lane, who had lain in but four Days, being left alone by the Nurse, some Cloths, which were hanging to dry took Fire, and the Flames com-

municating to the Bed, in which the Mother and Infant lay asleep, the Child was burnt to death, and the Woman so much scorched that her Life is despaired of. — *St James's, July 21.* In answer to the Representations made by his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Madrid, upon the late Transactions of their Governor of Yucatan, and his Proceedings towards the British Subjects employed in cutting Logwood in the Bay of Honduras, the Spanish Ministry have replied, That they have not received any Advices from that Governor relative to this Affair, but that it is certain the Catholick King has given positive Orders to his Governor of Yucatan to abide by and observe the XVIIth Article of the last Treaty of Peace, and that he will not approve of the Conduct of his Subject who act in contravention to it. That it is the Intention of his Catholick Majesty, that no one shall impede the English in their cutting Logwood in the stipulated Places; and he will disapprove of his Governors and Ministers, whenever they act to the contrary, and renew the most strict Orders to that Effect. — Yesterday a Cause came on, to be tried, by a special Jury, at Westminster-hall, before the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, wherein the Rev. Mr. Entick was Plaintiff, and Mr. Carrington, and three other Messengers were Defendants, for seizing Mr. Entick's Papers as one of the supposed Authors of certain Numbers of the Monitor; when, after many learned Arguments by the Counsel on both Sides, which lasted near four Hours, a Verdict was given for the Plaintiff, in 300 l. Damages.

Monday 23. Saturday Night Sarah Wyatt, one of the Black-Boy-Alley Gang, was committed to New-prison, Clerkenwell, for stabbing a young Man in the Body with a Knife, of which Wound he lies dangerously Ill in the Hospital; she also very near cut off a Man's Finger who assisted in apprehending her.

Tuesday 24. Saturday Morning the Count de Guerchy, the French Ambassador embarked at Dover for Calais. — Yesterday a Cause came on before Lord Chief Justice Pratt, at the Court of Common Pleas, at Guildhall, wherein the Daughter of a reputable Tradesman in Chancery Lane was Plaintiff, and a young

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young Man who lived in the same Neighbourhood, Defendant. The Action was brought for non Performance of a Marriage Contract; when the Jury gave a Verdict for the Plaintiff, with 300 l. Damages. — Early this Morning, Morgan, who was to have been tried this Week at the Sessions at the Old Bailey, for returning from Transportation, &c. made his Escape out of Newgate, by breaking a Hole thro' the Brick-wall of his Apartment in the Press-yard, and letting himself down upon an empty House in the Little Old-Bailey, by the Sheets of his Bed, which he tied to a Poker that went cross the Hole, and thereby made a good Fastening. He made his Escape with his Fetters on.

Wednesday 25. Yesterday about one o'Clock came on before Lord Chief Ju-

stice Mansfield, at Guildhall, the Trial of some former Officers of Bishopsgate Parish, for a Misapplication of Money sometime ago collected by a Brief: About the Middle of the Cause, the Defendants offered to pay 100 l. and Costs, which being accepted by the Plaintiffs, an end was put to this remarkable Debate.

Thursday 26. Yesterday the Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when thirty-one Prisoners were tried, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. Margaret Weston, for assaulting Ann Peirce, a Child, in New Bridges-street, and taking from her three Guineas, four Shillings and Eight pence, the Property of Dorothy Mac Cleary. Two were branded in the Hand. Fourteen were cast for Transportation and fourteen acquitted.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. **T**HE Corsican Republic, June 24. rebels in their general Assembly, have elected Paoli Perpetual General, or Supreme Dictator, and Chief of a Sovereign Council of State, to consist of three annual Senators, and of several Counsellors, who are to be changed every four Months. The Plan of their new Form of Government contains thirty-six Articles.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Sir John Hynde Cotton, Bart. Member of Parliament for the County of Cambridge of two Sons. — Her Grace the Duchess of Grafton of a Son. — The Lady of the Hon. Tho. Pelham, of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Paul Orchard of Stoke Abbey in Devonshire, Esq; to Miss Lawley, only Daughter of Sir Robert Lawley of Cavendish Square, Bart. — The Right Hon. Lord Grosvenor, to Miss Vernon, Daughter of Henry Vernon, Esq; and Niece to the Earl of Strafford. — Sir Charles William Blunt, Bart. to Miss Peers, Daughter of Richard Peers, Esq; of Croydon in Surry.

D E A T H S.

Philip Hubert, Esq; of Pall Mall, and one of the Gentlemen Ushers to the Queen — Mr. Henry Harrington, the oldest, and one of the most experienced Pilots in England. — Mr. Wm. Skelton, an eminent Proctor in Doctors Commons,

and Register of the Diocese of London. — The Rev. Dr. Simpson, Rector of St. George's in the East. — At Essex, John Jackson, a Gardiner, in the 113th Year of his Age. — The Right Hon. Lady Irwin. — Dr. Benj. Avery, Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

P R O M O T I O N S.

Charles Fearn, Esq; to be Deputy Secretary to the Lords of the Admiralty. — Humphry Senhouse, Esq; to be Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Westmorland. — The Hon. Mans Stanley, Esq; to be Governor of the Isle of Wight, in the Room of Lord Holmes, deceased. — Robert Chester, Esq; to be Register to the Bishop of London. — Dr. Marriot, one of the Advocates of Doctor's Commons, and Master of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, to be his Majesty's Advocate General.

B — K R — T S.

July 17. Anthony Ten Broeke, of Duke's-Court, St. Martin's-lane, Confectioner.

21. John Gough the Younger of Leicester, Wool-comber. — William Miles, of Lothbury, Packer. — John Bafs, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, Inn-keeper. — Robert Holloway, of St. Andrew, Holborn, Wine-Merchant.

24. Thomas Morrow, of Bristol, Linen-Draper. — John Whitworth, of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, Brewer and Victualler.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
July 27, to Friday August 10, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA. *Peterburgh, June 26.* THE Empress pro-

poses going to-morrow to Cronstadt to see her Fleet, where the foreign Ministers are to accompany her. Sunday is fixed for her Imperial Majesty's Journey to Riga. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Peterburgh, July 13.* The Empress set out on Sunday for Riga: Her Imperial Majesty passed three Days at Cronstadt, the Weather was very favourable, and the Fleet made a magnificent Appearance. *Lond. Gaz.*

SWEDEN. *Stockholm, July 13.* The Empress of Russia has sent a Present to the Queen of Sweden of six Horses from the Ukraine; and her Majesty came on Wednesday to Carlbourg to see them: there are three Saddle Horses, and three for the Sledge. Prince Bariatskoi has received the King's Picture set with Diamonds; and also a Gold Snuff-box, in the Lid of which is the Prince Royal's Picture, surrounded likewise with Diamonds; and the Day he took leave, the King made him a Knight of the Order of the Sword. *Lond. Gaz.*

POLAND. They write from Warsaw, that the Workmen had begun the Construction of the Cola, or Electoral Camp, in a large Field between Wolau, a small Town, and that Metropolis. — On the 7th of July a Letter was received at Warsaw from Constantinople, dated the 2d of June, signed with the Grand Signior's own Hand, addressed to the Bishops, Magnates, Starosts, &c. of the Kingdom of Poland, recommending them in the strongest Terms, to union and concord amongst themselves; but especially he advises them to elect a Native of an honourable Family, to be their King; assuring the Republic of his Friendship and Assistance. as long as they endeavour to merit them. This

Letter was dispatched from the Porte by the Russian Resident. — *Warsaw, July 4.* We received the News Yesterday of a smart Action in Lithuania, near the little Town of Slonim, between Prince Radzivil and the Russians, it lasted five Hours; when the Russians being joined by a Reinforcement from Prince Dolgorucki, the Polanders were obliged to retire, which they did in good Order, and without being followed. The Letters vary in Relation to the Number slain; but a remarkable Anecdote is related: The Princess Radzivil, who is newly married, and a Sister of the Prince, both of whom are possessed of Youth and Beauty, fought on Horseback in this Action with Sabres, and encouraged the Soldiery both by their Words and Actions. — *Warsaw, July 7.* Yesterday arrived a Courier from Gen. Branitzki, Staroste of Halicz, whom he dispatched from Kronso the 21st Ult. with Advice, that all the Troops which followed the Count Branicki, had acknowledged the Authority of Prince Czartorinski, Regimentary-General, and submitted to him (the Staroste Branitzki) at the Moment he was making Dispositions to attack them: so that the whole Army of Poland, as well as the two Saxon Regiments which the Court of Saxony had furnished to the Count Branicki, will now be under the Command of the Grand Regimentary. — They write from Warsaw, that Count de Keiserling and Prince Rappin, Ambassadors from Russia, had lately a publick Audience of the Primate, in the Presence of several of the Magnates, when an Instrument wrote on Parchment, in the Latin and Russian Languages, was produced, with the Seal of the Republick affixed thereto, giving the Empress of Russia, and her Successors, the Title of Emperor or Em-

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prefs of all the Russians: in consideration of which, the Czarina is to give in Writing under her own Hand, that neither she, nor any of her Successors, ever shall lay claim to any Part of the Provinces belonging to Poland, which may be included, comprehended, or contained under the said Tide; but that they reciprocally shall keep Possession of all the Provinces as stipulated in the Treaty of Peate concluded between the Russians and Poles in the Year 1683. These Instruments are to be interchanged when the Empress arrives at Mittau. An Instrument of the same Sort has been drawn up, giving the Title of King of Prussia to that Prince, he having given a Writing, under his Hand, that neither he nor any of his Successors do now, or shall ever hereafter, lay claim to any Part of Polish Prussia; which Writing has been delivered to the Dyet by the Prussian Ambassador, the Prince de Carolath. — The Primate of Poland has sent his Universalia to all who hold Posts in that Kingdom, giving them Notice to be ready to take the Oaths to the new King, as soon as the Election and Coronation are over. — Letters from Warsaw of the 25th Ult. advise, that not only the Ambassador from the Emperor of Germany, and the Resident from the Court of Versailles, but also the Resident from that of Madrid, had received Orders to withdraw himself from that City before the Election of a King. The former having received positive Orders to leave that Metropolis in three Weeks, his Excellency had given Orders to sell his State Coach and Furniture, declaring that his Imperial Majesty would not in any Manner molest the Poles in the free Election of their King. The Ambassador and Resident of Russia have likewise declared to the Chancellor of Lithuania, that they will go from thence before the Day of Election.

GERMANY. *Dresden, July 9.* Mr. Stanhope, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, arrived here on Thursday last, and has had his Audiences of the Prince Administrator, the Elector, the Electress Dowager, and the other Princes and Princesses. M. de Paulmy, late Ambassador from France at Warsaw, is arrived here on his Return to France. *Lord's Gaz.* — *Dresden, July 22.* A Resolution having been

taken to rebuild the great Protestant Church here, which was entirely demolished by the Prussian Bombardment, the Prince Administrator, accompanied by all the Ministers of State, performed last Monday, with great Pomp and Devotion, the Ceremony of laying the first Stone, *Lon. Gaz.* — They write from Ham-
burgh, that on the 12th of July there happened a prodigious Storm at Steinbeck, a German Mile from thence, accompanied with Hail of an extraordinary large Size, which has entirely destroyed the Fruits of the Earth in that Neighbourhood. — Some Letters from Ratibon, of the 12th of July, say, it is currently talked of there, that a Treaty of Alliance was on the Carpet, and on the Point of being concluded, between the Courts of Vienna and Versailles, on the same Footing as that between the Empress of Russia and the King of Prussia. — *Vienna, July 11.* It is very certain that the Count Branicki, Great-General of the Crown of Poland, is now in Hungary, with several Noblemen of his Party. — *Vienna, July 13.* On the 5th Inst. the States of Hungary were convened at the Castle of Pressbourg, to hear the Propositions and Intentions of the Queen with regard to their Meeting, and the Subjects that were to come under their Consideration. — This her Imperial and Royal Majesty delivered to them in a Speech in the Hungarian Language; after which her Majesty made a Speech in Latin with great Dignity and Elegance. The Archbishop of Gran, Primate of Hungary, returned an Answer on the Part of the States, assuring their Sovereign, that they were ready to concur in every Thing that was in their Power for the publick Good. After which the States had the Honour to kiss her Majesty's Hand. — *Berlin, July 21.* M. Badouin, the Prussian Secretary of Legation, set out from hence Yesterday for England. The King and Prince Royal of Prussia, accompanied by the Duke and Dutches of Brunswick, the Hereditary Prince and Princess, and the Princess Elizabeth and Augusta of Brunswick, came from Potsdam to Charlottenbourg on the 16th Inst. The same Day Count Finckenstein acquainted the Foreign Ministers residing at this Court, with the intended Marriage of the Prince Royal of Prussia with the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, adding, that his

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Prussian Majesty would be pleased to see the Ministers at Charlottenbourg, to share in the Diversions that were to be given on this Occasion. On the 18th Instant the Ceremony of betrothing was performed; and in the Evening there was an Assembly, the Garden being illuminated; and after Supper there was a Ball, which lasted till Morning. *Lond. Gaz.*

FRANCE. They write from Paris, that since the 1st of July, a Sort of contagious Distemper has broke out in several of the Gaols in that City, which has carried off many of the confined. It's attributed chiefly to the intense Heat of the Weather, the Multitude of Prisoners breathing an impure Atmosphere, and the Nastiness of the Goals. By Orders of the City Magistrate, the last Nuisance is removed; 42 Cart-loads of Filth and Ordure having been taken out of the Prisons allotted for the Department of the Felons only. They are afterwards to be well washed, and fumigated with the proper Antidotes for Contagion. — *Paris, July 20.* An Arrêt of the Council of State is published, by which the King directs the clearing of the Canada Bills of Exchange. — They write from Paris, of the 22d of July, that the Troops destined for the Assistance of the Genoese against the Malecontents, were on their March for Antibes, there to embark for Corsica.

ITALY. Letters from Leghorn of the 2d Instant assert, that the Losses, which the Trade of that Place had suffered by the late Fire at the Custom-house in Lisbon, amounts to upwards of two Millions of Dollars at 4s. each, about 200,000l. Sterling. — Numbers of People are still carried off by an epidemical Distemper at Naples. Amongst several other Persons of Distinction, they have lost the young Marquis Hippolite, whose Death is the more regretted, because he was the last of his illustrious Race. — *Extract of a Letter from D. G. Esq. at Venice.* "I called at Parma in my Way hither, and was introduced to the Duke, when he dined with the Duke of York: he speaks English well, and understands it better. He had read Shakespear, and was very desirous to hear our Manner of Speaking, which he shewed with so much Feeling and Delicacy, that I readily consented,

in the Presence of the Duke of York, Lord Spencer, and the first Minister. He was greatly pleased, and the next Morning sent me a very handsome Gold Box, with some of the finest enamelled Painting upon all the Sides of it I ever saw. He likewise ordered Apartments for me, and sent me from his Court more conceited by half than I came to it." — *Venice, July 11.* On the 29th past his Royal Highness the Duke of York came hither from Padua, and the next Morning went to the Arsenal, and on board the different Ships that were upon the Stocks, at which his Royal Highness expressed great Satisfaction; and in the Afternoon returned to Padua. On the 3d Inst. his Royal Highness was pleased to accept of a Dinner from the Provéditeur; and after taking leave of his Excellency, in his Box at the Theatre, set forward, at break of Day, for Milan, and arrived that Night early at Brescia. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Turin, July 11.* His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived here this Morning, and was met at some Distance from this Place by the Master of the Ceremonies, and his Deputy, in two of his Sardinian Majesty's Coaches, and conducted to the Palace prepared for his Reception; and soon after received the Compliments upon his safe Arrival, on the Part of the King, the Duke of Savoy, and the rest of the Royal Family; to all of whom his Royal Highness a few Hours after paid his Visit, which was received with all the Marks of Friendship and Cordiality. *Lond. Gaz.*

A M E R I C A.

Philadelphia, June 4. A Protest has been rendered to the House of Assembly by several Members, who dissented from sundry Resolutions that lately passed that House. Mr. Norris, who has been Speaker above 20 Years, has resigned the Chair, being much dissatisfied with their Proceedings. — *Kingston in Jamaica, June 16.* Thursday last arrived here a Sloop from the Hayanna, at which Port we hear the Spaniards work incessantly in repairing their Fortifications, that they have added a strong Citadel to the Moro Castle, and have dug another deep Ditch thro' the Rock; that there are arrived 13,000 Troops, officered entirely by French and Irish; that they have laid down

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the Keels of three Men of War of 80 Guns each, which they are using the utmost Diligence to make fit for Service; and that their new Capt. General O'Reilly labours indefatigably, to render this important City impregnable against any future Attacks from an Enemy.

COUNTRY NEWS.

On Sunday the 13th of July died, in the 125th Year of his Age, George Kirton, of Oxnop-Hall, near Reeth, in the County of York, Esq; A Gentleman more remarkable for Fox-hunting than the famous Mr. Draper; for after following the Chace on Horseback till he was upwards of 80, so great was his Desire for the Diversion, that (ill he was 100 Years old) he regularly attended the unkennelling the Fox in his single Horse-Chair: and as a Proof that Length of Days are not always entailed on a Life of Temperance and Sobriety, he was an Instance to the contrary; for no Man, even till within ten Years of his Death made freer with the Bottle. His Estate, which is pretty considerable, and has been in the Family near three Centuries, descends to his Son, Thomas Kirton, Esq; an eminent Physician in Yarm. — *Salisbury, July 28.* On Monday last, we are informed, one Mrs. Wheeler, an elderly Woman, at Chettle, near Blandford, Dorset, died suddenly as she sat in her Chair, which her Husband, who stood at the Door, was no sooner sensible of, but he dropped down and expired immediately. The same Day a sad Accident happened to the Son of a Gate-keeper, on the Road between Marlborough and Devizes, who, in going to the Doctor for Advice for his Father, who lay dangerously ill, was thrown from his Horse and killed on the Spot. The same Day a poor Man, who had a Wife and several Children, in getting down from a Stage Coach near the Devizes, unfortunately fell under the Wheels and was crushed to death. Thursday Alice Hicks was committed to Fisherton Gaol for setting Fire to the Dwelling-house of Mr. Woolford, Farmer, of Ledyard-Treegooze, on Saturday se'nnight at Night, which not only destroyed it, but also the Barns and Outhouses adjoining, to the Amount

of 400l. Damage. — The 29th of July at Noon a Fire happened at Broadheath, near Worcester, which entirely burnt down two Tenements and a Barn, and consumed most of the Household Goods. It was occasioned by imprudently setting Fire to some Straw, in order to destroy a Wasp's Nest, situated near the Buildings. — On the 30th of July the Thunder and Lightning was very violent at Maidstone and Sevenoakes in Kent, and did considerable Damage: at the latter Place, the Church received much Damage, and a Boy and a Woman were killed. And by Letters from Farnham in Kent, we have advice, that a Farmer's Son, at a small Distance from thence, was killed by the Lightning on the same Day. — *Sherborne, July 30.* Saturday last, about nine o'Clock in the Evening, a most unfortunate Accident happened at Abbotsbury: A Fire, occasioned, as is supposed, by throwing Ashes into an Outhouse belonging to John Hawkins, Weaver, consumed in a short Time the said Outhouse, with eight Dwelling houses adjoining. There being scarcely any Water to be had, the Fire burnt with unextinguishable Rapidity for the Space of two Hours; and would have reduced the Town to Ashes, had not the Wind providentially changed. — *Chatham, July 31.* We were much alarmed Yesterday with a Thunder Storm. There has not been known such violent Thunder, Lightning and Rain in the Memory of the oldest Man living here: great Damage has been done to the Shipping, particularly the Yarmouth Guardship, whose Mainmast was split from top to bottom; and many of the Sailors on board her deprived of the Use of their Limbs by the Lightning. A Serjeant of Marines had the Lace of his Hat melted upon his Head, but received no personal Hurt. A Gentleman's House in Rochester (called Bully Hill) had like to have suffered greatly by the Lightning running along the Bell-wires in the several Rooms, which destroyed the Wires, and melted some of the Bells. The Fire also dropped down upon the Floor, and set Fire to the Boards, insomuch that the Family had great Difficulty to prevent the House being in Flames. The Lightning also came down the Chimnies, and split the Chimney-boards all to-pieces. When

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the Rain fell, the Inundation was so great as to render the Roads impassable for many Hours afterwards.—*Cambridge, August 3.* By the late continued Rains the Waters have overflowed a great Number of Acres of Hay, large Quantities of which is either carried off or destroyed, to the considerable Loss of the laborious Farmers, several of whom are in great Distress concerning their Grain that is ripe and fit for cutting, but the badness of the Weather prevents their Harvest Work.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, July 27th.

A few Days since came on before Lord Mansfield at Guildhall, a remarkable Cause, wherein one James Murrel, a Porter, was Plaintiff, and one Barwell, Clerk of the Blossom Inn, Laurence Lane, Defendant, on an Action for an Assault; when after many learned Arguments on both Sides, the Jury brought in a Verdict with *one Farthing Damage*. The Reason of the Jury's bringing in so small a Damage, was, to deter People from entering into litigious Actions. — Last Tuesday came on before Lord Mansfield, by a special Jury, a Trial, wherein Mess. Abraham Dubois and Nathaniel Lucas, Merchants, in Scotch yard, were Plaintiffs, and the Porters belonging to the Goldsmiths Company working on the Customhouse Key, were Defendants, on a Charge brought by the Plaintiffs, of a rich Trunk, Value near 1000*l.* that was lost on Christmas Eve last from the said Key, supposed to be stolen, and for which two Porters were some Time since tried at the Old Bailey, but acquitted; and after a hearing of upwards of two Hours, a Verdict was given for the Plaintiffs, of full Costs, it being plainly demonstrated that the Defendants were answerable for the same; and this very interesting Cause will be a clear Precedent for the future, to the no small Ease and Safety of the Commerce of this City, as to the Business of shipping Goods from the Keys. — Tuesday Morning Justice Spinnage and Mr. Akerman set out in a Post-Chaise and four Horses, in pursuit of Morgan; they took the Road to Dover, where they arrived about two Hours before the Packet set sail, and after searching the Vessels and Passengers, returned on Wed-

nesday Night, without the least Intelligence. On Wednesday Morning a poor Man, who gathers Simples for Apothecaries, found the Fetters in a Ditch in the New City Road, which Mr. Akerman affirms are the same Morgan had on when he was brought from Shrewsbury. — Yesterday Morning came on at Guildhall before Lord Mansfield, and a special Jury, the Trial of Mr. John Williams, for republishing No. 45. of the North-Briton, in Volumes, and after a Hearing of three Hours the Jury (being out about an Hour and Half) found him Guilty. — Immediately after this Trial came on that of Mr. Kearsly, for publishing the same Number of the North Briton; and he was likewise found Guilty. — The same Day, at a Common hall, Brads Crosby, Esq; one of the Common Council of Tower Ward, was elected Sheriff of this City, in the Room of James Adams, Esq; who on Tuesday disqualified himself, before the Court of Aldermen from the said Office. — Yesterday 24 Prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, 16 of whom were cast for Transportation; among them, John Pullen, of Chick Lane, for buying a Quantity of Handkerchiefs, stolen by two Boys. Eight were acquitted. — The Hope, Parks, is arrived in the River from Greenland, with one large Fish; on the 24th of June, he spoke with four Dutch Ships, who had only one Fish amongst them; they informed him the Weymouth, of London, had two Fish, and that there were 18 Sail of English Ships beset in the Ice: he also spoke with the Newcastle, and two Scottish Greenland-men, without any Fish. The Fishery in general is very bad.

Saturday 28. Yesterday Morning died in New-Prison, Clerkenwell, Hamilton Ball, the Highwayman, who was shot in the Breast in attempting to rob the Nottingham Fly, near Holloway, a few Nights ago. — Yesterday 19 Prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz. James Lacy and Thomas Edwards, for robbing Philip Naper, Esq; on the Highway of a Gold Watch, two Penknives, and some Money, in the New road near Marybone: in attempting to attack and rob another Coach they were trapped, for the Parties therein were sent out to apprehend them, and an Engagement

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ensuing Lacy was disabled and taken, and then gave Information against his Accomplice. Archibald Nelson, a Seaman, for personating John Wallace, on board his Majesty's Ship Guadaloupe, and receiving his Prize Money, amounting to 4l. 9s. Eleven were cast for Transportation, two branded, and three acquitted. Amongst those cast for Transportation on Thursday, was Susanna Penn, for picking two Shillings out of the Pocket of Ann Randal; who, tho' no more than eleven Years of Age, has been tried three Times before.

Monday 30. Saturday the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when nineteen Prisoners were tried, five of whom were cast for Transportation, and fourteen acquitted. At this Sessions ninety-two Prisoners were tried, four of whom received Sentence of Death, two to be transported for fourteen Years, thirty-nine for seven Years, three branded, and four whipped. — Last Saturday at Guildhall the Writ of Inquiry of Damages was executed in the Behalf of the three Journeymen Taylors, who were illegally imprisoned in Woodstreet-Compter three Days by the Deputy Keeper, in April last: when on an Examination of near four Hours, and on hearing the Council on both Sides, the Jury gave 40l. Damages to each (besides Costs of Suit.) And we hear there are three more Actions at the same Plaintiffs' Suit depending, which will be tried next Term, against the Deputy Keeper, on the Habeas Corpus Act (which is 100l. Penalty) for not granting them a Copy of their Warrant of Commitment. — *St. James's, July 18.* This Day the Marquis de Blosset, Minister from France in the Absence of his Excellency the Count de Guerchy, had a private Audience of his Majesty to deliver his Credentials. — We hear his Majesty has been pleased to make a new Establishment, and to enlarge the Endowment of the Royal Academy at Woolwich, for the Education of the Gentlemen Cadets, to qualify them for Commissions in the Army; and that the Marquis of Granby is appointed Governor of it, and Colonel Paterson, Lieutenant-Governor, under his Lordship.

Tuesday 31. Sunday last the Right Hon. the Marquis of Carnarvon resigned his Place as Lord of the Bedchamber

in waiting to his Majesty. — Yesterday came on before the Lords of Appeal at the Cockpit, Whitehall, the hearing of the Ship Yonk Vrow Gertruyda Adriana, Sicke Teekes Master, taken by Capt. Smith, Commander of the Nelly's Resolution Privateer of London; when, after many learned Arguments on both Sides, their Lordships were of Opinion, that the whole Cargo was French Property, though claimed as Spanish, and condemned the same to the Captor. This Cause has been depending four Years, and the Prize is reckoned to be worth near 40,000l.

Wednesday, August 1. Monday last a Custom-house Officer, riding through Poplar, in quest of some run Goods he had Intelligence of, fell from his Horse and was killed on the Spot. — His Majesty has been pleased to order, that all his Regiments of Horse and Dragoons, except the Light Dragoons, shall be mounted only on such Horses as shall have their full Tails, without the least Part taken from them; and Notice has been issued from the War Office to all Breeders and Dealers in Horses for the Service of the Army, that for the future none but such Horses will be bought for any of the said Regiments, except for the Light Dragoons.

Thursday 2. Yesterday George Amyand, and — Gordon, Esqrs. kissed his Majesty's Hand on their being created Baronets. — Yesterday, at a Court of Lieutenancy held at Guildhall, a Complaint which had been made some Time ago, relative to a Dispute between a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Major, in one of the City Regiments, was taken into Consideration; when it appearing that the former was the Aggressor, he was sentenced to ask the Major's Pardon.

Friday 3. Wednesday Mr. Banner, Plumber, was chosen one of the Common-Council-Men of Cripplegate Ward Without, in the Room of Mr. Francis Roberts, deceased. — *St. James's, August 3.* His Majesty in Council was this Day pleased to order, That the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Tuesday the 16th of this Instant August, should be further prorogued to Tuesday the 30th Day of October next.

Saturday 4. Yesterday Morning was held a Committee of the New Bridge, at the Committee-Room, Black-Fryars, when,

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when; ' Upon full Consideration of the Apertures of the Arches of the intended Bridge, their Situation, and that of the Bridge in general: and also of the Breadth of the River at Black-Fryars (being 1119 Feet) and of the Nature and Form of the Banks on both Sides. *It was resolved*, That the Works carrying on, appear to this Committee to be constructed exactly agreeable to the Drawings and Papers laid before and approved of by us; and in the Placing thereof, the greatest Regard has been had to the Navigation, with all possible Tenderness to the private Rights of Individuals.' — Yesterday the Report was made to his Majesty in Council, of the Malefactors under Sentence of Death in Newgate; when Archibald Nelson, for personating John Wallis, a Seaman, in order to receive his Wages, &c. and James Lacy, and Thomas Edwards, for robbing Philip Roper, Esq; near Marybone Turnpike, were ordered for Execution on Wednesday the 15th Instant. Margaret Weston, for Robbing Anne Peirce on the Highway, was respited during his Majesty's Pleasure.

Monday 6. Yesterday the Under-Sheriff of Middlesex made Proclamation, at the great Door of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for John Wilkes, Esq; late of the same Parish, to appear on the 6th Day of November next, before the King himself at Westminster. — Yesterday Afternoon, a Butcher insulted a Gentleman grossly near the Rosemary Branch in the Road to Newington Green, and a Battle ensued, in which the Butcher received an unfortunate Blow, and was killed on the Spot.

Tuesday 7. Saturday last the Sessions of Gaol Delivery was held by Adjournment at the Old Bailey, when 12 Convicts who had been capitally convicted, received his Majesty's Mercy on the following Conditions: eight to be transported for Life, three to be transported for the Term of fourteen Years, and

one to be transported for seven Years. Amongst them who are to be transported for Life is Michael Sampson, convicted in May Sessions of Forging a Note on Mess. Boldero and Co. When Capt. Sampson was brought to the Bar, on being asked whether he would accept of his Majesty's Pardon, on Condition of going Abroad for Life, he addressed himself to the Court in the following Terms:

" My Lord, " It is entirely above my Comprehension, to express the Gratitude and Thanks I owe, for such an extraordinary Mercy to an unfortunate young Man, whose Life was forfeited to public Justice. I most humbly accept of the proffered Terms, and will never cease to pray for the eternal Happiness of my most benevolent King, thro' whose most gracious Mercy I now exist. Words cannot, my Lord, yet my future Conduct shall demonstrate, that it may not be amiss sometimes to temper Justice with Mercy. And I most humbly return your Lordship, and this Hon. Court, my most grateful Thanks for the Trouble they have been at, and for their generous Behaviour to me."

Wednesday 8. Early on Monday Morning a Fire broke out in the House of Mr. Daniels, Biscuit-baker, near Cuper's Bridge, which in a short Time entirely consumed the same, and also much damaged the Houses of Mr. Anse, Mr. Grandy, and the King's Head, a public House adjoining, before it was extinguished. — Letters have been received in Town which bring Advice, that the famous Morgan, who lately made his escape out of Newgate, is now actually in France.

Thursday 9. Yesterday a fine new Bed for the Reception of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was fixed up in the Queen's Palace, as he is to come to Town to receive the Compliments of the Nobility, &c. on his Birth-day, which is on Sunday next.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. FROM Paris they write, that on the 8th of July, in the District of St. Stephen in Forez, there was so prodigious a Shower of

Rain mingled with Hail, that in a very few Minutes the Rivulets in the Fields, which were almost dry, formed a Volume of Water, 18 Feet high, which roll-

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rolling with extreme Rapidity, carried every Thing that lay in its Way, Corn Fields, Cattle, Trees, Rocks, Houses, Mills, &c. The Ravage was so great in some Cantons and Parishes, that one scarce discerns they have been inhabited.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of the Hon. Morgan Vane of a Daughter. — The Lady of Peregrine Bertie, Esq; Member of Parliament for Westbury in Wiltshire, of a Son. — The Lady of Serjeant Nares of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Rev. Geo. Parley Malin, A. B. Rector of Harpool, and Vicar of Highbam Ferrers, to Miss Warrup, of South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square. — Jacob Whitehead of Newington, Esq; to Miss Peggy Wheatly, the only Daughter of John Wheatly, Esq; of Dulwich. — Mr. Edward Bryan, Merchant, to Miss Smith of Stratford. — Mr. John Howe, an eminent Woollen-draper behind the Royal-Exchange, to Miss Jane Banks, of Union-Court, Old Broad-street. — Mr. Charles Best, Russia Merchant, to Miss Lite of Bath.

D E A T H S.

Sir Orlando Bridgman, Bart. — Mr. William Maccall, an eminent Master at Buntingford in Hertfordshire. — At Denton in Kent, aged 86 the Rev. Edward Lunn, M. A. Rector of that Parish, Minister of Nunington, and one of the six Preachers in the Cathedral of Canterbury. — Dr. Charlton Wollaston, Physician to her Majesty. — At his House in Mark Lane, aged upwards of 80, Henry Marsh, Esq; a very eminent Turkey Merchant, said to have died worth near 100,000*l.* the Bulk of which he has left to his only Son. — At his Seat at Teverfall, in Nottinghamshire, Sir Charles Molyneux, Bart. — Mr. John Smith, Landscape Painter, at his House in North-street, Chichester. — Her Grace the Duchess of Leeds. — The Rev. Mr. Simpson, an eminent Dissenting Minister.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

William Burrell, Doctor of Laws, to be Chancellor of the Diocese of Worcester. — The Rev. Mr. Penneck, A. M. to the Rectory of Abinger in Surry. — The Rev. Mr. Ray to the Rectory of Martock, and also the Living of Yevil-

ton, in the County of Somerset, and Diocese of Bath and Well. — The Rev. John White, B. A. to the Rectory of Elton in the County of Bedford and Diocese of Lincoln. — The Rev. Mr. Walder, Nephew to the Lord Bishop of London, to the Rectory of St. Andrew Undershaft, in Leadenhall-street, worth about 400*l.* per Ann. vacant by the Death of the Rev. Mr. Bonney. — The Rev. Dr. Herbert Mayow to the Living of St. George the Martyr in London, vacant by the Death of the Rev. Dr. Symphon. — The Rev. George Cotterell, B. A. to the Vicarage of Crampthorn, in the County of Wilts and Diocese of Salisbury.

P R O M O T I O N S.

The Earl of Powis, to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the County of Salop. — Samuel Sainthill, Esq; to be one of the Gentlemen of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Chamber. — Steward, Esq; to be Deputy Commissary of the Musters of his Majesty's Forces in North America. — General Crawford to be Lieutenant Governor of Minorca, in the Room of ——— Johnson, promoted. — Dr. Duncan, M. D. created a Baronet. — John Richmond Webb, Esq; to be one of the Judges on the South Wales Circuit, in the Room of John Hervey, Esq; deceased.

B — K R — T S.

July 24. Abraham Abrahams the Younger, of Heydon Square in the Minories, London, Jeweller.

28. William Bush, of Gracechurch-street, London, Woollen-Draper. — Bridges Harvey, of Wolverhampton in the County of Stafford, Ironmonger. — John Armstrong, late of Rea in Scotland, but now of the King's Bench Prison, in Southwark, Dealer and Chapman.

31. Thomas Scholes of London, and John Milne, of Rochdale, Lancashire, Warehousemen. — Peter Dornig of Ribley within Culceath, Lancashire, Tanner. — Plowden Jennett of Birmingham, Linen-Draper. — Ann Finch of St. Giles's Cripple-gate, Linen Draper.

August 4. James Stephenson of Liverpool, Druggist.

7. Anthony Gardiner, late of Barbour Wharf, Worcestershire, Dealer in Salt.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
August 10, to Friday August 24, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA. Yesterday about eleven o'Clock in the Morning, we were made happy by the Arrival of our Sovereign the Empress of Russia. The Deputies of the Nobility and Magistracy went to meet her some Distance from the City, where great Preparations were making for her Reception. 'Tis thought her Imperial Majesty will stay here two Days, and then proceed to Courland.

POLAND. John Biron, Duke of Courland and Semigallia, hath sent a Letter to the Primate and Senate of Poland, craving leave to be excused, on account of his old Age, coming in Person to receive from the Dyet the Investiture of those Dukedoms; but intreats that they would permit his eldest Son, and presumptive Heir, to receive them in his Name. The Succession to these Duchies is to continue in the Biron Family, as long as there are any Male Heirs left to enjoy them. — A Letter from Warsaw, dated the 29th Ulr. says, the Situation of their Affairs is at present greatly perplexed, but must soon draw to a Crisis. Three Thousand Russian Troops are arrived in that Neighbourhood from Lithuania, and a great Number of their National Forces are returned, and have had Quarters assigned them in the little Towns and Villages round the Capital. The Sieur Branitzky, Starost of Halicz, is arrived at Warsaw. It is strongly suspected that the Palatine, of Cracow with his Forces, will join Prince Radzivil's Army.

GERMANY. *Leipsick, July 30.* Last Tuesday, our principal Market-day, the following remarkable Example was made of an uncommon Cheat and fraudulent Bankrupt in this City, named Christopler Frederick Dietz; who, after being fully and lawfully convicted as such,

was sentenced to stand exposed to publick View on a Scaffold before the Town House from ten to twelve in the Forenoon, with a yellow Hat on his Head. The next Day he was carried to Dresden there to be imprisoned six Years, to be kept to hard Labour, and to live on Bread and Water during that Time. — *Berlin, July 28.* The King of Prussia left Charlottenbourg on Monday the 23d, and returned to Potzdam accompanied by the Duke of Brunswick and his Family, who, after taking leave of his Prussian Majesty, set out from that Place last Wednesday, lay that Night at Brandenburg, and it is reckoned would arrive at Brunswick as Yesterday Evening. Last Sunday Night his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel set out from Charlottenbourg for his own Dominions. *Land. Gaz.* — Letters from Ratisbon, of the 4th Instant, advise, that the Dyet of the Empire, at their last Assembly, deliberated on the high Prices of all Sorts of Provisions and Fire-wood, which are kept up by a set of avaricious Monopolizers, and came to a Resolution to punish them with the utmost Severity of the Law; and made several Regulations, in order to be supplied with Provisions, &c. out of the Country at a cheaper Rate. — *Extract of a Letter from Ratisbon, July 26.* "The Catholic Ministers continue to hold their Assemblies relative to the Affairs of the Bishoprick of Osnabrug. It's said that the Regency of Hanover is not disposed to consent that a Minister of the Romish Communion should be charged with the Suffrage of that Bishoprick during the Minority of the Bishop. In the interim the Chapter of Osnabrug have addressed themselves directly to the Emperor, beseeching him to endeavour to engage, by his good Offices, the King of England to maintain the Rights of the

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the Chapter, and to prevent the Effects of the Innovations which have been already made, and of those which may still take Place in the Sequel."—*Vienna, July 21.* As the Affairs of Poland have taken a turn that no Way agrees with the Declaration which their Imperial Majesties sent to the Prince Primate, they have therefore ordered their Ambassador and their Resident to return hither forthwith. — *Extract of a Letter from Brunswick.* "The Serene Family of Brunswick are returned from Berlin. They proceeded hither by short Stages, in order to render the Journey more easy to her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess, whose Pregnancy is certain, and will be soon declared. This amiable Princess, whose Candour, Goodness, Affability, and Good-sense, captivate the Love and Admiration, of all who approach her, was received with peculiar Marks of Distinction and Zeal by his Prussian Majesty. The Celebration of the Marriage between the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Elizabeth Ulrica, third Daughter to the Duke of Brunswick, is not to take Place before next Year, as is confidently reported, though the Reasons of this Delay are not known."

FRANCE. *Paris, August 3.* Monday Evening we had a Storm of Lightning, Hail, and Wind. Several Windows were broke, and the Lightning greatly damaged the Tower of the Church of the Celestins next the Arsenal. The Hall broke a considerable Quantity of Glass in the Castle of Versailles, particularly in the grand Gallery. The Hopes of the Harvest are entirely destroyed where the Storm reached.

PORTUGAL. *Lisbon, July 11.* As their most Faithful Majesties and the Royal Family were returning from a Bull Feast last Sunday in two-wheel Chaises, that, in which were the Infantas Donna Mariana, and Donna Maria Benedicta, was overturned: her Highness the Infanta Benedicta was flung out of the Chaise, and her Face and Arms very much bruised with the Fall. Her Highness was immediately blooded, and is since much recovered. The Infanta Donna Marianna happily was not at all hurt. *Lond. Gaz.*

ITALY. *Naples, July 17.* Last Week arrived at this Port his Britannick Majesty's Frigate the *Feverham*, com-

manded by Capt. Reynolds, and tomorrow, Wind and Weather permitting, the said Frigate will set sail for Minorca.—The epidemical Fevers continue still to reign here, but not with the same violent Symptoms, The Measures taken by the Government to put a Stop to this Calamity, especially by erecting several Hospitals in the Skirts of the City, have already proved very beneficial. The Number of Burials decreases daily. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Leghorn, July 20.* A Quarantine of eight Days is laid on all Ships coming into this Port from Naples, on account of the Epidemical Distemper which continues to rage there. A Vessel is arrived from Smyrna with a foul Bill of Health, the Plague having broke out there. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Turin, July 21.* His Royal Highness the Duke of York continues here in perfect Health, and receives every Day fresh Marks of Friendship and cordial Affection from the King of Sardinia, the Duke of Savoy, and the rest of the Royal Family. The French Ambassador at this Court has been endeavouring to make his Royal Highness's Stay here as agreeable as possible, by giving on his Account, some very brilliant and elegant Entertainments. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Turin, July 28.* On Saturday last the 21st Instant, his Royal Highness the Duke of York received a friendly Visit from the Duke of Savoy, the Prince of Piedmont, and the Duke of Chablais; and the Day following his Royal Highness dined with his Sardinian Majesty. The same Night a magnificent Supper and a great Ball were given at the Palace which his Royal Highness occupies; and two Days after, the Prince of Carignan, who was in the Country fifteen Miles from Turin, came from thence to pay his Respects to his Royal Highness, whom he invited to dine with him at his beautiful Seat of Raconis; where he likewise asked a Number of the most conspicuous of the Ladies and Noblemen of this Court to come to a Dinner, a Concert, and a Ball, which, altogether, made it a most compleat and agreeable Entertainment. Last Thursday his Royal Highness took leave of the King of Sardinia, and the rest of the Royal Family, by all of whom he was sincerely regretted; and Yesterday early in the Morning, his Royal Highness left Turin to go to Genoa. *Lond. Gaz.*

Genoa,

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Genoa, July 28. His Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived here this Morning in perfect Health. His Royal Highness was complimented by the Government of Novi, at a small Distance from that Town. This Afternoon the Master of the Ceremonies waited on, and complimented his Royal Highness on his safe Arrival, and acquainted him, that the Republick had named six Nobles, as a Deputation from the Republick; his Royal Highness returned his Thanks, and declined to accept of the Deputation. The Republick will endeavour to amuse his Royal Highness with Diversions of Balls; and Preparations are making to give a masked Ball at the Theatre to-morrow Night.—The Magistrates of Health of this City, have augmented the Quarantine from Naples to sixteen Days. *London Gazette.*

MEDIT. ISLES. *Extract of a Letter from Corsica, dated July 14.* "A Conspiracy was discovered at Bastia on the 10th, which was to have been carried into Execution the next Morning. Some Officers among the Malecontents having, as is supposed, been bribed to murder the brave Paoli, who, tho' turned of Eighty, is still the Soul of all our Operations; they met at a Tavern the preceding Night, to settle the final Plan of Operations, but waxing warm with the Bottle, a Quarrel arose among themselves, in the Heat of which they mutually charged one another with the intended Assassination: their Dispute being over heard by the People of the House, Information was given to the Magistrates, upon which the Officers were immediately apprehended, and confessed their intended Design; but refused to declare the Motives that induced them to undertake so barbarous an Action. The generous Paoli was no sooner acquainted with the Affair, than he ordered the Delinquents before him, and discharged them with this remarkable Speech: "Gentlemen, though you had a Design upon my Life, I won't make use of that Power which the Law gives me over yours; depart in quiet to your

Habitations, and may your Consciences never reproach you with this unhappy Affair, till you hear an upbraiding from me; see now if I deserve to be an Object of your Enmity."

TURKEY. *Aleppo, May 13.* We received the following Intelligence by Letters from Bagdad. The principal Men of that City, the Janissaries, and the People, exasperated by the Cruelties and Vexations of Ali Bashaw, their Governor, gathered in a Body about the End of last Month, and attacked him in his Seraglio. He made a vigorous Defence during four Hours; but not being able to withstand their Numbers, he disguised himself in Women's Cloaths, made his escape through the Crowd, and took shelter in a Fisherman's House; but the Janissaries getting Notice of it, took him from thence, and carried him to the Fortrefs, where he was immediately strangled.

A M E R I C A.

Boston, June 28. We hear from Portsmouth, New-Hampshire, that on Wednesday last as one Mr. Shirley, of Chester, and another Man, were travelling about a Mile from that Place, a Flash of Lightning instantly struck him and Horse dead upon the Spot, and much wounded the other Person; his Cloaths smelt very much of Sulphur, and his Face turned purple; some Papers in his Pocket were scorched, and the Edges of two Dollars melted, his Hair was also burnt off his Head. What is remarkable, the Clap which followed the Flash was not very loud, scarcely heard a Mile from the Accident.

The Duke of Cumberland Packet-boat arrived from New York with a Mail has brought the following Advices.

From the Boston Gazette. Providence, June 30. Capt. William Earl who arrived here since our last, in twenty Days from Monti Christo, informs us, that a few Days before he left that Port, certain Advice was received there by a Spanish Vessel from Turks Island*, that

* Tortuga, commonly called Turk's Island, is a small Island in the American Ocean, near the Coast of Terra Firma, W. Long. 64. Lat. 11. situate 40 Miles West of the Island of Margareta, about thirty Miles in Circumference, very barren, and only valuable for the great Quantity of Salt made there, from whence it has obtained the Name of Salt-Tortuga; it abounding in Tortoises as the other Islands of Tortuga does.

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that a French Man of War, of 64 Guns, one Xebeck, a Snow, and a Sloop, from Cape Francois, all well equipped, had dispossessed the English Settlers from Turks Island, and taken Possession thereof, with all the English Shipping that were there, consisting of nine Sail, on board of which they embarked the Inhabitants, and sent them away, but for what Place could not be discovered : that they had burnt and destroyed every House, and secured as many of the Slaves as they were able to find. As the Spaniards claim this Place, though the English have principally enjoyed it, as soon as the Governor of the Mount was made acquainted with the Affair, he dispatched an Express to the Governor General of St. Domingo, to advise him of those Hostilities of the French.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, Philadelphia, July 5. By Capt. Coxton, from Turks Island, we are informed, that on the first Day of June a French 74 Gun Ship, with a Snow, Sloop, and Xebeque, came there from Cape Francois ; turned off our People (about 200) that were making Salt, plundered and burnt their Cabbins, and carried them, with the English Vessels (about nine Sail) to the Cape, where they were kept one Night, and then ordered to go were they pleased, only not to return to Turks Island ; that the French brought a Number of People with them, among which were some Tradefmen, said to be designed to build a Fort ; and that they had erected a Light-house there. One of the Vessels, we hear, went immediately to Jamaica to inform the Admiral of what had happened. Our Vessels, as well as the People on the Island, were robbed of sundry Things by the French.

From the New York Gazette, New-York, July 12. One of the Sloops that was carried into Cape Francois, in company with Capt. Coxton, by a French Man of War, arrived here last Monday, and confirms the Account he brought ; but we are since credibly informed, that an English Frigate having occasion to call at Turks Island, and observing the French erecting some Works there, ordered them to desist ; but they not chusing to comply, the English Commander landed part of his Crew, killed 28 Frenchmen, and took several Prisoners.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, August 11. Tuesday, when the Lord-Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, attended by 22 Corporations, perambulated the Liberties and Franchises of this City, according to triennial Custom, the following Poem was printed in a Carriage belonging to the Company of Stationers, (which moved in the Procession) and was dispersed among the Spectators.

The ART of PRINTING ; a Poem.

HAIL MYSTICK ART ! which Men
like Angels taught,

To speak to Eyes, and paint unbody'd
Thought !

Though Deaf and Dumb ; blest Skill, re-
liev'd by THEE,

We make one Sense perform the Task
of Three.

We see, we hear, we touch the Head
and Heart,

And take, or give, what each but yields
in Part.

With the hard Laws of Distance we
dispense,

And, without Sound, apart, commune
in Sense :

View, though confin'd ; nay rule this
Earthly Ball,

And travel o'er the wide expanded
ALL.

Dead Letters, thus with living Notions
fraught,

Prove to the Soul the Telescopes of
Thought ;

To Mortal Life a deathless Witnes
give ;

And bid all Deeds and Titles last, and
live.

In scanty LIFE, ETERNITY we taste ;
View the first Ages, and inform the
last.

Arts, Hist'ry, Laws, we purchase with
a Look,

And keep, like FATE, all NATURE in a
BOOK.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

The 2d Instant the Assizes ended at Northampton, when the following Persons were capitally convicted, viz. John Croxford, Benjamin Deacon, and Richard Butlin, for robbing and murdering Thomas Carey, afterwards burning his Body to Ashes in an Oven near Guilsborough, in Northamptonshire. They were executed

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ecuted last Saturday: Croxford was hung in Chains on Guilsborough Common, near the Place where the Fact was committed; Deacon and Butlin were delivered to the Surgeons.—*Oxford, Aug. 3.* Wednesday Morning, at this Affize, Elizabeth Cooper, a Girl of 16 Years of Age, (Servant to a Person at Stanford, Berks) was tried for the Murder of her Bastard Child, by drowning it in a Sand-pit; when after a most candid and impartial Trial, that lasted upwards of five Hours, in which there having appeared Circumstances of Infanity, occasioned by the very uncommon Hardships under which she had laboured in the Hour of her Distress, she was most compassionately acquitted. She said her Master, who is a married Man, and has had many Children, was the Father; that, during her Pregnancy, he had not only forced her to take Medicines to procure Abortion, but had tried every Means to persuade her to swear the Child wrongfully, and, upon a refusal, had struck her so violently on the Belly, that she fainted; and that, the Morning before her Delivery, he had forced her from his House, destitute of Money, and at the same Time encouraging her to get rid of the Child, and then she should want for nothing; that early on the Friday Morning, after laying out, in a deplorable wet Condition, for a Day and a Night, without the least Sustainance, and in Labour, she was returning Home, but being met by her Master, was refused even a Shelter from the Inclemency of the Weather: and that afterwards being delivered alone, under a Hedge, she fainted away, and on coming a little to Life again, found the Child dead, and threw it into the Water.—*Ingatestone, (Essex) August 4.* Monday last we had in this Neighbourhood one of the most dreadful Storms ever known. Many Accidents happened, particularly at Sutton, a Farmer's Man unloading some Straw, was struck by the Lightning, and fell down Speechless; his Shirt was burnt, but no Mark appeared on his Body: Yesterday he was dying. At the same Time a Woman standing, with a Child in her Arms, at a Window of the Farm-house to which the poor Man belonged, was struck down by the Lightning, which melted all the Lead, the Glass fell to the Ground. The Woman recovered in

about half an Hour, but the Child remains in a dangerous Way.—*Salisbury, August 13.* At our Affizes, which ended last Wednesday, William Jaques, otherwise Spencer, of Leigh-Delamare, in this County, Mariner, received Sentence of Death, for murdering and robbing George Hartford, a Black, his fellow Sailor and Companion, as they were travelling through a Wood, in the Parish of Stanton, near Malmesbury. In the Course of his Trial, there was no one would swear positively to his committing the Fact; but from a Number of Circumstances it appeared, to the Satisfaction of the Court, that he was the Man: And since his Condemnation he has not only confessed the Murder above mentioned, but that of three others, and the robbing a Man on Hounslow Heath of upwards of 10l. in April last.—The 14th Inst. two Sons (the eldest about 15) of one John Gosledge, a Nailor, at Bromsgrove, in this County, happening to quarrel while they were at work together in their Father's Shop, they at length set to throwing Pieces of Iron at each other, when the youngest received so violent a Wound on the Head, that he died the same Day; whereupon his Brother is secured, and expected to be brought to our County Gaol.—About three Weeks ago there was taken near Beere, on the Devonshire Coast, a Sea-turtle, about seven Feet long; its fore Fins were a Yard long; its Head was as large as a Man's Head; and its Weight was guessed to be half a Ton; the Shell of it had five or six parallel Seams or Ridges which ran from End to End: it was entangled in the Lines of some Lobster Pots, and by that means taken.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, *August 10th.*

Sunday in the Afternoon as a Gentleman was looking on his Gold Watch by Westminster Abbey, to see how it went with that Clock, a Soldier belonging to the Foot-Guards snatched it out of his Hand, and ran off; but some Gentlemen coming up, they all pursued him, took him out of a House into which he ran in Great Peter-street, and secured him, and on Monday he was carried before a Magistrate, who committed him to the Gatehouse. He had dropped

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dropped the Watch in his Flight, which a Person seeing, picked it up, and restored it to the Owner.—Monday last a Lighter, laden with Coals, struck against the Starlings at London Bridge and sunk instantly, by which Accident two Men were drowned.—Tuesday were put up, in the great Court Room at the East-India House in Leadenhall-street, the three following white Marble Statues, viz. in the Centre, over the Chairman's Seat, is placed that of Sir George Pocock, Knight of the Bath, and Admiral of the Blue; on the Admiral's Right Hand Robert Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey; and on the left Major General Lawrence. — Tuesday last a Man and Woman, who had been married but that Morning, went to a Public house near Bridewell Precinct in order to regale themselves, but unluckily drinking too much, a Quarrel arose, when the Woman so cut her Husband over the Head with a Pewter Pot, that his Life is despaired of; he was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and she was committed to Prison. — The Empress of Russia has signified her Desire to the President and Governors of Bethlem Hospital, to have a Plan made of that Building, that she may have one erected for the same Purpose at Petersburg. — On Wednesday the Coroner set on the Body of the Butcher's Man who was killed on Sunday last at the Rosemary-branch, near Sir George Whitmore's, behind Hoxton; when it appearing to the Jury, that the deceased was the Aggressor, they brought in their Verdict Manlaughter. — Yesterday ten Ships arrived in the River from the Greenland Fishery, which have brought home but seven Fish amongst them. — Yesterday Morning the Prince of Mecklenburgh and his Retinue, came to Dartford from Tunbridge, and afterwards proceeded to Gravesend, where he is to embark on his return home. — As the wearing the Manufactures of France is doubtless an Injury to every Individual in this Kingdom, it must give every loyal Subject Pleasure to hear that their Sovereign has very lately signified his Disapprobation in the following Terms: "Do these People think that they make their Court to me, by shewing me that they do what they can to starve my Subjects by enriching those of France; I do not care to do

" a shocking Thing to any Body, or else I would forbid them the Court."

Monday 13. Yesterday there was a splendid Court at St. James's, to compliment their Majesties on the Birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Several of the Nobility went to the Queen's Palace to pay their Compliments to his Royal Highness.—Yesterday Morning his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland came to Town from Windsor, and afterwards waited on their Majesties on the above Occasion.

Tuesday 14. Yesterday a grand Entertainment was given by their Majesties to the Nobility and Gentry, at the Lodge at Richmond, and a Ball in the Evening, in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-day. One Thousand Lamps were put up in Richmond Gardens and in the Road from Kew, and some fine Fireworks were exhibited in the Evening. — Sunday a young Woman who lived at Mr. Bett's Eating-house in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, going down the River with two Men, the Boat was overfet in going through London Bridge, and the young Woman and one of the Men were drowned. — Yesterday a Hoy loaded with Faggots, said to have come from Chatham, was overfet at Blackwall, by which Accident the Master of the Hoy's Daughter, a Gunner's Daughter of Chatham, and a Boy, were drowned. The Hoy was towed ashore Bottom upwards, a little above Blackwall.

Wednesday 15. Monday Evening a Woman sitting with a young Infant in her Arms, on a Bench at Porter's block, some Words arose between her and a Man passing by; when the Man attempting to strike her, struck the Child, and killed it on the Spot. — Monday Night about seven o'Clock, three Highwaymen had the Audaciousness to rob several Gentlemen's Coaches and Chariots near Lower Holloway, in the Presence of upwards of 100 People. — Yesterday Morning about five o'Clock, a Fire broke out at the House of Mr. Sheppard (late a Dyer) at the upper End of the Maze in Southwark: it consumed the said House, and much damaged the two adjoining Houses of Mr. Barrey, a Hop-Merchant, and Mr. Stoncliff, a Butcher, before it could be extinguished. This Fire was occasioned by the
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carelessness of a Servant, who left a Candle burning in the Kitchen, which caught hold of some Linnen.

Thursday 17. This being the Birthday of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, who entered into the second Year of his Age, their Majesties received the Compliments of the Nobility and Gentry at St. James's. — Yesterday James Lacey, late a Recruiting Serjeant, and Thomas Edwards, late a Saddler at Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, for a Highway Robbery; and Archibald Nelson, a Seaman, for personating a Sailor in order to receive his Wages, were conveyed in a Cart from Newgate to Tyburn, and executed pursuant to their Sentence at the last Sessions at the Old Bailey. They behaved with great Decency and Devotion. Before Lacey was turned off, he addressed himself to the Populace in a Speech of a Quarter of an Hour long, wherein he acknowledged the Justice of his Sentence, and desired them to take warning by his Fate, observing that the foolish Notions he had entertained of Gentility were his Destruction; and exhorted them to a Life of Industry in any Station, tho' ever so mean, as infinitely preferable to the fatal Methods he had pursued. His right Arm was tied up in a Handkerchief, his Hand being obliged to be cut off, on account of his being wounded when taken. In his Speech he acknowledged he had been guilty of almost every Vice incident to Humanity.

Saturday 18. Yesterday there was a

very grand Council at St. James, on Affairs of Importance.

Monday 20. Saturday Morning there was a Cabinet Council at St. James's, on Affairs of great Importance, at the breaking up of which three Foreign Dispatches were sent off.—On Wednesday last a Man was taken in a Fit in Peter-street, Clerkenwell, and let blood, which brought him to himself, when he was put to bed; but in the Night the Bandage broke, and the poor Man bled to death.

Tuesday 21. On Saturday last the following Things were sent in order to be embarked as a Present from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of Morocco, viz. A Chariot made by Mabley in Long Acre, two musical Clocks, a Cedar Chest with Carpenters Tools, and other Curiosities.

Wednesday 22. On Sunday last in the Afternoon a terrible Storm of Thunder happened at Turnham Green, Hampton, and Parts adjacent; the Lightning between the first-mentioned Place and Hammer-smith, struck two Men quite Speechless, and deprived them of the Use of their Limbs.

Thursday 23. Last Sunday Afternoon, during the Thunder-Storm, as a Tradesman and his Wife, with a Child in her Lap, were drinking Tea in their Parlour, near Hammer-smith Church, the Lightning burnt the Woman's Breast in a very shocking Manner; but neither the Husband or Child received the least hurt.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Extract of a Letter from Hamburgh, August 1.

A New Scene of Horror has stained the Annals of Russia, and furnished Occasion to many Reflections, which Prudence obliges me to pass over in Silence until the Circumstances and Causes of this strange Event are laid amply before the Public. The Event itself is as follows: One Mierenhoff, a Lieutenant in the Regiment of Smolensko, came with a Detachment of about 30 Men, by Night, the 15th of last Month to the Fortress of Stutzelburg, where the young Prince Ivan, or John, was removed some

Time ago, by the Order of the Empress, from the Place of Confinement that has long been allotted to his unfortunate Family. This Lieutenant presented to the Governor of the Fortress a forged Order from the Empress, to the following Purpose: "That her Imperial Majesty had formed the Resolution of resigning the Imperial Crown of Russia, and of putting it on the Head of Prince Ivan, whom in Conscience, she was obliged to acknowledge as the lawful Heir and Sovereign of Russia, and that she therefore commanded the Governor to set the Prince at Liberty." The
Go-

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Governor, looking upon this Declaration as an Imposture, refused to comply with it, shut the Gates upon Mierenhoff, and ordered his Men to Arms. Mierenhoff, on the other Hand, seemed to make Preparations for forcing the Governor to a Compliance, upon which the latter entered the Apartment of the young Prince, whom he murdered in his Bed, with the most unrelenting Barbarity. The first Blow was but slight, and only served to awaken the unfortunate Prince, who struggled some Time for his Life, and even broke the Governor's Sword in the Scuffle; but Assistance was called for, and another bloody Assassin appeared, who finished the horrid Work. When the unhappy Ivan had expired in the Hands of these execrable Ruffians, the Governor opened the Gates of the Fortress, expoled the dead Body, stabbed in above ten Places, to the View of Mierenhoff and his Company, and said, in a taunting and insolent Manner, *There is your Emperor—let him now head you—he will undoubtedly make a fine Figure on the Imperial Throne.* Mierenhoff seemed to shew less Surprise and Indignation at the Conduct of the barbarous Governor, than might have been expected from a Person, who espoused *sincerely* the Interests of the massacred Prince. He took off his Sash, and gave himself up tamely Prisoner to the Governor, saying, with more Coldness than suited such a horrid Catastrophe, *That, since his Master was dead, it was in vain to make any further Resistance.*—This unhappy Prince was about twenty four Years old. He was the eldest Son of Anthony Ulric, second Brother to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and of Anne Daughter of Charles Leopold, Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Grand Daughter of Czar Peter the Great. He was a Prince of great Spirit, nor had the Hardships of a perpetual State of Confinement extinguished that Vigour of Mind, and those happy Talents, which so eminently characterize the illustrious House of Brunswick.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Robert Burton, Esq; of

Rennington in Surry, of a Son and Heir.
 — The Right Hon. Lady Arundel, of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Joh Mathew, Esq; of Maryland Point, to Miss Ede, Daughter of Mr. John Ede of Thames Street—John Smith Budgen, Esq; of the County of Surry, to Miss Lucretia Mills, youngest Daughter of the late Matthew Mills, Esq; of St. Kits.

D E A T H S.

Sir James Burrough, Knt. Master of Gonvil and Caius College, Cambridge. — John Brown, D. D. Archdeacon of Northampton, and Master of University College, in Oxford. — The Right Hon. Lady Aston, Relict of the late Right Hon. Lord Aston. — At Lowlayton in Essex, Nicholas Magens, Esq; a very eminent Merchant. — The Lady of Sir John Griffin, Daughter of Col. Schutz, — Archer Bond, Esq; Merchant in this City.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

George Hearne, B. A. to be one of the six Preachers in the Cathedral of Canterbury.—The Rev. William Robinson, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Denton in Kent.—The Rev. John Sandford, D. D. Fellow of All-Souls College, to the Rectory of Stratton in Gloucestershire.

P R O M O T I O N S.

Sir Samuel Gordon, Knight, of Newark on Trent, created a Baronet.—The Rev. William Lowther, created a Baronet.—Dr. George Baker, appointed Physician to her Majesty. — The Earl of Northington, to be Lieutenant of the County of Southampton.

B—KR—TS.

August 11. Edmond Peele, of Faversham in Norfolk, Dealer. — Thomas Rossiter, of Gerard-street, Soho, Haberdasher.

18. Wm. Noone, Jun. of Long Acre, Cheesemonger. — Rachel Embury, of Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, Spinster, Millener and Hosier. — Peter Spinks, of Southampton, Brewer. — Lawrence Richardson, and Tho. Richardson, of St. Luke, Brewers.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLIC OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
August 24, to Friday September 7, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

R U S S I A.

Extract of a Letter from Petersburg, July 31.

“OUR Ministry have delivered a Note to all the Foreign Ministers residing here, importing, that as, by Order of the Empress, the Packets or Mails that arrive from Abroad at Riga, by the Post or by Messenger, no matter to whom directed, are to be searched and sealed up at the Custom-house of that City, if they are for Petersburg or any other Place where the Court may be; those Ministers are therefore desired to give speedy Notice thereof to their respective Courts, to the End that they may enjoin their Couriers or Expresses to conform to this Regulation. They are further told, that her Imperial Majesty has ordered those Couriers to be stopped no longer at Riga than may be necessary to visit and search their Mails or Packets. This Note is dated the 17th Inst.” — *Petersburg, August 7.* Her Imperial Majesty arrived here on Sunday Evening in perfect Health. *London.*

NETHERLANDS. *Hague, August 19.* Several Foreign Gazettes, and some of those of this Country, having misrepresented an Affair which lately happened at Petersburg, adding that there had been a great Disturbance in the Russian Empire on Account of it, we think it proper to undeceive the Publick, by giving them the Fact as it happened on the 16th of last Month. There was in the Fortrefs of Schusselbourg a certain Prisoner of State, who had been some Time disordered in his Mind, and who was for that and other Reasons guarded by two trusty Officers. A young Officer of that Fortrefs was rash enough to undertake to release the Prisoner above-mentioned, by means of a forged Order, which he produced as from the Empress, and even engaged his own Men

to assist him in it; but they finding the Resistance that was made by the People who had the Charge of the Prisoner, suspected the Order to be forged, and therefore abandoned the Officer, who was thereupon taken into Custody. It appeared by the Papers found upon him, as well as from other Informations, that this Affair was not the Effect of any Conspiracy, but merely the rash Attempt of the Officer; so that it was looked upon at Petersburg in the most trifling Light; and the Empress, though informed of it by her Ministers, continued her Journey, wholly unconcerned about it.

POLAND. *Warsaw, August 6.* Last Thursday the Prince Primate gave a most sumptuous Entertainment to the Nobility of the Republic and the Foreign Ministers, on Account of its being the Anniversary of the Institution of the Order of the White Eagle, and the Birth-day of Prince Czartorinsky, Palatine of Russian Poland, and Marshal of the Confederacy. The celebrated Farrinelli sung divers Aires during the Repast, which were greatly applauded. — They write from Warsaw of the 7th of August, that the Russian and Prussian Ministers recommended in form Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, to be elected to the Throne of Poland. — *Dantzick, August 6.* According to a Letter from Warsaw some of the Grandees of Poland have sent an Expres to Prince Radzivil, who is retired into the Territories of Turkey, to acquaint him with the present Situation of Affairs, and inviting him to return immediately, and acknowledge the Validity of the Diet of Convocation, promising likewise to use their Endeavours to get him reinstated in the Possession of his Estates. As the Time for holding the Diet of Convocation draws near, we have the more

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Reason to think it will be peaceable, because the Nuncios who are to assist at it, have most of them subscribed to the general Confederacy of the Kingdom. — They write from Great Poland that in the Night between the 3d and 4th of August, a most dreadful Fire broke out in the Jews Quarter in the City of Posen, by which upwards of 298 Houses were reduced to Ashes.

GERMANY. They write from Ham-
burgh, that the Distemper amongst the
horned Cattle was broke out afresh in Hol-
stein and also amongst the Horses in Swe-
den. — *Berlin, August 14.* The King of
Prussia is expected here some Time next
Week, in his Way to Silesia, where he
is going to review the Troops in that
Province: It is said the Hereditary
Prince of Brunswick will accompany his
Prussian Majesty. *London Gazette.* — Letters
from Brunswick, dated the 15th Instant,
bring Advice, that Prayers had been put
up in all the Churches of that Dutchy,
for the happy Delivery of her Royal
Highness the Princess Augusta of Eng-
land, Consort to the Hereditary Prince,
who hath been declared Pregnant at
that Court. — According to Advices from
Vienna, of the 14th of August, a tri-
ple Alliance is negotiating there, be-
tween the Imperial, French, and Span-
ish Courts, to which it is said the Court
of Naples will accede.

FRANCE. Letters from France men-
tion, that the Duke d'Olonne, who
has been confined there in a Castle for
some Months, had made his Escape and
was retaken, and sent to Pierre-encise,
a strong Castle in the Province of Lyons.
It seems that Nobleman is secured to
prevent his being assassinated. — *Paris,*
August 17. The first of this Month the
King issued an Edict, which was regis-
tered in Parliament the 11th, whereby
his Majesty settles the Administration of
the Cities, Corporations, and Commu-
nities of his Kingdom, on general Prin-
ciples, so as that they shall be all go-
vern'd by a solid, permanent and uni-
form Policy. This Edict, which con-
tains 54 Articles, does not extend to
Cities, Towns, and Boroughs, that have
fewer than 4500 Inhabitants; and in
suppressing from this Time several bur-
thenome Offices, it re-establishes the
ancient Form, by which they were al-
low'd to chuse their own Officers. —
They write from Toulouse, that the

Parliament, which assembled the 25th
Ult. had ordered the Grand Vicar and
two Inhabitants of Pamir to be taken
into Custody, for having sent the Pa-
storal Instructions of the Archbishop of
Paris to all the Curates of that Diocese,
in contempt of the Arrets which sup-
pressed that Piece. — Letters from Pro-
vence bring Advice, that the Heats were
so excessive there the Beginning of this
Month, that the Wood of Estré, near
Cannes, took Fire and was reduced to
Ashes. That of Montegrand also began
to kindle, but a favourable Wind arising,
which facilitated the Succours brought
to it, they were in Hopes of being able
to extinguish it.

SPAIN. By Letters from Segovia of
the 30th past, we learn that Count Po-
ninsky, Minister from Poland, who was
come there to notify in form the Death
of the late King, had refused to take
Charge of the Letter which his Catho-
lick Majesty addressed to the Republick
by way of Answer, alledging, in a Note
which he had circulated to all the For-
eign Ambassadors in Justification of
his Conduct, that he could not charge
himself with the said Letter, on ac-
count of his Catholick Majesty's not
having thought proper to conform in it
to the Usages observed by all the Courts
of Europe towards the Republick.

Cadiz, July 20. The Little Spanish Squa-
dron, commanded by Count Pignatelli,
consisting of four Xebecques, arrived
from the Mediterranean in this Bay the
18th Inst. It's said these four Vessels
will make part of an Armament destined
to go, with some Land Forces, to de-
stroy the Fortifications of the Island and
Port of Mogador, on the Coast of Mo-
rocco. The Princessa and Terrible Men
of War of 70 Guns each, arrived in this
Port the 12th Inst. from Carthagená,
in the West Indies, and we are assured
they are also destined for the Expedition
against Mogador.

PORTUGAL. Three large Transports
sailed from the Tagus the 21st of last
Month, with Troops and Artillery for
the Island of Madeira, which his Por-
tuguese Majesty is resolved to render
impracticable to all future Attempts of
an Enemy.

ITALY. *Naples, July 31.* Since a
third Hospital has been erected here for
indigent sick People, the Mortality has
much decreased, and we hope the epi-
demical

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mical Distempers will soon cease. At the same Time we receive the melancholy News, that almost all the Inhabitants of Civita Ducale are dead of these fatal Diseases, which also carry off every Day about 30 Persons at Rieli. — *Leghorn, August 9.* The Quarantine of eight Days, which was laid on all Ships coming from Naples, is now augmented to twenty-one Days. *Leind. Gaz.* — From Rome they write, that the Heats were become so excessive, that they were under the greatest Apprehensions of the Consequence to the Health of the Inhabitants.

TURKEY. *Constantinople, July 16.* The 5th Inst. the Commissary appointed by the Porte to negotiate an Accommodation between the King of Sweden and the Regency of Tunis, set sail for Barbary, with the Secretary of the Swedish Envoy, in a Ship of that Nation: and its not doubted but that the Dey will pay due Regard to the Grand Signior's Interposition. — We learn from Constantinople, that a Prussian Officer arrived there lately, with the Ratification of the Treaty concluded with Achmet Effendi at Berlin. An Aga will be sent with Compliments of Congratulation, and rich Presents, to the new Sovereign of Poland, as soon as he is elected and crowned.

A M E R I C A.

Boston, July 5. We hear from Portsmouth in New Hampshire, that upon a Memorial put into their general Court, asking their Help in repairing the Losses that have been sustained in the Destruction of the Library and Apparatus of Harvard College by the late Fire, which Memorial was recommended to the said Court by his Excellency the Governor of the said Province, the said Court made the generous Grant of Three Hundred Pounds Sterling, towards the Reparation of the Apparatus, &c. — They write from Boston, that the English Commanding Officer of Newfoundland has caused it to be intimated to the principal Superintendants of the French Fishery, that it is expected their People at the breaking up of the Season carry away all their Boats, Nets, Sails, Stages and Fishing-tackle, not leaving any Thing on Shore when they depart the Coast, as they did last Year; otherwise he, the

said Officer, will be obliged to destroy them, pursuant to his Instructions. —

— Letters have been received at Bristol from Philadelphia, that a very malignant Small-Pox, continues to rage among the several Tribes of the Hostile Indians, at the Back of the Province. The Indians firmly believe, through the Persuasion of some Frenchified Traders, that this Disorder was purposely introduced among them by the English for their utter Extirpation; but this Advice, tho' given with an evil Intent, is now likely to oblige the Indians to sue for Peace, especially as they have taken it also into their Heads to believe that we can send the Small-Pox amongst them whenever we please: a Distemper they dread above all Things. — They write from Georgia, that one Mr. Lloyd, an eminent Merchant in that Province, has lately imported several Thousand Plants of the Logwood Tree from Honduras, in order for Cultivation on the River Savannah. Those already planted thrive well, and seem to promise that in a few Years Great Britain may be supplied with this useful Dye from her own Colonies, in sufficient Quantity to answer all the Purposes of Manufacture.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, August 20. The Parliament of this Kingdom, which now stands prorogued to Tuesday the 21st Day of this Instant August, is further prorogued to Tuesday the 16th Day of April next. — *Galloway, August 20.* Last Tuesday, on the Lands of Furrane in this County, about ten Miles from hence, a little Girl was struck dead by Lightning, and another who sat by her had her Hair all singed, and her Legs terribly burned. The Land in several Places was cut and torn Zigzag-wise, and Numbers of People who had been busy about their Corn and Flax, for upwards of half a Mile about, fell to the Ground at the same Instant imagining themselves struck by something in the Hens and Kees, which for a while deprived them of all Power to rise.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

— We hear that on the 4th of August a Man and his Son were murdered in Staffordshire (near Scourbridge in this

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County) by three Men, who, it seems, having a Pique against them, way-laid and killed them. It is said the Murderers are apprehended, and committed to Stafford Gaol.—*Bristol, August 18.* Tuesday last as a Waggon, laden with Timber, was going down a Steep Hill, between Blandford and Sturminster, the Driver having omitted to drag, as customary, either of the hind Wheels, the Waggon went forward with such Impetuosity, that the Man attempting to take the Shaft-horse by the Head, in order to stop him, had the Misfortune to fall into the Rut, and the Wheel running over him, he was killed in a Moment. He has left a Wife and three Children.—At Godalmin in Surry, on the 19th of August in the Afternoon, there was a most violent Storm of Hail and Rain, which terminated in the most awful Thunder and Lightning ever heard or seen; since which they have had fine, serene, dry Weather, and are very busy in carrying in their Corn.—On the 21st of August as three young Men and a young Woman were going in a Harvest Cart into the Fields near Basingbourn in Cambridgeshire, the Horses took fright, ran away, and overturned it, whereby one of the Men was killed on the Spot, another had one of his Ribs broke, and the third was much bruised; the young Woman escaped unhurt.—The 22d of August as the High Sheriff for the County of Leicester, was going in a Chaise in order to attend at the Assizes at Leicester, in passing through a Turnpike near that Place, the Gate fell close too soon, which he endeavouring to prevent, had his little Finger cut quite off, on which was a Diamond Ring, that could not be found though diligently looked for.—The 23d of August about nine o'Clock at Night, as a Butcher was returning home from Shields, where he had been with a great Number of fat Cattle for victualling the Ships, he was attacked by two Men near the Alum-works, between Whitby and Scarborough, who pulled him off his Horse which they rode off with, together with his Bags, wherein were upwards of 400*l.*—*Bristol, August 25.* Last Monday as one Charles Bennet, of Mangotsfield, was at work in a Coal Pit, more than forty Fathom deep, the Poles which supported the Roof giving way, a Stone, supposed to

exceed half a Ton Weight, fell down upon him, and crushed him to Death in a Moment.—*Salisbury, August 27.* Friday the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the Hon. Mr. Bouverie, one of our Members in Parliament, the Clergy of this City, and Corps of Officers of Lord Waldegrave's Regiment, dined with the Mayor and Corporation in the Council-Chamber, on a Brace of fat Bucks, presented them by the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke our High-Steward, and Lord Viscount Folkestone our Recorder. Our annual Musical Festival was celebrated here on Wednesday and Thursday last, to a numerous and polite Audience. There was a great Appearance of Company each Day at the Cathedral, and the Assembly Room was full and splendid both Nights; among those of Fashion were, their Graces the Duke and Dutches of Queensborough, Lord Pembroke, Lord Shaftesbury, the Hon. Miss Bouverie, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Everard-Arundell, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Sir John and Lady Webb, Sir Edward and Lady Hulse and Family, &c.—The Ball was opened the first Night by Lord Pembroke, and Miss Bouverie, the second by Lord Pembroke and Mrs. Arundell.—Last Tuesday as Richard Holyday, of Tinhead, was drinking some Beer out of a Cup, he swallowed a Wasp that had unobservedly crept into it, which stung him in the Throat to such a Degree, that he died of the Swelling soon after.—At Denton near Strilton in Huntingdonshire, a common Field Pea was sown in the Garden of Mr. Samuel Hoppers of that Place, from whence have sprung this Year 23 Branches, on which were 249 Pods, that produced a full Winchester Quart of Peas when shelled.—We hear from Guildford that at the last Assizes for the County of Surry, the Grand Jury and several of the Gentlemen of the County, dined at the White Hart; and some disrespect being shewn at toasting Lord Chief Justice Pratt, a Dispute arose, in consequence of which, a Blow it is said, was struck, Challenges were given, and received; but the contending Parties being carried into Court, were reconciled by the Interposition of the Judge, and gave their Honours that it should end there. It is somewhat remarkable, that an Affair of this Kind happened at the Lent Assizes, from the proposing

Lord

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Lord Bute as a Toast. — A Clergyman was tried at the same Assizes, for receiving a Quantity of Wearing Apparel, knowing it to have been stolen, and was honourably acquitted. — Five Persons were also tried there for a Riot committed at the Sign of the Fox under the Hill near Camberwell, and beating and otherwise ill-treating some Persons there; of which they were all found guilty, fined in the Penalty of five Pounds each, and to suffer three Months Imprisonment. — They write from Cumberland, and other Northern Counties, that the Harvest is already begun there, and that the Crops in general are very large. — We hear from Canterbury, that the Hops in that Neighbourhood are remarkably fine.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, August 24th.

Advices having been received that great Quantities of Foreign Teas, Brandy, and other French Manufactures, are daily imported into this Kingdom from Scilly, where Boats generally intercept all Ships passing by in their Course up both Channels, under pretence of furnishing them with Greens, Poultry, &c. Orders were this Week sent to Plymouth, to station an additional Number of armed Cutters to cruise round these Islands, who are to examine all Boats that put off to any Ships, to prevent more effectually this illicit Commerce. — His Majesty's Officers at Dover have lately seized a Quantity of French Feather Muffs; and as a much larger Number are daily expected to come over for Winter wear, the proper Avenues from Deal, Sandwich, Ramsgate, and the Downs, where these Sort of Goods are generally landed, are strictly watched in hopes of further Seizures. — Friday last as Mr. Wood, Chymist, in Golden-lane, was crossing Bech-lane, he was so terribly crushed against a House by a Dray passing along, that his Bowels came out, and he expired in great Agonies the next Day. — On Saturday two Stacks of Hay, valued at about 50*l*. were burnt near Peckham-Rye, occasioned by some Harvest People boiling a Pot near one of the Stacks, and putting the Sticks (some of which were on Fire) under the Stack, in order to make use of them another Time. — On Tuesday near 500,000

Yards of Linnen were entered at the Custom-house from Dublin. — A few Days since Mr. Quin dined with a noble Peer in Great George-street, Westminster; and notwithstanding his advanced Age, was remarkable lively, and gave evident Proofs that his genuine and peculiar Talent for Humour has not left him. He afterwards set off in a Post-chaise for Bath; in which he appeared in State and true Character, having with him two very desirable Companions, a *Haunch of Venison* on one Side of him, and a *Turtle* on the other, both presented to him by his Lordship.

Saturday 25. Last Week Mrs. Bellous, Wife of an eminent Farmer at Northborough, in Northamptonshire, was brought to bed of a Son, and the same Day her Daughter was brought to bed of a Girl; a few Days after the Uncle and Niece were both Christened together. — Yesterday about three o'Clock in the Afternoon, a Public-house, the Sign of the King's Head, near Bloomsbury-market, fell down. There were only two Men drinking in the House; one of whom sitting with his Back against the Wainscot, the End of a Beam resting upon the Brick-work over his Head, kept the Rubbish from falling on him, so that he was taken out unhurt; the other, one Mr. Murphy, a Taylor, was killed. The Mistress of the House ran into the Street, and received but a slight Hurt from some of the Ruins falling on her. The Boy was in the Cellar drawing Beer, and was only slightly wounded in the Face. — This Morning about one o'Clock, a Fire broke out in the Work-shop of Mr. Thwaite, Church Clock-maker, in Rosamond's-row, Clerkenwell, which entirely consumed the same, and, besides other Effects, destroyed a very curious Clock, which was to have been shipped on Monday next for Spain. Mr. Thwaite's Loss is computed at upwards of 100*l*. The Shop is supposed to have been maliciously set on Fire by one of his Journey-men, who is taken into Custody.

Monday 27. Saturday last Admiral Townsend, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, attended by several other Governors, went in grand Procession, and laid the first Stone for an Infirmary for the Use of the said Hospital, under which was placed a new Guinea of his present Majesty. — The same Day as

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two Men were unloading a Waggon at the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate-street, a large Pack fell upon them, and broke the Leg and Thigh of one of them, and beat out the Eye of the other. They were both carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Tuesday 28. Sunday as two Men, who were Brothers, and lived at St. Albans, were maintaining a Sham Fight at that Place, one of them received so unlucky a Blow, that he fell down and expired immediately. — Sunday a Man, well dressed was found murdered in London-Field; he was cut in a most barbarous Manner. — The same Day two Men going over Westminster-bridge, one of them, in jest, struck the other with a Tobacco pipe in the Eye with so much Force that the Pipe broke short, and the poor Man has entirely lost the Sight of that Eye.

Wednesday 29. A few Days since a Sailor, lately arrived in the River from Jamaica, was robbed by a Woman of the Town of 40 Guineas and a Moire. — Friday last, during the Time of the Assizes at Guildford, a Gentleman's Servant very imprudently tied a vicious Horse to a Post, and whipped him; the Beast broke his Halter, and ran furiously through the Town, which being crowded with People, several Persons were thrown down and greatly bruised, among whom was a Farmer's Daughter, who had a Leg and an Arm broke. — On Saturday last as two Men were returning in a light Cart from Guildford, the Horse took fright, and ran with great Violence over the Bridge at Leatherhead, whereby the Cart was over-set, and broke to pieces; one of the Men had his Skull fractured, and the other was much bruised. — On Monday Evening a House fell down in Bun's Rents, Raven-court, Whitecross-street, by which a Woman and a Child were buried in the Ruins; the Woman was soon after dug out much bruised, but would not be carried to the Hospital till the Child was found, which was not done till near twelve, when the Infant was brought to her dead; she then was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Thursday 30. On Saturday last as a Baker was passing, with a Basket of Bread, by a Field in the Bow-road, where a great Number of the poor Pariahs were lying, being informed that

they had nothing to eat for two Days before, he immediately threw down his Basket, saying, "If that is the Case, some of my Customers must fast a little longer than usual to-day," and immediately distributed the whole Contents of his Basket, consisting of twenty-eight two-penny Loaves, and ten Rolls, among them; telling them at the same Time, that he would call and see them again in a few Days; for which generous and seasonable Donation they could only thank him with Signs and Tears of Joy, not being able to speak English. — On Tuesday a Peruke maker, who is said to be a Waiter at one of the publick Gardens, was committed to the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, for cruelly using a Woman, whom he pretended to marry: he decoyed her from her Service on Monday Evening, to an Ale-house in Shug-lane, where, it is said, they lay together; and in the Night-time he quarrelled with his intended Bride, for refusing to give him her Money and Apparel, for it seems she had saved in her Service upwards of forty Pounds in Cash, besides Cloaths to a considerable Value: He stabbed the poor Creature in the Face, Breast, Neck, and other Parts of the Body, beat one of her Eyes almost out, and tore most of the Hair from her Head; the Woman was sent to the Hospital.

Friday 31. Monday-Morning a Man was jammed by a Cart against a House the Corner of Coleman street, and killed on the Spot. — Yesterday Evening a Porter, known by the Name of Solomon, fell out of a Warehouse two Stories high, at Bear-Key-Building, whereby his Skull was fractured, and he died on the Spot.

Saturday, September 1. This Day at Noon his Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived at his House in Pall-Mall, and immediately waited on his Majesty. His Highness landed at Dover about nine o'Clock this Morning. — A Gentlewoman, an Inhabitant near Red-Lion-Square, big with Child, and within a few Days of the Time of her Delivery, passing last Saturday along Eagle-street with her Child near two Years old in her Arms, fell over a Cord that was tied across the Foot-way by some mischievous Boys, and, in her falling, the Child in her Arms was thrown from her some Yards distance, but happily escaped

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escaped any other Hurt than that of receiving two or three slight Contusions. The Babe within her was killed on the Spot, and the poor Gentlewoman has lain ever since in the most excruciating Tortures; now given over by her Physicians, and is expected to expire every Moment. It much behoves Parents strictly to caution their Children against such mischievous Sports: as many Accidents, besides the above melancholy one, have thereby happened.—As soon as the distressed Situation of the poor German Emigrants was made known to the Public on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Wachsel's Letter; so very laudable a Spirit of Benevolence was immediately exerted upon the Occasion, that the same Day 100 Tents, and other Necessaries, were sent them (by order) from the Tower; and several hundred Pounds were subscribed by the humane and charitable Inhabitants of London and Westminster for their Relief: which extraordinary Acts of Beneficence reflect great Honour on the Nation in general, and on the compassionate Donors in particular.

Monday 3. Yesterday his Royal Highness the Duke of York was at Court, and received the Compliments of the Nobility and Foreign Ministers on his safe Arrival in England.—Yesterday the Rev. Mr. Dodd, preached a Sermon at West-Ham Church, for the Benefit of the poor Palatines, when upwards of fifty Pounds were contributed by the benevolent Inhabitants.—Last Week arrived in Town very strong Remonstrances from the Northern Colonies with respect to their cramp Trade; by means of some late Regulations in America: As did also several Petitions from the British Islands in the West-Indies: all which are preparing by their respective Agents, to be laid before the ensuing Parliament.

Tuesday 4. On Friday the 17th of last Month; his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in consequence of an Express sent him by his Royal Highness Prince William, by Mr. Harper, embarked on board a Ship from Genoa, and landed Monday the 20th at Nice, in the King of Sardinia's Dominions; from whence he proceeded to Antibes; the first Town from Italy in the French King's Dominions; from thence to Carren, Avignon, and so to Lions; then thro' the Pro-

vince of Burgundy, and other Parts of France, to Calais; an Extent in the whole of 1100 Miles. His Royal Highness, for Reasons unknown, did not touch at Paris, where grand Fireworks and Illuminations were intended, and great Preparations were made for his Reception; the People there expressing their greatest Desire to see his Royal Highness. By the above Account it appears, he was only 15 Days in coming from Genoa to England. He was exactly one Year on his Travels, as he set out from Saville House, Sept. 1, 1763, and arrived at London, Sept. 1, 1764.

Wednesday 5. On Sunday in the Afternoon several Houses were robbed by a set of pilfering Rascals, who watch the Opportunity of Servants leaving their Doors ajar, and carry any Thing that lies most commodious to their Hands: it is hoped this will be a Caution to Servants to be careful for the future how they leave their Master's Properties so neglected.—Yesterday Morning 112 Convicts were brought from Newgate, and put on board a close Lighter at Black-Friars, in order for their Transportation.—It is said our Ambassador at Paris, on presenting the Memorial on the Behaviour of the French at Turk's Island, received but a very evasive and unsatisfactory Answer: having been told, according to the quibbling of that Court, that it should be enquired into, but required Time.—The Spaniards have just presented a Memorial to our Court, in which they justify some Violences lately committed by them on our Fishermen, by alledging that they have the same Right to prevent other Nations from fishing on their Coast, which we exert in preventing them from fishing on the Coasts of England.—Three rendezvous Houses are actually opened in Wapping, to enter 1500 Men to man the Guard Ships, and three Ships of War which are going out upon an Expedition.

Thursday 6. Yesterday as a Country man was gazing very attentively in Fleet street at the Scaffold round the Spire of St. Brides, with a Basket hung on a Stick across his Shoulder, some Sharpers found means to lighten it of two Pounds of 16s. Tea; a new Shirt which he had bought for himself, and a Silver-spouted China Tea-pot.

P O S T.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. **L**etters from Petersburg, of the 11th Ult. advise, that a terrible Fire had happened at Cronstadt, which had reduced one third of the Buildings in that Place to Ashes; but happily the Shipping received no manner of Damage. — An Abstract of the whole Body of Prussian Laws is now Printing at Berlin, by Order of his Majesty, which will be comprised in a middling Octavo Pocket Volume.

Country News. The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council of the City of Exeter, in Chamber assembled, the 23d of August 1764, gave Instructions to JOHN TUCKFIELD and JOHN WALTER, Esqrs. Representatives in Parliament of the said City, relative to an intended farther Application of this City to the next Session of Parliament, for the Repeal of the new Excise Duty laid on Cider and Perry.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Robert Child, Esq; Barber at Temple Bar, of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Richard Nelson, Esq; to Miss Manley, Daughter of Richard Manley, Esq; of Stratton Ground, Westminster. — The Right Hon. the Earl of Corke, to the Hon. Miss Courtenay. — The Rev. Dr. Smith, Head Master of Westminster-School, to Miss Jackson, of Compton-street, St. Anns. — Mr. Dod, Merchant, of Abchurch Lane, to Miss Towers of Threadneedle-street. — Mr. James Trotter aged 75, a wealthy Farmer and Grazier near Guildford to the Daughter of one of his Tenants, a young Woman in the 18th Year of her Age.

D E A T H S.

Griffin Vaughan, Esq; in the Commission of the Peace for Surry and Suffex. — Mr. William Harding, an eminent Merchant in the Buckram Manufactory, — Samuel Clark, Esq; an eminent Merchant in the Old Jewry. — Mr. George Holmes, an eminent Dealer in the pub-

lic Funds. — In Spring Gardens the Hon. Charles Mönson, Esq; — At Roehampton in Surry, John Payne, Esq; — Mr. Lowther, Attorney, in Friday-street. — In Turkey-Street, Endfield, Mrs. Crow, Relict of Dr. Crow, Physician. — At his House at Clapham in Surry, in the 81st Year of his Age, that excellent Citizen, and real Patriot, Sir John Barnard, Knt. — Lieut. General Carr. — The Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Blifs, M. A. and Fellow of the Royal Society. — The Lady of Edwin Lafcelles, Esq; Member for the County of York.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Weston, A. M. to be a Prebendary of Durham. — The Rev. Daniel Slater, L. L. D. Fellow of All Souls College Oxford, to the Vicarage of Lewknor, in the said County.

P R O M O T I O N S.

Nicholas Halhead, Esq; to be Master of Greatham Hospital, in the County of Durham, worth 500l. per Ann. — Mr. Tho. Bond, to be Chief Porter of Deptford Yard.

B — K R — T S.

August 25. George Kearsly, of St. Martin's Ludgate, London, Bookseller and Stationer. — Peter Grahame, late of Whit-Castles, Annandale in North-Britain, but now or late of Brompton in Cumberland, Dealer. — Tho. Ridgeway, now or late of Houndsditch, London, Upholder and Cabinet-maker.

September 1. Augustine Taylor, of Aylesford in Kent. — George Gosling, of Cornhill, Hosier.

4. William Milner, of Poole, Dorsetshire, Merchant. — Peter Penny, of Knotsford, Cheshire, Threadmaker. — Earlysman Sparrow, of new Shoreham, Suffex, Ship-builder. — George Rowell, late of Fenchurch-fireet, London, Vic-tualier.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
September 7, to Friday September 21, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

R U S S I A.

A Report having been made to her Imperial Majesty in relation to the Number of Foreigners that have been brought into her Dominions, the Manner in which they have been disposed of, and the Expences incurred thereby, Orders have been given for doubling the Fund assigned for this important Undertaking, that it may be more effectually and more extensively carried into Execution. — *Petersburgh, August 17.* Her Imperial Majesty has been indisposed for two or three Days last past. *Lond. Gaz.*

SWEDEN. The Presents lately sent by the King to the Dey of Algier, his Wife and Son, and several Members of the Divan, consist of 60 Pieces of Iron Cannon, several Thousand Cannon Balls, Carriages for Cannon, Chevaux de Frize, and some Chests full of rich Stuffs and Jewels.

DENMARK. *Copenhagen, August 28.* On Thursday last an Ordonnance was published, by which the King of Denmark remits to his Subjects the Tax customary on the Marriage of a Princess of Denmark. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Copenhagen, Sept. 1.* The Marriage of their Royal and Most Serene Highnesses, the Princesses Wilhelmina and the Prince of Hesse, is to be solemnized at six o'Clock this Evening, at the Palace; and the Rejoicings on this Occasion, it is expected, will be continued every Day till the 5th of this Month. *Lond. Gaz.*

NETHERLANDS. The following Advertisement is in the Hague Gazette of the 31st of August. 'One — de St —, who styles himself a Colonel, in the Service of the King of Great Britain, having engaged a Number of Persons to go to England, upon Assurances which he gave them, that he was authorized by his Britannick Ma-

jefty to promise them Settlements in America, and that they should be carried there at the King's Expence: In order to prevent his continuing to impose upon the Credulity of the Publick in this Respect, it is thought proper to advertise that the said St — was never authorized, as he pretends, to engage People for those Settlements nor to make any Promises on the Part of the British Ministry.'

POLAND. Letters from Posnania, in Poland, are full of Lamentations concerning the Ravages made by the Fire that broke out there the 3d Ult. in the Night. Great Part of the City is entirely destroyed. In the Jews Quarter there are but three Houses left standing. The Loss by this terrible Accident is estimated at several Millions of Florins. — They write from Warsaw, that in the Night of the 12th Ult. a most violent Storm happened there, attended with Rain, Thunder, and Lightning, the latter of which penetrated into the Church of the Holy-Cross, by which several Persons were killed and wounded. — The Sieur de Onis, the Spanish Resident to the Republick of Poland, set out the 18th Ult. from Warsaw, by express Orders from his Court, on his return Home. — *Warsaw, Aug. 20.* All the Troops of the Crown arrive successively at the Place assigned them near this City by Prince Czartorinski, the Grand Regimentary. Those of Russia, who were dispersed in Lithuania and Polish Russia, are now assembled within three or four Miles of the City: they cannot come nearer our Walls, because by the Constitutions of the State, a King cannot be elected in the Presence of any Foreign Troops. — *Warsaw, Aug. 29.* The Dyet of Election was opened the Day before Yesterday, and the Count Sosnowski, Grand Notary of Lithuania,

was elected Marshal. This Lord having received the Staff with the usual Formalities, adjourned the Session till to-morrow, when some Precautions will be taken that the Election and Proclamation may be made with all the Order and Decorum possible. — Letters from the Frontiers of Poland say, that Count Pototski, Starost of Sniatin, with a Son of the Palatine of Volhynia, having formed a Re-Confederation in Polish Russia, Count Brannitzki, Starost of Halicz, supported by some Russian Forces, advanced towards them, and obliged them to retire into the Fortrefs of Stainflawow, where they surrendered at Discretion. All their Small-arms, 31 Cannon, and 11 Brass Cannon were taken, and some of the Chiefs were made Prisoners.

GERMANY. *Berlin, August 25.* The Prince Royal of Prussia arrived here last Night from Potsdam, and set out early this Morning for Silesia. *Land. Gaz.* — A Courier from Peterburgh passed thro' Berlin the 1st Inst. going to Zerbst, with the Russian Order of St. Catherine, to be presented to the Princess of Anhalt-Bernburg, Consort to the Prince of Anhalt Zerbst, Brother to the Empress of Russia. — They write from Frankfort of the 22d Ult. that a Difference hath subsisted for some Time between the Houses of Hefia Homburg and Hefia Darmstad, which was left to the Princes of the Circle of the Upper Rhine to decide; when, after having had several Meetings and Conferences at the Dominican Monastery at the above-mentioned City, it was by them referred to the Imperial High Court of Justice; but the Prince of Darmstad finding the Determinations too tedious, ordered a strong Command of Hussars to enter Homburg the 13th Ult. and to patrolle Night and Day that Prince's Territories. — *Frankfort, September 2.* The Difference which had arisen between the States-General and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, with respect to the Count de Wartenleben, Minister from their High Mightinesses to the Circle of the Upper Rhine, has been happily terminated by the Mission of M. Moser to the Hague. — According to Letters from Saxony, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was arrived there, and went on the 26th Ult. to take a View of the Fields of Battle of last War, and the Fortrefs of Konigstein; he afterwards

visited the Court of Dresden, where he designed to stay a few Days, and then to proceed to meet the King of Prussia in Silesia. — *Dresden, August 26.* Yesterday being the Prince Administrator's Birth-day, the Electress Dowager gave a very great Entertainment at Pillnitz, to the Electoral Family, and the principal Persons of this Court. — They write from Dresden, that a Secretary of the Marquis de Paulmy d'Argenson, the French Ambassador to the Republick of Poland, having discovered the Secrets of the Embassy to the Czartorinsky Party, had been hanged up at the Greve as soon as the Ambassador arrived at Paris. This Secretary was a Native of Saxony, and born at Dresden. — *Hanover, Aug. 28.* Yesterday arrived here the nine Standards taken from the French Cavalry, at the Battle of Minden, Aug. 1. 1759, which have been till this Time deposited at Stade. Six of these Trophies were taken by the Regiment of Foot Guards, two by Hardenberg's Regiment, and one by Schele's. They were carried to the Church of the Garrison by 100 Grenadiers of the first-mentioned Regiment.

FRANCE. The King has confirmed, by an Edict, the Re-establishment of the East India Company, under the new Title of Compagnie Commercante. — *Extract of a Letter from Paris, August 23.* "Mons. Van Robais, who carries on a very extensive Woolen Manufactory at Abbeville, has lately received a Premium of Two Thousand Livres for fabricating a Piece of Broad Cloth, pronounced by good Judges to come the nearest to that of England, both in fineness, texture, and dye, to any hitherto made in France: It is computed he has near sixty Tons of Irish Wool in his Warehouses for the Purposes of carrying on this beneficial Manufacture. — *Extract of a Letter from Paris, August 27.* "The celebrated Philosopher Hume, who is here with the English Ambassador, has, 'tis said, obtained leave of the Superior of our Irish College to peruse and make Extracts from eleven or twelve Volumes in Folio of the Composition of James II. These Volumes are all in the Hand-writing of that King of Great-Britain, and contain, amongst a Number of interesting Pieces, the Copy of a secret Treaty between Charles II. and one of the greatest Monarch then reign-

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ing in Europe, for re-establishing the Roman Catholic Religion in Great Britain and Ireland, and also for dividing between them a neighbouring Protestant State of theirs. — They write from Rouen, that on the 9th of last Month a Fire broke out in the Church belonging to a Convent, by the Negligence of some Plumbers, and that the Flames made so rapid a Progress, that the Church was entirely consumed: the Damage is computed at 400,000 Livres. — We hear that two Houses at Havre, three at Dunkirk, two at Rochelle, one at Boulogne, and one at St. Valery, from whence most of the English and Scotch Smugglers have heretofore been furnished with the Manufactures and Goods of that Kingdom, were finally shut up last Month.

SPAIN. *Cadix, August 14.* A few Days ago a dead Body was landed here, inclosed in a long Skin nearly resembling that of a Bear. It was found with several others of the same Kind, in some Caverns in the Canary Islands, where they are supposed to have been buried before the Conquest of those Islands by John de Betancourt, a Norman, in 1417, and by Peter de Vera, a Spaniard, in 1483. The Flesh of this Body, tho' dried, is nevertheless preserved, and is not flexible, but hard as Wood, so that upon touching the Body, it seems petrified, tho' it is not. The Features of the Face are very perfect, and appear to be those of a young Man; nor is that, or any other Part of the Body, decayed: the Body is no more shrunk than if the Person had not been dead above two or three Days, only the Skin appears a little shrivelled. This Body is sent to Madrid to be deposited in the Royal Academy of Surgery. The Case in which this Body was placed, had another small Case within it, containing two or three Vases, and a Hand-mill, which were found in the same Cavern; from which it is supposed it was customary with the old Inhabitants of the Canary Islands, to place Vases in their burial Places.

PORTUGAL. *Lisbon, Aug. 1.* The King has approved and confirmed all the Military Regulations formed by the Count De La Lippe; which are going to be collected, and Copies distributed to the Chief of the Regiments, who, as well as the Governors and Com-

manders of Places, will have Orders to see them fully executed. — Letters from Lisbon advise, that they have lately discovered Heaps of combustible Matter near several publick Edifices, and the Houses of many of their principal Merchants, supposed to have been lodged in those Places with the most diabolical Intention.

ITALY. *Leghorn, August 16.* It is now pretended to be known from good Authority, that the Republick of Genoa has concluded a Treaty with France relative to Corsica, which it is said to have been signed at Compeigne the 7th Instant, and contains in Substance, 'That the King shall send seven Battalions of his Troops into Corsica, which shall stay there four Years, and occupy the Places allotted for them; which are Bastia, Saint-Florent, Agagliola, and Ajaccio. That these Troops shall not be engaged in the War, but only be employed in securing to the Republick the Possession of these Places: That his most Christian Majesty shall furnish them their Pay; and Bread and Meat; but the Island shall find them Fire, Candle, Forage, and Lodging: that the Republick shall be at no other Expence than the stipulated Subsidy. That in the Places which the French Troops shall occupy there shall be no Genoise, and that the Republick's Representatives there shall take Cognizance only of Civil Affairs. That if by the Presence of these Troops in the Island, Peace shall be restored, the most Christian King shall be a Guarantee to it. That they shall be transported from France about the end of September, under Convoy of two Frigates and two Xebecs, from Toulon, after which these Frigates and Xebecs shall continue to cruize on the Coast of Corsica till the Month of December. —

Leghorn, Aug. 17. This Morning a Swedish Ship entered this Port, coming from Algier, and having on board the Consul that resided there on the Part of this Grand Dutchy, who brings the disagreeable News, that the Dey of that Barbary State had declared War against the Emperor, Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Reason of this hasty Rupture is said to be, that a Ship under Tuscan Colours, taken by the Algerines, but released on her being claimed by our

Consul, was afterwards found to be a Neapolitan. Letters from different Places advise, that the said Dey is also much incensed against the English and Danes, for their giving Passports to Ships of other Nations, in order to make them pass as their own.—A Letter from Leghorn has this Passage: "Some Letters from Barbary advise, that the Dey of Algier struck the Imperial Consul, drove him from his Presence, and ordered him to the Brouette (or Wheel Barrow) swearing at the same Time, that if he did not make some extraordinary Humiliation, he himself would strike off his Head."—*Genoa, Aug. 11.* Letters from Corsica say, that the Rebels continue blocking up St. Florent by Sea and Land; And we are further told, that besides the Sickness raging there, and Desertion which daily increases, the Place is in want of Provision, as well as Fuel to bake Bread.—*Extract of a Letter from Naples, August 11.* "There have been thrown into the Sea this Week, above the Isle of Capree, about 40,000 Tomoli of Corn which came from England, and 9000 of that from Holland. A very considerable Quantity still remains, which will go the same Way. The malignant Fevers continue to make great Ravages in this City, as well as in the neighbouring Towns and Villages, and particularly at Portici; which Place, it is said, the King is going to quit, and to retire into the Island of Procida. According to an Account which we are assured is very exact, there have died in the Capital during the six first Months of this Year 19,707 Persons, and only 4493 have been born. The Number of Deaths in other Parts of the Kingdom is 116,973, and that of Births 9346.—*Naples, Aug. 21.* The Sickness is very much decreased within this last Week, and in all likelihood we shall soon be entirely freed from this Calamity. All public Diversions, which had been interrupted, have been again permitted. *Lond. Gaz. — Rome, Aug. 22.* A kind of putrid and malignant Fever rages in this City, supposed to arise from the great Scarcity which prevailed last Winter, and the excessive Heats that have succeeded.

TURKEY. They write from Constantinople by way of Vienna, of the 1st Ult. that the Premier Sultaness, the Favourite of the Grand Sultan, died there

on the preceding Evening very much regretted.—*Constantinople, Aug. 1.* We are informed that Prince Radzivil, Palatine of Wilna, is arrived in Moldavia with a Retinue of 1200 Men. The Porte grants him Protection both for his Effects and his People, and it is said he proposes to go to Berlin with a few Attendants. Agis-Effendi, who resides in this Capital in quality of Agent of the Kan of the Tartars, was sent the 19th Ult. into Crimea, with Dispatches from the Porte for that Prince. The Kapigilar Kyayssi of the Grand Signior had taken the same Rout but a few Hours before; but we are as yet ignorant of the Commission with which those Officers were charged.

A M E R I C A.

In the Month of June last several hundred Slaves were carried off by an epidemical Distemper at the Havannah, which continued to rage with great Violence when the last Accounts came away.—The last Letters from South-Carolina bring Advice, that they are planting a great Quantity of Mahogany and Logwood along the Savannahs in Georgia, by way of Experiment.

I R E L A N D.

They write from Dublin, that such great Improvements are carrying on in that City, that it is thought, that Metropolis will soon compensate, by the Splendor of her Buildings, for the Inferiority in Number of Inhabitants to her Sister London, and be at least the finest City in the British Empire.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

At the last Assizes at Guildford, a remarkable Cause was tried at Nisi Prius, before Lord Mansfield and a special Jury of the Gentlemen of the County of Surry, wherein a rich and powerful Gentleman was Plaintiff, and an honest Barber (both of that Town) Defendant. This Cause related to a Piece of Ground in the Town, which the Gentleman claimed as his Property; but after a long Trial, and the Jury being out three Times, they brought in their Verdict in favour of the Barber.—*Newcastle, Sept. 1.* The following Letter, communicated to

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us, by Mr. Green of Preston, was wrote by Oliver Cromwell to Cardinal Mazarine, on his refusing to deliver up Dunkirk, according to the Articles agreed upon at the Commencement of the War between France and Spain, in which War Oliver was an Auxiliary. "Thou Traitor, Mazarine, if thou refusest to deliver Dunkirk, into the Hands of Lockit, my Friend and Counsellor, whom I have sent with full Power to receive it, by the eternal God I will come and tear thee from thy Master's Bosom, and hang thee at the Gates of Paris. O. CROMWELL." Upon which the Keys were immediately delivered. — *Bedminster, September 1.* As some Men were blowing up a Rock in a Well belonging to Mr. Eveleigh of this Place, one of his Men unluckily hanging his Head over the Well at the Instant of the Explosion, had his Brains beat out and died on the Spot. — *Ely, Sept. 6.* Saturday last, about Noon, a most fatal Accident happened to one William Merrill, a sober, honest, and industrious poor Farmer of Thetford, near this Place, who, with his Son, a Lad about nine Years of Age, was driving a Waggon, when upon the Horses being unruly and turning sharp off the Turnpike Road, the Waggon overturned, the Farmer and his Son by jumping endeavoured to clear themselves, but the Waggon Wheels ran directly over the poor Man, whose Collar-bone, Shoulder-bone, Arm, and Breast Bones, were broke in so terrible a Manner that he survived but a few Hours, notwithstanding he had the Courage and Resolution to walk Home alone, which was very surprising being a full Mile at least. The Lad was much bruised, but likely to do very well. A poor distressed Widow, tho' one of the most industrious, is left with three small Children. — *Northampton, Sept. 10.* On Thursday Night last a Fire broke out at Long-Buckby in this County, which entirely consumed seven Dwelling Houses, besides Barns, Out-houses, &c. It burnt with such Rapidity, that the Sufferers could save but few of their Goods, and some of them very narrowly escaped perishing in the Flames. Sixteen Couple of Fowls and a Hog were burnt. — *Scarborough, Sept. 11.* On the 6th Instant the Freedom of the ancient Corporation of Scarborough was presented to the Right

Hon. the Marquis of Granby in a Gold Box, as a Proof of their Sense of his glorious Exploits in Germany during the last War, and of their unmerited Obligations to his Lordship for his particular Attachment to that Place. His Lordship, with his accustomed Generosity, gave a grand Entertainment to the Bailiffs and the rest of the Corporation, this Day, at which likewise were present several of the Nobility and Gentry that were at the Spa, to the Number, in all, of about seventy.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, September 7th.

Last Friday as a Man was knocking down an Ox, at Mr. Clare's, Butcher, near Ratchiff-Crofs, after the first Blow was given, the Beast broke the Rope to which he was fastened, and gored the poor Man in such a terrible Manner, that he expired in a few Minutes after. — Saturday a Plaisterer, who went by the Name of Doctor Burges, fell from the Top of a House near the Temple, and was killed on the Spot. — On Wednesday Night the upper Part of a House in White's-court, Snow's-fields, Southwark fell down, and Mrs. Flemming, Wife of Mr. Flemming, Sawyer, being in bed with a Child about nine Months old, had the Misfortune to be buried in the Ruins. Mrs. Flemming was taken out alive, but the Infant was quite dead, being suffocated before it could be got out of the Rubbish.

Monday 10. Yesterday all the Foreign Ambassadors waited on his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to compliment him on his safe Arrival in England.

St. James's, Sept. 11. In answer to the Representations made by his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of France, demanding immediate Satisfaction and Reparation for the Acts of Violence committed, on the 1st of June last, by the Commander of a French Ship of War, in conjunction with other French Vessels, at one of the Turks Islands, the Court of France has disavowed the said Proceeding, has disclaimed all Intention or Desire of conquering the Turks Island; and has given Orders to the Comte d'Estaing, Governor of St. Domingo, to cause the said Island to be immediately abandoned on the Part of the French, to restore every Thing therein

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to the Condition to which it was on the 1st of June last, and to make Reparation of the Damages to which any of his Majesty's Subjects shall be found to have sustained in consequence of the said Proceedings, according to an Estimate to be forthwith settled by the said Governor with his Majesty's Governor of Jamaica: and a Duplicate of the said Orders has been delivered to his Majesty's said Ambassador, who has transmitted the same to his Majesty's Secretary of State. *London Gazette.*

Wednesday 12. Last Night's Gazette contains an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, from the Mayor, Burgesses, &c. of the County of the Borough of Carmarthen, on the renewal of their Charters of Incorporation; which Address his Majesty was pleased to receive very graciously.—Yesterday Bräfs Crofsby, Esq; gave Bond to serve the Office of Sheriff for the City of London, and County of Middlesex for the Year ensuing.—On Thursday last the following melancholy Accident happened at the Races on Sydenham Common. As a Jockey to a Horse dealer in the Borough, was riding his Master's Race-horse as one of the Heats, it fell with him to the Ground; and before the poor Man could recover himself, another of the Race-horses rode over him, and with his Foot fractured his Skull in so terrible a Manner that he died on the Spot.—Monday Night two Journeymen Carpenters, who had been playing at Skittles, and were both much intoxicated, quarrelled at their Lodgings near Saltpetre Bank, East-Smithfield, when one of them striking the other on the Head with a Quart Pot, fractured his Skull in such a Manner, that he expired soon after.

Thursday 13. Yesterday the Sessions began at the Old-Bailey, when twenty-five Prisoners were tried, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. Joseph Darbin, for returning from Transportation before the Expiration of his Time, Fifteen were cast for Transportation, and nine acquitted.—Yesterday as two Men and a Woman were coming in a Cart from Epping to Newgate Market with Butter, they were attacked by two Footpads, who robbed the Men of their Money, and a Pair of Silver Buckles, but took nothing from the Woman. They behaved civilly, and re-

turned the Persons robbed something to pay the Turnpike. —The poor German Emigrants are to be sent to South Carolina, and his Majesty has been most graciously pleased to signify to the Gentlemen of the Committee, that His Governor of that Province shall have proper Orders to receive and protect them, They are to have proper Stands of Arms, &c. and this Day the Gentlemen met at Batson's to consider of Ways and Means accordingly.

Friday 14. Yesterday twenty-one Prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Jourden, otherwise Farrell, for stealing Plate and Money to the Amount of about 20l. the Property of Mr. Knight, in his Dwelling house in New North-street; and William Hill, for robbing William King, of two Shillings, near Mims Wash. Fifteen were cast for Transportation, and four acquitted.—Monday a considerable Quantity of China, was seized by two Custom-House Officers, in a Single-horse Chaise upon Westminster-bridge: not being able to convey it immediately to the Custom-House, they lodged it at the Golden-Cross at Charing Cross. There were sixty of the finest Dishes ever seen, besides Silks, and many other Things of considerable Value. They appeared to be the Property of a Right Hon. Personage.—Tuesday Evening a Woman known by the Name of One-eyed Kate, who got her Living by selling Fruit in a Wheel-Barrow about the Streets, after uttering several prophane and blasphemous Oaths, was suddenly taken ill, in Monmouth-street, fell down, and expired immediately.

Saturday 15. Thursday Morning a small Fishing boat, in which were two Boys and a Man, was run down by a Graveend Boat, by which Accident all three were drowned.—Yesterday 22 Prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, five of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Hands and Thomas Hands, for burglary and stealing; George Williams and Tho. Foster for stealing; and John Robinson, for robbing Charles Downes, a Seaman, of 11 Guineas and some Silver, on Salt-Petre Bank. Nine were cast for Transportation and eight acquitted.—*Sr. James's, September 15.* The Damages done to an English Merchant Ship, which was, by mistake, attacked

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in May last by the Commodore of some Spanish Xebecs cruising against the Algerines in the Mediterranean, were immediately paid out of the Spanish Arsenal at Carthage: And, in Consequence of the Representations made on that Subject by his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Madrid, his Catholick Majesty has given Orders for defraying the Expence of the Cure of the English who were wounded in that Attack, for indemnifying the English Captain for the loss of Time occasioned thereby, and for giving a Gratification to the Passenger, who unfortunately lost his Arm by a Shot from the Spanish Xebec. *London Gazette.*

Monday 17. On Saturday the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when eight Convicts received Sentence of Death; forty to be transported for seven Years; One for fourteen Years; and eighteen were discharged by Proclamation. The Sessions of the Peace was adjourned until Tuesday the 25th Instant at Guildhall, and the Sessions of Gaol Delivery until Wednesday the 17th of October next, at the Old Bailey.—Saturday, about eleven o'Clock, the different Proprietors of the new invented Preservatives against drowning met at Black-Friars, to convince the Publick of the Utility of their Inventions, and after settling some Disputes, it was agreed to try them at London-Bridge, at which Time there was a considerable Fall, accordingly, two Men with Cork jackets went through erect without using their Arms or Legs, one of them having a drawn Cutlass in his Hand; then two Men and a Woman with a Mob-cap on and red Ribbands, dressed in Air-jackets, went likewise through, and were followed by two Men with the Marine-Collar and Belt: they continued Dancing in the Eddy a considerable Time, to the no small Diversion of Thousands of Spectators, who surrounded them in Boats. One of the Men in an Air-

jacket presented the Ladies with Apples, regaled himself with Bread and Cheese, &c. after which he fired a Pistol: these Things were contained in his Cap made on purpose. Upon the whole it was a droll and not indecent Sight, they all being dressed in Flannel Shifts and Linen Breeches. — Yesterday Morning, a little before five, all that Part of the beautiful Scaffold, erected for the taking down and rebuilding of the Spire of St. Bride's Church, which stood above the Stone-work (half the Spire being taken down) was blown down by the Violence of the Wind; but what makes it very remarkable is, so strong was its Constructure, that not one of the Ropes gave way, but the Timbers, though all new, snap'd off just in the Middle. In the Falling of the Timbers, they damaged a House or two in the North Passage of the Church, and knocked off the two Balls of the North West Gate of the Church.—Yesterday Morning by the Violence of the Wind considerable Damage was done to the small Craft below Bridge.

Tuesday 18. Friday the Transports in the County Gaol of Surry, pulled down part of the new Stair-case, and piled it up in a lower Ward, and, under pretence of lighting a Pipe, got a light from the Top through the Grate, and set fire to the same; but Information being given to the Keeper, he immediately went back and prevented the Gaol being set on Fire, which was certainly their Design: four of the Principals are kept chained down, as they threaten to kill the Person whom they suspect gave Intelligence.

Thursday 20. The Committee for the Relief of the Palatines met Yesterday at Batson's Coffee House, and came to several Regulations for providing them with the necessary Cloaths and Utensils, that they will want during their Passage, and in America.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. **A**dvices from Poland of the 26th Ult. say, that Prince Radzivil had been judicially deprived of his Dignity as Palatine; and by the same Sentence, his Creditors are allowed to take Possession of his E-

states. The Princess Radzivil, and Count Malachowski, it's said are dead.—*Warsaw, August 29.* Prince Radzivil has found Means to get into the Country of Zips, to Count Braniccki, Great-General of the Crown: so that there is no longer

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longer any Appearance that these two Noblemen will assist at the approaching Election. — *Vienna, August 29.* According to Advices from Hungary, a Body of 30,000 Spahis (Turkish Horse) has actually put itself in march from the Environs of Belgrade towards Moldavia and Wallachia; so that there are at present near 60,000 Turks on the Confines of Transylvania and Poland. — *Lisbon, August 15.* By a late Accommodation settled between the two Courts, such British Ships of War, and Merchantmen, who have any Occasion to touch at St. Salvador, or any other Settlement in the Brazils, are for the future to be supplied with every Necessary, both in War, Victualling and Furniture, without meeting with those Delays, so much complained of by English Cruizers touching there in Distress.

América. From Jamaica we have Advice of the Arrival there of Major-Gen. Lord Adam Gordon; and that his Excellency Gov. Johnstone of West Florida, was likewise arrived there from England, and failed for his Government. The Swift Sloop of War was gone down to the Bay of Honduras, and all Differences with the Spaniards are in a fair way of being accommodated.

Country News. On Monday the 3d Instant four Men going into an old Coal-pit at Newton in Lancashire, with Lights, the Lamps caught Fire, and they were all suffocated in a few Minutes. — Mr. Rowel, the Tragedian, has been so much approved of at Bristol, that a Subscription is set on foot to build him an elegant and commodious Theatre, against the next Summer's Expedition to that City.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Colonel Richard Lambert, of a Daughter. — The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Edgcumbe of a Son.

M A R R I A G E S.

At Chelsea, Nicholas Ferner, Esq; to Miss Meriton of that Place, an Heiress of 20,000*l.* Fortune. — Mr. Steele, of London, Merchant, to Miss Lawson of West Moulsey. — Mr. Bosworth, Packer, in Winchester-street, to Mrs. Leake of the Borough. — Mr. Francis Bedwell, a considerable Farmer at Hampton in Glou-

cestershire, to Miss Polly Jenning of Abchurch Lane.

D E A T H S.

Sir William Hardres, Bart. — Mr. Peter Guillemand, an eminent Silk Weaver, in Steward-street, Spitalfields. — Nathaniel Kerfoot, Esq; one of the Elder Brothers of the Trinity House. — The Right Hon. Lady Fanny Montague, second Daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Halifax. — The Rev. Mr. Benj. Wilfon, Vicar of Wakefield and Norman-ton, and Prebendary of York. — Anthony Goodrich, Esq; Russian Merchant in Cannon street. — The Lady of Sir Thomas Frederick, Bart. — Mr. David Robinson, an eminent wholesale Grocer in Cheapside. — Mr. Joseph Guinand, Merchant, in Little St. Helens. — Mr. Pyecroft, formerly an eminent Brewer in the Minories, and many Years Deputy of Aldgate Ward.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Barrett, to the Rectory of Shadwell in the County of Essex and Diocese of London. — The Rev. George Crofts, B. A. to the Vicarage of Narborough, in the County of Nottingham, and Diocese of York. — The Rev. Mr. Marshall, to be Lecturer of St. Gregory's and St. Mary Magdalen, Old Fifth-street.

B — K R — T S.

September 8. Edward Maylam, of Ashford, Kent, Draper. — Thomas Rock, of Bristol, Merchant. — Thomas Bache, the Younger, of Bridgenorth, in the County of Salop, Tanner. — James Fuller, of Mile End, Middlesex, Bricklayer.

11. Richard Moseley, jun. of Chichester, in Sussex, Linnen-Draper.

15. Thomas Johnson, of Store-street, St. Giles's, Carver. — John Wright, of Manchester, Lancashire, Hatmaker. — William Norris, of Bell Alley, Gracechurch street, London, Merchant. — John Lewis Peyer, of Little Moorfields, Merchant.

18. James Philip, of Reading, Berks, Timber Merchant. — Richard Palthorp, of Barking, Essex, Victualler. — William Mills, of Hempsall, Norfolk, Grocer. — Abraham Parkin, of Workington, in Cumberland, Horse Dealer.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
September 21, to Friday October 5, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

R U S S I A.

Petersburgh, August 21.

THE Empress is perfectly recovered
of her late Indisposition. *Lond.
Gaz.*

The following Manifesto, published
by the Court of Petersburgh, gives us
the History of the tragical End of Prince
Ivan, who was assassinated lately in the
Fortress of Schlussemburg.

CATHERINE II. *by the Grace of God,
Empress and Sovereign of all the Russias,
&c. &c. maketh known by these Presents
to all to whom it appertaineth:*

"WHEN by the Will of God, and
agreeable to the unanimous Wishes of
all our faithful Subjects, We mounted
the Throne of Russia, We were not ig-
norant that Prince John, born of the
Marriage of Prince Antony of Brun-
swick-Wolfenbuttel with the Princess
Ann of Mecklenbourg, was still alive.
That Prince, as all the World knows, was
no sooner born than he was illegally
appointed to wear the Imperial Crown
of Russia; but by the Decrees of Provi-
dence he was in a short Time after ex-
cluded for ever, and the Scepter reverted
to the lawful Heir, Daughter of Peter
the Great, our most dear Aunt of glo-
rious Memory.

"Our first Cares, on our Accession
to the Throne, after having rendered
our Thanksgiving to Heaven, were, thro'
an Effect of the Humanity which is nat-
ural to us, to make as easy as possi-
ble the Fate of that Prince, dethroned
by the Divine Will, and unhappy from
his Infancy. We proposed immediately
to see him Ourselves, to judge of the
Faculties of his Mind, and to procure
him, suitable to his Character, and to
the Education which he had hitherto
received, a tranquil and comfortable
Life. But what was our Surprise to

find, that besides a Stammering incom-
modious to himself and nearly incom-
prehensible to others, he was absolutely
deprived of Sense and Reason. All
those who were then with Us, saw
how much our Heart suffered at sight
of an Object so proper to excite our
Compassion; and they were at the same
Time convinced, there remained nothing
for us to do for that Prince, born so un-
happily, but to leave him where he
was, and to procure him all the In-
dulgencies suitable to his Situation. We
gave our Orders in consequence, tho'
his Condition did not permit him to be
sensible of it, not knowing any Body,
not being able to distinguish good from
evil, nor to make use of Books to pass
away the Time, placing on the con-
trary all his Felicity in Things which
shewed the Disorder of his Imagination.

"To prevent therefore any Attempts
of evil minded Persons, from particular
Views, to interrupt in any Manner
whatever, or to make use of his Per-
son to trouble the publick Repose; We
ordered him a sure Guard, and placed
over him two honest and faithful Offi-
cers of the Garrison. These were Cap-
tain Wlassieff and Lieutenant Tschekin,
who, by their long Services in the Mi-
litary, where their Healths had greatly
suffered, merited Recompence, and an
easy Employ for the Remainder of their
Days. It was recommended to those two
Officers to take all imaginable Care of
his Person.

"However, notwithstanding all these
Precautions, it was impossible to pre-
vent a Villain, through a most unnatural
wicked Propensity, and in contempt
even of his own Life, from committing
at Schlussembourg a Deed, the Thought
of which alone strikes a Terror. A
Sub-Lieutenant of the Regiment of Smo-
lensk,

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lenk, Infantry, an Ukranian by Birth, named Basile Mirowitz, Grandson of the first Rebel who followed Mazeppa, and to whom Perjury was transmitted by Blood, as appears, having passed his Life in Debauchery, Dissipation and Disorder, and being thereby deprived of the Means of making an honourable Fortune; having at length lost sight of what he owed to the Law of God and the Oath of Fidelity which he had taken to Us, not knowing Prince John but by Name, and still much less the Qualities of his Body and Mind, took it into his Head to attempt to make by his Means a shining Fortune, at whatever Price, and however bloody the Scene might prove to the Public.

"For the Execution of this Project, so detestable and dangerous for the Country, and desperate for himself, he demanded, during our Journey into Livonia, that he might be sent, tho' it was not his turn, to form the Guard which is relieved every eight Days in the Fortress of Schloessenbourg; and in the Night between the 4th and 5th of last Month, at two Hours after Midnight, he suddenly awoke his grand Guard, ranged them in Front, and ordered them to charge with Ball. Berednickoff, Commandant of the Fortress, having heard a Noise, sallied out of his Quarter, and demanded the Reason of Mirowitz himself, but all the Answer he got from that Rebel was a Blow from the But-End of his Mulet on his Head, which wounded and stunned him. After this he suddenly led his Troop to attack and fire on the few Soldiers who guarded Prince John; but the latter who were found under the Orders of the two Officers, before named, received him in such a Manner, that he was obliged to retire. By a particular Direction of Providence, who watches over the Lives of Men, there was that Night a very thick Fog, which, joined to the interior Situation of the Fortress, occasioned no Person to be killed or wound-

"The ill Success of this first Attempt could not make this Enemy of the public Repose desist from his Project of Rebellion; Despair suggested to him the bringing from a Bastion a Piece of Cannon with the necessary Ammunition, which he soon accomplished. Captain Waller and his Lieutenant Tschelin,

seeing a Force which they could not resist, and a Misfortune much greater, inevitable, if the Charge to them confided was delivered up, by the innocent Blood which it would cost the Country in such Troubles, they both resolved on the only Step which they thought remained, that is to say, to secure the public Tranquility by bridging the Days of the unfortunate Prince. Considering, besides this, that if they let a Prisoner escape in such a Manner, they should risk being punished according to all the Rigour of the Laws, they took away the Life of the Prince, without being deterred by the Fear of receiving Death from the Hand of a Villain drove to Desperation. This Monster, seeing before him the Body of the lifeless Prince, was so struck with the unexpected Blow, that he immediately acknowledged his Rashness and his Crime, and discovered his Repentance to his Troop, which but an Hour before he had seduced, and made Accomplices of his Villany.

"It was then that the Officers, who had stifled this Revolt in its Birth, conjointly with the Commandant, secured the Rebel, brought back the Soldiers to their Duty, and sent to our Privy-Counsellor and Senator Panin (under whose Orders they are) the Report of this Event, which, though unhappy, may, by the Protection of Heaven, have prevented a much greater Misfortune.

"This Senator immediately sent Lieutenant Colonel Caschken with sufficient Instructions to secure Tranquility and good Order on the Spot, and at the same Time dispatched a Courier to Us with the Detail of this Affair. In consequence of which, We ordered our Lieutenant-General Weymar, of the Division of St. Petersburg, to repair to the Place, and to get the necessary Informations, which being finished, he has just remitted to Us the Interrogatories, the Depositions of the Witnesses, the Convictions, and the Villain's own Confession.

"Having acknowledged the Greatness of this Crime, and how much it concerns the Repose of the whole Country, We have laid the whole Affair before our Senate, and ordered them, in conjunction with the Synod to invite the three first Classes and the Presidents of all the Colleges, to hear the Re-

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port from the Mouth of Lieutenant-General Weymar, who has gone thro' the Informations, afterwards to pronounce Sentence according to the Laws of the Empire, and when it is signed, to present it to us for our Confirmation."

[The Original is signed by her Imperial Majesty's own Hand.]

17 Aug. 1764. (L.S.) CATHERINE.

DENMARK, Copenhagen, Sept. 4. The Nuptials of their Royal and most Serene Highnesses, the Hereditary Prince and the Princess of Hesse, were solemnized on Saturday last, in the Presence of their Danish Majesties and the Royal Family; all the Foreign Ministers by Invitation assisted, and afterwards supped, in the usual Manner, at the King's Table. The City was superbly illuminated, and all Ranks of People shewed the utmost Joy on this happy Occasion. Yesterday the whole Court waited on their Royal and most Serene Highnesses with Compliments of Felicitations; and the Evening concluded with a Supper and Ball at the Prince Royal's Apartments. This Day, being her Danish Majesty's Birth Day, there will be a Ball and Supper at Court; and Tomorrow the Royal Family will return to Fridesburgh; from whence, it is said, the Prince and Princess will speedily set out for Hanau. The King of Denmark on this Occasion, gave nine Ribbons of the Order of Dannebrog, and made some other Promotions of less Moment. *London Gaz.*

NETHERLANDS. We learn from Leyden, that a Florist there has an Aloe in his Garden, of the Species termed by Botanists, *Americana ex Vera Cruce Major*, the Body of which is three Feet and a Half high, four Feet five Inches in Circumference, and has shot forth a Stalk of thirty one Feet in Height. From this Stalk proceed forty-six Shoots, bearing 7,856 Flowers. The whole Plant has near 100 Leaves, some of which are about five Feet long, and so thick that they can bear the Weight of a Man upon them without breaking. This Aloe began to push forth its Stalk only within these two Months.

POLAND, Warsaw, August 30. Monday last, being the Day fixed for the Diet of Election, the Primate, with the Senators and Nonces, went in

a magnificent Procession to the Field, half a Mile distant from this Town, allotted for this important Ceremony: the first Object was the Choice of a Marshal, by the Chamber of Nonces, which fell on the Great Notary of Lithuania, Count Sosnosky. Yesterday they sent a Deputation to the Senate to acquaint them of this Choice; and this Day the two Chambers will join. *London Gaz.*

GERMANY. Letters from Berlin of the 15th of Sept. import, that two Couriers were arrived there, with the important News, that the Election of a King of Poland was happily accomplished on the 7th at Warsaw, in the Person of Count Pociatowski, Grand Pander of Lithuania; and that he had been proclaimed under the Name of Stanislaus-Augustus, King of Poland, and Grand Duke of Lithuania. This Election, we are further told, was made with an Unanimity, of which there is no Example in the Annals of Poland. At each of the three Interrogations of the the Prince Primate to the different Palatinates (through whose Ranks he rode in a Phaeton according to Custom) *Who they would have for a King?* they all gave their Suffrages to Count Pociatowski, without the least Contradiction. This Count, (says our Correspondent) whom the Bishop of Smolensko had in view, when he exhorted his Countrymen to chuse for a King the best amongst them, is the only Sovereign which the Nation wished for. — *Berlin, September 18.* Last Saturday the King of Prussia arrived in this Capital from Silesia, accompanied by the Prince Royal, and Prince Henry of Prussia, the Hereditary Prince, and the two Princes of Brunswick. The next Morning the King of Prussia set out from hence for Potsdam, where, in all Probability, he will remain for some Time, as there will, on the 27th of this Month, be a Camp formed in that Neighbourhood, which is to be composed of the Troops in Garrison at Potsdam, Spandow, and Brandenburg, and of two or three Regiments from this Place; they have received Orders to hold themselves in readiness to march against the 25th or 26th Instant. *London Gaz.* — They write from Berlin, that the Sieur de Verest, Envoy Extraordinary from the Republic of Holland, set out the 12th In-

stant from thence for the Hague on some Affairs of Importance that are on the Carpet between the King of Prussia and the States of Holland. — *Wittenberg, in Saxony, Sept. 5.* There has been a Fire at Bruck, near Belzig, which has destroyed the Church, the Cloysters, the Deanery, the School, and 77 other public and private Buildings. Near all the Production of the Harvest, which was just lodged in the Barns and Granaries, was consumed; and what still adds to the Calamity, the Contagion amongst the horned Cattle has raged with such Violence, that of 400 Head of Oxen, which the Inhabitants possessed at the Beginning of the Year, they have scarcely four score left. — Private Letters from Austria dated the 5th Instant, explain the Motives for the Turks being in Motion on the Frontiers of Hungary; which is, that they are only in Conformity to a Resolution of the Ottoman Porte, declared last Summer, sending Troops to Oczakow, Bender, and Chocim, to change the Garrisons, and to repair the Fortifications of those Places, without any Design to break the Peace and good Understanding which subsist between the Turkish Empire and its Neighbours. — An Earthquake was felt the 16th Ult. at Breslau in Silesia, but did no Damage.

FRANCE, Rouen, Sept. 16. In the Beginning of this Month the Parliament confirmed the Sentence which condemned to be broke alive on the Wheel and then cast into the Fire, a young Gentleman of Picardy aged 17 Years, convicted of having attempted to poison at a Repast, his Uncle and Aunt, and several Guests that were present, one of whom died in five Hours after. This Wretch was executed the 16th; his Name was *Roi-de-Valines* of a Family of Note. He already enjoyed his Fortune, which amounted to 24,000 Livres per Annum. The Arrêt grants 20,000 Livres of Damages and Costs to the Family of him that was poisoned. At his Execution he confessed all the Crimes he was accused of, and more, showing many Robberies and Burglaries, which were not set down in the Indictment against him. — The Faculty of Paris have at last determined the great Question relating to Inoculation, by a Majority of 52 Voices against 25, in favour of that Practice.

ITALY, Turin, September 8. There is Advice from Genoa that two Genoese Ships endeavouring to throw some Succours into St. Firenzo, then closely besieged by the Malecontents of Corsica, were opposed in their Design by four Ships belonging to the Corsicans; and that, after a very sharp Engagement, the two Genoese Ships had taken one of the Corsicans, sunk another, and obliged the two others to run away; after which they brought their Succours into the Port of St. Firenzo. About a Fortnight ago three Maltese Gallies (of those which are the Property of the Great Masters of the Order of Malta) attacked on the Coast of Sardinia, four Algerine Xebèques, took three of them, and gave the other Chace, though in vain. These Gallies were come at the Request of the Vice-Roy of Sardinia, to cruise on the Coasts of the Island, which are infested with Algerines; and his Sardinian Majesty has just now ordered his two Frigates to sail out immediately to join the Maltese Ships on the same Cruise. *Lond. Gaz. — Genoa, Sept. 8.* On the 3d Instant at Night, this Republic received an Express from Calvi, advising that two Genoese armed Barks and two Feluccas fell in with on the 26th past, two Corsican armed Barks, one Tartan, and three Feluccas, in the Gulf of St. Firenzo. The Corsicans immediately attacked the Genoese; but after an Engagement of two Hours, the largest of the Corsican Barks (said to have mounted 18 Guns and 150 Men) ran ashore, took the Tartan, which had one Gun of 18 Pounds Shot, and two others of a smaller Caliber, and several Wall Pieces; when this Vessel was taken, there were only eight Corsicans found alive aboard, and two dead. One of the Corsican Feluccas, either designedly or casually, blew up whilst it was engaged with one of the Genoese Feluccas, and the greatest Part of the Crews of both perished, or were wounded. After this Defeat of the Corsicans, the Barks proceeded up the Gulf, and landed the Succours they had on board at the besieged St. Firenza, and retired to Calvi to rest. — Yesterday one of the Republic's Gallies sailed for Bastia and carried M. Augustin Sperone, who is to remain there with the Character of Vice-governor, and M. Sauli, who resided

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resided there some Years in Character of Commissary General, is to embark on board the Galley to return hither. *Land. Gaz.* — *Naples*, Sept. 4. The Sickness, which for several Months has reigned in this City, and carried off many of its Inhabitants, is now entirely ceased. The Government has ordered three consecutive Days of public Thanksgiving, to be observed in all the Churches, for the Cessation of the said Calamity. *Land. Gaz.*

Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia, dated Aug. 9. "From Carlisle we have the following melancholy Intelligence, viz. That on Sunday the 22d Ult. two or three Indians were seen near Fort Loudoun; that on the Wednesday following, a Woman named Cunningham, big with Child, was going from her own House to one Justice M^d Dowell's, about two Miles below Loudoun, she was met with by the Savages, who murdered, scalped, and otherwise most horribly abused her, ripping her Belly open, and taking out the Child, which they left lying beside her; that another Woman named Jameson, was missing, supposed to have been carried off. That on the 26th of July, in the Forenoon, the Enemy came upon a School-house, on Conococheague Creek, about twelve or fifteen Miles from Fort Loudoun, in the very Heart of the Settlement; where they killed and scalped the Master, one Mr. Brown, and nine of his Scholars; that there were four more belonging to the School, who, it is thought, were made Prisoners, as they had not been heard of; that this bloody Massacre was first discovered by a Man passing by, who on hearing no Noise in the School, went to visit and saw the Man lying scalped, with the Bible under his Arm; that one of his Scholars was then alive, (but died soon after) who told him there were four Indians, who were not seen till after they entered the House; that two of the Children then murdered, belonged to an unhappy Man who had four others carried off by the Savages last War; that several small Parties of the Enemy were said to have been seen in that Settlement; and that a Stroke struck so far in the settled Part of the Country, it was feared, would occa-

tion many of the Inhabitants to leave their Places." — *Boston (New-England)* July 30. We hear from Rocky-hill in Connecticut, that a Negro Fellow belonging to Mr. Brandyke, having been offended, took a Knife, with a Flint, and ran up to the Garret, where was half a Barrel of Powder open, and struck Fire therein, which blew the Negro and the Roof of the House into the Air, and tore him to pieces. A Man in the House saw him strike Fire once, which did not catch, and saved himself by running down Stairs just before the Explosion.

I R E L A N D.

Dublin, Sept. 18. On Thursday a Common Council was held at the Tholsel on occasion of the terrible Riots which have been wantonly raised, and wickedly fomented within this City and the Liberties adjacent, when it was unanimously ordered, That the Lord Mayor be enabled to give a certain Reward for the apprehending, and convicting every Person concerned in these abominable Riots, for which a Proclamation is to be speedily issued: And a Committee of Aldermen and Commons is appointed to enquire into the Cause of these Riots, and to consider of the best Expedients for preventing such shameful Abuses for the future.

C O U N T R Y N E W S.

They write from Hawkhurst in Kent, that the principal Smugglers there; and at Goodhurst, the Seven Sisters, and at Benuire in Suffolk, have left their Dwellings and gone off, their Credit being entirely ruined, by not being able to make good their Payments to their Agents and Dealers in France and Holland, who refuse to give them Credit even for a trifling Sum, occasioned by the frequent Captures made by the Cutters in his Majesty's Service on smuggling Vessels. — *Extract of a Letter from East-Loon in Cornwall, September 14.* The late high Winds have done a deal of Damage upon our Obisly, and occasioned the Loss of a Number of our fishing Vessels, with the Lives of the People who were employed in them. A very extraordinary Accident also happened to the Wife of one John Gill, a Farmer

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Farmer in our Neighbourhood, who being on the Road from hence to Tar-point with Fruit for Plymouth Market, upon the Cliffs by the Sea side (for there is no other Road) was overpowered by a sudden Gust of Wind, and forced, together with her Horse, over the Cliffs, to the Loss of both their Lives, as they fell at least 200 Feet from the Road down to the Sea. — A melancholy Accident happened on the 17th of Sept. at Braynton-Ford, in Herefordshire, where a Man and a Boy, with five Horses in a Waggon, endeavouring to pass the River Wye, were carried down by the Rapidity of the Current, and all perished.

— *Plymouth, Sept. 24.* Saturday a poor Woman, who goes about the Country selling Lace, was decoyed into a House near Hilley Barracks, by a Servant Maid, who under pretence of buying some of her Lace, desired the poor Woman to let her carry some of it into the ParLOUR to shew her Mistress; which the Woman complied with. The Jade cut off a Yard, or more of the Lace, and told the Woman her Mistress did not like it; and so carried several Patterns of Lace to shew her pretended Mistress, and curtailed them all as above; which Fraud the old Woman finding out, made a Complaint at the Barracks, and had the Wench taken into Custody. This being told by the Offender to some of the Soldiers of her Acquaintance, three or four of them way-laid the old Woman, dragged her into a Field, ravished her, and robbed her of several Guineas that were in her Box. Two of the Fellows are taken; the rest have absconded. — *Bath, September 25.* The Subscription Book for Balls for the Winter Season was opened Yesterday, and immediately filled. Mr. Derrick was at the same Time again appointed Master of the Ceremonies, by the general Voice of the Company.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, September 21st.

On Tuesday last was held a Board for determining the Merits of the three different Methods for discovering the Longitude; when the Proprietor of the Marine Chair endeavoured to refute the Assertions of a Gentleman whose Opinion he thought did not do Justice to his

Chair. Another Gentleman, who spoke with great Candour of all the three Methods, acknowledged, that Observations may be made with greater Certainty in, than out of the Marine Chair; but expressed his Apprehensions as to the ascertaining the Longitude at Sea by it, were the Satellite Theory perfect enough to do it, which he desired to doubt. The Lunar Method was acknowledged by the Gentlemen to answer very well, but they objected to the tedious Calculations attending it, to obviate which, Mr. Witchel, a Gentleman well known for his Skill in Astronomical Calculations, presented to that honourable Board a Method, by which it may be reduced to a single Proportion by Logarithms; and consequently as simple as can be desired. With regard to Mr. Harrison's Time-Keeper, it will be sufficient to observe, that its Merits were found to be such, that the Honourable Commissioners were pleased to order him the immediate Payment of 1000*l.* — *Wednesday Night* the Shop of Mess. Grape and Pettill, Hair-cutters, in Bishopsgate-street, was broke open and robbed of a Bag of Money. It is said that the Rogues broke in through a Cobler's Stall that is under the Shop Window. — *Wednesday Night* some Rogues got into the House Mr. Lowe, Jeweller, in Noble-street near Goldsmith's Hall, stole a Watch and some cast Work, with several Things in the Jewelling Business, not quite finished; and then made off, leaving the Street Door open.

— *Saturday 22.* Yesterday Morning, about one o'Clock, two Higgler's Carts going from Shacklewell to Epping-market, were attacked in the new Road at Leyton by two Footpads. The Carts having been robbed a few Nights before had then a Guard with them for their Security, who shot one of the Fellows; but the Higgler's Horses taking Fright at the Report of the Pistol, the other narrowly escaped. — *Yesterday at Noon*, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Governors of the several City Hospitals, heard a Sermon at Christ Church, after which they proceeded to the Grammar School of Christ-Hospital, where a Latin Oration was spoken by Nicholas Taitton, and an English one by Thomas Penycroft. In the English Oration a proper

Acknow-

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Acknowledgement was made of the great Services and Merit of the late incomparable Sir John Barnard, *Gaz.*

Saturday, Sept. 22. This Day being the Anniversary of their Majesties Coronation, there was a grand Appearance of the Nobility and Foreign Ministers, and other Persons of Distinction, to compliment their Majesties on that Occasion. At Noon the Guns in the Park and at the Tower were fired; and in the Evening there were Bonfires, Illuminations, and other public Demonstrations of Joy. *Gaz.*

Tuesday 25. The Coroner's Inquest sat on the Body of a Weaver that was killed in a Fray on Saturday Night last in Spital-fields; and brought in their Verdict Willful Murder. Several Persons are in pursuit of some Irish Journey-men Bakers, who were concerned in the above Murder, and have absconded.

Wednesday 26. A few Days ago one Nicholas, a Painter, known by the Name of the Latig-Spaniard, for striking Wages, undertook to eat four twopenny Cheesecakes in six Minutes; but expired as he was eating the last.

Thursday 27. This Day was held a General Court of the Governor, &c. of the Bank of England, when a Dividend of 2 1/2 per Cent. (instead of 2 1/4, as for some Years past) was declared for the half Year ending the 1st of next Month, with Assurances from the Governor, that there were great Hopes the same Dividend would be continued: upon which Bank-Rock rose this Day near 3 per Cent.

Friday, September 28. Last Night one of his Majesty's Messengers arrived from Madrid with Dispatches from his Majesty's Ambassador at that Court, transmitting a Duplicate of the Orders, which, in consequence of his Excellency's late Remonstrances, that Court has dispatched to Don Felipe Ramirez de Estenoz, Governor of Yucatan: in which Orders his Catholic Majesty disapproves the Protestings of the said Governor, with respect to his Majesty's Subjects in the Bay of Honduras; expresses his Desire of giving his Majesty the greatest Proofs of his Friendship, and of preserving Peace with the British Nation; and commands the said Governor to re-establish the British Logwood Cutters in the several Places from which he has obliged them to retire; and to let them know, that they may return

to their Occupation of cutting Logwood, without being disquieted or disturbed under any Pretence whatsoever. *Gaz.*

Saturday 29. Yesterday Morning the Tide ran higher than has been known for some Years: it carried away the Gates of Mr. Basson, the Ship Builder's Dock at Limehouse, with a considerable Quantity of Timber, and did other considerable Damages to some Ships on the Stocks: it also overflowed the North Shore all the Way up; all the Cellars of the Houses near the Water-side were filled, and in some Houses two Feet of Water in the Ground Floor: it also did considerable Damage to the Bale Goods in the Bridge-yard. The Wind did much Damage amongst the Shipping; several broke from their Moorings, and beat against one another, and it was with the greatest Difficulty some of the Colliers were kept above Water, having several bulges and other Leakages, occasioned by the violent Motion. Plaitow Marshes were also overflowed, the Banks being broke. This Day Sir William Stephenson, Knt. was elected Lord-Mayor of this City for the Year ensuing.

Monday, October 1. Saturday Afternoon a loaded Corn-lighter sunk in going through one of the Arches of London bridge, by which four Men who were therein were unfortunately drowned.

Tuesday 2. Yesterday Thomas Harris, Esq; and Brads Crosby, Esq; the two new Sheriffs, with the Lord-Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Court of Assistants of the Apothecaries and Musicians Companies, went from the Three Granes, in the City Barge, to Westminster-Hall, where they were presented to the Chief Baron of the Exchequer; after which they returned to Ironmongers-Hall, where an elegant Entertainment was given by Brads Crosby, Esq;

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 2. By Letters lately received from Commodore Palliser, dated at St. John's in Newfoundland the 1st of last Month, it appears, that having dispatched a Sloop with a Letter to the French Governor at St. Pierre, to enquire into the Truth of the Reports which prevailed of the French having mounted Cannon, and erected Works on that Island contrary to Treaty, he, in Answer, received Assurances from the said-Governor, that there was only one four Pounder Gun mounted without a Platform, and with no other In-

tention

tention than to answer Signals to their Fishermen in Foggy Weather; that there were no Buildings erected or Works contrary to Treaty; and that the Guard consisted of no more than forty-seven Men, and had never exceeded fifty. It farther appears by the Commodore's said Letters, that there had not been, or were at that Time, at the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, more than one French Ship of War of 50 Guns, one Frigate of 26 Guns, and another of less Force, with two large Ships en Flute, the Destination of one of the said Ships en Flute being for Cayenne, and the other for St. Domingo: That none of those

Ships had, and, the commanding Officer assured the Commodore, none of them would, enter into any of the Harbours on the Coasts of Newfoundland. And the Commodore adds, that the concurrent Fishery in those Parts of the said Coasts, whereon the French are by Treaties permitted to fish, had been carried on in perfect Tranquility. *Gaz.*

Thursday 4. Yesterday was held an extraordinary general Court of the Governors of the London Hospital, Mile End Road, for the Election of a Physician to succeed Dr. John Andree, who has resigned, when Dr. Dawson was declared duly elected.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. Warsaw, September 8.

THE Ceremony of the Election of Count Stanislaus to the Throne of Poland, passed the 6th Inst. with the most perfect Unanimity of the Suffrages of the whole Nation, delivered by the different Palatinates assembled for that Purpose; and Yesterday he was proclaimed by the Name of Stanislaus Augustus, and conducted to the Court and Palace through the Acclamations of several Thousand of Spectators. The Prime announced the Election to all the Foreign Ministers, who in consequence thereof demanded Audiences this Morning; and they accordingly had the Honour to pay their Respects and Congratulations on his happy Accession to the Crown. The Coronation is fixed for the 25th of November. *London Gazette.*

America. From the Quebec Gazette we learn, that Matters are entirely settled with all the Nations who attended the Meeting held lately at Niagara; the greatest ever known, being about 2000 Indians. There were twenty-two different Nations at this Congress, eleven of which were Western Indians; all behaved well, and were discharged in the best Humour.

Country News. Thursday 27th Ult. two most cruel Murders were committed in the House of Mr. Ruscombe, in the College-green, Bristol, upon the Bodies of his Wife and Servant Woman. Mr. Ruscombe being at a Place near Bridge-water, a Female Acquaintance spent the Evening with his Wife on Wednesday, and engaged to dine there the next Day: she accordingly went; upon knocking at the Door, and receiving no answer, lifted

up the Latch and went in, when, to her great Surprise, she saw the Servant lie bleeding in the Parlour, with her Throat cut, and soon after the Mistress, near the Bottom of the Stairs, in the same Condition: an Alarm was given, which soon drew together a vast Concourse of People, many of whom, on entering the House, found the Blood was not coagulated: a Demonstration that the horrid Deed had been but just before carried into Execution. Upon examining their Bodies, both their Skulls were found to be fractured. The Coroners Jury sat that Night upon the Bodies, and brought in their Verdict Wilful Murder. The Mayor and Aldermen of that City have offered 100l. Reward for a Discovery.

B—KR—TS.

Sept. 22. Peter Canon, of Bell-Alley, Coleman-street, London, Jeweller. — James Patterson, jun. of St. George the Martyr, in Middlesex, Turner.

25. Philip Handcock, of Rood-lane, Merchant. — Thomas Smith, of Rotherhithe in Surry, Ship Chandler. — Elizabeth Robinson, of Queen-street, Soho, Middlesex, Millener. — James Squire, of Clifton upon Team, Worcestershire, Dealer. — John Baverstock of Alresford, Hants, Dealer.

29. Joseph Hughes, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Rope maker. — Sampson Cohen, of Dartmouth, Devon, Dealer.

Oct. 2. Peter Cuffley, of Colchester, Essex, Ironmonger, Bricklayer, and Limeburner. — Joseph Bomberg, of Poor-Jury-lane, Merchant. — John Aingworth, of Bewdley, Worcestershire, Innholder and Victualler.

Births, Marriages, &c. in our next.

AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
October 5, to Friday October 19, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

DENMARK.

L E T T E R S from Copenhagen of the 21st past advise, that upwards of 1400 Persons were daily employed in the Danish Royal Woollen Manufactory. They produced last Year 66 Pieces of good Cloth; and in other Woollen Fabricks there are, in the whole, about 4000 Men at work. There are likewise 16 Silk Fabricks, where 938 Persons are at work; of the said 16 the Royal is the largest, there being 105 Looms, which employ 335 People.

NETHERLANDS. *Hague, Sept. 28.* M. de Moser, the Hessian Minister, having finished his Commission to mutual Satisfaction, has taken leave of the States-General. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Offend, October 4.* Last Night the Tide rose so high that it overflowed the Quay, and came up as far as the Custom-house; a Thing scarcely known within the Memory of Man; not one of the Piles, which were driven to defend the Banks, was to be seen; and this Night it is again as high, which fills us with Astonishment to account for it. The Wind was varying from one Point to another, between N. and N. E. blowing directly into the Harbour's Mouth. There are several Ships which lie here Wind-bound, and have done so for above a Fortnight. — They write from Holland, that the Harbours of Flushing and Helvoetsluice have been considerably damaged by the late high Tides. — A Letter from Amsterdam mentions that 2000 Tons of Cordage are now Shipping at that Port for the Use of the French Navy.

POLAND. Letters from Warsaw breathe nothing but the Marks of Joy and Satisfaction of the Grandees and Noblesse on the Choice of their King. Count Potocki, Palatine of Kiovie, who was one of his Competitors for the Throne, among other Compliments,

said, "As Divine Providence, great King, has raised you to the Throne, I attest before Heaven that you have no Subjects more faithful than me and mine, and that I will preserve, till Death, the most perfect Zeal for your Majesty's Service." — The new elected Polish Monarch is Son of Count Poniatowski, who was a Colonel of the Swedish Guards of King Stanislaus of Poland, and a Nobleman of uncommon Merit. His Attachment to the Person of Charles the XIIth of Sweden was such, that he followed him into Ukraina as a Volunteer, without any Post in his Army. He was a Man of invincible Courage, and of great Calmness and Presence of Mind in the most imminent Dangers. He was the chief Instrument in saving and carrying off the Swedish Hero from the Battle of Pultowa, when desperately wounded; for which Service he was promoted to the Rank of a General. He also preserved the Life of that Prince a second Time, at the Battle of Rugen in Pomierania. He afterwards acted as Ambassador from Charles XII. at Constantinople; which Duty he discharged with extraordinary Address. His Son, the present King of Poland, who inherits all the Virtues of his illustrious Father, is about five Feet seven in Stature, about 32 Years of Age, has a Majestic Aspect, a piercing Eye, and possesses great Courage, tempered with Reason; his natural Parts, which are strong and quick, are improved by a very liberal Education; he is blest with the Gift of Memory in a very extraordinary Manner; he speaks several Languages in great Perfection, and is a Lover of the Arts and Sciences. This Monarch visited London in the Year 1754, remained in England from the beginning of September to the latter End of December

cember, and when in Town lodged at Mr. Copenhole's in Suffolk-street, near the Mews. During his Stay in this Kingdom he made a Tour thro' South Britain, and examined every Thing worthy the Attention of an ingenious and curious Traveller. He went two or three times to Westminster Abbey, and copied the most remarkable Inscriptions on the ancient Monuments there; he was also in the Golden Gallery at the Top of St. Paul's Church, where he wrote his Name. He liked England, and was fond of the Persons in genteel Life with whom he conversed; but considered the lower Class in a very unfavourable light, on account of some Mobs which he chanced to be a Spectator of, and from thence had two hastily formed his Opinion of the Behaviour of the whole Body of the common People. —They write from Warsaw, that a terrible Fire broke out there in the Cracow Suburbs, in the Night between the 11th and 12th Ult. which had reduced upwards of 40 Dwelling Houses to Ashes. —*Warsaw, Sept. 22.* Great Preparations are making for the Coronation, which will be very magnificent. *London, Sept. 20.* The Speech made by Count Keyserling, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Court of Russia to the Diet of Election, was intended to be delivered in Person, but being prevented by a sudden Illness, the same was read to a full Assembly; in which the following Description is given of the Person of the present King: It has pleased her Imperial Majesty of all Russia, who had no other Interest in the Election of a King of Poland, than the Welfare of the Republick, and the neighbouring Powers, to espouse, among the Great with which that Kingdom abounds, the Election of Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, as a Candidate for the vacant Throne, and to recommend the Choice of him to the Serene Republick. A great Genius is manifest in all his Conduct: that of Count Poniatowski appeared at Petersburg, when he acted there as Envoy from King Augustus the Third of glorious Memory, which could not pass unobserved by the Public, no more than his having at heart the Love of his Country, and the Zeal of a true Patriot. The Issue of a Polish Hero on the Father's Side, and of an illustrious Family on the

Mother's: the Glory of his Grandfather, this Day shines in their Descendant. Every one knows that in him is formed an Example of the best, improved by the most careful Education. The World may judge of his Religion and Piety by that of his Ancestors, by whose his was modelled. He has ever acted with Justice and Equity in all Cases, and towards all. It is not known that he ever offended any Person, and that on all Occasions he gave to every one their due, so that in him will be formed a good, just, and righteous King. —*Warsaw, Sept. 18.* His Majesty dined last Week some Days with the Prince Primat, others with the Princes Czartorinsky. There was a Drawing Room at the Royal Palace on Wednesday and Saturday, and all the Grantees appeared there in splendid Habits. His Majesty has returned the Visits of the Ambassadors who are here. He has also paid one to the Prince de Repnin, Minister Plenipotentiary from Russia, who gave, the Day before Yesterday, in his Hotel, the most superb Feast we have seen a long Time. Both the Inside and Outside of the Hotel were magnificently illuminated, having Lamps in front, representing the Name of his Majesty, and the Words, "Elected on the 7th of September, 1764." After a Ball of some Hours, an Opera was performed analogous to the Occasion. They supped afterwards at four Tables, which were splendidly served; and when Supper was ended, the Ball began anew, and lasted till break of Day. His Majesty, who honoured with his Presence this brilliant Feast, did not return to his Palace till it was entirely over. —Letters from Poland mention, that his Polish Majesty had granted his most gracious Pardon to Count Branicki, late Great-General of the Crown, and to all his Adherents.

GERMANY. *Hamburg, Oct. 2.* Their Royal and most Serene Highnesses the Hereditary Prince and the Princess of Hesse, together with Prince Frederick, arrived at Altena late on Friday Evening, in perfect Health. Mr. Henning, a Knight of the Order of Dannebrogue, and President of Altena, received their Royal and Serene Highnesses at a little Distance from that City, the Streets whereof were illuminated upon their entering into it. The next Day the

Senate

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Senate of Hamburgh deputed two of their Members to compliment the Hereditary Prince and the Princess upon their Arrival in the Neighbourhood of their City, and sent them a Present of Wine and other Refreshments. The Danish Envoy having notified their Arrival to the Foreign Ministers, they all had the Honour to pay their Court to their Royal and Serene Highnesses the next Day, as did most of the Nobility here, and were most graciously received. On Saturday their Highnesses rested themselves; and Yesterday Morning, about ten o'Clock, they proceeded on their Journey: in passing thro' this City they were saluted, both at their Entrance and and going out, with 21 Pieces of Cannon. Their Royal and Serene Highnesses were to lay last Night at the Hope, on the other Side the Elbe; and will pursue their Journey, in short Stages, passing through Zelle and Hanover, in their Way to Hanau. It was not till Yesterday Morning that the Ladies sent from Hanau had the Honour to serve her Royal Highness, the Danish Ladies having continued till then in their Employments about her Royal Highness's Person. These last are returned hither to Day, having attended upon her Royal Highness as far as the Zollenspicker (the Passage of the Elbe) where they finally took leave. *Lond. Gaz.* — They write from Hanover, that Letters-Patent are issued, whereby the King of Great-Britain, in quality of Father and Tutor of the minor Prince his Son, Bishop of Osnabrug, advertises all those who possess Siefs depending on that Bishoprick, to get them renewed, and to take the Investiture within the Term of the three first Months of the next Year. — They advise from Berlin, that the Sieur Michel, who had resided at London a great many Years, as Minister from the King of Prussia, arrived there from England on the 19th Ult. waited on his Prussian Majesty the next Day at Potsdam. — *Berlin, Sept. 22.* We hear that the Review, which was to have been on the 27th Inst. at Potsdam, is deferred till the 8th of next Month, on account of a great Assembly of the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which is to be held at Sornnenbourg on the 1st of October, when, it is said, upwards of sixty young Prussian Noblemen will be created Knights of that Order.

Princess Amelia, the King of Prussia's Sister who has been, for several Months past, drinking the Waters at Spa, for the Recovery of her Health, arrived two Days ago at Potsdam; and her Royal Highness is hourly expected in this Capital. *Lond. Gaz.*

FRANCE. A French Sloop bound from Honfleur to Guadaloupe, with a Cargo of 500 Barrels of Meal, 200 Barrels of Salt Beef, and 50 Barrels of Butter, and 80 Bales of Linen of different Kinds, is taken by the Corsairs of Morocco, and carried into Santa Cruz in Barbary. — *Paris, Sept. 24.* They write from Lisbon, that Capt. John Forbes, so well known on account of his having challenged Mr. Wilkes, is created Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Service of Portugal.

SPAIN. Letters from Madrid say, that his Catholic Majesty has given Orders for three 70 Gun Ships to be put upon the Stocks at Ferrol, and two of 60 at Carthagena; to be built with the utmost Expedition. — *Cadix, September 4.* The grand Fleet bound for New Spain failed this Morning. It consists of three Men of War and two Frigates, besides a French and two Spanish Barks with Stores on board; and the Troops embarked on board this Fleet amount to 2500 Men, exclusive of 130 Officers. The Sieur de Villalva has the Command in chief of it.

PORTUGAL. *Lisbon, Sept. 19.* The reigning Count de Schaumbourg Lippe has taken leave of the Court, and will embark to-morrow Morning on board the Expedition Packet, with the Officers of his Suite. The Presents his Royal Highness has received are, six small Pieces of Cannon of massive Gold, of very curious Workmanship, with his Highness's Coat of Arms upon each, upon Carriages of Brazil-wood, bound with Silver Plate, and the Wheels of Silver; a Diamond Star for his Order of the Black Eagle; his most Faithful Majesty's Picture set in Diamonds; and a Set of Diamond Buckles. *Lond. Gaz.*

ITALY. Letters from Rome say, that they have removed to the Clementinian College there, some Antiquities which were discovered in a Vineyard near the Church de St. Cefair, situated on the Appian Way, not far from the Ruins of the Baths of the Emperor Caracalla.

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The Workmen who laboured in the Vineyard struck against a thick Vault, which they broke through with great Difficulty. In this Vault they found four Urns of white Marble, adorned with Bas-reliefs, the Subject of which left no room to doubt their being Sepulchral Urns. Under this Vault they perceived another, which being broke through, discovered two magnificent oval Basons, the one of a black Colour, mixed with Veins of the Lapis Calcedonius; its greatest Diameter was about six Feet and a Half, the least three Feet, and two Feet deep. This Bason contained a human Body. The second Bason was of a greenish Colour, of the same Dimensions with the other, except its being but a Foot and a half deep. This was covered with white Marble, and contained the Body of a Woman very richly clothed; but it was hardly opened, before the Body and its Attire fell wholly into Powder; from which was recovered eight Ounces of pure Gold. In the same Place was found a small Statue of Pallas, in white Marble; the Work of which is highly esteemed.

AMERICA.

A Brigantine of 110 Tons, named the Royal Charlotte, was launched at Quebec the 4th of August last, being the first English Vessel built in that Province since its Accession to the Crown of Great Britain: two others of a larger Burden are in great forwardness.—By Letters from South Carolina, it appears, that two Schemes, of a very extensive Nature, are now carrying on, viz. a Ropery, and a Sail Cloth Manufacture. The first is considerably advanced, so as to furnish Coasters with proper Cordage; and the last will be attended with very singular Advantages to the Trade of that Province.—Letters by the Jane, Capt. Hoar, arrived in the Downs from the Bay of Honduras bring Advice, that every Thing was reinstated on its former Footing, relative to the English Logwood Cutters in that Bay, pursuant to the Treaty of Peace, all Differences being compromised by special Orders from the King of Spain.

EAST INDIES.

By his Majesty's Ship Liverpool,

which is arrived at Plymouth from the East Indies, there is an Account, that the Winchelsea Indiaman, the Hon. Capt. Howe, Commander, was lost between Bengal and Bombay on her homeward-bound Passage. The Winchelsea struck upon the Sands in Bengal River, at 4 o'Clock in the Afternoon, which gave the Captain and Crew an Opportunity of saving their Lives, and some of the Cargo, but very little, as the Wind blew excessive hard, and the Sea was rough, which would not admit of the Boats going off to her Assistance: there was not a bit of her to be seen at five next Morning.—The Pigott, from Bengal, brings an Account of the Death of Major Adams, of a Disorder in his Bowels; and also of the Deaths of the Colonels Knox and Irwin.—*Extract of a private Letter (brought by the Pigot Indiaman) from the Camp of Doudnagur in Bengal, dated March 5, 1764.* "Notwithstanding the great Success we met with in our late Campaign, our Affairs here are far from wearing a peaceful Aspect. Cossim Ali Cawn, late Nabob of Bengal, has purchased, at an immense Price, the Alliance of Sujah Doulah, a very powerful neighbouring Subah; yet, I think it is to be questioned, if in Conjunction they dare dispute the Superiority of our victorious Arms. But Cunning and Treachery are the Characteristics of most Orientals; and those perhaps may prove the Source of fresh Troubles to us."

IRELAND.

Dublin, October 2. By Yesterday's Letters from Kilkenny we are informed, that a few of the Army having taken some riotous White Boys Prisoners, a Number of them endeavoured to rescue and set them at Liberty, by attacking the Military with Arms, &c. when the Army defended themselves, repulsed the Enemy, retook the Prisoners and many of the White-boys, but not without killing and wounding some Dragoons, upon which they fired, shot some of the Rioters dead, and took others into custody, and the rest fled.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Bristol, Sept. 29. Upon search being made at Mr. Ruscombe's Houfe, Sail-maker,

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maker, in College-Green, whose Wife and Maid were most inhumanly murdered a few Days ago, it was found plundered throughout, nothing escaped but one Drawer and a Trunk, which, it was thought, could not be readily opened; in the former was found a Gold Watch, and in the latter the Silver Plate. The Beds were made, the Fire lighted, the Pot hanged on for Dinner, and the Maid was seen about eleven o'Clock; so that this shocking Scene had not been long perpetrated before discovered. — *Barking in Essex, Sept. 30.* By the high Tide on Thursday Night, a large Breach was made in our River between the Thames and the Town, twenty-six Yards in length, by which almost all the Marshes between us and Ramham were overflowed. We have not yet been able to stop the Breach, the Walls being entirely driven away. Two other Breaches were made at Ripple-Level in this Parish; but we have since stopped them. Many of the Marshes in Rochford Hundred have also been overflowed, and great Breaches made in several of the Sea Walls. Mrs. Bedlow, who keeps the Ferry at Hull-Bridge, has lost upwards of 40 Sheep. Potten-Island and Marsh-Bridge (the Sea-Walls of which are entirely driven away) were overflowed. At North Fambridge, in Dengey Hundred, a Breach was made, by which Mr. Threadgold of that Place suffered much. A great Breach was made near Fobbing, in Barnstable Hundred; and on the whole, this was the highest Tide that has been known since the Year 1736, when all the Islands in the Hundreds were under Water. — *Boston, Oct. 1.* Thursday Night last there was the highest Tide here ever known in the Memory of the oldest Man living, occasioned by the Wind blowing hard at N. N. E. Several Breaches were made in the Sea Banks, whereby the Lands were overflowed several Miles round, and the Damage sustained thereby is very considerable. — *Plymouth, Oct. 9.* Last Night a Victualler of Plymouth was taken into Custody, by a Warrant from the Mayor, on a strong Suspicion of being the Perpetrator of the horrid Murder of Mrs. Rufcombe and her Maid at Bristol. He is now under Examination before the Mayor and Justice Tolcher. — The following is written on the Window of an Inn

at Falmouth. "I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman; the trucking, Scrub Dutchman; the tame, lost Dane; the sturdy, self-righted Sweed; the barbarous Rufs; the turbulent Pole; the honest, dull German; the pay-fighting Swifs; the subtil, splendid Italian; the fallacious Turk; the ever-warring, lounging Maltese; the piratical Moor; the proud, cruel Spaniard; the bigotted, base Portuguese; all their Countries: and hail again Old England! my native Land. — Reader, whether Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman, rejoice in the Freedom, that is the Felicity of thy own Country, and maintain it sacred to Posterity."

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, October 5th.

Yesterday Morning early a Dung-Barge, belonging to Mr. Fogg's Wharf, Puddle-Dock, lying off Black-Friars, sprung a Leak, and sunk to the Bottom; by which Accident a Woman and two Children, who lay in the Cabin were drowned; the Husband was awaken'd by the running in of the Water, and calling for Assistance, was taken into a Boat. — About five o'Clock Yesterday Morning a Fire broke out in Duck-lane, Berwick-Street, near Wardour Street, Soho, which consumed some Work-Sheds, and three old Houses, occupied by poor People: it was occasioned by some wet coming to a Quantity of unslacked Lime, placed under one of the Sheds the Night before. Mr. Lambe, Vestry-Clerk of St. James's was killed about eight in the Morning, by the falling down of one of the Corners of the Houses, just as he had finished distributing Money among the Firemen and Helpers, and encouraging them to be assiduous and careful. He has left a disconsolate Widow, far gone with Child, and by whom he has had upwards of 20 Children: six of them are now living. Several other People received Hurts, but particularly Mr. Davis, Turn-cock, who was so much bruised that his Life is despaired of. — Last Night the Master of a Night-cellar near Southampton-street, in the Strand, beat his Wife in a very inhuman Manner, and finding that her Life was in Danger, he put her into a Coach, and sent her to a House at Lambeth, to be taken care of, where she expired

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expired a few Hours after. As soon as he had notice of her Death, he absconded. The Coroner's Inquest sat on the Body last Friday Night, and brought in their Verdict Wilful Murder, against the Husband, and strict search is making after him.—A Gentleman of a noble Family, a Prisoner in the Rules of the King's Bench, has got a most remarkable Coffin by him, against his Interment: it was made out of a fine solid Oak which grew on his Estate in Kent, and hollowed out with a Chissel: it is eight Feet in length, about four Feet in breadth, four Inches thick on the Sides, and seven Inches and an half at the Ends; the Lid is three Inches thick, made out of the same Oak: when the Corpse comes to be put in, it is to be fastened down with Oaken Pegs. The said Gentleman often lies down and sleeps in his Coffin with the greatest Composure and Serenity.

Saturday 6. This Morning the Palatines broke up their Camp behind White-chapel Church. The Treasurer, and some other Gentlemen of the very benevolent Committee, attended on that Occasion, and accompanied them to the Water-side, and particularly the Rev. Mr. Wachsell, who has been indefatigable during their abode in England, and whose pious Labours are above all Praise. His taking leave of them was a most moving Spectacle, Tears flowing plentifully on both Sides, especially from the sick and pregnant Women who were near their Time. Many of the Persons present could not refrain from sympathizing with them. They were carried in Lighters to the Ships lying at Black-wall, singing Hymns all the way; and a great Number of Boats filled with Spectators attended them, who seemed greatly affected with the devout Behaviour and Demonstrations of Gratitude to the Nation which had so hospitably treated them.

Monday 8. Thursday Night some Rogues broke into the House of — Godfrey, Esq; at Richmond in Surry, and robbed it of a considerable Quantity of Plate and other Things to a great Value, with which they got off with undiscovered.—Last Night some Villains broke into the House of Chace Price, Esq; in Curzon street, May-fair, and stole out of the same Plate and Linen to a considerable Value, with which they got off undiscovered. — Last

Night as the Watchman was going his Rounds in Thomas-street, Drury-lane, he found the Leg of a Woman cut off at the Knee, with a Stocking on, a Shoe, and a Buckle in it. Strict search has been made in the Lodging-houses thereabouts, it being suspected that some Murder has been committed, but no Discovery has yet been made. — Yesterday the Body of a young Woman was found drowned in the River at Chelsea-bridge: she appeared to have had a violent Blow on her Forehead. — We hear that nine Men have been taken into Custody within a Fortnight past, for Attempts of a detestable Nature; seven of whom are in Prison, and two admitted to bail.

Wednesday 10. Last Night Lord John Cavendish, Brother to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, arrived at Devonshire House, and brought the melancholy News, that his Grace departed this Life the 3d Inst. at half an Hour past nine o'Clock in the Evening, at the Spa in Germany.

Thursday 11. Yesterday the following Malefactors were carried in two Carts from Newgate, and executed at Tyburn, viz. John Jourdan, for robbing the House of Jeffery Knight; William Hill, for a Highway Robbery; George Williams, for robbing the House of Anne Baker; Thomas Hands, for a Burglary; Thomas Foster, for robbing his Master's House; and John Derbin, for returning from Transportation. They all behaved suitably to their unhappy Situation.

Friday 12. Yesterday the Count La Lippe, Commander in Chief of his Portuguese Majesty's Forces in the last War, arrived in Town from that Kingdom.

Saturday 13. A few Nights ago the following extraordinary Incident happened in the Family of a Clergyman, who lives in Bartholomew-cloze: The Gentleman and his Wife returning Home about eleven o'Clock from a Friend's House, where they had been to spend the Evening, desired the Maid to get them warm Water to mix with some Wine; there being no Fire in the Parlour, they went into the Kitchen, and while the Water was warming, the Gentlewoman ordered the Maid to get a Pan of Coals, and warm the Bed. The Servant had not been long gone up Stairs, but the Gentleman and his Wife heard

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an uncommon Noise over their Heads, like Persons walking without Shoes: and presently after a Woman enters the Kitchen, without any other Cloaths on than her Shift and Cap. Their Astonishment at such a Sight, so greatly frightened them, that they had neither of them power to speak a Word; and while they were thus absorbed in amazement, another Woman entered the Room in like Manner. Just at this Time the Maid came down from warming the Bed, and though greatly surpris'd at so unexpected an Appearance, had the Courage to ask them who they were, and what they wanted. To which they reply'd, that they were Servants at their next Door Neighbour's, and being awakened out of their Sleep by their Master's calling out, Fire and Thieves! ran up Stairs, and entering the Garret Window, came down to preserve themselves from Danger, and procure Assistance. Upon this, enquiry being made, the Gentleman's Daughter at the adjoining House was found in violent Fits, which occasioned his calling the Maids hastily to her Assistance; and this caused an Alarm, that may prove fatal to the Clergyman's Wife, who was at that Time far gone with Child. — His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, by a Codicil made to his Will before his setting out for the Spa, has left Hon. Gen. Conway a Legacy of 5000*l*.

Monday 15. The Parliament which stands prorogued to Tuesday the 30th Instant, is further prorogued to Thursday the 10th of January next, then to sit for the Dispatch of Business.

Tuesday 16. Last Night a Gentleman was attacked in his Coach near Wood-

ford-Bridge by a Footpad; the Gentleman fired a Pistol at him, and wounded him on the Arm and in the Side; on which the Fellow walked off, and got as far as the White-hart at Woodford, and went into the House, where a Surgeon was sent for, but he died in about two Hours.

Wednesday 17. Last Saturday's Gazette contains his Majesty's Order of Council relating to the Division of Seizures of smuggled Goods, made by the Officers and Men of Ships and Sloops of War; those made by the Officers and Men of Cutters commanded by Lieutenants; and those made by Ships or Sloops of War, in conjunction with Cutters. — Yesterday the Count de Guerchy Ambassador from France and his Retinue, landed at Dover from Calais. — We are informed that a most excellent Drawing of Stanislaus Augustus II. the present King of Poland, has been brought over from thence in order to form a Medal against that Prince's Coronation. Mr. Pingo, an Engraver of this City, is the Artist employed in making the said Medal: on the one Side is a Crown, surrounded with Rays of Glory, round which is this Inscription, *Stanislaus Augustus D. G. Rex Poloniae, M. D. Lith.* and on the Reverse the following Motto: *Hanc jussit fortuna mereri.*

Thursday 18. Yesterday the Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when thirty Prisoners were tried, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz. David Spence, and John Carlow for stealing a Quantity of Woollen Cloth and Long Ells. Thomas Fletcher for privately stealing the Sum of four Guineas. Seventeen were cast for Transportation, and ten acquitted.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. Warsaw, September 22.

AS some of the Magnats persevere in their Opposition to the General Confederacy, and refuse to acknowledge the King, and as mild Measures make no Impression on them, Prince Czartorinsky, the Grand Regimentary, has ordered two Regiments of Horse, and ten Companies of Foot, to go and live at Discretion in the Bishoprick of Cracovia. On the 19th Inst. his Majesty reviewed the Regiment of Artillery of the Crown, which is ensamped in the Neighbourhood

of Warsaw. From thence he went to visit the Camp of the Russian Troops, and returned to dine with Prince Czartorinsky, Waywode of Polish Russia. The same Day the Regiment of Infantry of the Great-General of the Crown, marched, by order of the Grand Regimentary for Bialystock, where, it's said, Count Branicki will speedily arrive, he having given it under his Hand that he will acknowledge the King. — *Extract of a Letter from Hamburg, Oct. 5.* "We learn from Peterbourgh that the Senate, to whom

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whom the Empress had sent all the Affidavits and Depositions relating to the Attempt made by Microwitz to deliver the late unfortunate Prince Ivan, has concluded its Deliberations, and declared Microwitz guilty of High Treason and worthy of Death. Not contented with pronouncing this Sentence, they have presented a warm and animated Address to her Imperial Majesty, entreating her to have speedy and exemplary Justice executed on this Offender, and not to let the Tenderness of her Compassion and Humanity go so far as to mitigate the Punishment he deserves, or to consider him, as in any Respect, an Object of Pity. It is said, on the other Hand, that *powerful Intercession* is made in the behalf of Microwitz, and that this Intercession is made by those who placed so far their Confidence in this Officer, as to send him, OUT OF HIS TURN, to mount guard in a Garrison where a Prisoner of such Distinction and Consequence was kept. Be that as it may, it is certain that her Imperial Majesty has sent an Answer to the Senate, to the following amount: *That it is their Business to judge according to the Evidence that has been exhibited to them; but that it is her Prerogative to decide whether or no that Judgment is to be executed with Rigour, or to be TEMPERED BY MERCY.* This Answer occasions much Speculation."

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Henry Thrale, Esq; of a Daughter. — The Lady of Sir Harry St. John, of a Son.

M A R R I A G E S.

Mr. Smallman, an eminent Surgeon at Hunsdon in Hertfordshire, to Miss Calvert, eldest Daughter of Peter Calvert, Esq; of Nine Ashes in the same County. — William Shepherd, Esq; of Plymouth, to Miss Savile, Daughter of Samuel Savile, of London-Wall, Esq; — Dr. Smith, Physician at Chertsey in Surry, to Miss Ayres, only Daughter and Heiress of the late Sir Robert Ayres. — James Leigh Perrot, of North-Leigh in Oxfordshire, to Miss Cholmeley, of the Island of Barbadoes.

D E A T H S.

The Right Hon. William Cowper,

Earl Cowper, Viscount Fordwich, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Hertfordshire, Doctor of Laws and Fellow of the Royal Society. — Joseph Harris, Esq; the King's Assay Master of his Majesty's Mint. — Edward Radcliffe, Esq; Turkey Merchant, and Deputy Governor of the London Assurance Company. — Mr. Robert Doddsley, an eminent Bookseller in Pall Mall. — Mrs. Wolfe, Relict of Colonel Edward Wolfe, and Mother of the late heroic General of the same Name. — Mr. Thomas Howes, an eminent Tobacconist in Fleetstreet. — The Hon. Lady Anne Hatton, Sister to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Hatton. — Ebenezer Muffell, Esq; of Bethnall Green. — — — Ford, Esq; Steward to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. — Mr. William Smith, a fine Fruit and Flower Painter. — Mr. Sanderfon, Inventor of the Patent Watch Keys.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Dr. John Douglas, one of the Canons of Windsor, to the Rectory of St. Augustin and St. Faith in this City. — The Rev. Mr. Porteus, to be a Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Peterborough. — The Rev. Mr. James Wilson, to the Vicarage of Abbots Stoke, in the County of Cambridge and Diocese of Ely. — The Rev. Mr. George Bilson, B. A. to the Rectory of Harpington in the County of Norfolk, and Diocese of Norwich.

P R O M O T I O N S.

Major Lewis-Charles Montellie, to be second Lieutenant-Colonel in the second Troop of Horse Guards, in the Room of Francis Desmarette, Esq; appointed first Lieutenant Colonel of the said Troop.

B—KR—TS.

Oct. 6. William Dow of Spital-fields, Linen-Draper.

13. Bridges Hervey and Andrew Boswell, of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, Ironmongers, and Copartners.

16. Walker Haigh, of Honley, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Oilman. — John Gros, of Garratt, of the Parish of Wandsworth, Surry, Linen-Printer. — William Battie, the Younger, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Money-Scrivener.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
October 19, to Friday November 2, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.

They write from Petersburg, that the
Sieur Lomenozow, of the Academy
of Sciences of that City, hath formed
the Project of attempting again a Passage
through the Frozen Sea to North Ame-
rica; and that two Frigates destined
for this Enterprize are to winter at
Cola, from whence they will sail, next
Spring towards the Pole. — *Petersburgh,*
Sept. 21. M. Mirowitz's Trial was
concluded Yesterday. He was con-
demned to be broke upon the Wheel;
but was told, that her Imperial Ma-
jesty's Mercy would be so far extended
to him, as to mitigate his Punishment
into the less severe Death of being be-
headed: he is to be executed on Wed-
nesday next. *Lond. Gaz. — Petersburgh,*
Sept. 28. M. Mirowitz, in pursuance
of his Sentence, was publicly beheaded
on Wednesday last: he behaved at his
Execution, as he had done throughout
the whole Transaction, with the greatest
Resignation. Six of the Soldiers and
under Officers, who were engaged with
him, run the Gantlope the same Day:
they were so severely whipped, that, it's
said, three of them are since dead.
Many more are to be punished. One
Uskawkow, a Lieutenant in the Regiment
of Welikolutz, who was privy to the
Design, was accidentally drowned in his
Way from Smolensko. *Lond. Gaz.*

DENMARK.

The King of Denmark has received
a Mail from a Society of learned Men
whom he sent into Arabia. This Mail
contains five Hundred Volumes ex-
tremely ancient, and wrote in Arabick,
and amongst them there are several
Bibles, one of which was wrote above a
thousand Years ago.

NETHERLANDS.

Letters from Amsterdam advise, that

great Quantities of Artillery, warlike
Ammunition and Stores, are now buy-
ing up in that City; and divers Parts of
Holland, on account of the King of
Prussia.

POLAND.

Letters from Warsaw of the 6th In-
stant advise, that the King of Poland,
whose whole Study appears to be the
Welfare and Happiness of his Subjects,
is indefatigable in devising Measures for
the well-governing the Kingdom, and
for making some salutary Amendments
in the present System of Government,
which he designs to make publick at
his Coronation. Several Councils have
been held at the Prince Primate's to
assist his Majesty's laudable Endeavours.
— The King of Prussia (says an au-
thentic private Letter from Warsaw) has
written a complimentary Letter to the
new Monarch with his own Hand; in
which (for his Majesty has shewn it to
several of the Foreign Ministers) is this
remarkable Expression: ' Your Maje-
' sty must reflect, that as you enjoy a
' Crown by Election, and not by De-
' scent, the World will be more obser-
' vant of your Majesty's Actions than
' any other Potentate in Europe, and
' it is but reasonable. The latter being
' the mere Effect of Consanguinity, no
' more is looked for (tho' much more
' is to be wished) from him, than what
' Men are endowed with in common;
' but by a Man exalted by the Voice of
' his equals from a Subject to a King,
' from a Man voluntarily elected to
' reign over those by whom he was
' chosen, every Thing is expected that
' can possibly deserve and adorn a
' Crown. Gratitude to his People is
' the first great Duty of such a Mo-
' narch, for to them alone (under
' Providence) he is indebted that he is
' one. A King who is so by Birth,

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if he acts derogatory to his Station, is a Satire only on himself: but an elected one, who behaves inconsistent with his Dignity, reflects Dishonour also on his Subjects. Your Majesty, I am sure, will pardon this Warmth. It is the Effusion of the sincerest Regard. The amiable Part of the Picture, is not so much a Lesson of what you ought to be, as a Prophecy of what your Majesty will be. — The King of Prussia and the Empress of Russia have presented Memorials to the King of Poland, in favour of the Protestants of that Republic. — *Warsaw*, October 6. The Prince Primate having notified by Letter, to the King of Prussia, the Election and Accession of Count Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski to the Throne of Poland, that Prelate has received from his Prussian Majesty the following Answer:

“ Cousin,

“ Your Letter of the 7th of last Month, by which you acquaint me with the unanimous Election of his Excellency Count Poniatowski, Stolinik of Lithuania, to the Throne of Poland, has given me unspeakable Satisfaction. 'Tis an Event in which I interest myself the more, as it exactly compleats my Wishes, at the same Time that it answers the most essential Interests of the Republic, which I had only in view, when I proposed and recommended for King, him who is now the actual Sovereign. Thoroughly sensible of your Confidence, and the Regard you have shewn for my Recommendation, I felicitate your Highness and the whole Republic, on a Choice, which, not only in itself, but by the Manner in which it was made, ought to draw on the Polish Nation an Eclat of Glory, an immortal Reputation, and Prosperities inseparable from a happy Government; which, for my Part, I wish you with as much Sincerity as Ardour. As to the rest, I pray God to take you into his holy and worthy keeping. Your affectionate Cousin

(signed) FREDERICK.”

Berlin, Sept. 14, 1764.

Warsaw, Oct. 8. Every Thing is very quiet here. Those who opposed the Dyet of Convocation have all retracted, and acknowledged the King for their lawful Sovereign.

GERMANY.

Cloves, Oct. 13. On the 9th Instant there fell in many Parts of this Dutchy, and particularly here, a kind of Rain of a red Colour resembling Blood, which occasioned various Speculations. Mr. Bauman, the Counsellor of War, has sent a Bottle of it to Dr. Schutte, in order for him to examine it, to know whether it contains any Thing pernicious to the Health of Mankind or of Beasts. The Day that this Phenomenon was observed here, and several preceding Days, it rained without ceasing in this Dutchy. — *Berlin*, Oct. 9. The Day before Yesterday the Prince de Repnin, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the Empress of Russia to the Court of Spain, and Prince Czartorinski, a Polander, went to Potsdam, and were introduced to the King by the Baron de Hertzberg, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. After they had their Audience, they had the Honour to dine with his Majesty.

FRANCE.

They write from Paris, that the Sieur Soltikoff, a Gentleman of Russia, coming from Spain, had occasion to raise 30,000 Livres on a Parcel of Jewels, and applied to one Morange a Jew, who agreed to advance the Sum required, and at the same Time paid down 3000 Livres: but the Gentleman incautiously trusting him with the Jewels on his Promise of bringing him the remaining 27,000 Livres the next Day, Morange went directly to a Jeweller, sold them, and went off with the Money.

SPAIN.

The King of Spain has resolved to establish a Foundry for Printing Types, under the Direction of one Eudale Paradell, from whose Capacities they expect to carry this Establishment to as high a Degree of Perfection as in any other Country. His Catholic Majesty grants the said Paradell an annual Pension of an hundred Pistoles, with several Prerogatives, in consideration of which he engages to bring up Apprentices, and to learn them his Art.

PORTUGAL.

They write from Lisbon, that his most Faithful Majesty is going to establish a Manufactory of Hats in that City, and that a Number of English Jour-

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Journeyman Hatters are already arrived, to be employed there. Likewise that his Majesty is building a Structure there, which is to be called the College of Nobles, the Expence of which, in the Workmen alone who are employed on it, amounts often to upwards of 12,000 Crusades (near 1300l. Sterling) per Week. And Letters from the same Place advise, that his Most Faithful Majesty has just established a Sail-Cloth Manufactory there, under the Direction of an Englishman, eminent in that Branch of Business. — *Lisbon, September 25.* We had a violent Hurricane here the 21st, which continued upwards of 24 Hours. The Lightning fell in different Parts of the City, and killed two Men in the Village of Barcelona.

I T A L Y.

Naples, Sept. 15. How much the Provinces and Neighbourhood of this Capital have suffered from the late Famine, is apparent from the Festival of Notre Dame de Pied de Grotte. During the Octave of that Feast, we used to see a prodigious Concourse of People at the Church where it is celebrated; one of the Articles which the Country Girls usually stipulate on their Marriage, being, that their intended Spouse shall conduct them to Notre Dame de Pied de Grotte. This Kind of Pilgrimage is attended with some Expence; and this Year we have not seen one young Damsel, not even on the first Day of the Octave. — *Genoa, Oct. 6.* Advice is received that the Malecontents in Corsica continued the Siege of San Fiorenza, and had erected two new Batteries to push it with greater Vigour. Two Days ago the Republick sent an armed Bark, with 60 Soldiers, and two other Barks laden with Flour and other Provisions, to relieve the Garrison, and bring hither the sick and wounded; they are to touch at Bastia, to bring back part of that Garrison; and the Republick has hired some other Vessels to go to Corsica, to bring hither all the Genoese Troops, as soon as the French are put in Possession of the Places which they are to garrison in that Island. *Lond. Gaz.*

T U R K E Y.

Constantinople, September 1. The Day before Yesterday, about six in the Evening, a Fire broke out in the Quarter of Jubali, and, notwithstanding there was

speedy Assistance, continued burning all the Night, and reduced to ashes forty Houses, besides a great Number of Shops and Warehouses. Ismael, Pacha of Belgrade in Albania, having forcibly entered the City of Vallona, the Inhabitants rose upon him at a Time when he was lulled in Security, and massacred him, together with a great Number of his Attendants. We have Advice from Moldavia, that Prince Radzivil and his Spouse are set out for Hungary, with a Retinue of an hundred Horsemen.

A M E R I C A.

A Foundry for Cannon Balls is now successfully carried on at Quebec, which finds great Vent to the French and Spanish Islands. — *Extract of a Letter from Philadelphia, Sept. 6.* "Ten Deputies from the Delawares, Shawanese, Hurons of Sandusky, and other Indians of the Countries between Lake Erie and the Ohio, met Col. Bradstreet at Presque Isle, on his way to their Country, with the Forces under his Command, and in the most submissive Manner begged for Peace; which he granted them on Terms to the Purport following: 1. That all the Prisoners in their Hands should be delivered to him at Sandusky in 25 Days. 2. That they should renounce all Claims to the Posts and Forts we now have in their Country; and that we shall be at Liberty to erect as many more as we think necessary to secure our Trade: and that they shall cede to us, for ever, as much Land round each Fort as a Cannon Shot can fly over, on which our People may raise Provisions. 3. That if any Indian hereafter kill any Englishman, he shall be delivered up by his Nation, and tried by the English Laws, only to have half the Jury Indians. And if any one of the Nations renew the War, the rest shall join us to bring them to reason. 4. That six of the Deputies should remain with him as Hostages, and the other four with an English Officer, and one of our Indians, should proceed immediately to acquaint those Nations with these Terms of Peace, and forward the Collecting of the Prisoners, to be ready at the Day appointed. 'Tis said that the Colonel has told them, that if this Peace is not confirmed by their Chiefs, no other would be granted them;

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and that if they continue the War, they will find their Country filled with Warriors immediately, who will cut them off from the Face of the Earth."

SCOTLAND.

The following Relation is said to be strictly true: In September last the Princess Carolina Custom-House Yacht Capt. John Read, sailed from Leith for Lerwick in Shetland, with two Custom-house Officers on board, to be stationed there. The Ship being old and crazy they sprung a Leak, and were obliged to put in at Peterhead to refit. On the Afternoon of the Day they sailed from thence, (either by the Pilot's Mistake, or by the Haziness of the Weather) they found themselves among the Breakers on the main Land of Shetland; and to avoid immediate Destruction, pushed into a small Bay surrounded on all Sides with Rocks of a stupendous Height. Here they luckily struck on a Sand Bank. In the Midst of their Consternation a faithful Negro, whom Captain Read had brought from the South Seas, swam off with a Rope in quest of dry Ground: this he found, though by the Sea Mark on the Rocks, it was evident that it was many Feet under Water at full Tide. By the Assistance of the Rope they all left the Ship, except one of the Officers beforementioned, who being old and corpulent chose rather to stay on board; they had lost their Boat before. They then endeavoured in vain to climb the Rocks, and the advance of the Tide redoubled their Terror. At last the Negro discovered a Cleft, by which they might ascend the Rock above high Water Mark; this Cleft terminated in a Hollow or Grotto, where they all took up their Nights abode. Next Morning at ebb they descended to reconnoitre their Situation, and found that the Rocks were inaccessible, nor could they any ways get round, as the Rocks forming a Semicircle extended on both Sides far into the Sea. They then in despair returned to their Ship, where they found the Officer they had left on board, upon the main Shrouds, from whence he had scarcely been ten Minutes before the Mast came by the Board, and was followed by the Foremast: and now the Hull worked so that they all resolved to leave her again, which they did with

much Difficulty, and had not been long on Shore before she went to Pieces. Thus they were to all appearance reduced to the alternative of starving or drowning; which carried them to a more minute Examination of the Rocks, when one of the Sailors found a Place which seemed to offer the bare Possibility of ascent at the hazard of his Neck, which, however, in their Circumstances was no Hazard at all. He mounted, and carried a Rope with him, and fastened it to the Top, by which the rest got up after him. Thus being contrary to all Hopes delivered, half naked and almost perished, they fought and found a Hut where they reposed themselves, and afterwards procured a Conveyance to Lerwick.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Exeter, October 15. Mr. Serjeant Glynn was this Day in Chamber unanimously elected Recorder of this City, in the Room of Mr. Cholwick, our late worthy Recorder, who on account of his great Age resigned that Office; at the same Time the Freedom of this City was ordered to be presented to him; and an Express was immediately dispatched to the Serjeant to acquaint him therewith. — *Bristol, October 20.* Last Week a Fellow was committed to Dorchester Gaol, for the Murder of a young Man at Maiden-Newton in Dorsetshire. It appears that after robbing the House and murdering the young Man, he buried the Body under a Faggot Pile. After this, being very bloody, he went into a Pool not far from the House, with all his Cloaths on, in order to wash himself; and on his being seen there by a Boy, he was apprehended on Suspicion, as no other Person was seen near the House about that Time. He confessed the Fact soon after his Commitment. He was formerly a Soldier, and lived in that Neighbourhood. — *Oxford, Oct. 19.* Mr. Elie de Beaumont, Counsellor before the Parliament at Paris, and so well known for his generous Defence of the Family of Calas, having been some Weeks in England, arrived here a few Days ago, in order to visit our University, and was on Monday last honoured with the Degree of Doctor in Laws. — *Salisbury, October 22.* On Wednesday last as the Miller

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ler at Boram Mills near Warminster, was cleaning the Cogs of the Wheels, he fell in, and in an Instant was crushed to death.

Gloucester, October 23. The following polite Letter has been received from the Hon. Mr. Charles Yorke, our worthy Recorder, in answer to a Letter sent by the Town Clerk, informing him of his being chosen Recorder of this City :

To William Selwyn, Esq; Town-Clerk at Gloucester.

" SIR, I did not receive your most obliging Letter till this Day, upon my return from a Visit to Mr. Anson in Staffordshire, otherwise my Acknowledgments would not have been delayed. So distinguished a Favour conferred upon me by the ancient and worthy Corporation of the City of Gloucester must bind me for ever to their Service. Let me beg of you, to present my Compliments and humble Thanks to the Gentlemen who concurred in this Election ; and to assure them, that nothing could give me more Satisfaction. The Duty and Merit of that City to the Crown, and to their Country, in all Times, makes every Testimony of their Esteem an Honour to those who receive it. It wants no additional Circumstance to heighten it. But in reminding me of your two former Recorders, Lord Somers and Lord Hardwicke, my Uncle and my Father, you have allowed me to say, that it is the more flattering to me when I reflect on such Predecessors, the Principles and Integrity of whose Conduct I have been, and ever will be, as ambitious to pursue, as I feel myself unequal, in all other Respects, to imitate their great Examples. I am, Sir, with the truest Regard,

Your most obedient,
And most humble Servant,

C. YORKE.

Bloomfury Square, Oct. 12 1764.

L O N D O N.

Friday, October 19th.

Yesterday, at the Sessions at the Old Bailey, one Prisoner was capitally convicted, viz. John Jones, for feloniously publishing a forged Order to Mr. Thomas Townraw at Goldsmith's Hall,

and thereby obtaining of him two Silver Tankards, two Mugs, and other Plate, the Property of Mrs. Lydia Bell, which had been left with the said Mr. Townraw, in order to be assayed and stamped. Alexander Bourk, late Apprentice to Mrs. Bell, and tried as an Accomplice in the above Felony, was acquitted, but ordered to remain in order to be prosecuted for a Misdemeanor. Nine received Sentence of Transportation, and eight were acquitted. — Sir John Fielding, Knt, Chairman of the Sessions at Guildhall, Westminster, in his Charge delivered on Wednesday the 10th of this Month to the Grand Jury, and published at their Request, observes, That the great Number of Foresters, Ingrossers, and Regrators is an evil which calls loudly for redress : " For (says he) can the oldest Man now living, nay, can History itself point out a Period when this Country was blessed with a more plentiful Harvest, with more abundant Pasture for our Cattle, or Cattle for our Pasture, than at present. Then who must not lament to see, or rather feel, the present exorbitant Price of Provisions, occasioned by the Arts of avaricious designing Men ; and who must not be affected to know that the industrious Poor, who earn their daily Bread by the Sweat of their Brow, are frequent Strangers to the Taste of that Meat given by the fatherly Hand of Heaven to refresh their Spirits and recruit their Strength." And he concludes with saying, " As to you, Gentlemen, I most earnestly request, that in your private Capacities you would detect and discountenance, and I conjure you, as a collective Body, that you would afford your best Assistance in bringing to condign Punishment all Foresters, Ingrossers and Regrators, as shall fall under your Notice, for they are a Disgrace to Human Nature, and a Dishonour to a Christian Country."

Saturday 20. Yesterday the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when James Scofield was convicted of Bigamy, in marrying Miss Sarah Perry, a Lady of 3000l. Fortune, and to whose Father he was a Coachman, he having at that Time a former Wife living. He was sentenced to be branded in the Hand (which was done in Court) and ordered to be imprisoned a Twelvemonth in Newgate. Two other Prisoners were tried

tried and acquitted. The Court then proceeded to pass Sentence of Death on three of the four capital Convicts; there being a Motion to respite the Judgment against John Jones (who was convicted of obtaining the Plate from Mr. Town-raw, at Goldsmith's-hall) in order to take the Opinion of the Judges in his Case. Three were sentenced to be transported for 14 Years; and 22 for seven Years; and 12 were delivered upon Proclamation.

Monday 22. Friday Stephen Wallis, aged 19, and Francis Joyce, aged 27, both Watermen, went in their Boat from the Tower Wharf for a large Pack of Wool, which they took from on board a coasting Vessel; and Joyce jumping hastily into the Boat she was over-set, whereby they were both unfortunately drowned. The Bodies were immediately taken up, and on Sunday Night interred in one Grave.—On Friday Evening last the following remarkable Affair happened. A very honest, industrious Man, one Isaacs, a Shoemaker, who came to London on Business, went to see a Man with whom he had formerly worked, this Fellow allured by the Reward offered for apprehending the People concerned in the Murder of the late Mrs. Ruscombe and her Servant, sent for a Constable, and took the poor aged inoffensive Man, Isaacs, on Suspicion of the said Crime, before Saunders Welch, Esq; who, after due Examination, and searching into a Box of Shoes that Isaacs had brought with him for Sale to London, and on several Persons appearing to his Character, discharged him in the honourable and tender Manner his Innocence deserved; the wretched Incendiary having no Circumstance against him that amounted even to the Shadow of a reasonable Suspicion; all that he had to say in Defence of his Allegation amounting to no more than that he dreamt the preceding Night that Providence had decreed him for the Discoverer of the Murder, and that Isaacs was the Murderer.

Wednesday 24. Monday last, in the Afternoon, was a long Examination at the public Office in Bow-street, which lasted till late at Night, of two Master-Plasterers, before Sir John Fielding and Major Spinnage, touching the Murder of Martha the Wife of Luke

Willis, near Colnbrook in the said County of Bucks, by feloniously, wilfully, and maliciously riding over the deceased with a Horse, and giving her a mortal bruise upon her left Temple which occasioned her immediate Death; when one of the Prisoners was committed to take his Trial, and the other discharged.

Thursday 25. This Day being the Anniversary of his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne, the Morning was ushered in with Ringing of Bells, and at Noon their Majesty's received the Compliments of the Nobility, &c. at their Palace at St. James's.

Saturday 27. A young Fellow, of the City of Bristol, being in London lately, was, out of Curiosity, led to see the Lunatics confined in Bedlam: his first Approach was to the Cell of a poor Man, to whom he addressed himself thus: *Soho! what brings thee here?* The miserable Object remaining silent, he repeated his Question, and was answered only by a languishing Look, which so enraged his Visitant, that he immediately spit in his Face thro' the Grate; this caused him gently to wipe his Face with a Wisp of Straw, and raising his drooping Head, he made this calm, sage, and sensible Reply, *because God, Sir, deprived me of that Blessing which you never enjoyed.*

Tuesday 30. Yesterday John Stephens, Servant to a Carcase Butcher, riding furiously along Cow-crofs, ran against a Dray, by which he was thrown from his Horse, and killed on the Spot; and the Beast was so much hurt, that he must be knocked on the Head, being unfit for further Service.

Wednesday 31. Yesterday Morning were dispatched to Harwich, to be forwarded to Poland, 300 Medals in Gold, and 1500 in Silver. The former for Presents to the Nobility, at the King's Coronation there; the latter to be distributed among the Populace. On the Obverse: The King's Head in Profile. Legend. STANISLAVS AVGVSTVS D. G. REX POLONIÆ. M. D. LITH. i. e. Stanislaus Augustus, by the Grace of God, King of Poland, Great Duke of Lithuania. In very small Characters, on the Edge of the King's Bust, T. RINGO F. On the Reverse, a Crown with Rays of Glory round it. Legend. HANC IVSSIT FORTUNA MERERI. *This Fortune willed to be the Result of Merit.*

Ex-

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Exergue. El. vna voce vii Sept. coron. xxv Nov. M,DCC,LXIV. *Elected with one Voice 7 September, crowned 25 November, 1764.*

Thursday Nov. 1. Yesterday his Royal Highness the Duke of York gave a grand Entertainment to several of the Nobility

and Gentry belonging to the Royal Navy, at his House in Pall-Mall.—Last Week a Present of a curious Rocking-House was made to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Saddle of which was finely embroidered with Silver Lace, and the Stirrups of solid Silver.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence.

THE King of Portugal made a Present of a Diamond Ring to the Count de Besterfeld, Nephew and Aid-de-Camp to the Count de la Lippe; and the other German Officers in his Retinue received each a Gratification of about 1200 Livres. Some Days before his Departure, that Prince distributed amongst the Soldiers of his Regiment forty Pieces of Gold of forty Livres each. The Sieur Colson, Counsellor of the Court of the Count de la Lippe, remains at Lisbon, on account of the Correspondence that is agreed to be kept up between his Prince and the Court of Portugal. — *Berlin, October 16.* Last Saturday the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who assisted at the Exercises the Prussian Troops performed at Potzdam on the 10th, 11th, and 12th Inst. came hither; and Yesterday, after taking leave of the Queen of Prussia, and the rest of the Royal Family, set out for Brunswick. The King still remains at Potzdam. *London Gazette.*

America. The following is an Account of a surprising Phenomenon which happened at Philadelphia on the 20th of July last. At forty Minutes past seven in the Evening, about two Miles and a half West of that City, a Ball of Fire was seen near the North East, about fifty Degrees above the Horizon; it took its Course near North-West, its Diameter at Times considerably bigger than that of the Sun, especially at one Time it opened so, as, seemingly, it would separate itself. It appeared like large flaming Sheets of Fire, inclining together, like that of a new-blown Rose; its Sound, as it went, (which was very swift) was like that of a great Fire, urged by a strong Wind; it kept near of one height all the Way, till it had crossed the Meridian to the North, about twenty Degrees, where was a small Cloud which seemed as if it at-

tracted it; it mounted higher, and just as it seemingly touched the outward Edge of the Cloud, it broke into thousands of Pieces, like that of springing a Mine, where the Pieces and Particles would all be in a Flame, when, as near as could be guessed, in about thirty Seconds of Time came the Report, which was like the firing of a large Cannon, the Sound of it believed to last one full Minute. It had something exceeding remarkable in its Center, like a Bar of Iron, which appeared to be very hot, out of which there came Sparks of Fire as it went.

Country News. We hear a very remarkable Circumstance has discovered itself in the West of England: A Person in the Grocery Business, upwards of twenty Years since, purchased a Hog-head of Currants, upon opening of which he discovered a great Quantity of Money, supposed to amount to 10,000l. from which lucky Circumstance he retired from Business, and lived elegantly. The Affair was lately discovered by a Friend of his with whom he had some Words.

Bath, Oct. 26. 1764.

This Day the Corporation of this City unanimously voted that the Town-Clerk should wait on the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, their worthy Recorder, with the following Letter:

To the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice
P R A T T.

We the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Bath, beg leave to present our grateful Acknowledgments of your upright and steady Conduct on trying Occasions in that high Office, which, by his Majesty's Goodness to his People, you now sustain. And the near Connection we have the Honour of bearing with you, Sir, as a Member of our Corporation, not suffering us to be any longer silent, we, with great Sincerity and Respect, join
the

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the public Voice, testifying to you our Thanks; and that a Monument may remain amongst ourselves of our personal and particular Respect and just Attention to your Character and Conduct, desire you would permit us to ask you to sit for your Picture, as a perpetual Memorial of what ought never to be forgot by us or our Posterity, whilst the Spirit of Law and Liberty remains in any Part of this free and independent Kingdom.

To which his Lordship soon after return'd the following Answer:

To LEWIS CLUTTERBUCK, Esq; Town-Clerk,

S I R, OCT. 26, 1764.

My Connection with the City of Bath makes me receive the Honour of this Compliment with particular Satisfaction, and I feel a most sensible Pleasure in finding that my Conduct has been approved by that Corporation. I hope I have done my Duty; I have endeavour'd to the utmost of my Abilities to administer Justice according to the Laws of this Kingdom, to which I am bound by all the Ties of Oaths and Conscience, as well as by those of Allegiance and Gratitude to the best of Sovereigns: the Law of the Land shall always be, as it ought, my only Guide and Master, from which I have learnt that the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Liberty of the Subject, spring from one parent Root, the good of the People, and are so closely knit together, that they are constitutionally inseparable. I beg the Favour of you to represent to the Corporation how strong I feel the Marks of Regard which they are pleased to express for me in their unanimous Resolution: and I entreat you to convey to them my best Acknowledgments for the Notice whereby they have so obligingly distinguished

Your most obedient humble Servant.

C. PRATT.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Joseph Wortly, Esq; of Kennington Lane, of Twins, a Son and a Daughter. — Lady Townley, Wife of Sir Charles Townley, Knt. Clarendieux King at Arms, of a Son. — The Lady of Sir George Pococke, K. B. of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Charles Towers, Esq; of Buckingham-

shire, to Miss Hortensia Hopgood, of May Fair. — The Rev. Mr. Tyrwhit, to Miss Booth, only Child of the Rev. Dr. Booth, Dean of Windsor. — John Peploe, Birch, Esq; only Son of the Rev. Samuel Peploe, LL.D. Chancellor of Chester, &c. to Miss Clowes, only Daughter of William Clowes, Esq; of Huntsbank near that Town, a beautiful Lady, with a Fortune of 50,000l. — Mr. Fibs, Merchant of Abchurch Lane, to Miss Vine, of Tooley Street, Southwark.

D E A T H S.

At Bocking in Essex, Samuel Ruggles, Esq; an eminent Baize Factor and Maker. — At his House in Lincoln's Inn Fields George Mayburn, Esq; — Felix Calvert, Esq; one of the Partners in the Peacock Brewhouse, Whitecross-street. — The Rev. Mr. Rowe, Ordinary of Newgate. — William Honeywood, Esq; Son of Sir John Honeywood, and Nephew of the late Frazer Honeywood, Esq; — At Darlington in Yorkshire, Mrs. Dorothy Collier, supposed to be the largest Woman in the North of England; she weighed upwards of thirty Stone, and notwithstanding her unwieldy Bulk, was very active. — The Lady of Sir William Hanham, Bart. — The Lady of Alexander Sheafe, Esq; one of the Directors of the Bank. — Mr. Hogarth, the celebrated Painter.

P R O M O T I O N S.

The Right Hon. William Anne, Earl of Essex, to be Lord Lieutenant of the County of Hertford. — The Hon. Hugh Lord Warkworth, to be one of his Majesty's Aid-de-Camps. — Mr. Spicer, of the General Post Office, appointed Accountant to the Cross Roads.

B — K R — T S.

OCT. 20. Richard Pestell, of Tooley-street, St. Olaves, Southwark, Carpenter.

27. Edmund Powdich, of Burnham Market in the County of Norfolk, Linen Draper.

30. Joseph Manesty of Liverpoole, in the County of Lancatter, Merchant. — Aaron Brandon, and Samuel Cortison, of New London-street, in Crutched Friars, Merchant and Copartners. — Robert Husband, now or late of Oxford Road, Leather-Breeches Maker and Glover. — John Hill, of West Ham, Essex, Brewer. — Thomas Tootell, of West Ham, Essex, Callico-Printer, and Linen Printer.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
November 2, to Friday November 16, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.

THEY write from Petersburg, of the 5th Ult. that the young Lady Woronzow, who was the Favourite of the late Emperor of Russia, has obtained leave from the Empress to return from her Banishment, and to reside on her Father's Estate.

NETHERLANDS.

They write from Holland, that three Merchant Ships and a large Fishing-Boat of Schevening, were foundered on the Coast of Holland; the Particulars of the former were not known, but on board the latter there were four Men and a Boy, who were drowned, the Men having left 21 Children behind them.

POLAND.

Letters from Warsaw, of the 8th Ult. relate the following Particulars of a late sudden Irruption of the Prussian Hussars into Great Poland; as authentic, viz. Captain Fermelli, who commanded the Detachment, rushed unexpectedly, with his Men Sword in Hand, into the Lands of Prince Sulkowski, General in the Service of the Empress Queen, disarmed his Guard at Zduny, and took away what Persons he thought proper: In the mean Time other small Parties of Hussars possessed themselves of the Avenues of Kobolin, d'Olanow, Szulmierzyn, and the adjacent Villages; from whence they carried off by force, M. Koschenbahr, Commissary of Osten, with a Number of Burghers and other Inhabitants, who were born indeed in Silesia, but had been settled in Poland many Years; and all this without paying any Deference to Age or Rank. These Detachments soon after the above Transactions, retired from Great Poland.

GERMANY.

Letters from Cologne, of the 19th Ult. advise that the late excessive Rains had so swelled the Rivers, that, in the Night of the 14th, the Stone Bridge in that Neighbourhood had been washed away, and other very considerable Damage done all over the Country. — The King of Prussia has issued a Decree, ordering the Lords of the Manors of his Province of Silesia to treat their Vassals or Tenants with more Indulgence and Humanity than has been their Custom hitherto, and no longer to deliver them into the Hands of the Militaty for Chastisement; his Majesty herein signifying his Royal Pleasure, that the Military shall not be confounded by the Civil Jurisdiction, that each shall remain within its proper Bounds, and that when a Lord thinks himself injured by a Farmer, he shall summon him before a competent Judge, and follow the Rules of common Justice. — The Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was at the King of Prussia's Court on his Birth-day, which was celebrated at Potsdam with great Magnificence. His Prussian Majesty gave a grand Dinner; and in the Evening there was a comic Opera in the Castle of Sans-Souci. The Prince set out from thence the 12th, on his Return to Brunswick. — *Extract of a Letter from Brunswick, October 12.* "Tuesday last being the Birth-day of the Hereditary Prince, who then entered his 30th Year, the Princess Royal his Spouse received, in the Absence of the Prince, the Compliments of Felicitation from the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ministers, and all the prime Nobility. In the Evening a Pastoral was performed at the Court Theatre, which was followed by a grand Supper and a Masquerade, given by her Royal
and

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and Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince [Augusta of England]; during which, the Gardens and all the Avenues of the Palace were magnificently illuminated; the Saloon were superbly decorated, and over the Door appeared in transparent Characters the Name of his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince, with these Words, *carum omnibus & indelebile nomen.*" — *Brunswick, Oct. 19.* His Serene Highness our Hereditary Prince, who stayed some Time with his Uncle the King of Prussia, in Silesia, and afterwards at Potsdam, returned here the 15th Instant, in perfect Health. Her Royal Highness his Consort advances happily in her Pregnancy. — *Cleves, Oct. 23.* Dr. Schutte in a Dissertation which he has published on the Rain of a reddish Colour, which lately fell here, has given it as his Opinion, that it was caused by Particles which had been raised into the Atmosphere by a strong Wind, and that it was no way hurtful to Mankind or Beasts. The Doctor made nine Experiments. — *Ham-burgh, October 19.* By our last Accounts from Peterburgh, we learn, that the Empress had put off, for some Weeks longer her return to that Capital. Some extraordinary Councils have been held upon Affairs of the last Importance to the Peace and Prosperity of the Empire. The bad State of Health in which the Grand Duke has been, for some time past, has been the principal Subject of these Deliberations. It is said, that his Highness labours under a consumptive Disorder, which gives little or no Hopes of his Recovery, and that his Physicians begin to despair of the Success of their Remedies. The Senate, duly informed of this, have intreated the Empress to take such Measures as her Wisdom and Prudence must naturally dictate on this critical Occasion, and have expressed their Desire that her Imperial Majesty would, conformably to the Laws and Constitutions of the Empire, name a Successor to the Imperial Throne in Case of the demise of the Grand Duke.

FRANCE.

Paris, Oct. 26. A Person calling himself Baron du Maine, pretending likewise to be a reformed Captain, and wearing without any Title thereto, the Cross of St. Louis, has been exposed here to the Carcan (a Kind of Pillory)

for three Days successively, and in three different Places, with two Papers, one behind and the other before, whereon were wrote these Words, THIEF and SHARPER. The Sentence of the Chatelet condemned him to be whipped, marked, and sent to the Gallies; but the Parliament changed those three Punishments for an ignominious Exposition, and a Banishment of nine Years. — *Extract of a Letter from Paris, Oct. 26.* "A Courier is arrived at Fontainebleau from Vienna, who is said to have brought Dispatches relating to the Affairs of Poland, and particularly the last Election. It seems the two Courts are concerting upon a Point, viz. Whether, and how they shall acknowledge the new-elected King. Our Court, if it does acknowledge him, will certainly insist upon some Satisfaction with Regard to what passed between our Ambassador and the Prince-Primate.—We hear, that on a Memorial being presented by the Earl of Hertford to the French Court, setting forth the illegal Proceedings of the Governor of Goree, in attempting to establish a Settlement near the River Gambia in Africa, that Court has declared its Disapprobation of his Proceedings, and he is recalled to give an Account of his irregular Behaviour.

SPAIN.

The Damages sustained by a late Inundation at Malaga are esteemed at three Millions of Pieces of Eight. The Torrents came with such Force from the Mountains, as to overflow many Parts of the City up to the first Story of the Houses. When the Letters came away the Rains had not ceased. — *Segovia, October 15.* The Regiment of Soria, in Garrison at Barcelona, together with the two Regiments of Catalan Fuzileers, (or Miquelets) have received Orders to march to the Frontiers of Portugal. Last Saturday his Catholick Majesty, attended by the Prince of Asturias, the Infant Don Lewis, and the young Princes came hither to see the Military School established by Count Gazola, Master of the Ordinance, who had fortified a Camp, with different Redoubts, for the Instruction of the Prince of Asturias, as well as for the Cadets; and the Attack of the Lines was made in all its Forms by the Volunteers of Arragon, and defended by the two Battalions of the Regiment

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giment of Artillery. His Catholick Majesty expressed great Satisfaction at the Performance. *Lond. Gaz.*

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, Oct. 20. Senhor Dom John returned the 9th Instant with his Squadron, after having been at Gibraltar, and cruized some time upon the Coast of Salle. He staid nine Days at Gibraltar, and expressed great Satisfaction at the particular Attention and Politeness with which he was received by the Governor and the whole Garrison. This Week arrived a small Fleet of four Merchant Ships from Pernambuco, and a Fleet of two and twenty Sail of Merchant Ships, under Convoy of one Man of War, from the Bahia: the Cargo of these last consists of four thousand eight Hundred Rolls of Tobacco, and about two hundred thousand Pounds in Gold. *Lond. Gaz.*

ITALY.

Genoa, October 13. By Advices received this Week from Corsica, the Malecontents continued their Operations against St. Fiorenza. The Vessels sent from hence with Succours, and a Reinforcement of Soldiers for the Garrison, were forced by stress of Weather into Porto Ferrajo. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Turin, October 27.* The French Troops destined for Corsica, are now quite ready at Toulon, expecting every Day final Orders to embark: and the 18th Instant a Genoese Galley, with five large Barks, sailed from Genoa for Bastia, to bring back the Troops of the Republick, as soon as the French shall have taken Possession of those Places which they are to Garrison. *Lond. Gaz.*—*Venice, October 19.* The Plague having again made its Appearance in the Territory of Knin in Dalmatia, on the Confines of Bosnia, the Republick have again increased the Quarantine on all that Coast to 42 Days, from 26, to which it had been reduced. *Lond. Gaz.*

AMERICA.

New-Port, Sept. 10. Capt. Godfrey arrived here last Friday, in 46 Days from the Bay of Honduras, by whom we learn, that the Affairs there, respecting the cutting of Logwood by the English, are not yet accommodated; on the contrary, in the Answer the

Spanish Governor of Merida, gave, when applied to by the Person who was sent thither from Jamaica, in order to settle Matters, the Baymen were limited to 20 Leagues up the South Side of the New River, and if caught on the North Side to be arrested, and their Negroes seized: In the River Balis, and four Leagues to the Southward of its Mouth, to be allowed free Liberty, without Interruption; but if discovered to be any further to the Southward, they subject their Effects to Confiscation. *Boston Gaz.*

Advices from Canada, dated Sept. 20, import, that on the 22d of August the following Addressees from the British Merchants and Traders at Montreal, and from the principal Inhabitants of the same Place, were presented to the Hon. James Murray, Esq; Captain-General, Governor, and Vice-Admiral of Quebec, &c. to which his Excellency returned the polite Answers subjoined to each Address,

To the Hon. JAMES MURRAY, Esq; Captain-General and Governor of the Province of Quebec, Vice-Admiral of the same, &c.

May it please your Excellency,

WE his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal Subjects, the British Merchants and Traders of the City of Montreal, beg leave sincerely to congratulate your Excellency upon your Appointment to the Government of the Province of Quebec; a Command as extensive and honourable to your Excellency, as it is happy and agreeable to us. We hope, under the Auspices and Protection of your Excellency, to extend the Trade of Great Britain to the remotest Regions of this vast Continent, and by our Probity, Candour and Industry, to make the Name of Briton respectable to the savage Nations, that have been prejudiced and turned against us by the Artifices of the French. The Encouragement given to Trade and Commerce, under your Excellency's wise and upright Administration, has raised the Capital of this Province to a State of Opulence and Freedom unknown before, and rendered her the Object of Admiration and Jealousy to the Inhabitants of this languishing City. From these happy Effects of your Excellency's Genius; from your known Character

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of Humanity and Goodness; and from the speedy Establishment of Civil Law and Justice amongst us, we are induced to believe that our Commerce will revive, and that an effectual Stop will be put to all arbitrary Imprisonments, and to the numberless Exactions of Persons in Public Office, in Defiance of the Law. We embrace this Opportunity of expressing our Duty and Loyalty to the best of Sovereigns; and beg leave to assure your Excellency of our Affection to your Person, and Zeal for the Honour and Tranquillity of your Government, which, we flatter ourselves, will be both lasting and agreeable to your Excellency, if a ready Submission on our Part to the Laws of our Country will contribute thereto. We have the Honour to be, with profound Respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

And most humble Servants.

Montreal, Aug. 22, 1764.

To which his Excellency was pleased to return the following Answer :

'Gentlemen,

'I return you my Thanks for the obliging Manner in which you express yourselves with regard to me. The Establishment of the Civil Government, and the Peace with the Indian Nations, it is to be hoped, will give Life to every Branch of Commerce this Country can admit of; Montreal, from its Situation, should at least have an equal Share of these Advantages; as its Inhabitants, may, upon all Occasions, have an equal Claim to my Attention and Regard.

J. A. MURRAY.'

Quebec, Sept. 8, 1764.

The Address of the principal Inhabitants of Montreal.

To his Excellency JAMES MURRAY, Governor in Chief, and Vice-Admiral of the Province of Quebec.

AT last our most sanguine Wishes are gratified; we have been the faithful Witnesses of the Prerogatives granted to your Excellency by the greatest of Kings, in the Commission of Governor in Chief of the vast Province of Quebec. Permit us to vent our Joy, which is too great and too perfect to be contained: we are already certain that we

shall see Peace, Justice, and Equity, reign in our Province: every Circumstance assures us of the Freedom and Security of Trade. He is no more one of those Conquerors of the Province of Quebec, who formerly managed the Thunderbolt of War with so much Skill in the Conquest thereof; as mild in Peace as dangerous in Battle, his only Occupation is to dispense Happiness. Such is the pleasing Idea we entertain of that happy Government we are to enjoy under your Excellency; an Idea founded on the unanimous Testimony of all the Inhabitants of the ancient Government of Quebec. We earnestly beseech your Excellency will honour us with your Protection, to merit which shall be our Duty; and that you will be assured the happy Liberty we are to enjoy as Citizens, will be always attended with the most perfect Submission and Obedience, and we will ever, with one united Voice, offer our ardent Prayers to the Almighty that your Excellency's Government may be equally long and happy.

To which his Excellency was pleased to make the following Answer :

'Gentlemen,

'The Sentiments you express to me on this Occasion are very agreeable. Your Interests, and those of the Province in general, are very dear to me, and I shall be always ready to give you Proofs thereof. The Fidelity and Obedience you promise to observe to the new Government shall always be the secure Guarantees of my Protection, while I have the Honour to preside in this Province.

J. A. MURRAY.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Oct. 29. We learn from Perthshire, that on the 22d Inst. the House of Freeland, belonging to the Right Hon. the Lord Ruthven, fell to the Ground, but providentially the Family being from Home, and it happening in the Day-time, no Persons were hurt.

COUNTRY NEWS.

The 20th of October a Bailiff, who went

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went to arrest a Collier at the Pits on the Clee Hills, in Shropshire, was killed by the said Collier, who has been apprehended and committed to Shrewsbury Goal, as have likewise four other Colliers, who were Spectators of the Murder. — *Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, October 25.* There has been a Tumult in the lower Part of this County, about Newell on Trent, and Burton, occasioned by some Colliers, &c. refusing to pay 8s. 4d. per Bushel for Wheat. It has been sold for that Money in the Market, which they thought unreasonable, as it took so much of their Money for Bread only. So they enquired out both Buyer and Seller, brought them Face to Face, and obliged the Seller to return 3s. 4d. of the Money per Bushel, and cleared the Market of all the Wheat at 5s. per Bushel. — *Ipswich, Nov. 2.* Last Night a Fire broke out at a Barn (formerly St. George's Chapel) near St. Matthew's-street in this Town; which entirely consumed all the Corn in the Barn, with an adjoining Cart Lodge, and a Stack of Clover. This Accident was occasioned by a Boy's knocking a lighted Torch against some Pales near the Barn. The Corn and Clover, worth upwards of 200l. were the Property of a Widow, who has lost all she had gained by great Industry for several Years past. — *Sherborne, Nov. 5.* An Information having been made before William Salkeld and John Hutchings, Esqrs. against Frampton Rogers, Silas Kelly, and Sam. Drew, of Tarrant-Nighton, for harbouring smuggled Tea; on searching their Houses, there was found about 30 lb. of Tea, mixed with Leaves, and 1030 lb. Weight of Ash, Elder, and Sloe Leaves, dried and prepared ready for mixing with Tea, part whereof was intended to be sent to Guernsey, to be mixed there. These Leaves were collected in the Summer, in Cranborn Chase, wherein the Poor in that Neighbourhood were so much employed, that the Farmers could not get Labourers for their Harvest. The Justices fined them 20l. each. — *Oxford, Nov. 10.* Last Tuesday Morning, about a Quarter past four o'Clock, a slight but very alarming Shock of an Earthquake was felt here; which, however, provisionally did very little, if any Damage, to either the public or private Buildings. As this Shock happened so

early in the Morning, many who enjoyed sound Sleep did not experience its Effects; those nevertheless who happened to be awake, or were disturbed from their Sleep by the Concussion, (many of whom quitted their Beds) give the following Account: Some were alarmed by a sudden Shock which tossed them upwards in their Beds; others found rather a reverberating Agitation, attending with a rumbling Noise, as if something had fallen upon the Floors; and in the Bedchambers of Colleges, as well as in other Stone built Structures, the Doors bounded by the Pressure of Buildings as if they had been rushed against, some of which are said to have sprung open; and likewise that there were Dwelling Houses so much agitated that the Bells rang in them. It is remarkable, that even in the Extent of this City and its Suburbs, tho' the Phenomenon was universal, all Parts were not alike affected; and that near the River the Agitation was rather the most violent. Those who were up at their Business were equally alarmed by the Shock, and surprized at the sudden Motion of the Pewter and other Furniture; and it is agreed, that though the Wind soon after became rather tempestuous, the Morning was at that Time perfectly calm and serene.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, November 2d.

Last Tuesday was committed to Newgate from the Public Office in Bow-street, by Major Spinnage, the famous Mullatto Man who called himself King Kadgo, and who for some Time past hath preyed upon the Public, pretending to be a King or Foreign Prince, and hiring Livery Servants, taking genteel Lodgings, obtaining rich Suits of Cloaths from Taylors, and such like Impositions. When apprehended (at which Time he had two Footmen to attend him) he had a Crown upon his Head composed of rich Gold Lace, which, upon Examination, appears to have been stolen by him from a Master Taylor, whilst he was chusing a Pattern of Lace for a rich Suit of Cloaths. — Wednesday Morning a Fire broke in Prince's street, Drury-lane, which has destroyed four Houses, and damaged several others. — Wednesday

day

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day Night Henry Guppy, a Butcher, in his Way from Streatham to Norwood in Surry, was attacked in a Field of Mr. Dunford's, of Norwood, by three Footpads, who robbed him of what Money he had and a Bundle of Cloaths and Linnen, and beat him in such a Manner that his Life was despaired of; and Yesterday a Person was committed to the Gatehouse by Sir John Fielding, on Suspicion of being one of the three Villians.

Saturday 3. On Thursday last the 1st Instant, John Wilkes, Esq; had Sentence of Outlawry pronounced against him at the Sheriffs County Court in Holborn, by the Sheriff, Coroner, and other Officers.

Tuesday 6. Last Night a Drayman, driving a Brewer's Caravan along Old Gravel Lane, Wapping, where was a Bonfire, and some Lads throwing Serpents, the Horses took fright, and the Driver endeavouring to stop them, was thrown under the Wheel, and so much bruised, that he died soon after. — This Morning arrived at the India House the Purser of the Glatton, with an Account of the Arrival of the said Ship at Plymouth from China. She left the Deptford at St. Helena, from Madras. The Speaker, from Bombay, sailed with her from St. Helena, and parted a little while after, so that the News of her Arrival may be hourly expected.

Wednesday 7. Yesterday, being the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness Prince Henry-Frederick, his Majesty's third Brother, (who entered into the 20th Year of his Age) their Majesties received the Compliments of the Nobility and Gentry upon the Occasion; as did her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Thursday 8. Tuesday Evening, about seven o'Clock, a Fire broke out in one of the new Houses belonging to Mr. Osborne, a Builder, which are almost finished, near the Gully-hole in Houndsditch. The Fire consumed all the Inside of the House where it began, and damaged the adjoining one, before it could be extinguished. — Yesterday Mr. Samuel Jarvis, a blind Youth of great Merit, was chosen Organist of the Parish of Bishopsgate. — This Day the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, with the Lord Mayor Elect, attended by the Aldermen and the Courts of Assistants of the

Cutlers and Grocers Companies, went in Procession from the Mansion House to Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor Elect was sworn into his high Office, and had the City Regalia delivered to him; after which they returned back to the Mansion House, where an elegant Entertainment, at the joint Expence of the old and new Lord Mayors, was given to the Aldermen and the two Companies aforesaid.

Friday 9. Yesterday about four o'Clock in the Afternoon, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, attended by the Earl of Albemarle, and Gen. Hudson, arrived at his House in Grosvenor-square from Newmarket. — The grand Saloon in the Queen's Palace is ordered to be hung with a rich Damask of English Fabrick, supposed to be the richest ever made in this Kingdom. The Cartoons fixed up there from Hampton Court, are taken down to be placed in another Part of the Queen's Palace.

Monday 12. Saturday last a Man driving a Waggon along Goswell-street, fell down, when the Wheel went over his Head, and killed him on the Spot.

Tuesday 13. Yesterday his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland set out from his House in Grosvenor-square for Windsor-lodge. — Yesterday came on the Scrutiny for reducing the Candidates for the Rectory of St. Anne, Black-Friars, to two. The Scrutineers for the Rev. Mr. Romaine, and the Rev. Mr. Warner, objected to upwards of forty of Mr. Smith's Votes, because they did not pay the Poor's Tax; which Objections the Church-wardens accepted. Mr. Smith's Scrutineers, in return, objected to the Votes of Mr. Romaine, and Mr. Warner, not by the Poor's Book, but according to the supposed Sense of the Deed, and according to the Mode of the Poll universally agreed on, viz. that every Householder within the Parish, not receiving Alms, had a right to vote for Rector. It is expected the Day for another Election between Mr. Warner and Mr. Romaine, will be declared in Church on Sunday next. — We are assured that a Patent is now preparing, to create his Royal Highness Prince William, second Brother to his Majesty, Duke of Lancaster. It is remarkable there has not been a Duke of Lancaster since the Reign of King Richard II. the last who

bore

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bore that Title being Henry Duke of Lancaster and Hereford, Son of the famous John of Gaunt, who was afterwards King of England, by the Name of Henry IV.

Wednesday 14. The following Account is given of the supposed Murder, for which some Persons are now in Custody. A Boy, an Apprentice to a Clog-maker in Grub-street, having frequently refused going of Errands late of an Evening, upon his Master's correcting him, gave the following Account: That before he came Apprentice he lived in a House of ill fame in an Alley in Chick-lane, where his Sister lodged, who was a common Prostitute; that one Evening, about seven Months ago, she brought in a Man with Boots and Spurs, who appeared like a Countryman; that they drank freely, and went to bed together; that his Sister got up and took his Money

out of his Pocket, which the Man perceiving, he got up and struck her, when she stabbed him several Times with a Knife, and the Man dropped down dead; that then, with the Assistance of some Persons, she stripped him naked, and some of them got a Pix-Axe and Spade, and dug a Hole and buried him in a Piece of waste Ground behind the House. All necessary Steps are taken to bring this Affair to light.

Thursday 15. Yesterday Morning David Spence and John Carlow, for stealing Woollen Cloth, &c. from the Warehouse of Mess. Crane, Scarlet Dyers, at Old Ford, were, pursuant to their Sentence executed at Tyburn. — Friday Night, about eight o'Clock, a Woman, well dressed, was found with her Throat cut, and quite dead, near Hyde-Park Wall, by Grosvenor-square.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence. Genoa, Off. 20.

THIS Week the Republick has received Advice, that the Succours and Reinforcements sent to the Garrison of San Fiorenza were got safe. Some Corsican Soldiers, and the Officer of the Fort of Erbalonga, having determined to deliver the Fort to the Genoese, a Detachment of the Republick's Troops was sent from Bastia on board some Vessels to assist them; but the Design of these in the Fort having been discovered, the Malecontents came down from the adjacent Villages, and prevented the Genoese from Landing. The Officer and Soldiers, finding their Design circumvented, began a Parley with the other Malecontents; but whilst the Officer was treating, he was shot; which so disheartened the Soldiers, that they offered to surrender up the Fort on Condition of their Lives being spared; which was promised: But as soon as the Malecontents got Possession of the Fort they stabbed with Stiletto's every one of the Mutineers. *Lond. Gaz.*

Extract of a Letter from Leghorn.

"The following Corsican Manifesto, said to have been sworn to by Paoli and his Adherents, in the Year 1754, and lately renewed by them, on Account of the designed Embarkation of French Troops for the Assistance of Genoa, is

now handed about here.

'We have sworn, and we call upon God to witness it, that we will all of us sooner die than enter into any Negotiation with the Republic of Genoa, or return under its Yoke. If the Powers of Europe, and the French in particular, withdrawing their Compassion from an unhappy People, should arm themselves against us, and concur in our total Destruction, we will repel Force by Force; we will fight like desperate Men, determined either to conquer or die, till our Strength and Spirits being quite exhausted, our Arms fall out of our Hands; and when we have no Strength to take them up again, when all the Resources of our Courage shall be exhausted, our Despair shall furnish us with the last, which shall be to imitate the famous Example of the Saguntines, by rushing voluntarily into the Fire, rather than submit ourselves, and our Posterity, to the insupportable Yoke of Genoese Tyranny and Slavery.'

Leghorn, Off. 13. They write from Algier, that Mr. Harrison, Commander of a small English Squadron, has terminated with the Bey the Differences which subsisted on Account of the taking of a Vessel bearing an English Flag, and for which that Commander had Orders to demand Satisfaction. The Bey has restored

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red the Vessel without requiring any Money, which is thought very extraordinary, and contrary to the Custom of these Pirates, to whom every Thing appears lawful Prize. — Private Letters from Peterburgh inform us, that her Imperial Majesty has given Orders for translating the Swedish, Danish, and Prussian Laws into the Russian Tongue, and for digesting the Ukases, which may be considered as the Statute Law of Russia, under several Heads, so that on the whole a new Code may be compiled for the Benefit of her Subjects.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of William-Henry Rickets, Esq; of a Son. — Lady Clive, of a Daughter. — The Lady of the Hon. Lucius Ferdinand Cary, Esq; only Son of the Lord Viscount Falkland, of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

— Norton, Esq; of Bloomsbury, to Mrs. Hayward, of Luton in Bedfordshire. — Mr. George Craven, Sugar Refiner in Goodman's Fields, to Miss Plant; eldest Daughter of — Plant, Esq; of Hackney.

D E A T H S.

John Abenezzer, Esq; of Stoke Newington. — Miss Ann Hamilton, Daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, and Niece to the Right Hon. Lord Abercorn. — At Reigate in Surry, William Stangate, Esq; — Mrs. Hutton, Mistress of the Bull and Gate Inn, in Holborn. — Dr. Hadley, Physician to the Charter house, and one of the Physicians to St. Thomas's Hospital. — The Right Hon. Earl Poulet, Viscount Hinton, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Somerset. — Francis Buller, Esq; Member for the West Looe, in Cornwall. — Mr. Vanhagen, Dutch Merchant, of Broad street — Mr. Nash, Warehousen, in Coleman-street. — The Lady of Edward Thurloe, Esq; — Peter Craven, Esq; an eminent Corn-factor. — The Right Hon. Fulwar Craven, Lord Craven, Baron of Hempstead-Marshal. — Sir Thomas Clarke, Knight, Master of the Rolls, and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council. — Mr. John Carter, one of the wealthiest Butchers in the Kingdom, being one of the Contractors for the Navy, the East India Company, &c. — The celebrated Mr. Churchill, so famous for

his poetical and satyrical Works.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Knowles, B. A. to the Vicarage of Clayton, in the Diocese of York. — The Rev. Mr. Williamson, to the Living of Lolworth, near Cambridge. — The Rev. Mr. Preston, Chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, to the Rectory of Oekham, in Surry. — The Rev. George Sampson, M. A. to the Vicarage of Harbletown, in the County and Diocese of York. — The Rev. Mr. Frederick Wollaston, to the Rectory of Wolverhampton, in Suffolk. — Dr. Bernardiston, Master of Bennet College, elected Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the Year ensuing. — The Rev. Mr. Rhudde, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Hon. and Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Durham, to the Rectory of Haughton near Darlington in the County of Durham. — The Rev. Mr. Waller, Fellow of King's College Cambridge, to the Living of St. Andrew Undershaft.

P R O M O T I O N S.

Mr. Jackson of the General Post Office, to be Deputy Comptroller of the Foreign Office. — James Marriot, Doctor of Laws, to be his Majesty's Advocate General, in all Causes Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Maritime; in the Room of Dr. George Hay, promoted to be Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

B—KR—TS.

Oct. 30. Isaac Henriques Samuda, of Lemon-street, Goodman's Fields, London, Merchant.

Nov. 3. William Evans, of St. James, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Victualler. — Charles Tapping, of Leadenhall-street, London, Seedsmen. — Thomas Lewis, of Liverpoole, Bread Baker.

6. William Murvell, of the Strand, Haberdasher. — John Henry Bartels, of St. Martin's Lane, Cannon-street, London, Merchant.

10. Alexander Master, of Smithfield, London, and Edward Raby, of the Borough, Southwark, Ironmongers and Copartners. — John Scanlan, of Dean-street, Soho, Dealer. — John Ellis of St. Margaret, Westminster, Victualler. — Thomas Collins the younger, of the Parish of St. Nicholas Warwick, in the County of Warwick, Skinner.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
November 16, to Friday November 30, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.

DErvis Effendi whom the Ottoman Porte has sent to compliment the Empress of Russia on her Accession to the Throne, made his public Entry into Petersburg the 11th Ult. —*Petersburg, Oct. 10.* Several hundred Jews (arrived here from different Parts of the German Dominions, in consequence of the Encouragement given by the Empress) set out the 23th past, for Astracan, a City on the Confines of Asia, and within sixty Miles of the Caspian Sea. Their principal Design is to carry on a Trade to Persia and the Daghestan, by means of large Barks down the Wolga, and they are to be indulged with particular Immunities for seven Years. —*Petersburg, October 19.* It is reported that a Camp of 40,000 Men will be formed in this Neighbourhood next Spring. —*Extract of a Letter from Petersburg.* The Court and Senate have taken all possible Pains to shew that the Lieutenant Mirowitsch was not such an Instrument as some apprehended him to be. For this Purpose the Sentence which was pronounced against him the 20th, and executed the 26th of September last, has been published, with some Pieces annexed, giving a circumstantial Account of the Traitor, his Crimes, those of his Family, and the Designs he proposed to execute by the desperate Attempt that cost him his Life, as also the Methods that he employed to seduce those that were his Accomplices. We also learn in this Trial, that his principal Associate Apollo Uschakow, who had bound himself by an Oath, taken at the great Altar, in the Church of Casan, to assist him in setting Prince Iwan on the Throne, was drowned on the Road to Smolensko, the 10th of June last. The following Paragraph, among others in this Piece, is worthy of

Attention: "As the violent Death of the unfortunate Prince Iwan was the immediate Consequence of the desperate Attempt of Mirowitsch, so must this Officer be manifestly considered as the principal Cause of this Assassination, nay even regarded as the Murderer of that unhappy Prince." This Piece of Casuistry, which is designed as a Soporifick, for the Consciences of the Governor of Slusselburg and of those that directed his Hand to strike the fatal Blow, is not looked upon here as either clear or satisfactory. As it is, at least, certain, that the unfortunate Prince had no Hand in, and no Knowledge of this Conspiracy, it is hard to conceive, how any other Blood than that of Mirowitsch could with Justice, be shed to expiate its Guilt. This new and commodious Method of transferring Guilt is, however, signed by five Bishops; they are, indeed, Russian Bishops."

POLAND.

Letters from Warsaw say, that among other Regulations his Polish Majesty has much at Heart the reducing the Number of Laws and Lawyers, both greatly multiplied in the late Reign, in order to render the future Administration of Justice more cheap, easy and expeditious to his Subjects. — Some Persons having taken down the Oration of the King of Poland, whilst he was speaking it, the 13th of last Month, in the Cathedral of St. John at Warsaw, after having received the Diploma of Election, and taken the Oath on the Royal Capitulation, an exact Copy has since been published at Dantzick. The following is a Translation of the Conclusion of it. "You, Sir, [addressing himself to the Marshal of the Dyet] are the Interpreter of that lofty Noblesse who enjoin me to command in the

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Republick, according to the Laws. Be equally on my Part the agreeable and authorised Interpreter of the Sincerity of my invariable Intentions. Assure them, that I will enjoy all the Days and Means which Heaven shall grant me, to answer the Wishes of my dear Countrymen: but demand of them at the same Time, be-seech, conjure them to aid and assist him who aims at nothing but their good. Who is there that does not see, that feels not the public Misfortunes? Sorrowful Experience has pointed out to us the empoisoned Source from whence flow all our Calamities. Envy and Interest have produced Discord, and that has destroyed every Thing. In disturbing our Counsels, it has blunted in our Hands the Instruments of Defence and Glory; and those Treasures which should secure the Strength and Splendor of the State, are become the Prey of a Luxury so much the more pernicious, as it is the more signal and glaring. Let Union, then, perform, what cannot be done without it. The small Number, you are sensible, can more easily throw down, than the large can build up. Let Emulation, that Virtue so bordering, yet so different to envy, animate us; let us all endeavour to outstrip each other in aiming at the sole Merit, at the Glory alone of well-serving the State. But what will the Hopes and Prayers of Humanity avail, if they are not approved of by Him, who with a Breath raises and overthrows Empires. "Great God! O! Thou who hast raised me to the Post I am in; Thou dost nothing in vain; thou hast given me the Crown with the ardent Desire of restoring the State. Finish thy Work; let the Voice of my Prayer come unto Thee; finish, Great God, thy Work! pour into the Hearts of all the Nation that Love for the public Weal with which mine abounds."

GERMANY.

Ratisbon, Nov. 1. The Imperial and Prussian Soldiers who are beating up here for Recruits, came to blows a few Days ago, and cut one another pretty handsomely. This Affair will probably have very great Consequences.—*Lower Elbe, Nov. 3.* France is buying up a great Number of Horses of Remount in Holstein, which are immediately conducted to Alface. — Letters from Berlin

say, that his Prussian Majesty is very Intent on recovering the Subjects he lost from several Parts of his Dominions, through the Hardships brought upon them by the late War; and for that Purpose has proposed very advantageous Terms, and a considerable Diminution of Taxes, to such as will return and cultivate their former Possessions. — They write from Vienna, that the unhappy City of Commora, which was almost demolished last Year by an Earthquake, had been visited again the latter End of last Month by several more Shocks, which had put the Inhabitants into the greatest Consternation. — Letters from Vienna bring Advice, that they had received an Account from Constantinople, that the Khan of Tartary was deposed. — The States of Hungary are at last separated, after conducting their Deliberations with great Unanimity, and with the utmost Satisfaction to her Imperial Majesty.

FRANCE.

The Oak, Hornsby, from Trieste for London, with Ashes, is lost off the Coast of France, and nothing saved. — They write from Paris, of the 5th Inst. that a Midwife in that City had lately laid a Woman of a monstrous Birth; it was a Male Child still-born; it had one Head, two Faces parted asunder by a small Partition of Skin, four Eyes, two Noses, and two Mouths; the two external Noses of a beautiful Make, but the two internal were united into one, and joined the Apple of the Eye. The Noses were flattish; one of the Mouths was perfect, but the other had an Hare-Lip opened only on the right Side: the remaining Part of the Body was properly shaped, except the Back-bone, which seemed not to have the natural Make. It had two Passages backwards, one above the other. It was rough, covered over like an Hare-skin, and its Forehead was dented in. — About a Fortnight ago a Fire broke out in the Silver Lion Inn at Calais, by which in a short Space of Time the whole House with most of its costly Furniture, was reduced to Ashes. The Damage is computed at 90,000 Livres (about 4000l. Sterling). — *Paris, Nov. 11.* The Chevalier du Chapt, Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons, and M. de Beaurepaire Major of the same Regiment, fought a Duel with Pistols a few Days ago in the Wood

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Wood of Boulogne, and were both mortally wounded. The first expired within half-an Hour after the Engagement, and the other next Day. The Cause of their Quarrel is not publickly known.

S P A I N.

There has been lately at Segovia the most violent and tremendous Storm of Thunder and Lightning that had been ever known in those Parts; infomuch that the Inhabitants apprehended the Dissolution of all Things was at hand, but providentially there was no great Mischief done, except to one Church, wherein an Image of the Holy Virgin was much defaced. — *Madrid, Oct. 30.* The Earl of Rochford, Ambassador from the King of Great Britain, had, on the 19th Inst. a private Audience of the King, to whom he communicated his Dispatches, in which his Britannick Majesty declared how much satisfied he was with the Resolution this Court had come to, in respect to the cutting Logwood in the Bay of Honduras, and with the Disposition shewn to cultivate a good Understanding between the two Crowns. It is said, nevertheless, that this Minister received at the same Time, Orders to insist on the Losses being repaid, which were suffered by some few Particulars,

I T A L Y.

By Letters from Geneva of the 20th Ult. we learn, that the Profits of the Edition of the Great Corneille's *Theatre*, with M. de Voltaire's Comments, which has lately made its Appearance there, are designed to procure for Mademoiselle Corneille, the Niece of the French Sophocles, a Maintenance worthy of the great Name she bears. The French King has subscribed for 200 Copies, and makes a Present of 150 to the above Lady. The Empress of Russia has extended her Generosity in the same Manner. M. de Voltaire has subscribed for 200 Copies, and Numbers of all Ranks have followed his Example. — *Turin, November 10.* The Malecontents of Corsica, finding their Progress in the Attack of St. Fiorenza did not promise them a speedy Success, raised the Siege of that Place last Week, and have retired to the interior Parts of the Country. *London Gazette.*

T U R K E Y.

We hear that 20,000 Spahis, and 30,000 Janissaries, drawn from the Gar-

risons of Choczim, Widin, Oczakow and Bender, have assembled themselves in a Body, but with what Motive is not known.

A M E R I C A.

The Suffolk Packet, Ball, from South Carolina, has brought the following Advice.

From the South Carolina Gazette.

Message from the Commons House of Assembly to the Lieutenant-Governor.

May it please your Honour,

IN answer to your Message of Yesterday, accompanied with a Letter from his Excellency General Gage, we inform your Honour, that this House referred the same to a Committee, who made a Report thereupon, which we have agreed to; and we herewith send your Honour a Copy of the same.

By Order of the House,

RAWLINS LOWNDES, *Speaker.*

25th Aug. 1764.

The Committee on the Governor's Message of Yesterday, accompanied with a Letter from his Excellency General Gage of the 22d of last Month, recommending Provision to be made for the Cherokee and Chicafah Indians, in order to prevail on them to intercept a Convoy of Supplies from the French, to the Shawanese, and Delawares, and the Indians of d'Etroit, and to assist his Majesty's Troops going up the Mississippi.

R E P O R T,

THAT they have considered the said Message and Letter, and are of Opinion, that the Rejection of the Tax Bill, by the Council (which the House is informed of by Message) must give such a Shock to publick Credit, as, either to cause an entire Stagnation, or else to put it on the most disadvantageous and scandalous Footing; because the Suppliers of the Publick must thence clearly perceive, that their Hopes of Payment do not so much depend on the Faith and Honour of their natural Representatives, as upon the Caprice and Pleasure of the Council, and very often even of a Majority of such as are altogether Placemen, and have no natural Tie or Connection whatever with the Province. For

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these Reasons, your Committee cannot recommend to the House to enter into any Expence till publick Credit be replaced on its proper Basis, and the old and heavy Debt already incurred be fully discharged, by the passing of a Tax-bill: in order too, that the Creditors of the Province may find, while its Representatives are unconstitutionally prevented from paying their just Demands, that they will not countenance any farther Augmentation of the publick Debt, lest they should thereby seem tamely to suffer themselves to be made use of, only as Instruments, to entrap and defraud the People.

Charles Town, South Carolina, Sept. 13.
The Handsome Fellow, and several other principal Creek Indians from Oakeskee, were sent down lately by the Mortar, a principal Headman of the Creeks, to Fort Augusta, where they delivered on the 13th inst, a Talk from the Mortar, addressed to the Governors of South Carolina and Georgia, and the Superintendent, in which he says, "I am thoroughly sensible of the many Outrages and Hostilities which I have committed against the English, while I held the French post, and I beg Forgiveness of the Great King, the Governors and Superintendent. I present you with this white Wing, as a Pledge of my firm Friendship and Fidelity for the Time to come, and beg the Governors and Superintendent may acquaint the Great King, that I am determined ever to be his most faithful Friend. I likewise present you with this String of white Beads, at the Request of the great Men of our Nation, to shew that it is their Desire that the good-old Path between Augusta and the Nation may be kept white and clean, &c. — Accounts brought from America, by the Juno Frigate, say, that 100 of our Forces were lost in Boats going on a Command up a River there; that Lieut. Davis, and Mr. James Cavalier, who acted as Sergeant Major, with 18 more of the Royal Train of Artillery, were lost in one Boat, and but one Man of the whole was saved. — They write from New-York, that an accurate Survey of the Gulph and River of St. Lawrence, and Shores of Labrador, has been delineated, from Observations taken on board the Caran Government Ship sent out for that Purpose, which will be of the

greatest Advantage to the future Navigation of those Seas, as many dangerous Places have been discovered, which were before unknown, or industriously concealed, while the French were in Possession of Canada; — We hear from Dartmouth, in Nova Scotia, that at a small Distance from the Back of that Settlement, two very fine and extensive Coal Mines have been discovered, said to be not in the least Inferior to most of ours in the North of England. — *Pensilvania, October 11.* Our last Accounts from Pittsburg are, that all the Forces have got safe there; and that Col. Bouquet, with 400 Men had crossed the Ohio, where he was encamped, waiting the Arrival of a Number of Volunteers from Virginia, hourly expected. — Letters from Berbice, have brought an Account, that on the 21st of July last a violent Earthquake happened there, which lasted four Minutes.

COUNTRY NEWS.

The 4th Inst. a Country Fellow, who had just quitted his Service, and received his Wages, was met with near Dornington, in Herefordshire, by two Highwaymen, who knocked him down, and then cut out one of his Breeches Pockets, (in which was about three Pounds) and got clear off with their Booty. — The 12th Inst. arrived at Plymouth, the Johanna, Jacobson, of Rotterdam, from Malaga for Hamburg, who about three Weeks ago, on the Coast of Portugal received such Damage, that part of the Cargo must be unladen, before she can proceed on her Voyage. As the Boat that had put the Pilot on board the Vessel, to bring her into the Harbour, was returning to Cawland, with nine Men in her, a Sea filled the Boat with such a Quantity of Water, that she instantly sunk, and all the poor Fellows were unfortunately drowned. — The Beulah, Green, bound from New York to London, was lost in the Night between the 12th and 13th Inst. on the Saunton Sands near Braunton in the County of Devon; when the Master, with most of the Crew, and three Passengers perished. — The 14th Inst. about three o'Clock, in the Afternoon, as a young Woman was going over Corse lawn, towards Gloucester, she was overtaken by a Man and a Woman. After all three had travelled

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velled together some Time, the Man signified he was a Conjuror, and that he could presently raise the Devil; accordingly drew a large Circle on the Ground, and at last cried out, *there he is!* pointing to the Spot, which put the young Woman into a terrible Fright. The Charm being thus far worked up, the Fellow pulled a Pistol from under his Coat, and then he and his Companion seized upon the young Woman, and robbed her of some Money and a Bundle, and likewise took her Shoes off her Feet, threatening to blow her Brains out if she followed them. — The 16th Inst. the Custom-house Officers at Dover, discovered in the Sides of a Trunk a Convenience, wherein was artfully concealed, a vast Number of Geneva Gold Watches, Watch Chains, and Hands for Watches, cut Garnet, Topaz, and Amethyst Stones, with a Quantity of Ribbon, &c. — *Portsmouth, Nov. 20.* Sunday Night a French Vessel, laden with Pitch and Tar, came into Cowes Road all on Fire; and endeavoured to run into the Harbour of Cowes, but run on the Mud before she could get in, and burnt down to the Water's Edge; all the Men were saved. And last Friday Night a bad Accident happened at West-Cowes: a Person at the King's Arms in the said Town left a Charcoal Fire in a Room that they had papered, to dry it; which by some Means or other got hold of the Paper, and set Fire to the House, which consumed the same with two others adjoining; they were forced also to pull down two more Houses to stop the Progress of the Flames. — We hear from Coventry, that, after the Example of the City of London, the Corporation has caused most of the Gates to be taken down; and a very spacious Road is making towards West Chester. — The 13th Inst. a Farmer, of Tame in Oxfordshire, returning Home, was robbed near Tame, by two Highwaymen, of 9l. 16s. and the Farmer afterwards imprudently saying, they would think it hard to be hanged for such a small Sum of Money, one of them fired a Pistol at him, the Ball of which went through his Hat, and beat it off; and whilst he was stooping to take it up, the other shot at him, and the Ball passed under his Arm, but happily did no hurt. They then rode off. — The 14th Inst. a terrible Fire broke out at Mr. Pitt's, a considerable Farmer,

at Sutton, near Hereford, which greatly damaged the Dwelling House, entirely consumed some Stables and Barns, with a large Quantity of Corn and Hay, a Pig-sty, and two fine Pigs, and two Cyder-Mills. It happened by a Servant carelessly leaving a lighted Candle near the Rafters of one of the Out-Buildings, where he had been making Cyder. The Damage is computed at upwards of a Thousand Pounds. — At Steeple-Aston, in Oxfordshire, a few Nights since, the House of Mr. John Paine was broke open, from whence the Villains stole and carried off divers Kinds of Wearing-Apparel. The House of Mr. Rickson, at Fringford was also broke open, and there were stolen from thence a Dozen of Silver Spoons, with other Plate, &c. to the Value of 10l. or upwards. Three Houses at Fritwell were in like Manner broke open, as is supposed by the same Gang.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, November 16th.

Monday Samuel Luppin, an ancient Waterman, carrying two Women down the River as far as the Red-House, his Wherry was run down by a Fishing-Smack, and he and one of the Women were drowned; the other was taken up by the Fishing-Smack. — Tuesday a Schoolmaster of Peckham, being disordered in his Senses, got on the Coping of the middle Arch of Westminster-Bridge, and jumped from thence into the Thames: luckily one John Hill, an active young Waterman, coming with his Boat through the Center Arch, saw him fall into the Water, and after plunging for a Minute or two, rise on the Surface of the Tide, on which Hill got hold of the Cape of his Coat, and with Assistance got him into the Boat. All proper Care was taken of the unhappy Man, but it is thought he cannot survive. — Tuesday Night the Remains of the late Mrs. Sheppard, who kept the Swan Tavern in Shoreditch, were, after lying in State at her own House, interred in a grand Manner at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. The Corpse was finely dressed in a white Sattin Sack, adorned with Ribbons, also a fine ruffled Cap, and Shift, &c. — Tuesday about 700 Pieces of fine Foreign Lace, found concealed in the Lining of some Cloaths

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belonging to a certain Foreigner, which had been lately seized by the Custom-house Officers, were brought and lodged at the Custom-house. — The same Day Capt. Cotterell, Son to the late Admiral Cotterell, returning in a one-horse Chaise from shooting, at Mr. Fitzroy's at Horley-Place in Surry, received a Wound in his Side, by the accidental going off of his Gun, and notwithstanding all possible Assistance from Mr. Adair of London, who extracted the Shot, he expired the next Morning. — On Thursday the Will of the late Right Hon. Sir Thomas Clarke, Master of the Rolls was opened, in which are the following Legacies, viz. To St. Luke's Hospital 30,000*l.* To Mr. Seddon, one of his Executors, 1000*l.* To Mr. Turner, his Trainbearer, 400*l.* And to each of his Servants, 20*l.* The Earl of Macclesfield is his Residuary Legatee. — The late Mr. Churchill has left all his Manuscripts to Mr. Wilkes; such of them as he shall approve, to be printed. And we likewise hear Mr. Wilkes is writing the History of England from the Revolution. — *St. James's, Nov. 17.* The King has been pleased to grant unto his dearly beloved Brother Prince William Henry, and to the Heirs Male of his Royal Highness, the Dignities of a Duke of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and of Earl of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Names, Stiles, and Titles, of Duke of Gloucester and of Edinburgh, in the said Kingdom of Great Britain; and of Earl of Connaught in the said Kingdom of Ireland.

Monday 19. On Saturday Morning Mrs. Jennings, Wife of Mr. Jennings, Sword hilt maker in Oxford Road, dressing her Child, unwarily put three Blanket Pins into her Mouth; in the interim her Sister brought her a Basin of Tea, which Mrs. Jennings drinking, swallowed the Pins, and they sticking in her Throat, killed her in a short Time. — Letters from France mention the Departure of John Wilkes, Esq; for Berlin.

Tuesday 20. This Evening about eight o'Clock, Margaret Bouffe, of Maudlin's Rents, Wapping, a lone Woman, whose Husband is at Sea, was murdered in her own House, by the Fire Side, in a most shocking Manner, by being cruelly beat and wounded in several Parts of her Body with the Poker, and her

Head almost cut off with a Razor, both which were found by her, and she lying upon the Floor in a Pond of Blood. The Neighbours hearing her Cries, looked through the Key-hole of the Street-Door and saw the Villain in the very Act of cutting her Throat, who, hearing them attempting to break open the Door immediately ran up Stairs with the Candle, and putting the same in the Closet, broke thro' the Window, got out backwards, and narrowly escaped. — On Saturday the Coachman of — Spencer, Esq; of Lamb's-Abby in Kent, being shooting on Norwood-Common, his Gun suddenly went off, and the Ball penetrating under his right Breast, killed him on the Spot.

Friday 23. The Lord Chancellor waited upon his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester at Leicester house with his Patent. The Establishment of his Royal Highness's Household is as follows: Treasurer, Edward Le Grand, Esq; Grooms of the Bedchamber, Col. Clinton, and Col. Ligoneer. Equerries, Capt. Cox and Capt. Blackwood. Secretary, Rev. Mr. Duval. — Mr. Williams, Bookseller, is committed to the King's-Bench, and will receive Sentence the first Day of next Term, for republishing the North Britain, No. 45. in Volumes.

Monday 26. Saturday Night between ten and eleven o'Clock, a Fire broke out in the Workshop of Mr. Laiden, Tobaccoist in Aldergate-street, which soon communicated itself to a Timber-yard behind it, belonging to Mr. Hatton; consuming the greatest Part of the Timber therein; from thence it took its course to Cook's Hall, and several little Tenements, which it entirely consumed; and burnt with great Fury till four o'Clock Yesterday Morning. Happily we are told no Lives were lost, nor do we hear of any personal Accident, except one poor Man, who had a large Piece of Timber fall on him, and was immediately carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and of whom there is great Hopes of Recovery. — Saturday last his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland was so well in Health as to take the Diversion of Fox Hunting in Windsor Forest, accompanied by several Noblemen and Gentlemen. — Yesterday there was a great Court at St. James's, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester made his first Ap-

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pearance at Court under that Title ; his Royal Highness went in a grand new Coach, attended by the Gentlemen of his Household. And it being his Royal Highness's Birth Day, their Majesties and the Princess Dowager of Wales received the Compliments of the Nobility and Gentry on the Occasion.

Tuesday 27. Last Week the Society of Arts presented Mr. Cottron, Coachmaster, of Chigwell, with 20 Guineas, for the Model of a four Wheel Carriage, the fore Axle-tree of which is so constructed as to render it impossible to be overset by the locking of the Wheels in turning, and may be applied to any Coach or Chariot at a very trifling Expence, and but few Ounces additional

Weight.

Wednesday 28. Monday Night the Person who was late Porter to the Earl of Harrington, was committed to the Gatehouse, by Sir John Fielding, charged with robbing his Lordship of Jewels and Bank Notes to a considerable Value, about a Twelvemonth ago ; he was discovered by means of one of the Bank Notes being traced thro' several Hands to the said Porter.

Thursday 29. Yesterday his Majesty appointed Thomas Sewell, Esq; King's Council, and Member for the Port of Winchelsea, to be Master of the Rolls, in the Room of Sir Thomas Clarke, deceased.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence.

THEY write from Hamburg, that no less than twenty more Powder Mills have been erected this Summer in Silesia, by Order of the King of Prussia. — *Hamburg, Nov. 16.* On the 11th Instant a Fire broke out at Moschleben, a Village near Gotha, which burnt down the Church, and 120 Dwelling Houses besides Stables, Barns, &c. and the unfortunate Inhabitants had not Time to save any of their Effects. — Letters from Konigsberg, the Capital of Prussia, dated the 12th Instant, bring Advice, that on the preceding Evening, about seven o'Clock, a terrible Fire broke out there in a Sailmaker's Workshop, near the Herring-Wharf, where it immediately destroyed about 3000 Barrels of that Fish ; and running along the Key, consumed the Hemp, Flax, and other Warehouses filled with all Sorts of Merchandize. Afterwards the Conflagration spread over the Kniphoff, the Old Town and Levenhau, where it burnt with unextinguishable Rapidity, reducing to Ashes all the Houses, Hospitals, Churches and public Buildings. A great Number of the Inhabitants lost their Lives, and the rest were reduced to the utmost Misery and Want. — *Petersburg, October 26.* Last Sunday there was a Court at Noon, and another at Night, when a Person of great Distinction was pleased to relate a very singular Event, the principal Circumstances of which are as follows: A Sol-

dier of the Regiment of Horse-guards being married the 15th or 16th Instant, supped that Evening with his Wife, in Company with his Father and Mother-in-law, and two other Relations. They had several Dishes, which were esteemed delicate for such Company, and were all extremely merry ; when all on a sudden five of them were seized with such a violent Fit of Laughing, that they fell into Convulsions like those Persons in the Falling-Sickness. Some Hours after the Convulsions ceased, and did not return that Evening or Night ; but the next Day, precisely at the same Hour that they were first seized, they were taken in the same Way, which continued for some Days at the same Hour, and to the same five Persons. It is remarkable, that the new married Woman was the only one of the Company that was not affected with the Fit of Laughing above described. The Cause of so extraordinary a Disorder much engages the Attention of the Curious. — *Warsaw, Nov. 4.* On the 26th Ult, the Prussian Ambassador gave at Wola a superb Entertainment to the King, who was accompanied thither by several Senators and great Officers of the Crown. The next Day his Majesty was also magnificently entertained at the same Place by the Prussian Minister. — They write from the Sound of the 13th Instant, that on the four preceding Days they had there most violent stormy Weather at N. W. and N. N. W. which brought
very

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very high Floods out of the North Sea up that Passage, which had caused great Inundations at Elfsineur, Elfsinburg, Copenhagen, &c.

Scotland, Edinburgh, Nov. 21. A Tradesman of this City, who had ordered his Grave-cloths and Coffin to be got ready, died Yesterday of an Asthmatic Fit. Some Days before his Death he tried on his Dead-Cloaths, which were made of Linnen, but imagining them to be too cold, returned them back, in order to be lined with Flannel. He paid for them himself, and drank a parting Glas with his Acquaintance.

Country News. We hear from Dover that on the 21st Inst. the Officers of Inspection of that Port seized, from a Gentleman's Servant who was just come from France, near 10,000 Yards of Blond Lace, 100 Pair of worked Ruffles, 200 Yards of Silk, and 5000 Yards of Ribbon, and other Goods, all discovered by their Care, Vigilance and strict Search.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Gen. Lambton, Member of Parliament for the City of Durham, of a Son. — The Lady of Lord Viscount Downe, of a Son and Heir.

D E A T H S.

Mr. Wm. Deakins, Butler to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. — At Newent, in Gloucestershire, Joseph Rudge, aged a hundred and seven. He retained all his Faculties until a few Hours before his Death, and worked at his Trade of a Taylor, till about four Years ago, without the Assistance of Spectacles, which he never wore. He had two Wives by whom he had Children, grand Children and great grand Children, 102, and by his last Wife had three Children born after he was 80 Years of Age; the last of which was born when he was 85. Some Time before his Death, he lost the Nails of his Hands and Feet, and afterwards had new ones the same as a young Infant; and, till about a Year before his Death, he had his Mouth full of Teeth sound and good. — At Beauchamp St. Paul's in Essex, Mr. Edward Jay, Dealer in Calves, remarkable for being no more than three Feet and a half high, had no joint at his Knees, and was entirely

strait to the Hip-bone; he had but one Arm and Hand, with which he could make a Pen, and Buckle his Shoes without stooping. — At Minorca, Colonel Crauford, Governor of that Island. — Mr. Green, Operator for the Teeth, of Racquet-Court, Fleet-street. — At Hackney, Daniel Booth, Esq;

P R O M O T I O N S.

Mr. Joseph Moore to be Ordinary of Newgate. — Mr. Charles Martindale, Attorney at Law at Cambridge, to be a Master Extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery. — Thomas Gibbes, Esq; Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands; also of the Grenades, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago. — Mr. Sumers elected Clerk to the Ironmongers Company, in the Room of Mr. Palmer, deceased. — Dr. Richardson was elected Physician to the London-Hospital, in the Room of Dr. John Sylvester, who had resigned. — The Earl of Thomond to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Somerset, in the Room of Earl Poulett, deceased. — James Steuart, Esq; Architect and Painter, appointed Serjeant Painter to his Majesty.

B—KR—TS.

Nov. 17. Richard Harding of Thread-needlestreet, London, Vintner. — John Steward, of Knightbridge in Middlesex, Brewer. — James Appleton, of Frodsham in Cheshire Dealer and Chapman. — William Champlain, of St. John Wapping, Middlesex, ViQualler. — Joel Harry, of Liverpoole, Shop-keeper. — William Walton, of Savage Gardens, London, Cornfactor. — James Murray, of Plymouth, Linen Draper. — Elizabeth Vinter, of Huntingdon, Innholder. — William Overend, of Bristol, Merchant.

20. Mark Legg, of East-Garston in Berks, Dealer.

24. Francis Tilley, otherwise Francis Albert Tilley, of St. Anne, Westminster, Jeweller. — William Woodham, of the Strand, Stationer. — John Heath, jun. of the Parish of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, Innholder. — John Meecham, of White-Lion-Street, near Spital-Square, Weaver.

27. John Murkins of Ely, in the Isle of Ely, in the County of Cambridge, Merchant.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLICK OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
November 30, to Friday December 14, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.

THEY write from Petersburg, that a defensive Alliance is on the Carpet, between the Courts of Russia, Prussia, and Poland, to which the Courts of Stockholm and Copenhagen will be invited to accede. And that on the 18th of October, her Imperial Majesty signed an Order to recal fifteen Noblemen from their Banishment in Siberia, three of whom are upwards of fourscore Years old, and had resided there ever since 1749. — *Petersburgh, Oct. 20.* Her Imperial Majesty persists in her laudable Design of promoting useful Knowledge through every Part of her extensive Dominions. For this Purpose Schools will be erected and endowed, where the Children of the meanest Peasants may be educated gratis. The Rev. Dr. Dumasque, who was invited from England some Time ago, to assist in carrying this great Work into Execution, arrived not long since, and has already had the Honour of being admitted to an Audience of the Empress, who received him with great Affability and Condescension, and who has been pleased to assure him, that in contributing to facilitate the Introduction of Science among her Subjects, he may constantly depend upon her Favour and Protection. — They write from Petersburg, that her Imperial Majesty has ordered a Hospital for the Reception of Lunatics to be built at Moscow.

NETHERLANDS.

Hague, Nov. 30. M. Dedel, who has been named Ambassador from the Republick to the Ottoman Porte, has taken leave of the States General; and will set out for Constantinople some Time next Week. *Lond. Gaz.*

POLAND.

Extract of a Letter from Dantzick, No-

vember 16. "Letters from divers Places in the Heart of the Kingdom are full of the great Preparations making to celebrate the King's Coronation, which is fixed for the 25th of this Month. For some Ages there has not been an Election so generally applauded by the Nation as the last. Our new King is so beloved, that his Recommendation is sufficient to make any Affair, which comes under Debate in public Assemblies, decided agreeable to his Inclinations. Who has ever before seen such Concord and Harmony as prevailed in the Provincial Dyets which are just terminated? Notwithstanding all senseless Rumours, Stanislaus Augustus is as firmly fixed on the Throne as any other King in Europe; his Merit has placed him there, and the Affection of the Nation, without mentioning the Friendship of two powerful Neighbours, will certainly support him."

Warsaw, Nov. 17. The Letter which the Empress of Russia has wrote to the Prince Primate, and which was presented to him by Prince Repnin, Ambassador Extraordinary from her Imperial Majesty, is as follows:

Monseigneur the Prince Primate,

"It was reasonable that I should learn with much Satisfaction the Election, as free as unanimous, of Count Poniatowski to the Crown of Poland, which your Highness acquaints me with, by your Letter of the 7th of September, 'Tis an Event the most happy that could happen to your Country; and I congratulate you the more sincerely thereupon, as no Body can be more zealous for its Welfare than you are. You have shewn it by your indefatigable Cares, and by your constant Attention to second my Views, to shelter it during the Interregnum from every Storm, and to facilitate the Choice of a Piast. He is the only

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only King who can revive your Constitutions, restore to the Laws their Force, and establish the Liberty and Equality of the Citizens. These Efforts, so praise worthy, have acquired your Highness my everlasting Esteem and Affection. As to the rest, I pray God to take you, Monsieur the Prince Primate, into his holy and worthy Keeping. Petersburg, Sept. 30, 1764.

Signed,

CATHARINE."

G E R M A N Y.

The Sieur Richter of Berlin, has invented a new Method of Building under Water, and his Plans have been examined by the Royal Academy of Sciences, who have declared that the Invention is of the utmost Importance, and must be attended with very great Advantages.—We are told from Berlin, that the Number of Law-Suits finally determined in that Capital amount to 335 since the first of June last; which Expedition gave so much Satisfaction to the King, that his Majesty made a handsome Compliment to the Judges on the Occasion.—*Berlin, Nov. 20.* The King has caused publick Notice to be given, that the Fund of the Bank which has just been established, may consist of 25,000,000 of Dollars, to be divided into 100,000 Actions of 250 Dollars each, payable in Gold at the opening of the Bank, which is fixed for the first of June 1765. The Grant is made out for 30 Years.—*Berlin, Nov. 20.* The King of Prussia still continues at Potsdam, and, it is said, will not come here till the Middle of next Month. On Saturday Evening, his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, arrived here with the Princess his Consort, from Rhinsberg where they had spent some Time with his Royal Highness Prince Henry. *Lond. Gaz. — Berlin, Nov. 20.* The King has given Orders to have an exact Account of the Damage done by the late Fire at Konisberg laid before him; his Majesty intending to relieve those Inhabitants who are the greatest Losers by this terrible Accident.—*Dresden, November 18.* The Marquis de Bauffet, Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of France to that of Russia, arrived here on the 7th Instant; and set out again Yester-

day on his Way to Petersburg. *Lond. Gaz.*—They write from Ratibon, that they had had such heavy Rains for five or six Days successively, that the Danube and other Rivers had overflowed their Banks, and that a great Part of that City was under Water. — *Vienna, Nov. 14.* The Empress has farmed out the Tobacco Duty to M. Lobb Henig and Sons, Jews at Prague, for the annual Sum of 90,000 Florins, for which the whole Jewish People in this Country are Security.—The Imperial Minister at the Court of Bavaria made on the 16th Ult. a solemn Demand of the Princess Josephina in Marriage for the King of the Romans. She was born the 30th of March, 1730. — Letters from Ham-
burgh say, that by Virtue of a Capitulation with the King of Prussia, Colonel Rapin is to raise 6000 Men for that Monarch. He is now at Ham-
burgh, where he has taken several Re-
cruiting Officers into his Service, some of whom he has sent to Bremen, Lubeck, Francfort, &c.—*Hamburgh, November 27.* We have an Account from the Lower-
Elbe, that an Earthquake had swallowed up 30 Acres of Land in the Neighbourhood of that River, and substituted a Lake of the same Surface, and upwards of 40 Fathom deep.

F R A N C E.

Paris, Nov. 19. An Arret of the Council of State is just published, which suppresses a Pamphlet entitled "Most humble and most respectful Remonstrances of the Parliament sitting at Rennes to the King, with the Pieces which gave rise thereto." And all the Lieutenant Generals of the Police of the Kingdom are ordered to seek after the Persons concerned in the printing and publishing the said Pamphlet, that they may be dealt with according to the Rigour of the Laws. — *Paris, Nov. 23.* The following is an Extract of a Letter from Marvejols in the Gevaudan, dated Nov. 1. "A wild Beast has appeared for these two Months past in this Province, in the Neighbourhood of Langogne and the Forest of Mercoire, which Occasions a great Consternation. It has already devoured twenty Persons. 'Tis only within this Week past that any Body could get a good View of this formidable Animal. He is much higher than a Wolf, low before, and his Feet

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are armed with Talons, His Hair is reddish, his Head large, long made, and the Muzzle of it shaped like that of a Greyhound, his Ears small and strait, his Breast is wide, and of a grey Colour, his Back streaked with black, and his Mouth which is large, is provided with a Set of Teeth so very sharp that they have taken off several Heads as clean as a Razor could have done. He is of amazing Swiftnefs. The Marquis de Marangis has sent out 400 Peasants to destroy this fierce Beast, but they have not yet been able to do it." *Paris Gazette.*—*Versailles, Nov. 24.* The Bavarian Minister received an Express from his Court the 21st Instant, with Orders to communicate to the King, the Marriage concluded between the King of the Romans, and the Princess Josepha of Bavaria, Sister to the Elector; and he executed his Commission the same Day, in a private Audience, which his Majesty gave him for that Purpose.

P O R T U G A L.

Letters from Lisbon advise, that a smart Shock of an Earthquake was felt the 12th of October last in the Azores or Western Islands; its Direction was from the South-West, and it did considerable Damage at Fyal.—They write from Lisbon, of the 10th Ult. that there is not the least Appearance of a Rupture with any Power whatever, but that every Thing wears the Aspect of profound Peace. His most Faithful Majesty is concerting Measures for inducing his Subjects to cultivate some of the best Lands for the growth of Grain; and salutary Laws are framing to punish all who revolt against the Officers of Justice.

I T A L Y.

They write from Parma, that the Duke declared, on the 30th of October last, the Marriage of the Princess his Daughter, with the Prince of Asturias, Heir to the Crown of Spain. She was born Nov. the 11th, 1748.

A M E R I C A.

They write from Boston in New-England that the Disposition seems to continue in many of the Inhabitants of that and the neighbouring Governments, to cloath themselves with their own Manufacture. That at Hampstead, on Long

Island, in the Province of New-York, a Company of Gentlemen have set up a new Woollen Manufactory, and have given Notice to Gentlemen, Shopkeepers, and others, that they may be supplied with Broad-Cloths, equal in Fineness, Colour and Goodness, and cheaper than any imported. Also that at Jamaica, on the same Island, one Tunis Polpham is erecting a Fulling-Mill, which will be compleat in about a Month, and carry on all the Branches of a Fuller and Dyer of Cloth. And that there are many Articles of Dress manufactured in that Government, which exceed in Strength and Beauty, any that are usually imported from London.—A Letter from Philadelphia, dated Oct. 25, runs thus: "By Capt. Wells, from Turks Island, we are informed, that about a Month ago an English Man of War arrived there, the Captain of which ordered the Pillars, &c. the French had begun to erect on the Grand Key, to be beat down; and from thence we are told, went to Cape Francois, to know the Reason of their insolent Behaviour at the abovementioned Place; but we have not learnt what Answer was received, only it was said the Captain of the French Man of War, who dispossessed our People, was in Confinement at the Cape."—We hear from the Havana that the Spaniards continue to work with incredible Diligence in fortifying the Cavannoes, and repairing the Moro, which, by the Neck of Land being cut thro' whereon it is situated, is now on an Island. The Dockyards there have been put into such compleat Order, that two very fine 80 Gun Ships to mount their Cannon on two Decks, are in great forwardness.—A Manufactory of small Nails has this Summer been established at Quebec, from whence upwards of 300 Tons have already been exported to the Granadoes and the other ceded Islands in the West Indies. Large Quantities of which have also been shipped for the two Floridas.

E A S T I N D I E S.

Letters received by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, from Madras, dated May 25, 1763, contain an Account that their Missionaries had stretched a great Way into the Country among the Heathens, making many

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Profelytes, and among the rest a Number of Weavers, who had set up six Looms at Vapery, which promised much Success. These Missionaries also mention that the Rev. Dr. Franke, of Germany, had sent them a Number of Tamulian Types, with a Promise of more, which they were to be enabled to use; the Government having erected a Printing Office in the City of Madras, and had given the Care and Inspection of the same to them. These Letters say, that in July, 1762, Mr. Schwartz, a Danish Missionary of Tranquebar, not only preached in the City of Transchour, but also in the King's Palace. The King was present and heard him, but was not to be seen by him. Letters from Mr. Hutteman, the Missionary at Calcutta, dated October 2, and Nov. 5, 1763, give an Account that several had been received into the Church from among the Heathens, whose amazing and Rupid Idolatry he describes in delineating the monstrous Serpents they worship; and their Folly and Cruelty, by relating an horrid Act which happened the last Year, when a very rich young Widow burnt herself alive on the same Funeral Pile with her dead Husband.

COUNTRY NEWS.

They write from Plymouth that the 22d of November a Passenger, the Master, and all the Men, belonging to a French Bark from Havre-de-grace for Cork, were stopped, by Order, and all separately searched and examined, on Suspicion of their having some ill Design to execute at that Port; but the Event is not yet known.—The 26th of Nov. Lord Byron, Master of the King's Stag-Hounds on Sherwood Forest, turned out a Deer on the Race ground near Nottingham, for the Amusement of the Gentlemen in that Town and Neighbourhood. There was the greatest Concourse of Gentlemen ever known on the like Occasion. The Deer, immediately after he was turned out left the Forest, and ran thro' Nottinghamshire into Derbyshire; and after running several Miles into that County, he returned into Nottinghamshire and crossed the River Trent; he then ran into Leicestershire, and in crossing the River Soar at Kegworth the Hounds came up with him.

This noble Race was forty Miles at least, as they were four Hours in the Pursuit, without one Check.—On Monday the 26th of November a Sailor, who was discharged from a Man of War in Plymouth Harbour, was robbed by a Farmer, returning from Market, with whom he had agreed to ride a few Miles on his Road to Exeter. The Sailor rode on the same Horse before the Farmer some way, and having told him, that he had received upwards of 9l. for Wages; the Farmer soon after took an Opportunity of pulling him off the Horse, then beat him about the Head, robbed him of all his Money, and left him in the Ditch, where he continued some Time; but recovering, he walked back to a Publick House, where the Farmer and he first met, discovered the Farmer's Name, and, with proper Assistance, he was the next Morning taken and carried before a Justice, who committed him to Exeter Goal, to take his Trial at the next Assizes. — A Letter from Portsmouth says, that very strict Guard is kept at the Dock-yard there, and Centinels are placed in every Part of it, at 100 Yards Distance from each other. All Persons coming into the Yard are examined. This Precaution is taken on Account of private Intelligence received from France, that some Persons intend setting Fire to it. The like Guard is kept on board all his Majesty's Ships in the Harbour.—We hear from Dover, that on the 29th of November, by the Vigilance of the Officers commanding the Frederick Custom-house Cutter there, the greatest Seizure was taken by them that has been made near that Part for many Years past; consisting of 192 Bags, containing upwards of 4396 Pounds of Green and Bohea Tea, and 100 Gallons of Geneva.—*Bristol, Dec. 1.* Saturday was brought to Bridewell the Tinker, who was apprehended at Gloucester, on Suspicion of the Murder of Mrs. Ruscombe and her Maid; and though he denied his ever being there, or that he knew the College Green, or had been in Bristol since the beginning of March last, he has been found in many Stories, and a Person is dispatched to Speedham Land, to look into some Things he has there; mean while he is detained in Bridewell for further Examination. — *Bath, Dec. 3.* The Duke of Bedford has taken the Cen-

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Center House in the upper Side of the Circus, for five Years; and it is fitting up in an elegant Manner for his Reception.—They write the 7th Inst. from Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, that the Roads, in many Parts of those Counties, are so overflowed by the late continual Rains, as to be rendered impassable.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, November 30th.

On Saturday Evening an Oyster Woman went on board a Ship off Deptford, and on her return to Shore, the Waterman, who carried her, demanded Threepence as his Fair, which she refused; and Words arising, she immediately stabbed him in the Belly with her Oyster Knife, for which she is sent to Maidstone Gaol.—Last Monday Night a Man, who lodges at a Cabinet-makers in Fenchurch-street, being beset by some Bailiffs, upon their attempting to force themselves into a two-pair-of-stairs Room where the Man was, he opened the Window, and fairly jumped into the Street; and as his Pursuers did not think proper to jump after him, he got clear off.—Wednesday a very curious Bird brought from Teneriffe, and also several uncommon Birds and Squirrels brought from America, were presented to her Majesty.—The same Day Mr. Kearsley appeared at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster-Hall, to receive Sentence for originally publishing No. 45 of the North-Briton; and he was sent to the King's Bench Prison till next Term; when Judgment is to be passed.

Saturday, Dec. 1. Yesterday was found, on searching two Houses frequented by John Bradley, alias Walker, most of the valuable Goods stole out of the Earl of Harrington's in December last, and a Receiver of them committed to New-Prison by Sir John Fielding and John Spinnage, Esq; as an Accessary after the Fact.—Yesterday there was a very numerous and brilliant Court at St. James's, to compliment their Majesties on the Birth Day of her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales. At Night there was a Ball. Her Royal Highness received the Compliments of the Nobility at Carlton-House.—The Hon. Charles Yorke Yesterday kissed his Majesty Hand on receiving a Patent of

Precedence, by which he takes Place, at the Bar next to the Attorney-General.—At the Court Yesterday, his Majesty was pleased to confer the Honour of Knighthood on Thomas Sewell, Esq; Master of the Rolls.

Monday 3. Public-Office, Bow-street. Information made at this Office of a Robbery committed on Thursday Evening about Five o'Clock, in that Part of Hyde Park next Kensington, by a single Highwayman in a blue Surtout Coat, mounted on a dark bay Horse, with some white in his Face. No other Account or Information of any Robbery by Highwaymen or Footpads, either by Letter or otherwise, during the last Week.—Saturday a Match was run on the Oxford Road, from Benfon, near Wallingford, to Hyde Park Corner, being about 46 Miles, between a Horse which was bought a few Weeks ago for 25s. and a Farmer's lame Mare, which at a Fair would not fetch a Guinea. They kept Company as far as Slough, where they were refreshed with Bread and white Wine. At Hounslow the Mare took the Lead, and held it to the End of the Journey; for at Kensington she lost her Rival, and in a few Minutes afterwards came strong to the Stones End. She performed the whole in less than four Hours; and, what is worthy of Remark, her Rider weighed 14 Stone.—The Rt. Hon. the Countess of Northumberland made the most brilliant Appearance on Friday of any Person at Court, being dressed in the richest Dress of English Manufacture; and her Chair preceded by eight Footmen, in the grand Liveries of the Percies, the ancient Earls of Northumberland.—A Proposal is on foot for erecting Charity-Schools for the Instruction of Youth of both Sexes, in all the Market and other Towns and Villages of note throughout the Kingdom, nearly on the same Plan of those in London, but with this Difference, their recess from School is to be during the whole Time of Harvest, if their Parents require it: somewhat of the Kind is said to be already begun in several Towns and Villages in Middlesex and Surry.

Tuesday 4. Saturday Morning last one Francis Stoner having some Words with a Woman, at a public House in Vine-street, Clerkenwell, whom he had lived with some Time past, as his Wife, stabbed

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bed her in the Breast with a Case Knife, of which Wound she soon after expired.—On Sunday Night John Bradley, who was concerned in the Robbery committed in Lord Harrington's House, was taken at a Publick-house in Wapping, disguised in a Sailor's Habit, and was the same Night carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to the Gatehouse. And Yesterday Morning he was re-examined before the said Magistrate, when Sir John committed him to Newgate, in order to take his Trial the next Sessions at the Old Bailey. It is remarkable he was taken the same Day Twelvemonth the Robbery was committed.

Wednesday 5. Yesterday an eminent Attorney of the County of Essex was convicted by a Special Jury, at the King's Bench, Westminster, on the clearest Evidence, of wilful and corrupt Perjury, in a Cause in Chancery, which had subsisted twenty Years.—We are assured that the Court of France has agreed to pay the Sum demanded for the Maintenance of their Prisoners; and 'tis said they also give up the Affair of the Ships taken before the Declaration of War; which, together with some other important Occurrences, the Parliament will be acquainted with when they meet.

Thursday 6. Yesterday at a General Court of the Governors of the London Hospital, his Royal Highness the Duke of York was chosen President of the said Hospital, in the Room of the Duke of Devonshire, deceased.—At the Meeting of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, when Mr. Kearsly (who had been abroad some Months) surrendered to the Statute, the celebrated Mr. Foote appeared as a Creditor, and was of no little Service to Mr Kearsly in throwing the Company into good Humour, and remonstrating on Mr. Kearsly's having fallen a Martyr to the Cause of Liberty. He began his Oration with "Gentlemen, it is a very common Case for a Bookseller to be seen amongst the Creditors of an Author, but for once—*strange to tell!*—you see an Author amongst the Creditors of a Book-seller."

An Account of the Capitals at the Bank, South-Sea, and India Houses, as they stood, Nov. 24, 1764.

Bank Stock,	£. 10,780,000
4 per Cent. Conf. An.	20,240,000
4 per Cent. 1763,	3,500,000
4 per Cent. Navy,	3,500,000
3 1-half per Cent. 1756,	1,500,000
3 1-half per Cent. 1758,	4,500,000
3 per Cent. Consol.	33,627,821
3 per Cent. Reduced,	17,701,323
3 per Cent. 1726,	1,000,100
South-Sea Stock,	3,662,784
3 per Cent. Old An.	12,404,270
3 per Cent. New	8,958,255
3 per Cent. 1751,	2,100,000
India Stock,	—
3 per Cent. India An.	3,000,000
Total,	£. 129,674,553

Long Annuities, £. 248,250
The whole Annual Interest paid for the above Sum amounts to £. 4,815,738.

Friday 7. On Monday Night Mrs. Margaret Todd, Wife of Mr. John Todd, Needle Maker in Southwark, was run over by a loaded Cart at the End of Tooley Street, and so much bruised that she expired soon after: she was big with Child.—Wednesday last 2000 Gallons of Brandy were exported for Dunkirk; which, it is thought, is to mix with the Brandy made there, as that Commodity was never scarcer than at this Time.

Saturday 8. Yesterday was held a Court of Common-Council at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor opened the Court with a short but genteel Speech; assuring them, that he should at all Times be ready and willing, when desired, to call Courts of Common-Council, and to give his constant Attendance upon City Business; and should, on all Occasions, be ready to do every Thing in his Power for the Benefit and Advantage of the City of London.

The following is a Translation of a Letter, which (as we are assured from Poland by this Day's Holland Mail) has been written by the King of Great Britain to his Polish Majesty:

S I R,

"IT was with great Satisfaction I learnt by your own Letter the agreeable News, that your Majesty had been elected King and Possessor of the Throne of Poland.
"An Election made so peaceably and

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" so unanimously, must one Day enrich
" the Annals of that Kingdom ; and
" your Subjects have the greatest Reason
" to promise themselves every Thing
" from their Sovereign, who, in his
" private Travels, having seen the different
" Courts of Europe, and made
" himself acquainted with them, will
" consequently be the better enabled as
" a King to conduct his Subjects, to
" watch over their Preservation, and to
" defend their Laws and their Liberties.

" The Pleasure I feel in recollecting
" the Esteem which I conceived for you
" in private, increases that which I
" now have to congratulate your Majesty
" on your Advancement to the
" Throne ; and I take this Opportunity,
" with great Fervency, to assure
" your Majesty of the sincere Friendship
" with which I am,

" Sir, your good Friend and Brother,
(Signed) GEORGE R.

St. James, 9 October 1764.

Mr. Wilkes's Daughter is arrived in England from France; and he himself was at Calais a few Days ago, where, or at some other near Port of France, he will probably continue some Time.

Monday 10. On Wednesday last Col. Thomas Townshend kissed his Majesty's Hand, and on Saturday set out to take upon him the Command of the Island of Minorca.—Saturday Morning Advice was received of the Arrival of the Deptford East-Indiaman at Kingfale. She came from Coast and Bay, and is a very rich Ship, having upwards of 1870 Bales of Piece Goods, which alone are reckoned worth 250,000*l.* besides other rich Goods and Diamonds to the Value of 60,000*l.*

Tuesday 11. Yesterday was heard before the Lord High Chancellor, in

Lincoln's-Inn Hall, a most important Cause, wherein a Yorkshire Lady was Plaintiff, and J——R——, a reputed Antinomian Preacher, and others, were Defendants. The cancelling of an Annuity Deed of 50*l.* for the Life of the Defendant Reilly, fraudulently obtained by him without valuable Consideration, of a Person labouring under a temporary enthusiastical Frenzy; and the refunding a considerable Sum of Money, obtained under the like Circumstances, were prayed; when, after a full hearing of Council, his Lordship was pleased (to the extreme Satisfaction of a crowded Hall) to decree in favour of the Plaintiff.

Wednesday 12. Yesterday came on, before the Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, and a special Jury of the County of Middlesex, at the Court of Common Pleas, Westminster, the Cause between Mr. Beardmore, Plaintiff, and the Earl of Halifax and others, Defendants; when a Verdict was given for the Plaintiff, with fifteen hundred Pounds Damages.—The Trial began about ten in the Morning, and continued till past Six in the Evening. The Jury staid out near three Quarters of an Hour, and about Seven brought in their Verdict.

Thursday 13. Yesterday the several Causes brought by Mr. Entick, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Fell, and Mr. Meredith, against Lord Halifax, Secretary of State, and others, were tried in the Court of Common Pleas, at Westminster, by Special Juries of the County of Middlesex; when a Special Verdict was found, in the Cause brought by Mr. Meredith, with 200*l.* Damages. In the other Causes, Verdicts were found for the Plaintiffs, with 40*l.* Damages for Mr. Wilson, 20*l.* Mr. Entick, and 10*l.* Mr. Fell.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence.

THEY write from Warsaw of the 17th Ult. that besides the 10,000 Russians quartered in that Neighbourhood, several thousand more were expected from Russia and Volhinia to grace the Coronation of the King of Poland.—The King of Prussia, to encourage the breeding of Silk-worms in the Electorate of Brandebourg, has offered new Premiums to those who shall raise the

greatest Quantity of Silk during the next Year.—*Dresden, Nov. 25.* Abbe Victor, who was Governor to the Elector, was last Wednesday dismissed from his Employment; and M. de Forel, a Commander of the Order of Malta, who was formerly Governor to the Administrator and Prince Charles, is appointed Governor and Grand Master in his Room. *Lond. Gaz.*—From Paris we are told, that the wild Beast that has made

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so much noise is at length killed ; it proves to be a Hyena that escaped out of a Managerie in Savoy.

America. Extract of a Letter from New-York, dated October 29. " During the late Session of the General Assembly of this Colony, there were presented by a Committee appointed for that Purpose, a Representation and Petition to the King's most excellent Majesty ; another to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled ; and a third to the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, representing the Commons of Great Britain ; which were read, approved of, and signed by the Speaker, with Orders to be forwarded immediately to Mr. Agent Charles. The Purport of which are, that Mr. Charles use his utmost Diligence to obtain the Prayer thereof.—The principal Subjects of these Representations and Petitions, are, that of the Sugar Act; of the Act restraining Paper Bills of Credit; and of the several Acts of Parliament lately passed relating to the Trade of the Northern Colonies."

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Joseph Mawbey, Esq; Member of Parliament for the Borough of Southwark, of a Daughter.—The Lady of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Thomas West, Esq; of Chancery-lane, to Mrs. Greathead, of Colney Hatch, in Middlesex.—Colonel Wells of the Guards, to Mrs. Roberts of Edgware.—At Birch-hall, near Colchester, John Keeling, Esq; an eminent Brewer at Clerkenwell, to Miss Round, Daughter of James Round, Esq; of that Place.—Richard Heron, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq; to Mrs. Thompson, of Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

DEATHS.

Jonathan Rashleigh, Esq; Member for Fowey in Cornwall.—Mr. James Leake, an eminent Bookfeller at Bath.—Mr. Townsend, an eminent Haberdasher on Ludgate Hill.—At Islington, Mrs. Cotton, and Mrs. Edmunds, two Sisters, who were both married on a Day, both died on a Day, and in the same Room ; and were both buried in one Grave.—Mr. Gibson, a Wholesale Linen Draper in Cheap-side.—Mr. John Mercer, Druggist and Chymist, in Wood-

street, Cheap-side.—Mrs. Cleveland, Widow of the late Secretary Cleveland, of the Admiralty.—Her Grace the Dutchess of Roxburghe, Sister to the Hon. General Moystyn.—Mr. James Roberts, a Packer, in Swan-Alley, Coleman-street.—At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, Mother to Sir James Lowther, Bart. and to the present Countess of Darlington.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. George Budd, B. A. to the Vicarage of Moulders, in the County of Northampton and Diocese of Peterborough.

PROMOTIONS.

Henry Gladwin, Esq; to be Lieutenant Colonel in the Army by Brevet, for his gallant Behaviour and Sufferings in the Defence of Detroit in North America against the Savages.—Thomas Sandby, Esq; appointed Steward to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in the Room of Mr. Ford, deceased.

B—KR—TS.

Dec. 1. John Ireland, of King-street, St. Margaret, Westminster, Peruke-maker.—Hugh Rose, of East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, Merchant.—George Morris, late of Duke-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, Grocer.—John Pearce, of East Moulsey, in Surry, Victualler.—Samuel Wells, of Addlethorpe, in Lincolnshire, Dealer.

4. Henry Gardner, of St. Ann, Limehouse, Mariner.—Charles Hart, of Richmond in Surry, Grocer.

8. John Beardmore and Alexander Mainstone, of Thames-street, London, Oilmen and Partners.—Mary Blake, of Winchester, Millener and Haberdasher.—James Warner Phipps, late of London, Merchant.—John Jefferson, of Cheap-side, London, Brazier.—John Hamilton, of St. Giles's in the Fields, Middlesex, Painter, Glazier and Broker.—Joseph Cawthorn, late of the Island of Madeira, but now of London, Merchant, (Copartner with William Cawthorne)

11. Sir Thomas Ridge, of Portsea, in the County of Southampton, Knight, Brewer, Distiller, and Wine-Merchant.—Robert Maddern, of Bristol, Linen-Draper and Merchant.—William Hill, of Little Walsingham, Norfolk, Watch-maker, Dealer and Chapman.



AN HISTORICAL DETAIL of the most remarkable
PUBLIC OCCURRENCES; and the newest
POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE, from Friday
December 14, to Friday December 28, 1764.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.

THEY write from Petersburg, that twelve experienced Geographers have lately returned from completing a Survey of the extensive Province of Siberia. Their Accounts are so favourable, that publick Roads are going to be made next Summer at the Expence of the Empress.—Some Letters from Petersburg mention, that the Empress of Russia had declared to her Senate, that the State of the Prince her Son's Health had been examined into by several Physicians appointed by her for that purpose; who had made their Report, that the Prince was of a very weakly Constitution, and apparently would not enjoy long Life; the Empress desired the Senate, therefore, to think in time of a proper Person to succeed her in case of the Prince her Son's Death; which Step, she observed, might probably prevent many Calamities happening hereafter.—*Petersburg, Nov. 20.* The Ottoman Minister set out from hence on his return to Constantinople the 15th of last Month. Besides the Presents which our Court usually makes to Foreign Ministers at the Time of their Departure, her Imperial Majesty sent him a magnificent travelling Coach, a Gold Snuff Box enriched with Jewels, and a pair of Bracelets likewise adorned with Brilliants, for his Niece. The Minister was so pleased with the Reception he met with here, that he speaks of her Imperial Majesty with great Veneration.

NETHERLANDS.

Hague, Dec. 14. By Order of the Court of Holland, some late impious Productions of the Press, particularly a Work intitled, *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, have been burnt this Morning by the Hands of the common Hangman. *Lond. Gaz.*—They advise from Holland, that

the Canals there are already frozen up; which is generally an Indication of a severe Winter.

POLAND.

Extract of a Letter from Warsaw, November 17. "The King seems to abhor all Excess in Luxury; of which the following Instance is a Proof. Wanting to give his Shoemaker some Directions, his Majesty ordered him to be sent for, and was soon after extremely surprized to see enter his Apartment, in order to take measure of him, a Man dressed in embroidered Velvet. He was, it's true, the Court Shoemaker; but his Majesty dismissed him, without permitting him to exercise, in that sumptuous Habit, the noble and brilliant Functions of his Office, saying at the same Time, (seeming in good Humour however) *What Cloaths must I wear, if People of your Profession dress in this Manner?*—They write from Warsaw, that in the General Dyeting of Prussia the Affair of the Differences occasioned very warm Debates, and it was at length resolved to insert in the Instructions of their Nuncios who were to assist at the Dyeting of Coronation, "That the Protestants of Polish Prussia should be maintained in the full Enjoyment of their Rights, agreeable to the Treaty of Oliva."—*Warsaw, November 28.* The King of Poland was crowned the 25th Instant, with all the Pomp and Ceremony customary on this important Occasion. His Majesty received the Congratulations of the Foreign Ministers in the Name of their respective Sovereigns; and the next Day the Homage of the Towns of Warsaw and Cracow; and was next Day pleased to Knight six Burgesses of the former Place, and four of the latter. The Joy of the Nation was testified by every Means possible, such as Illuminations, Balls, &c. &c. which will probably continue

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till the opening of the Dyet. The first Acts of Sovereignty were the investing with the Order of the White Eagle, Prince Repnin, Ambassador from the Court of Russia; Prince Adam Czartorinski; and the King's Brother Abbe Poniatowski. The great Charges vacant are not yet disposed of. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Dantzick, Dec. 5.* Letters from Warsaw advise, that the Empress of Russia has made a Present of 100,000 Ducats to the King of Poland.

GERMANY.

Brunswick, December 4. Yesterday, at half an Hour past five in the Afternoon, her Royal Highness the Hereditary Princess was safely delivered of a Princess, and her Royal Highness and the young Princess, are both as well as can be wished. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Hamburgb, Dec. 7.* The Accounts vary yet very much with respect to the Loss sustained at Konigsberg by the late Fire; it is said, that it amounts to about 67,000 l. Sterling. *Lond. Gaz.* — *Berlin, Dec. 1.* Last Thursday Sir George Macartney, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Russia, set out from thence for Dantzick on his Way to Petersburg. *Lond. Gaz.* — The Mathematical Prize Question proposed by the Berlin Academy of Sciences, is, "An Explanation of the Principle, whereby Water is raised by the Machine commonly called Archimedes's Screw, together with the means of improving this Machine." The Prize is a Gold Medal of fifty Ducats Weight. — The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel has sent a Letter to the Dictature of the Empire, protesting against the Steps taken by the Princess his Consort and the Hereditary Prince his Son, on the 15th of October last, in relation to the Regency of the County of Hanau. — They write from Ratisbon of the 7th Ult, that the Elector of Bavaria had ordered the Father Rector of the Jesuits of Landshut, to leave his Dominions in 24 Hours, for suffering the Students under his Tuition to act a Play reflecting on some State Affairs of that Electorate. — Letters from Francfort, of the 10th Inst. give an Account, that one Maria Magdalena Groff, a young Girl, of ten Years old, born at Mentz, plays upon eight different Instruments of Music, either alone or in Concert. Her natural Gifts for

Music are looked upon as the Wonder of the Age. — *Hamburgb, December 14.* On the 11th Instant Prince Henry of Prussia arrived here, and, after having examined every Thing worth seeing in this City, he set out again this Afternoon by the Road of Berlin. His Royal Highness, during his Stay here, remained incognito, and admitted no Visits. *Lond. Gaz.*

FRANCE.

They write from Paris, that several Persons have been committed to the Bastille, for pretending to be in the Secrets of the Ministry, and spreading Reports which have alarmed the public Creditors and occasioned a fall in the Actions and other Funds. — Letters from Paris, of the 7th Inst. say, that an Edict of the French King's has just been registered there in Parliament, whereby his Majesty dissolves the Society of Jesuits for ever; but permits them nevertheless to reside in his Kingdom as Individuals under Subjection to the Spiritual Power of the Priests of the Places where they reside, on conforming themselves to the Laws, and behaving in all Respects as becomes good Subjects. By the same Edict an entire and perpetual stop is put to all criminal Proceedings that have been commenced against them on any Account whatsoever.

ITALY.

Extract of a Letter from Turin, Nov. 20. "Doctor Tronchin, of Geneva, having been invited to Parma to inoculate Prince Ferdinand, the Operation was performed on the 23d of last Month, and the Prince is perfectly recovered: The Infant has appointed the Doctor his First Physician, tho' a Protestant; and the Corporation of Parma, desirous of giving him a Mark of their Gratitude, have desired leave of his Royal Highness to admit this celebrated Physician, and his Descendants, into the Order of Noble Citizens; and to erect the Doctor's Statue in Marble in the Town house, with an Inscription to perpetuate the Remembrance of the Service done by him to that State; also to strike a Medal in Gold, on one Side of which is the Doctor's Image, and on the Reverse an allegorical Emblem, taken from a Comparison of Mons. de la Condamine, on Inoculation, which represents a rapid River, in which several Swimmers, endeavouring to cross,

are

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are carried away with the Stream, with a Man on the Banks shewing another a little Boat, in which they may safely get over: the Motto from Ovid, *Tu-tissimus Ibis*. The Corporation of Placentia have also desired leave to admit him into the Order of Noble Citizens. The Infant has approved of all these Proposals. The greatest Distinctions were paid to the Doctor at this Court, in his Passage to Parma, and the King invited him to return this Way, and has sent Orders through his Dominions to accommodate him on his return to Geneva."—*Venice, Nov. 17*. The Rains have so swelled the Waters, that Italy is in a general Inundation.

AFRICA.

Letters from Algiers of the 24th of Oct. give an Account that Mr. Harrison, the Commodore of the English Fleet in the Mediterranean, came into that Port on the 2d of September to demand Satisfaction for an Insult offered to the Flag of Great Britain by the Algerine Corsairs; and that they having answered Mr. Harrison, that the Affair was then in train of Accommodation with the Ministry of London, that Commodore put to sea again seven Days after; that on the 7th of Oct. following, an English Frigate arrived, to make a fresh Demand of Satisfaction of the Bey, announcing at the same Time, that if it was not given speedily, eight English Men of War and three Bomb-Ketches would make their Appearance in the Port of Algiers. As this Frigate did not sail from thence till the 23d of Oct. it was presumed that Things were settled amicably.

AMERICA.

Letters from South-Carolina mention, that in order to establish the Indian Trade on a future good footing, all Weights and Measures used therein have been stamped, by order of the Assembly, with the Arms of the Province, and Duplicates sent to be deposited in the Town-house of Chotte, and all the Packhorse Traders are to be licensed. — Letters from Boston in New England advise, that on the 18th of October, the General Assembly met; when his

Excellency Governor Barnard made a Speech to the Gentlemen of the Council; wherein he informed them, That notwithstanding he had in the last Session expressed his Determination to avoid frequent Sessions as much as possible, yet as several Gentlemen of both Houses had signified to him their Apprehensions that some further Provisions than those then made, were still necessary for the maintaining the Territorial Rights and Commercial Interests of the Province, by a proper Representation of the same; therefore he had called them together. "And now you are met (concludes the Governor) I shall leave you to your own Deliberations: It may be thought, perhaps, that I am not impartial and independent enough to be your Counsellor: but I am sure I am truly and heartily a Friend to your real Interest. As such I shall take upon me to commend to you at this Time more than ever, Unity, Prudence, and Moderation: the first is necessary, to give your Resolutions due Weight; the next to direct them to proper Purposes; and the last, to obtain for them a favourable hearing."—*Boston, Nov. 8*. We hear from St. John's, in the Province of Nova Scotia, that on the 30th of Sept. last, at 12 o'Clock at Noon, they had a very severe Shock of an Earthquake there.

IRELAND.

Dublin, Dec. 8. Last Week a Country-looking Fellow went into a Grocer's Shop in Thomas-street, and after buying a few Articles, told the People of the Shop that he had several Places to call at, and begg'd to leave a Sack in the Shop for a short Time. It lay there some Hours, when the Shopkeeper cut the Sack open, and found a Man concealed in it; who, upon being threatened, confessed that three Men were to come at such an Hour, to assist him in robbing the House. In consequence of which, they detained the Fellow, and the Villains coming agreeable to promise, they were all taken and committed to Newgate.

COUNTRY NEWS.

We hear from Frome, in Somersetshire

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shire, that scarce a Night passes without a Robbery being committed in that Town.—*York, Dec. 18.* On Wednesday Night last, about eight o'Clock, a large new Barn full of Wheat and Rye, belonging to Anthony Cooper, of Sand-Hutton, near Thirsk, was wilfully set on Fire by some Persons unknown, and entirely consumed. During the Confusion occasioned by the Flames, the Villians broke into the House of Francis Cooper (Brother to the above unfortunate Person) of the same Town, whose Family were assisting at the Fire, which they robbed of 50l. and a Silver Tankard, that were in a Box with several Writings which they left untouched. These Miscreants also attempted to rob Anthony Cooper's House, having forced open a Window, and one of them was ready to enter it; but Mrs. Cooper luckily going Home at that Instant, the Villain ran off precipitately. A large Stack of Hay, near the Barn, was preserved by means of an Engine from Thirsk.—*Portsmouth, Dec. 13.* Wednesday three Tons of smuggled Tea were sent up to London in a Waggon. It blew a Hurricane, with a very heavy Rain, Wind at West. One of the Guards, belonging to the Custom-house, going up Post Down-hill, five Miles from this Place, got under a hollow Part of the Hill, from whence Chalk had been dug out, to shelter himself from the Weather, and the upper Part of the Place falling in, crushed the poor Man to death.—*Portsmouth, Dec. 16.* Friday Evening as a Merchantman's Boat was going out of Harboure to Spithead with some Butts of Water, and but three Hands in her, they were overfet just off our Platform, the Sea running very high, and they suffering the Sail to gibe; there were two of the three drowned; the Fishermen have dragged for them, but to no Purpose.—The 16th Inst. the following melancholy Accident happened at Lady Packington's, at Perdiswell, near Worcester.—Her Ladyship's two Postillions being in the Servant's Hall, where a Gun happened to lay upon the Dresser, one of them (James Hawkes) casually took it up, not imagining it was charged, and handling it in a careless Manner, it suddenly went off, and instantly killed his fellow Servant (John Corfield), who was eating his Breakfast

near the Fire-side.—The Coroner's Inquest have brought in their Verdict *Accidental Killing by Misadventure.* And on Wednesday the said James Hawkes was committed to the County Goal, in order to be tried at the next Assizes.—*York, Dec. 18.* Last Week the following Persons were committed to the Castle, viz. James Smith, charged with committing a detestable Crime upon a Boy about seven Years of Age at Sheffield; Benjamin Summers, for Bigamy; and Joseph Haires, of Bramley near Leeds, for robbing John Dixon of a Silver Watch and three Shillings, William Duxbury of five Pence, and John Feetham of a black Silk Handkerchief, all on the Highway, and also for attempting to rob John Leech and Jonas Hammond.

L O N D O N.

FRIDAY, December 14th.

Wednesday the Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when twenty Prisoners were tried, of whom one was capitally convicted, viz. George Mitchell, for stealing a brown Mare, the Property of Francis Manby, Esq; near Brentford, Essex. Nine were cast for Transportation, and ten acquitted.—Yesterday 19 Prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Eliz. Stanfield and Will. Witton for stealing, and Will. Dun for a Street Robbery. Eleven were cast for Transportation, and five acquitted.—Last Night a Fire broke out at a Ropemaker's in Shadwell, which consumed the Dwelling House where it began, and a great Part of the Rope Walk.

Saturday 15. Yesterday at Hicks's Hall came on the remarkable Trial of Williams, the famous Negro, otherwise King Diego, for defrauding Mr. Dickie, a Master Taylor in Bow-street, Covent-Garden, of a Quantity of Gold Lace, who being convicted, was sentenced to be transported for seven Years.—Yesterday 14 Prisoners were tried, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. John Wefket late Porter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington, for stealing in the Dwelling-house of his Lordship three Gold Snuff Boxes, a Watch, a Silver Candlestick and Ink-stand, and 400 l. in Cash, with 130l. in Bank-Notes.

James

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James Cooper, who kept a Chandler's Shop near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, was convicted as an Accessary, after the Fact, to Welskett, in receiving the Gold Boxes, Watch, and Part of the Money, knowing the same to be stolen, for which he will be transported for 14 Years. Elizabeth Allen, for a Petit Larceny, was privately whipt and discharged. Seven were cast for Transportation, and four acquitted.—In Relation to Mr. Beardmore having 1500*l.* Damages given on Tuesday last, against the Earl of Halifax, it should be observed, that on a former Trial he had a Verdict of 1000*l.* against the Messengers, and that the Verdict for the 1500*l.* included the first 1000*l.* by which the Earl of Halifax is made liable to make good the Verdict against the Messengers. Mr. Entick had only 20*l.* Damages, as he had already received Satisfaction for the 300*l.* given in his Cause against the Messengers on a former Trial.

Monday 17. On Saturday last eighteen Prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, three of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Francis Stoner, for the Murder of Elizabeth Antweezle, (a Woman with whom he had cohabited some Years) by stabbing her in the Breast with a long pointed Knife, which penetrated her Heart, of which she expired in about ten Minutes, without being able to utter one Word. John Moreton and Thomas Stone, for stealing upwards of 600 Pounds Weight of Indigo, value 100*l.* James Burn, for stealing a Quantity of Lead; and Stephen Devoux, for stealing five Quarter-Guineas and some Silver, in a Chandler's Shop; were cast for Transportation. Ann Powell, otherwise Flint, was convicted of intermarrying with Mr. Steadman, she having another Husband living, And twelve were acquitted.—On Saturday the Repair of the Damage occasioned by Lightning to the Spire of St. Bride's Church, was completely finished. The Repair was begun the 7th of August, and above 100 Feet of the Spire has been taken down; which, with making an Allowance for the very bad Weather, and the unfortunate Affair of the greatest Part of the Scaffold being broke off by the Wind, is looked upon as a very extraordinary Performance. The Stone Work of the Spire is of the same Height as it was before the Accident, but the Vane is

lowered three Feet by cutting away the Vane from the Top of the Ball. No Accident has happened, during the whole Time, to the Workmen that were employed in it.—Thursday Night a Fire broke out in a Mill for grinding Mustard at Staines, which soon communicated to a Corn Mill adjoining, in which was a large Quantity of Wheat, both which were entirely consumed.—All Things are settled to the Satisfaction of our Court in regard to the Administration of the Affairs of the Bishoprick of Osnabrug during the Minority of the Prince Bishop.—His Majesty has granted a farther Time for the Importation of Irish Butter and salted Provisions to the 9th of January next.

Tuesday 18. Yesterday Morning Francis Stoner for the Murder of Elizabeth Antweezle, with whom he had cohabited some Years, was executed at Tyburn, he behaved suitably to his unhappy Situation. After Execution his Body was carried to Surgeon's Hall for Dissection.—Yesterday the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 21 Prisoners were tried, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. John Watkins, for breaking open the Dwelling House of Charles Warner, in Beech Lane, and stealing a Quantity of Household Goods. Twelve were cast for Transportation, and eight acquitted. At this Sessions nine received Sentence of Death; one to be transported for 14 Years; 36 for seven Years; and five branded.

Wednesday 19. On Sunday last a Man and his Wife went to-bed at their Apartment in Drury-lane, both of them much intoxicated in Liquor, and leaving the Candle burning near the Bed, it set Fire to the Bed Cloaths, by which both the Parties were miserably burnt: and had it not been for the speedy Assistance of Firemen, great Damage would have ensued, as the Room where they lay was in Flames.—On Monday the Apprentices of a Taylor in Salisbury Court was committed to Wood-street Compter, for attempting to set his Master's House on Fire; who having occasion to go abroad one Morning last Week, he took that Opportunity according to his own Confession) to put a red hot Poker into his Master's Bed, which burnt the greatest Part of the Bed and Bedding before it was extinguished.—Monday Night some Villains broke into the House of the
Right

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Right Hon. Earl Verney, in Curzon-street, May-fair, and stole out of the same Plate to the amount of upwards of 50 l. which they carried off undiscovered.

Thursday 20. Yesterday his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester was sworn in one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and took his Seat at the Board accordingly.

SEVERAL Copies of a small printed Tract, signed John Wilkes, Paris, Oct. 22, 1764, (entitled, A Letter to the Worthy Electors of the Borough of Aylesbury in the County of Bucks: London, printed for S—— D—— in the Strand) were lately conveyed from France to some of the first Personages in this Kingdom, by the following Expedient: A certain Gentleman, employed under the Government in a very distinguished Capacity, when taking leave of the French Dominions, politely asked our political Hero, if he had any Dispatches for England; who answering in the Affirmative, desired Permission to send, among this Gentleman's Baggage, a small Packet of Letters, that they might be exempted from the Inspection of Custom-house Officers, and also be carefully delivered by his Servant the Morning after his Arrival in England. This was in every Particular faithfully complied with, the Contents (as the Reader will imagine) being little suspected. These Letters, however, were no sooner perused, than the Circumstances of their Conveyance could not fail of carrying a strange Air of Mystery; the Gentleman was interrogated, his Servants were marshalled forth, and the Bite discovered, when it was too late to be remedied.

Monday 24. Saturday last, in the Afternoon, a Sailor accidentally ran against a Porter in Threadneedle-street; which the latter resenting so far as to strike him, though the other had very civilly asked his Pardon for it, a Battle ensued, in which the Porter falling with his Head against a Stone, he fractured

his Skull, and unfortunately died on the Spot. The Sailor not being the Aggressor, the Populace suffered him to make his Escape.

Wednesday 26. On Monday a curious set of Plate, made by order of his Majesty, was brought to the Queen's Palace, which was afterwards sent as a Present from his Majesty to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester at Leicester House. —Yesterday being Christmas Day, and a high Festival at Court, their Majesties, preceded by the Heralds, &c. went to the Chapel Royal, and after hearing Divine Service, their Majesties received the Sacrament from the Hands of the Dean of the Chapel the Bishop of London. His Majesty offered the Byzant, or Wedge of Gold for the Poor. The Royal Family likewise made their Offerings on the same Occasion. There was a brilliant Appearance of the Nobility, Foreign Ministers, &c. and the Knights of the Garter, Thistle, and Bath, appeared in the Badges of their respective Order. —His Majesty has been pleased to grant Letters Patent, appointing the Right Hon. John Earl of Hyndford, to be Vice-Admiral of Scotland, in the Room of the Right Hon. James Earl of Findlater, deceased. —His Majesty has also been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Hugh Earl of Northumberland (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) to be Vice-Admiral of all America. —Complaint has been made to proper Persons in Power, in regard to the fitting up a Chapel, or Place of Meeting, near Moorfields, for the pretended religious and persecuted Society of Jesuits, lately expelled from a neighbouring Kingdom. —William Wood, Esq; who has many Years held the Office of Secretary of his Majesty's Customs, is retired on account of his Age, and — Fremantle, Esq; is appointed to succeed therein.

Thursday 27. Orders are sent to the different Yards, for the Ships that are to be employed as Cruizers on different Stations, to be fitted out for Sea, with all Expedition.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Foreign Intelligence.

THEY write from Copenhagen, that Doctor Cramer, one of the learned Men sent by the King of Denmark

into Arabia, and who had survived the Fatigues of the Voyage, died at Bombay the 10th of Feb. last. —They write from Warsaw, that by an Ordinance of his Ma-

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Majesty, all natural Poles, now in the Service of Foreign States, are ordered to return Home; and the Departure of others out of the Kingdom prohibited on severe Penalties. — Letters from Rome advise, that several Parts of that City, as well as the Neighbourhood thereof, had been for some Days under Water, by the overflowing of the Tyber.

Country News. We have the following Account of a very extraordinary Entertainment given lately at a Christening at Whitburn, in the County of Durham: the first Course consisted of four large Milk Bowls, filled with spiced Broth; the second four Rice Puddings; the third four Legs of Mutton boiled; the fourth four Flanks of Beef boiled; the fifth four spiced Pies; the sixth four roasted Geese; the seventh four Apple Pies; the eighth two Loins of Veal, and two Quarters of Mutton roasted: a Bottle of Brandy was exhausted in Drams, and afterwards great Plenty of Punch and good Ale washed down the Dinner, and regaled the cheerful Company. — *Leedes, Dec. 17.* A few Days ago an Accident happened here in the following Manner: A Widow Lady and her Maid having some Words together, the Mistress gave her Warning, which so exasperated the Maid, that she was determined on Revenge; accordingly, the next Morning she put a Quantity of Peas on the Stairs, in order to throw her Mistress down. Some Time after a Gentleman came to the Door, and knocked particularly hard; the Maid in her hurry running to open the Door, (she being above Stairs, and forgetting the Peas) fell down the Stairs, and broke one of her Arms, which it is thought will turn to a Mortification: the Girl then confessed what she had done. — *Ipswich, December 20.* Last Thursday as a Servant of Mr. Woolnough, of Boyton, was returning Home from Woodbridge, he was stopped by two Highwaymen, who robbed him of about ten Shillings and his Breeches. It is thought that they supposed he had received some Money for his Master, and had put it into a false Pocket, as after searching him some Time, they pulled off his Breeches and rode off with them. One of the Highwaymen discharged a Pistol at the Servant for endeavouring to ride off; but luckily it did him no hurt. — *Chelmsford, Dec. 21.* A few Days ago John Bell, a

stout young Man who had been in most of our late Sea Engagements, sailing from Leigh, in this County, to London Market, with Fish, and sitting, according to his usual Custom, tho' a bad one, on the Edge of the Vessel, and pulling the Rudder strongly to him, by means of a Rope in a brisk Gale of Wind, to shun a Vessel that had like to have run foul of him in the Hope, the Tiller unluckily gave way, by coming out of the Helm, and having nothing to lay hold of, he fell backwards into the Water, and was heard by his Companion, who was at the other End of the Vessel, and could afford him no relief to utter these Words, "Lord! have Mercy upon me." His Wife ordered him to be searched for, and the Grapple laid such strong hold of something, as pulled the Boat under Water, and two Men in it were drowned, near the same Place.

London. The Hague Gazete contradicts the Paragraph, relative to an Examination made, by Order of the Empress of Russia, into the State of the Health of the Great Duke her Son, &c. as false in every Respect, and groundless. It first appeared, it is added, in one of the French Gazettes printed in Germany. — We hear that Commodore Harrison has obtained from the Dey of Algiers, not only full Satisfaction for some late Insults offered to the British Flag, but also several new Articles signed by the Regency, extremely beneficial to the Trade of this Kingdom; one of which is, that for the future no English Ship is to be searched after producing a regular Passport, on any Account whatsoever.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of James Ambrose Esq; Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Surry of Twins, both Males. — Her Grace the Dutchess of Marlborough, of a Daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Savile Finch, Esq; Member of Parliament for Malton, to Miss Fullerton, Daughter of John Fullerton, Esq; of the County of Dorset. — Capt. Smith of the Clinton Indianan, to Miss Dance, Daughter of Mr. George Dance, Surveyor to the City of London. — Henry Penton, Esq; Member of Parliament for the City of Winchester, to Miss Knowles of

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of Canterbury. — Mr. Thomas Barker, Master of the Portugal Coffee-house by the Royal Exchange, to Miss Best, of Grocer's-Alley in the Poultry.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Durnford, Wife of John Durnford, Esq; of Monument Yard. — The celebrated Poet, Mr. Robert Lloyd. — At Broughton Pogs, in Oxfordshire, Dorothy Lock, Widow, 100 Years of Age. — George Crosby, Esq; of Walthamstow. — The Right Rev. Dr. George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland. — Lady Amelia Hotham, Daughter of Lady Hotham, and Niece to the Earl of Chesterfield. — The new-born Daughter of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, Bart.

PROMOTIONS.

Montfort Brown, Esq; to be Lieutenant Governor of West Florida in America.

B—KR—TS.

Dec. 15. Robert Forbes, of Chigwell in Essex, Dealer. — James Gregory, jun. of Lambeth in Surry, Innholder.

18. Thomas Hewson, of St. James Clerkenwell, Salesman. — George Mills, of St. Margaret, Westminster, Jeweller.

22. James Roberts, of Congleton in the County of Chester, Cheesefactor. — Robert Hall the Younger, of the Town and County of the Town of Nottingham, Mercer. — William Bower, of the Parish of Fulham in the County of Middlesex, Gardner. — Adam Dickson, late of James-street in the Parish of St. Paul Covent Garden in the County of Middlesex, Linen-Draper. — Richard Reeves of the Parish of St. James, within the Liberty of Westminster in the County of Middlesex, Victualler.

A General Bill of all the Christenings and Burials from December 13, 1763, to December 11, 1764.

Christened	Males	—	8593
	Females	—	8208
	In all	—	16801
Buried	Males	—	11503
	Females	—	11699
	In all	—	23202

Whereof have died,

Under 2 Years of Age	—	7673
Between two and five	—	2026
Five and ten	—	939
Ten and twenty	—	877
Twenty and thirty	—	2000
Thirty and forty	—	2228
Forty and fifty	—	2403
Fifty and sixty	—	1823
Sixty and seventy	—	1607
Seventy and eighty	—	1099
Eighty and ninety	—	471
Ninety and a hundred	—	53
A hundred and one	—	1
A hundred and four	—	2

Decreased in the Burial this Year 2941.

DISEASES.

Abortive and Stillborn	—	729
Aged	—	1505
Ague	—	8
Apoplexy and suddenly	—	228
Asthma and Phthisick	—	362
Cancer	—	36
Childbed	—	231
Consumptions	—	4453
Convulsions	—	5932
Coughs	—	251
Dropfy	—	958
Evil	—	5
Fevers	—	3942
Flux	—	24
Gout	—	59
Grief	—	8
Jaundies	—	144
Lunatick	—	37
Measles	—	65
Mortification	—	193
Rheumatism	—	15
Small-Pox	—	2382
Sore-Throat	—	8
St Anthony's Fire	—	5
Teeth	—	746
Vomiting and Looseness	—	11

CASUALTIES.

Broken Limbs, 1. Burnt, 3. Choaked, 1. Drowned, 131. Excessive Drinking, 4. Executed, 13. Found Dead, 15. Killed by Falls and several other Accidents, 70. Killed themselves, 33. Murdered, 6. Overlaid, 10. Scalded, 4. Smothered, 2. Starved, 4. Suffocated, 3. Total 300.



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EXPLANATION of the FRONTISPIECE.

Minerva, the Goddess of *Wisdom*, introducing a Youth to *Literature*, which is symbolically represented by the Female Figure sitting on the Ground with a Book in her Lap, close to which sits one of the Muses as an Emblem of *Poetry*, also to *Gardening*, represented by the Goddess *Flora*, and *Agriculture*, who is represented holding a Sickle; alluding to the Entertainment and Instruction in *Literature*, *Gardening*, *Agriculture*, &c. to be found in the WEEKLY AMUSEMENT.

L I N E D R E W TO THE HISTORICAL DETAIL OF OCCURRENCES

The Reader is desired to observe that the Date at the End of every
News, in which the Articles referred to are to be found.

DIRECTIONS to the BOOK-BINDER.

The First Volume of the WEEKLY AMUSEMENT is to End with Page 118, and the Second to begin with Page 149, and end with Page 864: All the half Sheets of NEWS to June 29 to be placed at the End of the First Volume, and all the other half Sheets from June 29 to be placed at the End of the Second Volume.—
The UNIVERSE DISPLAYED to be bound in a separate Volume.

The CUTS to be placed as follows.

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I N D E X

TO THE

HISTORICAL DETAIL of OCCURRENCES.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the Dates at the End of every Article in this Index, are the Dates which conclude the *Fortnight's News*, in which the Articles referred to, are to be found.

ADAMS, Major, his victory in the East Indies, Apr. 8. further account of his operations, June 29.

Agians, Dey of, insults the Imperial Consul, Sept. 21.

Ball of Fire, remarkable one, Feb. 9.

Berlin, Bank established there, Dec. 14.

Bigamy, remarkable instance of, Nov. 2.

Beardmore, Mr. gains a verdict against the king's messengers, May 18. and against the Earl of Halifax, Dec. 14.

Blake, Capt. delivers an account of his proceedings to the society of arts, Dec. 30. is allowed 1500*l.* to carry on his scheme, Feb. 9.

Brest, large quantities of Irish provisions ship from thence for the West Indies, Mar. 12.

Broad Cloth, an extensive manufactory for fabricating it established in France, Sept. 21.

Branswick, the hereditary prince of, arrives at Somerset house, Jan. 26. is married to the princess Augusta, *ibid.* sets sail with the princess from Harwich for Holland, Feb. 9. they arrive at Delft, Feb. 24. and at Brunswick, Mar. 12.

Brinsford, Princess of, delivered of a princess, Dec. 28.

Calif, extraordinary one, May. 4.

Cambridge, Election for high steward there, Ap. 6.

Chancellor, a remarkable cause before him, Dec. 14.

Child, an extraordinary one born in Somersetshire, May 4. another in Paris, Nov. 30.

Churchill, Rev. Mr. his death, Nov. 16.

Christian Knowledge, society for propagating, progress made by their missionaries, Dec. 14.

Clarke, Sir Thomas, Master of the Rolls, his death, Nov. 30.

Clive, Lord, appointed to take the command at Bengal, Mar. 23. is created a knight of the bath, May 4. sets sail for Bengal, June 15.

Coal Mines, some discovered in Nova Scotia, Nov. 30.

Coffin, a remarkable one, Oct. 19.

Common-Council, Court of, their thanks to the city members, for their parliamentary behaviour, Mar. 9.

Cornway, General, receives the thanks

of the corporation of Thetford, for opposing general warrants, May 18. legacy left to him by the duke of Devonshire, Oct. 19.

Cornwall, generous subscription to his works, Nov. 30.

Cote, Col. the East India company present him with a diamond buckle, Feb. 9.

Cromwell, Letter of his to cardinal Mazarine, Sept. 21.

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Deaths, two remarkable sudden ones, Aug. 10.

Devonshire, Duke of, his death, Oct. 19.

Dictionnaire Philosophique, that work burnt by the common hangman at the Hague, Dec. 28.

Droit le Roy, a book for satirical, burnt by the common hangman, Mar. 9.

Drowning, Experiments tried of preservatives against, Sept. 21.

Dublin, Improvements made in that city, Sept. 21.

Dun, Alexander, committed to the king's bench, Dec. 30. removed to the Tower goal of Surry, Feb. 24. removed to a private mad-house, Oct. 19.

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East India Company, Directors of, chosen, Apr. 28. settle their committee, *ibid.*

Edinburgh, the king of Spain sends a present to the university there, Mar. 23.

English Merchant Ship, Reparations made by the Spaniards for the damages sustained by one, Sept. 21.

Evans, Rev. Mr. gains a verdict against the king's messengers, July 27. Dec. 14.

Eon, M. De, found guilty of publishing a libel, July 13.

Escape, remarkable one, of sailors belonging to a custom-house yacht, Nov. 2.

Essing, Count de, arrives at Brest, being appointed governor-general of Martinico, Guadalupe, &c. Mar. 23.

Executions; at Tyburn, Dec. 30. Feb. 24. Mar. 9. at Windsor, Mar. 23. at Tyburn, Apr. 6. at Exeter *ibid.* at Kennington Common, Ap. 20. at Bristol, May 12.

at Tyburn, June 15. *ibid.* July 27. Aug. 24. in France, Oct. 5. at Tyburn, Oct. 19.

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Foss, Mr. his speech to Mr. Kearsley's creditors, Dec. 14.

Forscheller, Sir John Fielding's speech against them, Nov. 2.

Foxley, M. his speech to the Turkish envoy, Jan. 26. to the academy of Berlin, July 13.

Franklin, John, receives sentence for obstructing the sheriffs in burning the North Briton, No. 45, Mar. 9.

Franks, Heads of the act for preventing abuses concerning them, May 4.

Frederick, Prince of Brunswick, present to him from his Britannick majesty, Dec. 30.

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Gage, General, arrives at New-York, Dec. 30.

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